

*Abigail Elizabeth Kor*

Presents

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*A Senior Recital*



*Butterfield Chapel, Northwest University*

*5520 108th Ave. NE*

*Kirkland, Wa. 98033*

*7:30 pm, Tuesday, March 18th, 2008*

*Reception to Follow*

**Abigail Elizabeth Kor**  
**Soprano**

**Bernard Kwiram, Vocal Instructor**

**Se Tu M'Ami**

**Alessandro Parisotti**

**Non So Piu**

*Le Nozze de Figaro*

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**

**O Wär' Ich Schon Mit Dir Vereint**

*Fidelio*

**Ludwig van Beethoven**

**Faites Lui Mes Aveux**

*Faust*

**Charles Gounod**

**Chanson Triste**

**Henri Duparc**

**O Mio Babbino Caro**

*Gianni Schicchi*

**Giacomo Puccini**

**Love's Philosophy**

**Roger Quilter**

**Allerseelen**

**Richard Strauss**

**Zueignung**

**Richard Strauss**

**All The Things You Are**

*Very Warm for May*

**Jerome Kern**

**So In Love**

*Kiss Me Kate*

**Cole Porter**

**Somebody Somewhere**

*The Most Happy Fella*

**Frank Loesser**

**Thank you for attending tonight's performance!**  
**Please join us for a reception in the foyer**

**Se tu m'ami**

se tu sospiri sol per me gentil pastor,  
ho dolor de' tuoi martiri  
ho diletto del tuo amor.  
Ma se pensi che soletto  
io ti debba riamar,  
pastorello, sei soggetto  
facilmente a t'ingannar.  
bella rosa porporina  
oggi Silvio scelieará;  
con la scusa della spina  
doman poi la sprezzará.  
Ma degli uomini il consiglio  
io per me non seguirò.  
Non perche mi piace il giglio  
gli altri fiori sprezzaré.

**Non so più cosa son**, cosa faccio;  
or di foco, ora sono di ghiaccio.  
Ogni donna cangier di colore,  
ogni donna mi fa palpitar.  
Solo ai nomi d'amor, di diletto,  
mi si turba, mi s'altera il petto,  
e a parlare mi sforza d'amore un desio,  
un desio ch'io non posso spiegar.  
Parlo d'amor velgliando,  
parlo d'amor sognando,  
all'aqua, all'ombra, ai monti,  
ai fiori, all'erbe, ai fonti,  
all'eco, all'aria, ai venti,  
che il suon de' vani accenti  
portano via con se.  
E se non ho chi m'oda  
Parlo d'amor con me.

**O wär ich schon mit dir vereint,**  
Und dürfte mann dich nennen!  
Ein mädchen darf ja, was es meint,  
zur hälfte nur be kennen!  
Doch wenn ich nicht erröthen muß  
Ob eimen warmen hersenskuß  
Wenn nichts uns stört auf erden...  
Die hoffnung schon erfüllt die brust  
mit unaussprechlich süßer lust;  
wie glücklich will ich werden!  
In ruhe stiller häuslichkeit  
erwach' ich jeden morgen.  
Wir grüßen uns mit zärtlichkeit;  
Der fleiss verscheucht die sorgen.  
Und ist die arbeit abgethan,  
dann schleicht die holde nacht heran;  
dann ruh'n wir von berschwerden.

**If you love me**

if you sigh only for me, gentle shepherd,  
I am sorry for your suffering,  
I take pleasure in your love.  
But if you think that you alone  
I should love in return,  
little shepherd, you are subject  
easily fooling yourself.  
A beautiful red rose  
today Silvio will choose;  
with the excuse of its thorn  
tomorrow, then, he will reject it.  
But the advice of men  
I, myself, will not follow,  
just because the lily pleases me  
I will not reject the other flowers.

**I don't know anymore what I am**, what I'm  
doing;  
now I'm made of fire, now of ice.  
Every woman makes me change color;  
Every woman makes me tremble.  
At merely the words, love, pleasure,  
My breast becomes nervous and upset,  
And a desire for love forces me to talk-  
A desire that I cannot explain.  
I talk about love when awake;  
I talk about love when dreaming-  
to the water, to the shadow, to the mountains,  
to the flowers, to the grass, to the fountains,  
to the echo, to the air, to the winds which carry  
away with them the sound of my futile words.  
And if I don't have someone to hear me  
I talk about love to myself.

**Oh, were I already with you united**  
and might call you husband!

A maiden could, what she thinks  
confess to only half.  
But when I don't have to blush  
over a warm heartfelt kiss,  
when nothing on earth interrupts us  
already the hope fills my breast  
with inexpressible sweet pleasure  
how happy I will become!  
In peace, in quiet family life  
I'll wake to every morning,  
we'll greet each other with tenderness.  
Hard work drives away worries  
and if work is finished,  
then, the gracious night creeps up,  
and we'll rest from complaints.

### Chanson Triste

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,  
un doux clair de lune d'été.  
Et pour fuir la vie importune  
je me noierai dans ta clarté.  
J'oublierai les douleurs passées,  
mon amour, quand tu berceras  
mon triste cœur et mes pensées  
dans le calme aimant de tes bras.  
Tu prendras ma tête malade  
Oh ! quelquefois sur tes genoux,  
et lui diras une ballade  
qui semblera parler de nous.  
Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,  
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai  
Tant de baisers et de tendresses  
que, peut-être, je guérirais...

**Faites-lui mes aveux** portez mes vœux !  
Fleurs écloses près d'elle,  
Dites lui qu'elle est belle,  
que mon cœur nuit et jour languit d'amour !  
Faites-lui mes aveux portez mes vœux !  
Révélez a son âme le secret de ma flamme,  
qu'il s'exhale avec vous parfums plus doux !  
Fanée ! Hélas ! ce sorcier, que Dieu damne,  
m'a porte malheur !  
Je ne puis, sans qu'elle se fane,  
toucher une fleur !  
Si je trempais doigte dans l'eau bénite !  
C'est la que chaque soir vient prier Marguerite !  
Voyons maintenant ! Voyons vite !  
Elles se fanant ? Non !  
Satan, je ris de toi !  
C'est en cous que j'ai foi ; parlez pour moi  
Qu'elle puisse connaître l'émoi qu'elle a fait  
naître  
et dont mon cœur trouble n'a point parle !  
C'est en cous que j'ai foi ; Parlez pour moi !  
Si l'amour l'effarouche  
que la fleur sur sa bouche  
sache au moins déposer un doux baiser

### Sad Song

In your heart moonlight sleeps,  
a gentle summer moonlight.  
And to escape this troublesome life  
I would drown myself in your light.  
I shall forget past sorrows,  
my love, when you cradle  
my sad heart and my thoughts  
in the loving calm of your arms.  
You will take my aching head,  
oh, now and then, on your knee,  
and recite a ballad  
that seems to tell of us.  
And in your eyes, full of sadness,  
in your eyes, then, I shall drink  
so many kisses and so much tenderness  
that, perhaps, I shall recover...

**Confess to her my love**, take my vows  
Flowers blossomed close to her,  
tell her that she is beautiful,  
that my heart night and day languishes with love!  
Reveal to her heart the secret of my love!  
Reveal to her heart the secret of my flame,  
that exhales with you perfumes more sweet!  
Withered! Alas! This sorcerer, that God  
condemns,  
Has brought bad luck to me!  
I cannot, without it withering  
Touch a flower!  
But suppose I dipped my fingers in the holy  
water!  
Each evening Marguerite comes here to pray  
Let's see now! Let's see quickly!  
Do they wither? No!  
Satan, I laugh at you!  
It is in you that I have faith; speak for me!  
Let her know the passion she has stirred in me  
and of which my troubled heart hasn't spoken!  
It is in you that I have faith; speak for me!  
If she draws back from love,  
let the flower at her lips  
at least know how to leave a tender kiss!

**O mio babbino caro**

Mi piace, è bello;  
vo'andare in Porta Rossa  
a comperar l'anello!  
Sì, ci voglio andare  
E se l'amassi indarno,  
andrei sul Ponte Vecchio  
ma per buttarmi in Arno!  
Mi struggo e mi tormento!  
O Dio, vorrei morir!  
Babbo, pietá!

**Allerseelen**

Stell' auf den tisch die duftenden reseden,  
Die letzen rothen astern trag' herbei,  
und laß uns wieder von der liebe reden,  
wie einst im Mai.  
Gib mir die hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke,  
und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,  
gib mir nur einen deiner süßen blicke,  
wie einst im Mai.  
Es blüht und duftet heut' auf jedem grabe,  
ein tag im jahr ist ja den toten frei,  
komm an mein herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,  
wie einst im Mai.

**Zueignung**

Ja, du weißt es, teure seele,  
daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,  
liebe macht die herzen krank,  
Habe dank.  
Einst hielt ich, der freiheit zecher,  
hoch den amethysten becher  
und du segnetest den trunk,  
Habe dank.  
Und beschworst darin die bösen,  
bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,  
heilig, heilig an's herz dir sank,  
Habe dank.

**O my dearest father**

He pleases me, he is beautiful  
I want to go to the Porta Rossa  
to purchase the ring.  
Yes, we want to go there.  
And if I love in vain,  
I'd go to the Ponte Vecchio  
to fling myself into the Arno!  
I'm tortured and tormented!  
Oh God, I want to die!  
Father, pity me!

**All Soul's Day**

Place on the table the fragrent mignonettes,  
bring in the last red asters,  
and let us speak again of love,  
as once in May.  
Give me your hand, that I may secretly hold it,  
and if anyone sees it, it doesn't matter to me,  
give me just one of your sweet glances,  
as once in May.  
Every grave blooms and glows today,  
the one day in the year that belongs to the dead,  
come to my heart that I may hold you again  
as once in May.

**Dedication**

Yes, you know it dear soul,  
that when I am away from you I suffer.  
Love makes hearts sick,  
I am thankful!  
Once, reeling in freedom, I  
lifted high the amethyst cup  
and you blessed the drink.  
I am thankful!  
And you drove out the evils withing it  
until I, as never before,  
humbled, sank upon your heart.  
I am thankful!

