



## Department of Music

presents

Katelyn Gabler, soprano

in a

Graduate Recital

with

Jan Corrothers, piano

5:30 p.m.

April 12, 2026

George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall  
Music/Mass Communication Building



## -Program-

*Armida abbandonata*, HWV 105

*Recit:* Dietro l'orme

*Aria:* Ah! Crudele

*Recit:* Per te mi struggo

*Recit:* O voi, dell'incostante

*Aria:* Venti, fermate, si

*Recit:* Ma che parlo?

*Siciliana:* In tanti affanni miei

George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

Gondellied, op.1, no. 6

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel  
(1805-1847)

In meines Vaters Garten

Alma Mahler  
(1879-1964)

## -Intermission-

Здесь хорошо, op. 21, no. 7

*(How Fair This Spot!)*

Песня золотой рыбки

*(The Song of the Goldfish)*

Редает облаков летучая гряда, op. 42, no. 3

*(The Floating Chain of Clouds is Turning Thin)*

Sergei Rachmaninov  
(1873-1943)

Mily Balakirev  
(1837-1910)

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov  
(1844-1908)

Crépuscule de soir mystique

Poldowski  
(1879-1932)

Bleuet, FP 102

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

C  
from *Deux Poèmes de Louis Aragon*, FP. 122, no. 1

Poulenc

A Dream

Rebecca Clarke  
(1886-1979)

When I am dead, my dearest

Liza Lehmann  
(1862-1918)

*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music in Vocal Performance.*

*From the studio of Dr. Jeffrey Williams*

—Texts & Translations—

**Armida abbandonata / Armida Abandoned**  
**Translations by: Elizabeth N. Deutmeyer**

<p><i>Recit.</i> <b>Dietro l'orme / Behind the Fleeting Footprints</b></p>	<p>Dietro l'orme fugaci  del guerrier, che gran tempo  in lascivo soggiorno ascoso aveva,  Armida abbandonata il piè movea;  e poi che vide al fine  che l'oro del suo crine,  i vezzi, i sguardi, i preghi,  non han forza che legghi  il fuggitivo amante,  fermò le stanche piante,  e assisa sopra un scoglio,  colma di rio cordoglio,  a quell leggiero abete,  che il suo ben le rapia,  le luci affisse,  piangendo e sospirando così disse:</p>	<p>Behind the fleeting footprints  of the warrior, who for a long time  in wanton sojourn had been hidden,  the abandoned Armida moved her feet;  and then who saw finally  that the gold of her hair,  her caresses, her glances, her pleas,  did not have the strength to hold back  her fleeing lover,  stopped her tired feet,  and seated upon a rock,  full of bitter grief,  on that light fir-wood ship  that was stealing her beloved from her,  affixed her eyes  weeping and sighing thus said:</p>
<p><i>Aria.</i> <b>Ah! Crudele / Ah! Cruel One</b></p>	<p>Ah! crudele, e pur ten' vai,  e mi lasci in preda al duolo,  e pur sai che sei tu solo  il diletto del mio cor.</p> <p>Come, ingrato,  e come puoi involare a questo sen,  il siren de' lumi tuoi,  se per te son tutta ardor?</p>	<p>Ah! cruel one, and yet you go,  and leave me beside myself with grief,  and yet you know that you alone  are the delight of my heart.</p> <p>How, ingrate,  and how can you send flying at this bosom  the siren of your eyes  if they are all ardor for you?</p>
<p><i>Recit.</i> <b>Per te mi struggo / For You I Yearn</b></p>	<p>Per te mi struggo, infido,  Per te languisco, ingrata;  Ah! pur lo sai  che sol da tuoi bei rai  per te piagato ho il seno,  e pur tu m'abbandoni,  infido amante.</p>	<p>For you I yearn, treacherous one,  for you I pine, ingrata;  ah! but you know  that for your beautiful eyes alone  for you my bosom aches,  and yet you abandon me,  treacherous lover.</p>
<p><i>Recit.</i> <b>O voi, dell'incostante / Oh You</b></p>	<p>O voi, dell'incostante  e procelloso mare orridi mostri,  dai più profondi chiostri  a vendicarmi uscite,  e contro quel crudel incrudelite;  sì, sia vostro il vanto  e del vostro rigore,  un mostro lacerar di voi maggiore;  onde, venti, che fate,  che voi nol sommergete?  Ah! no, fermate.</p>	<p>Oh you, horrid monsters of the inconstant  and tempestuous sea,  from the deepest cloisters  come out to avenge me,  and act cruelly against that cruel one;  yes, be it your pride  and for your severity,</p>

	<p>un mostro lacerar di voi maggiore; onde, venti, che fate, che voi nol sommergete? Ah! no, fermate.</p>	<p>to tear at a monster greater than you; waves, winds, what are you doing, that you do not submerge him? Ah! no, stop.</p>
<p><i>Aria: Venti, fermate, sì</i> <b>/ Winds, Stop, Yes</b></p>	<p>Venti, fermate, sì, fermate, nol sommergete, no, nol sommergete; è ver che mi tradì, ma pur l'adoro.</p> <p>Onde crudeli, no, non l'uccidete; è ver che mi sprezzò, ma è il mio tesoro.</p>	<p>Winds, stop, yes, stop, do not submerge him, no, do not submerge him; it is true that he betrayed me, but yet I adore him.</p> <p>Cruel waves, no, do not kill him; it is true that he scorned me, but he is my treasure.</p>
<p><i>Recit: Ma che parlo?</i> <b>But What Do I Speak?</b></p>	<p>Ma che parlo, che dico? Ah! ch'io vaneggio; e come amar potrei un traditore, infelice mio core? Rispondi, o Dio, rispondi! Ah! che tu ti confondi, dubbioso e palpitante, vorresti non amare, e vivi amante. Spezza quel laccio indegno, che tiene avvinto ancor gl'affetti tuoi. Che fai, misero cor? Ah! tu non puoi.</p>	<p>But what do I speak, what am I saying? Ah! how I rave; and how can I love a traitor, my unhappy heart? Respond, o God, respond! Ah! you confuse yourself, hesitant and trembling, you would want to not love, and to live as a lover. Break that unworthy snare that still holds enthralled your affections for him. What are you doing, miserable heart? Ah! you cannot.</p>
<p><i>Siciliana: In tanti af-</i> <b>fanni miei / In My</b> <b>Many Anxieties</b></p>	<p>In tanti affanni miei assistimi almen tu, Nume d'amore!</p> <p>E se pietoso sei, fa ch'io non ami più quel traditore.</p>	<p>In my many anxieties at least assist me, God of love!</p> <p>And if you are compassionate, make it that I no longer love that traitor.</p>

**Gondellied / Gondola Song**  
**Translation by: Sharon Krebs**

<p>O komm zu mir, wenn durch die Nacht Wandelt das Sternenheer, Dann schwebt mit uns in Mondespracht Die Gondel übers Meer. Die Luft ist weich wie Liebesscherz Sanft spielt der goldne Schein, Die Cither klingt und zieht dein Herz</p>	<p>Oh come to me, when the legion of stars wanders through the night! Then, in the glory of moonlight, the gondola will gently float with us over the sea! The air is as soft as love's teasing, the golden glow is playing gently. The zither sounds and draws your heart</p>
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Mit in die Lust hinein.  
O komm zu mir, wenn durch die Nacht  
Wandelt das Sternenheer,  
Dann schwebt mit uns in Mondespracht  
Die Gondel übers Meer.

Dies ist für sel'ge Lieb' die Stund,  
Liebchen, o komm und schau,  
So friedlich strahlt des Himmels Rund,  
Es schläft des Meeres Blau.  
Und wie es schläft, so sagt der Blick,  
Was nie die Lippe spricht,  
Das Auge zieht sich nicht zurück,  
zurück die Seele nicht.  
O komm zu mir, wenn durch die Nacht  
Wandelt das Sternenheer,  
Dann schwebt mit uns in Mondespracht  
Die Gondel übers Meer.

along with it into joy.  
Oh come to me, when the legion of stars  
wanders through the night!  
Then, in the glory of moonlight,  
the gondola will gently float with us over the sea!

This is the hour of blissful love!  
My darling, oh come and see!  
The heavenly vault is glowing so peacefully,  
the blueness of the sea is sleeping!  
And as it sleeps, our glances speak  
what our lips never dare to say.  
Our eyes do not retreat,  
our souls do not shrink back.  
Oh come to me, when the legion of stars  
wanders through the night!  
Then, in the glory of moonlight,  
the gondola will gently float with us over the sea!

**In meines Vaters Garten / In My Father's Garden**  
**Translation by: Richard Stokes**

In meines Vaters Garten -  
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf -  
in meines Vaters Garten  
stand ein schattender Apfelbaum -  
Süßes Traum -  
stand ein schattender Apfelbaum.

Drei blonde Königstöchter -  
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf -  
drei wunderschöne Mädchen  
schliefen unter dem Apfelbaum -  
Süßes Traum -  
schliefen unter dem Apfelbaum.

Die allerjüngste Feine -  
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf -  
die allerjüngste Feine  
blinzelte und erwachte kaum -  
Süßes Traum -  
blinzelte und erwachte kaum.

Die zweite fuhr sich übers Haar  
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf  
sah den roten Morgenraum  
Süßes Traum  
Sie sprach: Hört ihr die Trommel nicht -  
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf  
Süßes Traum  
hell durch den dämmernden Traum?

In my father's garden -  
blossom, O my heart, blossom -  
In my father's garden  
grew a shady apple tree -  
Sweet dream -  
grew a shady apple tree.

Three blond princesses -  
blossom, O my heart, blossom -  
three wonderfully beautiful girls  
slept beneath the apple tree -  
Sweet dream -  
slept beneath the apple tree.

The youngest of the three beauties -  
blossom, O my heart, blossom -  
the youngest of the three beauties  
blinked and hardly awoke -  
Sweet dream -  
blinked and hardly awoke.

The second ran her hand through her hair -  
blossom, O my heart, blossom -  
Saw the red morning dream -  
Sweet dream -  
She said: 'Don't you hear the drums?  
blossom, O my heart, blossom -  
Sweet dream -  
Brightly through the dawn?

<p>Mein Liebster zieht in den Kampf -  blühe mein Herz, blüh auf -  mein Liebster zieht in den Kampf hinaus,  küsst mir als Sieger des Kleides Saum -  Süsser Traum  küsst mir des Kleides Saum!</p> <p>Die dritte sprach und sprach so leis  blühe mein Herz, blüh auf  die dritte sprach und sprach so leis:  Ich küsse dem Liebsten des Kleides Saum  Süsser Traum  ich küsse dem Liebsten des Kleides Saum.</p> <p>In meines Vaters Garten  blühe mein Herz, blüh auf  in meines Vaters Garten  steht ein sonniger Apfelbaum  Süsser Traum  steht ein sonniger Apfelbaum!</p>	<p>My beloved is going to war  blossom, O my heart, blossom –  My beloved is going to war,  Kisses as victor the hem of my dress  Sweet dream –  Kisses the hem of my dress.</p> <p>The third spoke, and spoke so quietly –  blossom, O my heart, blossom –  The third spoke and spoke so quietly:  I kiss the hem of my beloved's coat –  Sweet dream –  I kiss the hem of my beloved's coat.</p> <p>In my father's garden –  blossom, O my heart, blossom –  In my father's garden  stands a sunny apple tree –  Sweet dream –  stands a sunny apple tree.</p>
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**How Fair This Spot!**  
**Translation by: Philip Ross Bullock**

<p>Здесь хорошо...  Взгляни, вдали огнем  Горит река;  Цветным ковром луга легли,  Белеют облака.  Здесь нет людей...  Здесь тишина...  Здесь только Бог да я.  Цветы, да старая сосна,  Да ты, мечта моя!</p>	<p>How fair this spot...  Just look, there in the distance  The river is ablaze;  The meadows are like a radiant carpet,  And the clouds are white.  There is nobody here...  Here silence reigns...  Here I am alone with God.  And the flowers, and the old pine tree,  And you, my dream!</p>
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**The Song of the Goldfish**  
**Translation by: Anton Belov**

<p>Дитя мое, Останься здесь со мной: В воде привольное житье И холод, и покой.</p> <p>Я созову моих сестер! Мы пляской круговой Развеселим туманный взор И дух усталый твой.</p> <p>Усни! Постель твоя мягка, Прозрачен твой покров. Пройдут года, пройдут века Под говор чудных снов.</p> <p>О милый мой, не утаю, Что я тебя люблю, Люблю, как вольную струю, Люблю, как жизнь мою...</p>	<p>My child, Remain here, with me: Life is carefree beneath the water It's cool and peaceful here.</p> <p>I'll call upon all my sisters! We with our circular dance Will entertain your foggy glance And your tired spirit.</p> <p>Sleep! Your bed is soft, Translucent is your blanket. Will pass years, will pass centuries To the whisper of marvelous dreams.</p> <p>O my beloved, I will not conceal, That I love you, I love you like a free-flowing stream, I love you like my very life...</p>
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**The Floating Chain of Clouds is Turning Thin**  
**Translation by: Kyle Gee**

<p>Редеет облаков летучая гряда. Звезда печальная, вечерняя звезда! Твой луч осеребрил увядшие равнины, И дремлющий залив, и чёрных скал вершины. Люблю твой слабый свет в небесной вышине; Он думы разбудил, уснувшие во мне: Я помню твой восход, знакомое светило, Над мирною страной, где всё для сердца мило, Где стройны тополы в долинах вознеслись, Где дремлет нежный мирт и тёмный кипарис, И сладостно шумят полуденные волны. Там некогда в горах, сердечной думы полный, Над морем я влачил задумчивую лень, Когда на хижину сходила ночи тень — И дева юная во мгле тебя искала И именем своим подругам называла.</p>	<p>The floating chain of clouds is thinning. Wistful star, Evening-star! You have turned the fading valleys, the slumbering bay, and the tops of the black cliffs silver with your light. How I love your dim light in the infinite heavens; It has awoken my inner thoughts long at-rest: I remember your ascending, familiar moonlight, over that peaceful country, where all is so dear to my heart, where elegant poplars rise up in the valleys, where the tender myrtle and dark cypress sleep, and the noontime waves resound so sweetly. There long ago in the mountains, full of ardent desire, I passed my dreamy idleness on the seashore, when night's shadow would descend over the homes -- and a young maiden searched for you through the dark claiming to her friends that you were her very own.</p>
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**Crépuscule de soir mystique / Mystical Evening Twilight**  
**Translation by: Richard Stokes**

<p>Le Souvenir avec le Crépuscule Rougeoie et tremble à l'ardent horizon De l'Espérance en flamme qui recule Et s'agrandit ainsi qu'une cloison Mystérieuse où mainte floraison — Dahlia, lys, tulipe et renoncule — S'élance autour d'un treillis, et circule Parmi la malade exhalaison De parfums lourds et chauds, dont le poison Dahlia, lys, tulipe et renoncule — Noyant mes sens, mon âme et ma raison, Mêle dans une immense pâmoison Le Souvenir avec le Crépuscule.</p>	<p>Memory glows with Twilight And trembles at the fiery horizon Of Hope in flames - flames that subside And then rise up like a mysterious wall, Where many a blossom - Dahlia, lily, tulip and buttercup - Winds itself around a trellis, and moves Amid the sickly exhalation Of hot and heavy scents, whose poison - Dahlia, lily, tulip and buttercup - Drowning my senses, my soul and my reason, Blends together in one immense swoon Memory with Twilight.</p>
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**Bleuet / Young Soldier**  
**Translation by: Bard Suverkrop**

<p>Jeune homme de vingt ans Qui as vu des choses si affreuses Que penses-tu des hommes de ton enfance Tu connais la bravoure et la ruse Tu as vu la mort en face plus de cent fois</p> <p>Tu ne sais pas ce que c'est que la vie Transmets ton intrépidité À ceux qui viendront Après toi Jeune homme Tu es joyeux ta mémoire est ensanglantée</p> <p>Ton âme est rouge aussi De joie Tu as absorbé la vie de ceux qui sont morts près de toi Tu as de la décision Il est 17 heures et tu saurais Mourir Sinon mieux que tes aînés Du moins plus pieusement Car tu connais mieux la mort que la vie Ô douceur d'autrefois Lenteur immémoriale</p>	<p>Young man, twenty years old, Who has seen such terrible things What think-you of the men of your childhood You know bravery and cunning, You have looked death in the face more than a hundred times You do not know what life is Pass on your fearlessness To those who will come After you Young man You are cheerful, your memory is covered with blood</p> <p>Your soul is also red With joy You have absorbed the life of those who have died be- fore you You are decisive It is five in the afternoon and you would like to know how to die If not better than your elders At least with more piety For you know death is better than life Life- the memory of sweet days long past Slow, inexorable death.</p>
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Translation by: Richard Stokes

J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé  
 C'est là que tout a commencé  
 Une chanson des temps passés  
 Parle d'un chevalier blessé

D'une rose sur la chaussée  
 Et d'un corsage délacé  
 Du château d'un duc insensé  
 Et des cygnes dans les fossés

De la prairie où vient danser  
 Une éternelle fiancée  
 Et j'ai bu comme un lait glacé  
 Le long lai des gloires fausées

La Loire emporte mes pensées  
 Avec les voitures versées  
 Et les armes désamorçées  
 Et les larmes mal effacées

O ma France, ô ma délaissée  
 J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé.

I have crossed the bridges of Cé  
 It is there that everything began  
 A song of bygone days  
 Tells of a knight who injured lay

Of a rose upon the carriage-way  
 And a bodice with an unlaced stay  
 And the castle of an insane duke  
 And swans in castle moats

And of the meadow where  
 An eternal fiancée comes to dance  
 And I have drunk the long lay  
 Of false glories like icy milk

The Loire bears my thoughts away  
 With the overturned jeeps  
 And the unprimed arms  
 And the ill-dried tears

O my France O my forsaken one  
 I have crossed the bridges of Cé.

## —Upcoming Events—

Apr. 12	Marcel Stowe Sr. Piano Recital	7:30 p.m.
Apr. 13	Wind Ensemble	7:30 p.m.
Apr. 14	APSU Student Recital Latin Music Ensemble	12:45 p.m. 7:30 p.m.
Apr. 15	Symphonic Band	7:30 p.m.
Apr. 17	Cal Luzzo Sr. Euphonium Recital Juniper Thomas Piano Recital <i>in Recital Hall</i>	5:30 p.m. 6 p.m.
Apr. 18	<b>APSU Trumpet Day—a CECA event</b> Trumpet Day Concert	4 p.m.



Apr. 18	Evangelo Pallanes Sr. Clarinet Recital Micah Nicolai Gr. Voice Recital	2 p.m. 7:30 p.m.
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*All concerts are free and open to the public in  
the George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall,  
unless noted otherwise.*

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