

Abbey Diana Engelmann's

Graduating Student Recital

Scan the QR code to read more about the artist featured in today's recital.



O N E

I begin my recital as one voice, a singular expression. There's a sense of calm, an intimate and poignant solitude. Through chant, every piece carries a unique form of expression—it's clear that any piece can be sung in countless ways. You can hear variations in rhythm—free, declamatory, or measured—and though the text often remains the same, the way it's sung shifts, reflecting a personal interpretation in each performance. Hildegard von Bingen's **“O Pastor animarum”** deeply emphasizes the spoken connection between humanity and God. God's voice first called us into existence, and now we cry out to Him, seeking liberation from our own self-imposed limitations.

“O Pastor animarum”

O Pastor animarum et O prima vox
per quam omnes creati sumus,
nunc tibi, tibi placeat ut digneris nos
liberare de miseriis
et languoribus nostris.

O Shepherd of our souls, O primal voice,
whose call created all of us:
Now hear our plea to thee, to thee, and deign
to free us from our miseries
and feebleness.

T W O

Our next step in this journey toward a symphony is to introduce our first collaborator, moving from a solo endeavor to a duo. The partnership between a singer and a pianist is one of the most common, yet also one of the most deeply connected forms of musical collaboration. Together, they breathe as one, shaping the music into a cohesive narrative.

Darius Milhaud's *Chansons de Ronsard*, Op. 223, provides a beautiful example of this dynamic. Composed for coloratura soprano and chamber orchestra (or a piano reduction), these songs showcase Milhaud's gift for blending intricate musical textures with expressive vocal lines. The poems that form the basis of the *Chansons de Ronsard* are drawn from the work of the celebrated French poet Pierre de Ronsard. Themes of love, nature, and the eternal beauty of spring are explored with grace and lyrical beauty. Milhaud's music mirrors these themes with melodies that are both bright and tonally rich, creating an uplifting and vibrant atmosphere. The opening song, "**À une fontaine**", is a graceful French waltz, evoking the flowing elegance of water. In "**À Cupidon**", Ronsard humorously protests that Cupid's arrows could not possibly be meant for him and pleads for the god of love to choose another target. The final piece, "**Dieu vous garde**", is a jubilant tribute to spring and the natural world, with Ronsard naming birds, plants, and insects beloved by the poet, celebrating the beauty of life in full bloom.

"A une Fontaine"

Ecoute moi, fontaine vive,
En que j'as rebu si souvent
Couché tout plat dessus ta rive,
Oisif à la fraîcheur du vent,

Quand l'Eté ménager moissonne
Le sein de Cérès dévêtu,
Et l'aure par compas resonance
Gémissant sous le blé battu,

Ains toujours puisses tu être
En religion à tous ceux
Qui te borront ou fairont paitre
Tes verts rivages à leurs boeufs

Ainsi toujours la lune claire
Vole à minust, au fond d'un val,
Les nymphes, près de ton repaire,
A mille bonds, mener le bal

But listen, lively little fountain,
Who dost my thirst so oft appease,
Reclining here beneath the mountain,
Idle in the refreshing breeze

When frugal summer is reclaiming
The fruit of Ceres' bared breast,
With evry threshing floor exclaiming
Beneath the weight of her bequest

O thus may thou remain forever,
A sacred place for all those,
Who, sick with life's eternal fever,
Share thy discourse, thy repose

And may the moon at midnight,
glancing Upon the valley always see
The nymphs that rally here for dancing
To leap and bound in revelry

"A Cupidon"

Le jour pousse la nuit
Et la nuit sombre

The day pursues the night,
And evening's shades

Pousse le jour que luit
D'une obacure ombre.

L'automne suit l'été,
Et l'âpre rage
Des vents n'a point été
Après l'orage.

Mais la fièvre d'amours
Qui me tourmente,
Demeure en moi toujours,
Et ne s'alente.

Ce n'état pas moi, Dieu,
Qu'il fallait poindre,
Ta flèche en d'autre leu
Se devait joindre.

Poursuis les paresseux
Et les amuse,
Mais non pas moi, ni ceux
Qu'arme la Muse.

“Dieu vous gard”

Dieu vous gard', messagers fidèles
Du printemps, gentes hirondelles,
Huppés, coucous, rossignols,
Tourterelles et vous oiseaux sauvages
Qui de cent sortes de ramages
Animez les bois verdelets.

Dieu vous gard', belles pâquerettes,
Belles roses, belles fleurettes,
Et vous, boutons jadis connus
Du sang d'Ajax et de Narcisse;
Et vous, thym, anis et mélisse,
Vous soyez les bien revenus.

Dieu vous gard' troupe diaprée
Des papillons, qui par la prée
Les douces herbes suçotez;
Et vous, nouvel essaim d'abeilles,
Qui les fleurs jaunes et vermeilles
De votre bouche barsotez.

Cent mille fois je resalue
Votre belle et douce venue.
O que j'aime cette saison
Et ce doux caquet des nivages,
Au prix des vents et des orages
Que m'enferment à la maison.

In turn put day to flight
As sunlight fades,

So summer yields to fall,
No sound of thunder,
No rain, nor windy squall
Bursts calm asunder

But the fever of love
Torments me still,
A thing I can't remove,
Do what I will.

It was not at me, Boy,
You should have aimed
Some other might enjoy
Being thus maimed

Pursue some idle beaux
Whom it amuses,
But neither me nor those
Loved of the muses.

God keep you, you who never fail
To herald spring, lyric nightingale,
Swallows, cuckoos, happy peewees,
You doves, wild birds now northward winging,
Who with a hundred kinds of singing
Animate the air and the trees.

God keep you in your lovely bowers,
Pretty roses, all fragrant flowers,
And you, new bud, in whose soft vein
Flows blood of Ajax and Narcissus,
And you, thyme, anise and melissa,
May you always come back again.

God keep you, pretty company
Of butterflies who in the lea
Now suck the herbs' sweet fragrant food,
And bees invading pretty bowers
To steal the fruit of laden flowers
And store it safe within the wood.

A thousand times I greet anew,
Your lovely, gentle spring debut,
What lively thoughts does spring arouse
With the sweet discourse of the stream,
Tis worth the winter's sombre dream
Which kept me shuttered in the house.

 T H R E E

I have prepared a variety of collaborations to demonstrate the power of three. We begin with the combination of composer, musician, and vocalist in Kevin Lubin's *Three Vignettes*, a collection of short poems performed using flower pots and a bell.

Working with Kevin has been one of the highlights of my time at Longy. It's been incredibly special to create music on a deeper level with him. Through our collaboration, I have developed a greater appreciation in accessible opera for children—an art form I wasn't exposed to growing up. Reflecting on it now, I can't help but think of the profound impact such experiences could have had on my own life.

Next, we explore the combination of director, pianist, and vocalist in Igor Stravinsky's "**No Word from Tom**" from *The Rake's Progress*. Today's semi-staging was envisioned by director Joey Timmons. In this aria, Anne Truelove is dismayed at having received no communication from Tom since his departure to London. In her initial recitative, she declares that Tom must surely need her help because there is no way he has forgotten her. Her aria expresses her wish for the night to quietly comfort him as she weeps in the loneliness of the night. Anne feels a deep sense of hopelessness, but the moon becomes her symbol of guidance, offering a fragile hope that it will shine just as brightly for Tom, even though his heart has turned cold.

As she contemplates leaving her father behind, she shakes off those thoughts and resolves that her desire to be with Tom is stronger than anything. The scene concludes with Anne asserting, "Love cannot falter, cannot desert," finding the strength to begin her journey to London.

In our final two sections, we explore the combination of pianist and two vocalists, introducing a new auditory texture to enhance the audience's experience. C.P.E. Bach's *Die Israeliten in der Wüste*, is based on the biblical account from Exodus 17, and tells the story of the Israelites' suffering in the desert and their eventual relief through Moses, who miraculously brought forth water from a rock. In the duet "**Umsonst sind unsre Zähren**", which occurs during the first part of the oratorio, Bach creates a sense of sadness and desperation as the Israelites feel hopelessly lost in the desert. They lament their misfortune and begin to lose their faith, with their situation growing increasingly bleak.

"Umsonst sind unsre Zähren"

Umsonst sind unsre Zähren,
umsonst sind sie geflossen,
kein Trost senkt sich herab.

Er will uns nicht erhören.
Sein Himmel bleibt verschlossen,
kein Trost senkt sich herab.

Our tears are futile,
in vain have they flowed,
no consolation descends to us.

He will not listen to us.
His heaven remains closed,
no consolation descends to us.

Uns droht das offne Grab.
Laut fluchet unsre Klage
dem schrecklichsten der Tage,
der uns das Dasein gab.

The open grave threatens us.
Our lamentations curse
the most terrible of days
that Being has given us.

Johannes Brahms' *4 Duets, Op. 61*, embody a folk-like simplicity that brings warmth and depth to each piece. The first duet, "**Die Schwestern**", is set in the Magyar idiom and tells the story of two sisters who fall in love with the same boy. The interplay between the voices is delightful, but there's also a subtle artistry in how the tone shifts—what begins as a harmonious agreement in the upbeat opening transitions into a gentle discord as the love triangle unfolds in the final lines. In the second duet, "**Klosterfräulein**", we hear a simple yet poignant lament of loneliness. The brief tale of a reluctant nun, forced into the convent by her mother, unfolds in under two minutes. This duet is an affecting miniature, blending vocal beauty with fascinating moments of commentary and silence from the accompanist, which add layers to the narrative. The two remaining duets, "**Phänomen**" and "**Die Boten der Liebe**", move beyond simplicity, allowing Brahms to explore greater vocal and musical elaboration, creating a rich, more intricate texture.

"Die Schwestern"

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,
So gleich von Angesicht,
So gleicht kein Ei dem andern,
Kein Stern dem andern nicht.

We two sisters, we beauties
Our faces so similar,
Identical as two eggs,
Identical as two stars.

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,
Wir haben lichtebraune Haar',
Und flichst du sie in einen Zopf,
Man kennt sie nicht fürwahr.

We two sisters, we beauties,
We have nut brown tresses,
If you plat them together,
You can't tell them apart.

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,
Wir tragen gleich Gewand,
Spazieren auf dem Wiesenplan
Und singen Hand in Hand.

We two sisters, we beauties
We dress the same,
Walking in the meadow,
And singing hand in hand.

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,
Wir spinnen in die Wett',
Wir sitzen an einer Kunkel
Wir schlafen in einem Bett.

We two sisters, we beauties,
We race each other at spinning,
We sit together in an alcove,
And sleep in the same bed.

O Schwestern zwei, ihr schönen,
Wie hat sich das Blättchen gewend't!
Ihr liebet einerlei Liebchen --
Und jetzt hat das Liedel ein End.

O sisters two, you beauties
How the tables have turned,
You love the same sweetheart;
And now the song is over!

"Klosterfräulein"

Ich armes Klosterfräulein!
O Mutter! was hast du gemacht!
Lenz ging am Gitter vorüber,
Hat mir kein Blümlein gebracht.

Ah, what a poor nun am I!
O mother what have you done!
Spring passed by the bars
And brought me no flowers!

Ach, wie weit, weit dort unten
Zwei Schäflein gehen im Tal!
Viel Glück, ihr Schäflein, ihr sahet
Den Frühling zum erstenmal!

Ah, how far, how far below
Two lambs walk in the valley.
Good luck you lambs,
You've seen spring for the first time.

Ach, wie weit, weit dort oben
Zwei Vöglein fliegen in Ruh'!
Viel Glück, ihr Vöglein, ihr flieget
Der besseren Heimat zu!

Ah, how far, how far above
Two birds fly in peace!
Good luck little birds,
You're flying to a better home.

“Phänomen”

Wenn zu der Regenwand
Phöbus sich gattet,
Gleich steht ein Bogenrand
Farbig beschattet.

When Phoebus is joined
With the wall of rain,
Instantly a bow appears
Colourfully shaded.

Im Nebel gleichen Kreis
Seh ich gezogen;
Zwar ist der Bogen weiß,
Doch Himmelsbogen.

In the clouds I see
An identical circle drawn,
Though the bow is white:
Yes, heaven's bow.

So sollst du, muntrer Greis,
Dich nicht betrüben:
Sind gleich die Haare weiß,
Doch wirst du lieben.

Do not worry,
Cheerful old man;
Though your hair is white,
You will still love.

“Die Boten der Liebe”

Wie viel schon der Boten
Flogen die Pfade
Vom Wäldchen herunter,
Boten der Treu;
Trugen mir Briefchen
Dort aus der Ferne,
Trugen mir Briefchen
Vom Liebsten herbei?

How many messengers
Have already flown
Down the path,
From the forest,
Messengers of fidelity
That carry me
Little letters from afar,
From my sweetheart!

Wie viel schon der Lüftchen
Wehten vom Morgen,
Wehten bis Abends
So schnell ohne Ruh;
Trugen mir Küßchen
Vom kühligen Wasser,
Trugen mir Küßchen
Vom Liebsten herzu?

How many breezes
Have already blown
From morn till evening
So quickly without rest,
Carrying little kisses
From the cool water
Carrying little kisses
From my sweetheart!

Wie wiegten die Ährchen
Auf grünenden Bergen,
Wie wiegten die Ährchen
Auf Feldern sich leis;
"Mein goldenes Liebchen,"
Lispelten alle,
"Mein goldenes Liebchen,
Ich lieb' dich so heiß!"

How the grass waved
On the green mountain,
How the ears of corn
Waved gently in the fields
My golden sweetheart,
They all whispered,
My golden sweetheart,
I love you so passionately.

S I X

Now, as we double the experience, I present a semi-staged version of the opening scene from Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*, directed by Anna Simmons. *Die Zauberflöte* is a remarkable fusion of musical and dramatic styles, bridging the earthly with the otherworldly. The story begins with a magical rescue mission—an element familiar to Viennese audiences of popular theater at the time—but soon transforms into a profound fable about enlightenment and humanity. Through its themes of personal growth and illumination, *Die Zauberflöte* envisions a world of peace, brotherhood, and love. In the scene we're presenting today **“Zu Hilfe! Zu Hilfe!”**, Prince Tamino is pursued by a giant serpent and collapses in fear. While he is unconscious, three ladies in the service of the Queen of the Night slay the serpent. Enchanted by Tamino's beauty, the ladies bicker over who should stay with him while the others go to inform the Queen. Unable to come to a decision, they all depart to report back to their mistress about Tamino.

“Zu Hilfe! Zu Hilfe!”

TAMINO

Zu Hilfe! zu Hilfe! sonst bin ich verloren,
Der listigen Schlange zum Opfer erkoren -
Barmherzige Götter! Schon nahet sie sich,
Ach rettet mich, schützt mich!

DIE DREI DAMEN

Stirb Ungeheur, durch unsre Macht!
Triumph! Triumph! Sie ist vollbracht
Die Heldentat. Er ist befreit
Durch unsres Armes Tapferkeit.

ERSTE DAME

Ein holder Jüngling sanft und schön!

ZWEITE DAME

So schön, als ich noch nie gesehn.

DRITTE DAME

Ja ja gewiß! zum Malen schön.

ALLE DREI

Wüß' ich mein Herz der Liebe weihn,
So müßt' es dieser Jüngling sein.
Laßt uns zu unsrer Fürstin eilen
Ihr diese Nachricht zu erteilen.
Vielleicht daß dieser schöne Mann
Die vor'ge Ruh' ihr geben kann.

ERSTE DAME

So geht und sagt es ihr,
Ich bleib' indessen hier.

ZWEITE DAME

Nein nein, geht ihr nur hin,
Ich wache hier für ihn!

TAMINO

Help me! Help me! or I am lost,
Chosen as prey to the cunning serpent -
Merciful gods! She is already approaching,
Oh save me, protect me!

THE THREE LADIES

Die monster, by our power!
Triumph! Triumph! Done is
The heroic deed. He is freed
By our arm's valour.

FIRST LADY

A gentle youth, soft and fair!

SECOND LADY

As beautiful, as I have never seen.

THIRD LADY

Yes, yes indeed! as beautiful as to be painted.

ALL THREE

If I would devote my heart to love,
It would have to be this young man.
Let us hasten to our queen
To bring her this message.
Perhaps this fair man
May restore her former calm.

FIRST LADY

You go and tell her so,
Meanwhile I'll stay here.

SECOND LADY

No, no, you go on,
I'll watch over him here!

DRITTE DAME

Nein nein, das kann nicht sein,
ich schütze ihn allein.

ALLE DREI (jede für sich)

Ich sollte fort! Ei ei! wie fein!
Sie wären gern bei ihm allein,
Nein nein, das kann nicht sein.
Was wollte ich darum nicht geben,
Könnst' ich mit diesem Jüngling leben!
Hätt' ich ihn doch so ganz allein!
Doch keine geht, es kann nicht sein.
Am besten ist es nun, ich geh'.
Du Jüngling, schön und liebevoll,
Du trauer Jüngling lebe wohl,
Bis ich dich wieder seh'.

THIRD LADY

No, no, that can't be,
I'll protect him alone.

ALL THREE (each for herself)

I should go away! Ei ei! how fine!
They would like to be alone with him,
No, no, that cannot be.
What I wouldn't give for it,
If I could live with this young man!
Would that I had him all alone!
But none will go, it cannot be.
It is for the best now, that I go.
You young man, beautiful and lovely,
You nice young man fare thee well,
Till I see thee again.

TUTTI

Finally, we come to a full symphony created by all of your voices. The term 'symphony of voices' is a figurative expression that describes the harmonious blend of many different voices, where each individual voice contributes to a rich and complex sound—much like how various instruments in an orchestra combine to create a symphony. It often suggests the diversity of perspectives and experiences coming together to form a unified whole.

For this unique experience, I've chosen the famous Brindisi chorus, "**Libiamo, ne' lieti calici,**" from *La Traviata*. The Italian term 'brindisi' translates to 'toast' in English. In the opera, Violetta hosts a party despite being gravely ill with tuberculosis. She declares, "I give myself to pleasure, for pleasure is the best medicine for my ills." In essence, she's treating her illness with a good time. This song serves as a toast, where the guests at the party raise their glasses to Violetta's supposed improving health.

Let us now celebrate life together and toast to the beauty of a new day.

"Libiamo, ne' lieti calici"

Libiamo, libiamo ne' lieti calici
che la bellezza infiora.
E la fuggevol ora s'inebria a voluttà

....

Godiam, fugace e rapido
è il gaudio dell'amore,
è un fior che nasce e muore,
ne più si può goder
Godiamo, c'invita, c'invita un fervido
accento lusinghier.

Let's drink, let's drink from the joyous chalices
that beauty blossoms.
And may the fleeting moment
be elated with voluptuousness.

....

Let's enjoy ourselves, for fleeting and quick
the delight of love is:
it's a flower that blooms and dies
and can no longer be enjoyed.
Let's enjoy ourselves, fervent
flattering voice invites us!

Godiamo, la tazza, la tazza e il cantico,
la notte abbellita e il riso;
in questo paradiso ne scopra il nuovo di

La vita è nel tripudio

Quando non s'ami ancora...

Noi dite a chi l'ignora,

È il mio destin così...

Godiamo, la tazza, la tazza e il cantico,
la notte abbellita e il riso;
in questo paradiso ne scopra il nuovo di.

Ah! Let's enjoy the cup, the cup and the chants,
the embellished night and the laughter;
let the new day find us in this paradise.

Life means celebration,

If one hasn't known love,

Don't tell someone who doesn't know,

But this is my fate...

Ah, yes! Let's enjoy the cup, the cup and the chants,
the embellished night and the laughter;
let the new day find us in this paradise