

Translations

Sorge Il Sol! Che Fai Tu!

The sun is rising! What are you doing?
What are you doing up there?
If you are sleeping, wake up: it is spring!
If you are awake, get up: come and enjoy it!
The sun is rising! What are you doing?
What are you doing up there?
The time has come to run again
Through the fields star-studded with a
thousand colors;
To sing songs, to pick flowers,
To drink beside the shores,
To have in your heart the joys of love!
The sun is rising! What are you doing?
Come out to enjoy...
Because, if you do not come,
The flowers cannot bloom.

Der Nussbaum

A nut tree blossoms outside the house,
Fragrantly, Airily,
It spreads its leafy boughs.
Many lovely blossoms it bears,
Gentle Winds
Come to caress them tenderly.
Paired together, they whisper,
Inclining, Bending
Gracefully their delicate heads to kiss.
They whisper of a maiden who
Dreamed For nights
And days of, alas, she knew not what.
They whisper—who can understand
So soft. A song?
Whisper of a bridegroom and next year.
The maiden listens, the tree rustles;
Yearning, Musing
She drifts smiling into sleep and dreams.

Gretchen am Spinnrade

I have lost my peace of mind,
My heart is heavy,
I will never find it, Never again.
Where I do not have him
Is the grave for me, The whole world
Has turned as bitter as gall for me.
My poor head Seems crazy to me,
My poor mind Seems shattered to me.
I have lost my peace of mind,

My heart is heavy,
I will never find it, Never again.
I only look for him
As I look out of the window,
I only go for him
When I leave the house.
His majestic walk,
His noble form,
The way his mouth smiles
The power of his eyes,
And his way of speaking –
Magical river –
The pressure of his hand,
And, oh, his kiss!
I have lost my peace of mind,
My heart is heavy,
I will never find it, Never again.
My breast pushes
Itself towards him.
Oh if only I could get hold of him
And hold on to him
And kiss him,
Just as I would like to,
His kisses causing me
To pass away!

O Del Mio Amato Ben

Oh, the lost enchantment of my dear
beloved!
Far from my sight is
The one who was my glory and pride!
Now through the silent rooms
I always seek him and call
With a heart filled with hope
But I seek in vain,
I call in vain!
And yet my weeping is dear to me,
Since I nourish my heart with tears
alone.
Everywhere seems sad without him.
Days seems as night to me;
Fire seems cold to me.
However, If sometimes I hope
To give myself another interest,
I am tormented by one thought:
But, without him, what shall I do?
To me life thus seems so meaningless
Without my beloved.

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UNIVERSITY OF SCIENCE AND ARTS OF OKLAHOMA

Abbee Mann's Senior Recital:

MAYBE LOVE



Nov. 23 | 2:00pm | Alumni Chapel

Maybe Love
November 23, 2025 | 2:00pm
Abbee Mann, soprano
Rhenada Finch, pianist

Act I

<i>Gorgeous</i> from <i>The Apple Tree</i>	Jerry Bock, Sheldon Harnick (1928–2010), (1924–2023)
<i>Who Needs Love</i> from <i>Ever After</i>	Marcy Heisler, Zina Goldrich (b. 1967), (b. 1964)
<i>Shy</i> from <i>Once Upon A Mattress</i>	Marshal Barer, Mary Rodgers (1923–1998), (1931–2014)
<i>Sorge Il Sol</i>	Stefano Donaudy (1879–1925)
<i>Der Nussbaum</i> “Myrthen,” <i>Op. 25 no. 3</i>	Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
<i>Stupid with Love</i> from <i>Mean Girls: the Musical</i>	Nell Benjamin, Jeff Richmond (b. 1961)
<i>I’m Breaking Down</i> from <i>Falsettos</i>	William Finn (1952–2025)
<i>Pretty Funny</i> from <i>Dogfight</i>	Benj Pasek, Justin Paul (b. 1985), (b. 1985)
<i>I Know Him So Well</i> from <i>Chess</i>	Benny Anderson, Tim Rice, Bjorn Ulvaeus (b. 1946), (b. 1944), (b. 1945)

Intermission

Act II

<i>O Del Mio Amato Ben</i>	Stefano Donaudy (1879–1925)
<i>Gretchan am Spinrade</i> Op. 2	Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
<i>Poor Unfortunate Souls</i> from <i>The Little Mermaid</i>	Alan Menken (b.1949)
<i>Last Midnight</i> from <i>Into the Woods</i>	Stephen Sondheim (1930–2021)
<i>No One Else</i> from <i>Natasha, Pierre, and the Great Comet of 1812</i>	David Malloy (b.1976)
<i>Maybe Love</i> from <i>Shucked</i>	Brandy Clark, Shane McAnally (b.1975), (b. 1974)
<i>My Days</i> from <i>The Notebook</i>	Ingrid Michaelson (b.1979)

Abbee Mann is a student of Professor Brianne Kollmorgen.