Presents

Tanner Lapointe, baritone

In a

Graduation Recital

Assisted by

Gregory Knight, piano

From the studio of

Dr. Sandra Stringer

7:00pm April 1, 2022 Recital Hall
Revenge, Revenge, Revenge Timotheus Cries
from Alexander’s Feast

G.F. Handel (1685-1789)

Four Lieder

Der Gartner
Lebe Wohl
Verborgenheit
Gebet

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

Chanson romanesque
Chanson épique
Chanson à boire

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

~~ INTERMISSION ~~

Hai già vinta la causa ... Vedro mentr’io sospiro
from Le Nozze di Figaro

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Let us garlands bring, op. 18

Come away, come away, death
Who is Sylvia?
Fear no more the heat o’ the sun
O mistress mine
It was a lover and his lass

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

I’m glad I’m not a tenor

Ben Moore (b. 1960)
TRANSLATIONS

Der Gartner
On her favorite pony
as white as snow,
the fairest princess
rides down the avenue.

On the path down which her steed
so finely prances,
the sand that I strewed there
glitters like gold!

You rose-colored little hat,
bobbing up and down,
O toss a feather
stealthily down!

And if, for that, you would like
a little flower from me,
take a thousand for one -
take all of them!

Lebe Wohl
Farewell! you feel not
what this means - this word of pain;
with a confident face
you said it, and with a light heart.

Farewell! Alas! a thousand times
I have pronounced it to myself,
and with insatiable torment,
broke my own heart with it!

Verborgenheit
Leave, oh world, oh leave me be!
Do not tempt me with trifles of love,
Let this heart have all to itself
Its bliss, its anguish!

For what I am mourning, I know not,
It is unfamiliar woe;
Evermore through tears I see
The dear light of the sun.

Often I am hardly aware of myself,
And bright joy flashes like lightning
Through the weight that is pressing upon me,
Blissfully within my breast.

Leave, oh world, oh leave me be!
Do not tempt me with trifles of love,
Let this heart have all to itself
Its bliss, its anguish!
Gebet
Lord, send what You will, love or sorrow; I am content that both spring from Your hands.
But may you wish with neither joy nor sorrow to overwhelm me! For in the middle lies modest contentment.

Chanson romanesque
Were you to tell that the earth offended you with so much turning, I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it: You'd see it still and silenced.
Were you to tell me that you are wearied By a sky too studded with stars - Tearing the divine order asunder,

Chanson epique
Good Saint Michael who gives me leave
To behold and hear my Lady, O Madonna robed in blue!

Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me Amen.

To please her and defend her,

Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray,

With Saint George onto the altar Chanson a boire

Of the Madonna robed in blue. A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,

With a heavenly beam bless my blade Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,

And its equal in purity Says that love and old wine are saddening my heart and soul!

And its equal in piety I drink To joy!

As in modesty and chastity Joy is the only goal:

My Lady.

(O great Saint George and great Saint Michael) Hai gia vinta la causa... Vedromentr’io sospiro

Bless the angel watching over my vigil, We've won our case! What do I hear!

My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee, I've fallen into a trap!

The traitors!

I'll punish them so! The sentence Will be at my pleasure ... But supposing
He has paid off the claims of the old woman?

Paid her? How? ... and then there's Antonio

Who'll refuse to give his niece in marriage

To a Figaro, of whom nothing is known.

If I play on the pride

Of that half-wit ...

Everything favours my plan ...

To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!

A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky mistress,

Who whines and weeps and vows

Always to be this lily-livered lover

Who dilutes his drunkenness!

I drink To joy!

Joy is the only goal

To which I go straight...when I’m...drunk!

The dice is cast.

Must I see a serf of mine made happy

While I am left to sigh,

And him possess a treasure

Which I desire in vain?

Must I see her,

Who has roused in me a passion

She does not feel for me,

United by the hand of love to a base stave?

Ah no, I will not give you

The satisfaction of this contentment!

You were not born, bold fellow,

To cause me torment

And indeed to laugh

At my discomfiture.

Now only the hope

Of taking vengeance
Eases my mind

And make me rejoice.