

University of
Lethbridge



Faculty of Fine Arts
Department of Music

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 Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Der Gartner
Lebe Wohl
Verborgenheit
Gebet

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée Maurice Ravel
Chanson romanesque (1875-1937)
Chanson épique
Chanson à boire

~~ INTERMISSION ~~

Hai già vinta la causa ... Vedro mentr'io
sospiro W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Let us garlands bring, op. 18 Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)
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

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,

I'd scythe the night with a single
blow.

Were you to tell me that space
itself,

Thus denuded was not to your
taste -

As a god-like knight, with lance
in hand,

I'd sow the fleeting wind with
stars.

But were you to tell me that my
blood

Is more mine, my Lady, than your
own,

I'd pale at the admonishment

And, blessing you, would die.

O Dulcinea.

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,

Chanson a boire

Good Saint Michael, descend, I
pray,

A pox on the bastard, illustrious
Lady,

With Saint George onto the altar

Who to discredit me in your
sweet eyes,

Of the Madonna robed in blue.

Says that love and old wine

With a heavenly beam bless my
blade

Are saddening my heart and soul!

And its equal in purity

I drink To joy!

And its equal in piety

Joy is the only goal.

As in modesty and chastity:

My Lady.

Hai gia vinta la causa... Vedro mentr'io sospiro

(O great Saint George and great
Saint Michael)

We've won our case! What do I
hear!

Bless the angel watching over my
vigil,

I've fallen into a trap!

My sweet Lady, so like unto
Thee,

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 rlove 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.