

University of
Lethbridge



Faculty of Fine Arts
Department of Music

Presents

Josh Dokter, baritone
and
Elizabeth Holthe, soprano

In a

Junior Recital

Assisted by
Gregory Knight, piano

From the Studio of
Dr. Sandra Stringer

6:30pm

April 24, 2022

Recital Hall

~~ **PROGRAM** ~~

<i>Gia il sole dal Gange</i> from <i>L'Honesta negli amori</i>	Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)
<i>Caro Mio Ben</i>	Tommaso Giordani (1730-1806)
<i>Automne</i> from <i>Trois melodies</i> <i>Les Matelots, Op.2, No. 1</i>	Gabriel Faure (1845-1924)
<i>Der Husar, Trara!</i> From <i>Vier Husaren Lieder</i> <i>Der Leidige Frieden</i> <i>Den grünen Zeigern</i> <i>Da liegt der Feinde Gestreckte Schar</i>	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
<i>Songs of Travel</i> I. <i>The Vagabond</i> III. <i>Roadside Fire</i> VIII. <i>Bright is the Ring of Words</i>	Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Joshua Dokter, baritone
Greg Knight, piano

~~ **Intermission** ~~

<i>Lascia Ch'io Pianga</i> , From <i>Rinaldo</i>	G.F. Handel (1685-1789)
<i>Am See</i> , D.746 <i>Auf dem See</i> , D.543	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
<i>Mots d'amour</i> <i>Mignonne</i>	Cecile Chaminade (1857-1944)
<i>Orpheus With His Lute</i> <i>Silent Noon</i>	Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
<i>Pupille Amate</i> From <i>Lucio Silla</i>	W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Elizabeth Holthe, soprano
Greg Knight, piano

~~ *TRANSLATIONS* ~~

Gia il sole dal Gange-

The sun already shines
more brightly from beyond the Ganges,
and dries every drop
of the weeping dawn.

With its golden ray
it adorns every blade of grass with jewels,
and paints the stars of heaven
onto the meadow.

Caro Mio Ben

My darling dear
at least believe me,
without you
my heart languishes.

My darling dear,
without you
my heart languishes.

Your faithful admirer
always sighs.
Stop, cruel one,
being so harsh.
Stop, cruel one,
being so harsh

So harsh!
My darling dear
at least believe me,
without you
my heart languishes.

My darling dear
at least believe me,
without you
my heart languishes

Automne Op. 18 No. 3

Autumn with a misty sky, with heart-
breaking horizons,
With rapid sunsets, with pale dawns,
I watch the flow, like the water of a torrent,
Of your days made of melancholy.

My thoughts, carried off on wings of regret,
As if it were possible for our life to start over,
Travel while dreaming through the enchanted slopes
Where in former days my youth smiled!

I feel in the bright sunlight of a victorious memory
The slender rises blooming again in a bouquet
And I feel rising to my eye's tears that in my heart
I at age twenty had forgotten.

Les Matelots

Upon the blue, deep water
We shall travel,
Encircling the world
With a silver wake.
From the Sunda Islands,
From India of the burning sky,
As far as the frozen pole!

We think of the land
Which we always flee,
Of our aging mother,
Of our young loves.
But the easy wave
With its sweet refrain,
Lulls our grief to sleeps

Sublime existence,
Rocking in our nest.
We live upon the abyss,
On the breast of the infinite,
Grazing the crests of the waves.
In the great blue desert
We go with God

Der Husar, trara!

Hurrah
For the hussar!
What's danger to him?
His dearest sweetheart!
She beckons, with a bound
He's at her side, trara!

Hurrah
For the hussar!
What's danger to him?
His wine; let it swiftly flow!
His flashing sabre! Let it drink!
Drink blood! Trara!

Hurrah
For the hussar!
What's danger to him?
The sound he loves best,
His favourite song,
His lullaby, trara!

Der Leidige Frieden

The tedious peace
Lasted too long,
We had parted company,
My trusty sword and I!
While in the cellar

I sampled the wines,
You were hanging rusty
On the wall.

Each grape variety
I tasted in turn,
The blood meanwhile
Dried on you.

Hot strife at last
Flared up,
O my sword, and your moment
Had come.

I scour once more
Your bright blade,
I let you whistle
Your deadly song,

In gunpowder's haze
You clash as you work,
We have, O sabre,
Exchanged our joys.

In the foaming new wine,
My thirsty blade,
Drink deep, and taste
From heart to heart;

While you've been tasting
Crimson blood,
My throat grew dry
With ardour.

Den grünen Zeigern

Green wine-bushes,
Red cheeks,
Happy fiddlers—
These have I followed
From inn to inn,
For as long as I can remember.

In my shako now I wear
The green branches,
I treat the foe
To red cheeks with a will,
The roar of the cannon
Makes music all around.

Da liegt der Feinde gestreckte Schar

There lies the foe stretched out,
Lying in its blood-red blood.
How sharply he strikes, how well he strikes,
The nimble hussar!

There they lie, aha! so pale and red,
Hush, their souls are still trembling
And reeling on his helmet's plume;
There they lie all dead.

And again the trumpet calls,
He wipes his wet sword on the horse's mane,
And his frisky steed gallops on
With red hooves.

Lascia Ch'io Pianga

*Lascia ch'io pianga
Mia cruda sorte,
E che sospiri
La libertà.*

*Il duolo infranga
Queste ritorte,
De' miei martiri
Sol per pietà.*

Am See

*In des Sees Wogenspiele
Fallen durch den Sonnenschein
Sterne, ach, gar viele, viele,
Flammend leuchtend stets hinein.
Wenn der Mensch zum See geworden,
In der Seele Wogenspiele
Fallen aus des Himmels Pforten
Sterne, ach, gar viele, viele.*

Auf dem See

*Und frische Nahrung, neues Blut
Saug' ich aus freier Welt;
Wie ist Natur so hold und gut,
Die mich am Busen hält!*

*Die Welle wiegen unsern
Kahn Im Rudertakt hinauf,
Und Berge, wolkgig himmelan,
Begegnen unserm Lauf.*

*Aug', mein Aug', was sinkst du nieder?
Goldne Träume, kommt ihr wieder?
Weg, du Traum! so gold du bist;
Hier auch Lieb' und Leben ist.*

*Auf der Welle blinken
Tausend schwebende Sterne,
Weiche Nebel trinken
Rings die türmende Ferne;*

*Morgenwind umflügelt
Die beschattete Bucht,
Und im See bespiegelt
Sich die reifende Frucht.*

Let me weep
My cruel fate,
And that I
should have freedom.

The duel infringes
within these twisted places,
in my sufferings
I pray for mercy.

Into the lake's play of waves,
through the sunlight,
stars, O so many stars,
fall ceaselessly, flaming, gleaming.
If man becomes a lake,
stars, O so many stars,
will fall from the gates of heaven
into the play of waves within his soul.

And fresh nourishment, new blood
I suck from these open spaces;
How sweet and kindly Nature is,
Who holds me to her breast!

The waves cradle our boat
To the rhythm of the oars,
And mountains, soaring skywards in cloud,
Meet us in our path.

Why, my eyes, do you look down?
Golden dreams, will you return?
Away, O dream, however golden;
Here too is love and life.

Stars in their thousands
Drift and glitter on the waves,
Gentle mists drink in
The towering skyline;
Morning breezes flutter

Round the shaded bay,
And the ripening fruit
Is reflected in the lake.

Mots d'amour

Quand je te dis des mots lassés,
C'est leur douleur qui fait leurs charmes!
Ils balbutient, et c'est assez,
Les mots ont des larmes.

Quand je te dis des mots fougueux,
Ils brûlent mon coeur et mes lèvres,
Ton être s'embrase avec eux,
Les mots ont des fièvres.

Mais quels qu'ils soient, les divins mots,
Les seuls mots écoutés des femmes,
Dans leurs soupirs ou leurs sanglots,
Les mots ont des âmes.

Mignonne

Mignonn', allon voir si la rose
Qui ce matin avoit declose
Sa robe de pourpr' au soleil,
A point perdu, cette vesprée,
Le plis de sa robe pourprée,
Et son teint au vostre pareil.

Las, voyés comm' en peu d'espace,
Mignonn', ell' a dessus la place,
Las, las, ses beautés laissé cheoir!
Ô vrayement maratre nature,
Puis qu'une telle fleur ne dure,
Que du matin jusques au soir!

Donc, si vous me croiés, mignonne:
Tandis que vostr' age fleuronne
En sa plus verte nouveauté,
Cueillés, cueillés vostre jeunesse,
Comm' à cette fleur, la viellesse
Fera ternir vostre beauté.

Pupille Amate

Pupille amate
non lagrimate
morir mi fate
pria di morir.

Quest'alma fida
a voi d'intorno
farà ritorno
sciolta in sospir.

When I say tired words to you,
It is their pain that makes their charms!
They stammer, and that's enough,
Words have tears.

When I say fiery words to you,
They burn my heart and lips,
Your being ignites with them,
Words have fevers.

But whatever they are, the divine words,
The only words listened to by women,
In their sighs or sobs,
Words have souls.

Sweetheart, let us see if the rose
that only this morning unfolded
its scarlet dress in the sun
has lost, at vesper-time,
the folds of its scarlet dress
and its colour, so like yours.

Alas! See how rapidly,
Sweetheart, she has let
her beauty fall all over the place!
Nature is truly a cruel stepmother
when such a flower only lasts
from dawn to dusk!

So if you hear me, Sweetheart,
while your age flowers
in its greenest newness,
gather, gather your youth.
Age will tarnish your beauty
as it has faded this flower.

Do not weep,
beloved eyes:
you cause my death
before it is decreed.

Whenever you should sigh,
think only that my liberated soul
shall faithfully return
to comfort you.