

University of  
Lethbridge



Faculty of Fine Arts  
Department of Music

**Presents**

**Jocelyn Walters, mezzo-soprano**

**In a**

**Graduation Recital**

**Assisted by**

**Gregory Knight, piano**

**From the Studio of**

**Dr. Sandra Stringer**

**4:30pm**

**April 30, 2022**

**Recital Hall**

~~ **PROGRAM** ~~

*Dover, giustizia, amor*  
from *Ariodante*

G.F Handel  
(1685-1790)

Frauenliebe und – leben, Op. 42  
*Seit ich ihn gesehen*  
*Er, der Herrlichste von allen*  
*Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben*  
*Du Ring an meinem Finger*  
*Helft mir, ihr Schwestern*  
*Süßer Freund, du blickest*  
*An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust*  
*Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan*

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

~~ **Intermission** ~~

*Ah, di sì nobil alma*  
from *Ascanio in Alba*

W.A Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Six Elizabethan Songs  
*Spring*  
*Sleep*  
*Winter*  
*Dirge*  
*Diaphenia*  
*Hymn*

Dominick Argento  
(1927-2019)

*Me voici dans son boudoir*  
from *Mignon*

Ambroise Thomas  
(1811-1896)

~ ~ *TRANSLATIONS* ~ ~

**Dover, giustizia, amor**

Duty, justice, love  
all arouse in my heart  
a latent desire for glory

We shall yet be victorious  
If the stars should smile  
upon such worthy wishes

**Seit ich ihn gesehen**

Since first seeing him,  
I think I am blind  
Wherever I look,  
only him I see;  
as in a waking dream  
his image hovers before me,  
rising out of deepest darkness  
ever more brightly

All else is dark and pale  
around me,  
My sisters games  
I no more long to share,  
I would rather weep  
quietly in my room;  
Since first seeing him,  
I think I am blind

**Er, der Herrlichste von allen**

He, the most wonderful of all,  
How gentle and loving he is!  
Sweet lips, bright eyes,

**Süßer Freund, du blickest**

Sweet friend, you look  
at me in wonder,  
You cannot understand  
how I can weep;  
Let the unfamiliar beauty  
of these moist pearls  
tremble joyfully bright  
in my eyes!

How anxious my heart is,  
How full of bliss!  
If only I knew  
how to say it in words:  
Come and hide your face  
here against my breast,  
For me to whisper you  
all my joy.

Do you know understand the tears  
that I can weep,  
Should you not see them,  
beloved husband?  
Stay by my heart,  
Feel how it beats,  
That I may press you  
closer and closer.

Here by my bed  
there is room for the cradle,  
Silently hiding  
my blissful dream;

a clear mind and firm resolve.  
Just as there in the deep blue distance  
that star gleams bright and brilliant,  
So does he shine in my sky,  
Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime.

Wander, wander on your way,  
Just to gaze on your radiance,  
Just to gaze on in humility,  
to be but blissful and sad!

Do not heed my silent prayer,  
uttered for your happiness alone,  
You shall never know me, lowly as I am,  
you noble star of splendour!

Only the worthiest woman of all  
may your choice elate,  
and I shall bless the exalted one  
many thousands of times

Then shall I rejoice and weep,  
Blissful, blissful, shall I be  
Even if my heart should break,  
Break, O heart, what does it matter?

**Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben**

I cannot grasp it, believe it,  
A dream has beguiled me;  
How, from all woman, could he  
have exalted and favoured poor me?

He said, I thought,  
'I am yours forever',  
I was, I thought, still dreaming,

The morning shall come  
when the dream awakens,  
And your likeness  
laughs up at me.

***An meinem Herzen,  
an meiner Brust***

On my heart, at my breast,  
You my delight, my joy!

Happiness is love,  
love is happiness,  
I've always said and say so still.

I thought myself rapturous,  
but now am delirious with joy.

only she who suckles,  
only she who loves  
the child that she nourishes;

Only a mother knows  
what it means to love  
and be happy.

Ah, how I pity the man  
who cannot feel  
a mother's bliss!

You dear, dear angel, you,  
You look at me and you smile!

On my heart, at my breast,  
You my delight, my joy!

After all, it can never be.  
O let me, dreaming, die,  
cradled on his breast;  
Let me savour blissful death  
in tears of endless joy.

**Du Ring an meinem Finger**

You ring on my finger,  
my golden little ring,  
I press you devoutly to my lips,  
to my heart.

I had finished dreaming  
childhood's peaceful dream,  
I found myself alone, forlorn  
in boundless desolation.

You ring on my finger,  
you first taught me,  
opened my eyes  
to life's deep eternal worth.

I shall serve him, live for him,  
belong to him wholly,  
Yield to him and find  
myself transfigured in his light.

You ring on my finger,  
my golden little ring,  
I press you devoutly to my lips,  
to my heart.

**Helft mir, ihr Schwestern**

Help me, my sisters,  
with my bridal attire,

**Nun hast du mir  
den ersten Schmerz getan**

Now you have caused me  
my first pain,  
But it struck hard,  
You sleep,  
you harsh and pitiless man,  
The sleep of death.

The deserted one stares ahead,  
The world is void.  
I have loved and I have lived,  
and now my life is done.

Silently I withdraw  
into myself,  
The veil falls,  
There I have you  
and my lost happiness,  
You, my world!

**Ah, di sì nobil alma**

How longer I would speak  
of such a noble soul.  
If you want to know  
all her own virtues  
ask my heart.

Ok, goddess, leave me calm  
only a little.  
Leave me, and after that,  
I shall be able to speak to you  
about many of her virtues.

Serve me today in my joy,  
Busily braid  
about my brow  
the wreath of blossoming myrtle.

When with contentment  
and joy in my heart  
I lay in my beloved's arms,  
He still called,  
with longing heart,  
impatiently for this day.

Help me, my sisters,  
help me banish  
a foolish fearfulness;  
So that I with bright eyes  
may receive him,  
The source to all my joy.

Have you, my love,  
really entered my life,  
Do you, O sun, gie me your glow?  
Let me in reverence,  
Let me in humility,  
bow before my lord.

Scatter flowers, O sisters,  
Scatter flowers before him,  
Bring him budding roses.  
But you, sisters,  
I greet with sadness,  
as I joyfully take leave of you.

**Me voici dans son boudoir**  
'Tis I! All gone to smash!  
What of it? I am here!  
What! My uncle has lodged  
Filina in my aunt's room?

Here am I in her boudoir  
and I feel my heart beating  
with high hope!  
Ah! I wait for the hour  
when we shall meet.

Ah cruel fair,  
in the end I'll vanish  
she must be made,  
to heed my anguish!

I'm here in her boudoir  
and I feel my heart beat  
with high hope!  
Ah! I wait for the hour  
when we shall meet.

I would not have her love me  
Ah, yes, I hope to enjoy,  
As I woo, How sad 'twill be  
for all who love her too!

I'm here in her boudoir  
and I feel my heart beat  
with high hope!  
Ah! I wait for the hour  
when we shall meet.

'Tis now the hour,  
The hour when we shall meet!  
For my heart,  
how dear the hope!  
Yes, my heart beats high,  
Beats high with hope!