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 si 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)
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.

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!

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

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

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

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

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

Ich kann’s nicht fass**en, 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?

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

He said, I thought,
‘I am yours forever’,
I was, I thought, still dreaming,

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

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 fass**en, **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,
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 si nobil alma**
How longer I would speak
of such a nobel 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.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

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!