

University of
Lethbridge



Faculty of Fine Arts
Department of Music

Presents

Rosie Crisp, soprano
Parya Rostamian, guitar
Olivia Earl, soprano

In a

Junior Recital

Assisted by

Gregory Knight, piano

From the Studios of

Dr. Sandra Stringer & Iliana Matos

3:30pm

April 10, 2022

Recital Hall

~~PROGRAM~~

Deh vieni non tardar

W. A Mozart
(1756-1791)

Lied der Suleika

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Lied der Braut I

Lied der Braut II

Nuit d'étoiles

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Beau soir

Chevaux de bois

Rabbit at top speed

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

Rosie Crisp, soprano

~~ INTERMISSION ~~

Sonata K 77

I. Moderato e cantabile

II. Minuet

Domenico Scarlatti
(1685-1757)

Sonata K 408

Gato Y Malabo

Hector Ayala
(1914-1990)

Guaraniya

Parya Rostamian, guitar

~~ INTERMISSION ~~

Domine Deus from Gloria

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Marienwurmchen

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Widmung

Die Lotosblume

Nuit d'étoiles

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Romance

Don't Say Anything

Stephen Chatman
(b. 1950)

Notes of Summer

Someone Who Used to Have Someone

Olivia Earl, soprano

Deh vieni non tardar

At last comes the moment

When, without reserve, I can
rejoice

In my lover's arms: timid
scruples,

Hence from my heart,

And do not come to trouble my
delight.

Oh how the spirit of this place,

The earth and the sky, seem

To echo the fire of love!

How the night furthers my
stealth!

Come, do not delay, oh bliss,

Come where love calls thee to
joy,

While night's torch does not
shine in the sky,

the air is still dark and the world
quiet.

Here murmurs the stream, here
sports the breeze,

Which refreshes the heart with
its sweet whispers.

Here flowers smile and the grass
is cool;

Chain me in sympathy;

Love's pure embodied radiance

Here everything invites to the
pleasures of love.

Come, my dearest, and amid
these sheltered trees

I will wreath thy brow with
roses.

Lied der Suleika

With what heartfelt
contentment,

O song, do I sense your
meaning!

Lovingly you seem to say:

That I am at his side;

That he ever thinks of me,

And ever bestows his love's
rapture

On her who, far away,

Dedicates her life to him.

For my heart, dear friend, is the
mirror,

Wherein you have seen
yourself;

And this the breast where your
seal is imprinted

Kiss upon kiss.

Your sweet verses, their
unsullied truth

Never shall it end, I don't know

In the garb of poetry!

how it could

Lied der braut I

Mother, mother! Never believe,
Because I love him so,
That I now lack the love
To love you as before!
Mother, mother! Since loving
him
I love you all the more.
Let me press you to my heart
And kiss you, as he kisses me.
Mother, mother! Only since
loving him
Do I truly love you now, For
giving me my life
That has become so radiant.

Lied der braut II

Let me lay my head on his
heart,
Mother, mother! Be not afraid.
Do not ask: how will things
change?
Do not ask: how will it end?

All things seem to advise
content –

Nuit d'étoiles

Night of stars,
Beneath your veils,
Beneath your breeze and
fragrance,
Sad lyre
That sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.
Serene melancholy
Now blooms deep in my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
Quiver in the dreaming woods.
Once more at our fountain I see
Your eyes as blue as the sky;
This rose is your breath
And these stars are your eyes.

Beau soir

When at sunset the rivers are
pink
And a warm breeze ripples the
fields of wheat,
Sunday sou.

Turn, turn, horses of their
hearts,

And rise toward the troubled
heart;

Advise us to savour the gift of
life,

While we are young and the
evening fair,

For our life slips by, as that river
does:

It to the sea - we to the tomb.

Chevaux de bois

Turn, turn, you fine wooden
horses,

Turn a hundred, turn a
thousand times,

Turn often and turn for
evermore

Turn and turn to the oboe's
sound.

The red-faced child and the pale
mother,

The lad in black and the girl in
pink,

One down-to-earth, the other
showing off,

Each buying a treat with his

Ravenous with thirst.

Turn, turn!

The velvet sky

Is slowly decked with golden

While the furtive pickpocket's
eye is flashing

As you whirl about and whirl
around,

Turn to the sound of the
conquering cornet!

Astonishing how drunk it
makes you,

like this in this foolish fair:

an empty stomach and an
aching head,

Discomfort in plenty and
masses of fun!

Gee-gees, turn, you'll never
need

The help of any spur

To make your horses gallop
round:

Turn, turn, without hope of
hay.

And hurry on, horses of their
souls:

Nightfall already calls them to
supper

And disperses the crowd of
happy revellers,

So sorely, so very sorely,

The wicked spider's spinning
them in,

Ladybird, fly away home,

stars.

The church bell tolls a mournful
knell

Turn to the joyful sound of
drums!

Domine Deus

Lord God, Heavenly King, God
Almighty Father.

Marienwurmchen

Ladybird, come and settle

On my hand, on my hand,

I shall do you no harm,

No harm will come of you,

I just want to see your bright
wings,

Bright wings are my joy!

Ladybird, fly away home,

Your house is on fire, the
children are crying
My grief forever I've consigned!

You are repose, you are peace,

You are bestowed on me from
heaven.

You children are crying sorely.

Ladybird, fly off

To the children next door, next
door,

They will do you no harm,

No harm will come of you
there,

They want to see your bright
wings,

And remember me to both of
them.

Widmung

You my soul, you my heart,

You my rapture, O you my
pain,

You my world in which I live,

My heaven you, to which I
aspire,

O you my grave, into which

And gazes silently aloft—

Fragrant and weeping and
trembling

With love and the pain of love.

Your love for me gives me my
worth,

Your eyes transfigure me in
mine,

You raise me lovingly above
myself,

My guardian angel, my better
self!

Die Lotosblume

The lotus-flower fears

The sun's splendour,

And with bowed head,

Dreaming, awaits the night.

The moon is her lover,

And wakes her with his light,

And to him she tenderly unveils

Her innocent flower-like face.

She blooms and glows and
gleams,
Night of stars...

Romance

The spent and suffering soul,

The sweet soul, the soul steeped

Nuit d'Etoiles

Night of stars,

Beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and
fragrance,

Sad lyre

That sighs,

I dream of bygone loves.

Serene melancholy

Now blooms deep in my heart,

And I hear the soul of my love

Quiver in the dreaming woods.

Night of stars...

Once more at our fountain I see

Your eyes as blue as the sky;

This rose is your breath

And these stars are your eyes.

In the divine lilies I gathered

In the garden of your thoughts,

Where have the winds dispersed
it,

This adorable lilies' soul?

Does not a single scent remain

Of the heavenly softness

Of the days when you enclosed
me

In a supernatural mist,

Made of hope, of faithful love,

Of bliss and of peace?