

University of
Lethbridge



Faculty of Fine Arts
Department of Music

Presents

Zoe Pepper, Mezzo-Soprano

In a

Graduation Recital

Assisted by

Gregory Knight, Piano

From the Studio of

Dr. Sandra Stringer

4:00pm

December 3, 2022

Recital Hall

~~ PROGRAM ~~

“Hence, Iris, hence away” from *Semele* George Frideric Handel
(1685—1759)

Gedichte der Königin Maria Stuart Robert Schumann
Abschied von Frankreich (1810-1856)
Nach der Geburt ihres Sohnes
An die Königin Elisabeth
Abschied von der Welt
Gebet

Trois chansons de Bilitis Claude Debussy
La flûte de Pan (1862-1918)
La chevelure
Le tombeau des Naiades

~~ INTERMISSION ~~

“Ah di sì nobil alma” from *Ascanio in Alba* Wolfgang Amadeus
Mozart
(1756-1791)

Six Elizabethan Songs Dominick Argento
Spring (1927-2019)
Sleep
Winter
Dirge
Diaphenia
Hymn

“The Saga of Jenny” from *Lady in the Dark* Kurt Weill
(1900-1950)

Abschied von Frankreich

I am going away!
Farewell, my happy France,
Where I found the loveliest
homeland,
You the guardian of my
childhood!
Farewell, O land, O happy
time,
The ship bears me far away
from joy!
Yet it takes but half of me:
One part will be for ever
yours,
My happy land, recalling to
you
The memory of that other self!
Farewell!

Nach der Geburt ihres Sohnes

Protect this new born boy,

And, if it be Thy will, let his
race

Long rule in this realm.
And let all that is done in his
name
Be to Thy glory, praise and
honour, Amen.

An die Königin Elisabeth

One thought alone gladdens
and grieves me
And dominates my mind,
So that the voices of fear and
hope resound,
When sleepless I count the
hours.
And when my heart chooses
this letter as messenger,
Revealing how I long to see
you,
Then, dear sister, a new
anguish seizes me,
Because the letter lacks the
power to prove it.
I see the boat half hidden in
the harbour,
Held back by the storm and
warring waves,
And heaven's serene face
blackened by night.
So am I likewise beset by cares
and fear,
Not of you, my sister. But the
force of fate
Often lacerates the sail in
which we trust.

Abschied von der Welt

What use is the time still
allotted me?
My heart is dead to earthly
desires,
My spirit is severed from all
but sorrow,
The joy of death alone
remains.
Cease envying me, O enemies:
My heart abjures all honour
and nobility,
Excess of anguish will devour
me,
Hatred and schism will soon
be buried with me.
O friends, who will remember
me with love,
Consider and believe that
without power or fortune
There is nothing good I can
achieve.
So do not wish for the return
of happier days,
And because I ve been sorely
punished here on earth,
Pray that a share of eternal
peace might be mine!

Gebet

O Lord God,

I put my trust in Thee!

O beloved Jesus,
Rescue me!
In my harsh prison,
In dire affliction
I long for Thee;
Lamenting I cry to Thee,
Despairing in the dust,
Hearken, I implore Thee,
And rescue me!

La flûte de Pan

For Hyacinthus day he gave
me a syrinx made of
carefully cut reeds, bonded
with white wax which tastes
sweet to my lips like honey.
He teaches me to play, as I sit
on his lap; but I am
a little fearful. He plays it after
me, so gently that I
scarcely hear him.
We have nothing to say, so
close are we one to
another, but our songs try to
answer each other, and
our mouths join in turn on the
flute.
It is late; here is the song of
the green frogs that
begins with the night. My
mother will never believe
I stayed out so long to look for
my lost sash.

La chevelure

He said to me: Last night I dreamed. I had your tresses around my neck. I had your hair like a black necklace all round my nape and over my breast.

I caressed it and it was mine; and we were united thus for ever by the same tresses, mouth on mouth, just as two laurels often share one root.

And gradually it seemed to me, so intertwined were our limbs, that I was becoming you, or you were entering into me like a dream. When he had finished, he gently set his hands on my shoulders and gazed at me so tenderly that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

Le tombeau des Naiades

Along the frost-bound wood I walked; my hair across my mouth, blossomed with tiny icicles, and my sandals were heavy with muddy, packed snow.

He said to me: What do you seek? I follow the satyr's track.

His little cloven hoof-marks alternate like holes in a white cloak. He said to me:

The satyrs are dead.

The satyrs and the nymphs too. For thirty years there has not been so harsh a winter. The tracks you see are those of a goat. But let us stay here, where their tomb is.

And with the iron head of his hoe he broke the ice of the spring, where the naiads used to laugh. He picked up some huge cold fragments, and, raising them to the pale sky, gazed through them.

Ah di sì nobile alma

Oh, how greatly I should like to talk to such a noble soul! If you would seek to know about all its virtues, ask this my heart to relate them.

Only one moment leave me in calm, o goddess, and then to you I shall relate her many merits.