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  
(1810-1856)

Gedichte der Königin Maria Stuart
- Abschied von Frankreich
- Nach der Geburt ihres Sohnes
- An die Königin Elisabeth
- Abschied von der Welt
- Gebet

Trois chansons de Bilitis  
Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

- La flûte de Pan
- La chevelure
- Le tombeau des Naiades

~~ INTERMISSION ~~

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

Six Elizabethan Songs  
Dominick Argento  
(1927-2019)

- Spring
- 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 have 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 nobil 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.