

University of
Lethbridge



Faculty of Fine Arts
Department of Music

Presents

Holly Kletke, Voice

In a

Graduation Recital

Assisted by

Greg Knight, Piano

**From the Studio of
Dr. Sandra Stringer**

1:00pm

March 26th, 2023

Recital Hall

~~ **PROGRAM** ~~

“Qual farfalletta” from *Partenope*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Selections from *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson*

Nature, the Gentlest Mother
There Came a Wind Like a Bugle
Heart, We Will Forget Him

Aaron Copeland
(1900-1990)

Sérénade italienne

Le charme

Les papillons

Le temps des lilas

Le colibri

Ernest Chausson
(1855-1899)

~~ **INTERMISSION** ~~

“Ach, ich fühl’s” from *Die Zauberflöte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

4 Lieder, Op. 27

Ruhe, meine Seele

Cäcilie

Heimliche Aufforderung

Morgen!

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Qual farfalletta

Like a little butterfly I turn around the lamp,
And my Cupid, burns the beautiful feathers

The sparkle entices me; because he is true to me
My loyalty is greater than anyone else's
And it will not change!

Sérénade italienne

Let us go out in a boat on the sea
To spend the night under the stars.
Look, it's blowing enough breeze
To swell the canvas of the sails.

The old Italian fisherman
And his two sons, who sail us out,
Hear, but do not understand
The words we say to each other.

On the calm, dark sea, look!
We can exchange our souls
And our voices will not be understood
Except by the night, the sky, and the waves.

Le charme

When your smile caught me unawares,
I felt my whole being shiver;
But what was taming my spirit,
I did not at first know.

When your gaze fell on me,
I felt my soul melt;
But what this emotion was
I could not at first tell.

That which conquered me forever
Was a more sorrowful charm,
And I only knew that I loved you,
Upon seeing your first tear!

Les papillons

Snow coloured butterflies
Swarm over the sea;
Beautiful white butterflies, when might I
Take to the blue path of the air?

Do you know, oh beauty of beauties,
My bayadère with eyes of jade
Were they to lend me their wings,
Tell me, do you know where I would go?

Without kissing a single rose,
Across valleys and forests,
I'd fly to your half-closed lips,
Flower of my soul,
And there I would die.

Le temps des lilas

The time of lilacs and the time of roses
Will return no more this spring;
The time of lilacs and the time of roses
Is past, the time of carnations too.

The wind has changed, the skies are morose,
And no longer shall we roam to gather
The flowering lilac and the beautiful rose;
The spring is sad and cannot bloom.

Oh sweet and joyous springtime
That came last year to bathe us in sun,
Our flower of love is so far faded,
That your kiss, alas, cannot awaken it!

And what do you do?
No blossoming flowers,
No bright sun, and no cool shade.
The time of lilacs and the time of roses
With our love, has perished, forevermore.

Le colibri

The green hummingbird, the king of the hills,
Upon seeing the dew and the gleaming sun
Shine in his nest of fine woven grass
Darts into the air like a shaft of light.

He hurries and flies to the nearby springs
Where the bamboos sound like the sea,
Where the red hibiscus with its heavenly scent
Unveils the glint of dew at its heart.

He descends and settles on the golden flower,
Drinks so much love from the rosy cup
That he dies, not knowing if he'd drunk it dry.

On your pure lips, oh my beloved,
My own soul too, would sooner have died
From that first kiss which scented it!

Ach, ich fühl's

Ah, I can feel it, love's happiness
Is fled forever!
Nevermore, O hours of bliss,
Will you return to my heart!

See, Tamino, these tears
Flow for you alone, beloved.
If you do not feel love's yearning,
I shall find peace in death!

Ruhe meine Seele

Not even a soft breeze stirs,
In gentle sleep the wood rests;
Through the leave's dark veil
Bright sunshine steals.

Rest, rest,
My soul.
Your storms were wild
You raged and you quivered
Like the breakers when they surge!
These times are violent
Cause heart and mind distress.

Rest, rest,
My soul
And forget what ails you.

Cäcilie

If you only knew what it is to dream
Of burning kisses, of walking and resting
With one's love, gazing at each other
And caressing and talking.
If you only knew, your heart would turn to me.

If you only knew what it is to worry
Of lonely nights in the frightening storm,
With no soft voice to comfort the struggle-weary
soul
If you only knew you would come to me.

If you only knew what it is to live
Enveloped in God's world creating breath
To soar upwards, borne on light to blessed
heights
If you only knew, you would live with me.

Heimliche Aufforderung

Come, raise to your lips the sparkling goblet,
And drink at this joyful feast your heart to health

And when you raise it, give me a secret sign
Then I shall smile, and drink as quietly as you
And quietly like me, look around at the hordes
Of drunken gossips – do not despise them too
much.

No, raise the glittering goblet filled with wine,
And let them be happy
At the noisy feast.

But once you have savoured the meal,
Quenched your thirst,
Leave the loud company
Of happy revellers,

And come out into the garden
To the rose bush,
There I shall wait for you
As I've always done.

And I shall sink on your breast
Before you could hope
And drink your kisses
As often before

And twine in your hair
The glorious rose
Ah! Come o wondrous
Longed-for night!

Morgen!

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
And on the path that I shall take,
It will unite us, happily, again
Amid this same sun-breathing earth

And to the shore, broad, blue-waves,
We shall quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless we shall gaze into each other's eyes,
And the silence of bliss shall fall on us.