

University of  
Lethbridge



Faculty of Fine Arts  
Department of Music

**Presents**

**Jazden Smith, Mezzo Soprano**

**In a**

**Graduation Recital**

**Assisted by**

Gregory Knight, Piano

Paisley Perrett, Mezzo-Soprano

Chris Bernhardt, Piano

Matt Erdmann, Bass

Tate Orlita, Drums

Brian Cole, Vibraphone

**From the Studio of  
Dr. Janet Youngdahl**

**4:00PM**

**March 25, 2023**

**Recital Hall**

~~ PROGRAM ~~

Ma rendi pur contento  
Vaga luna, che inargenti

Vincenzo Bellini  
(1801-1835)

Weep You No More  
My Life's Delight

Roger Quilter  
(1877-1953)

*Reiselied*, Op. 34 no.6  
*Suleika*, Op. 57 no.3  
*Venetianisches Gondellied*, Op. 30 no.6

Felix Mendelssohn  
(1809-1847)

Duetto buffo di due gatti

Gioachino Rossini  
(1792-1868)

*Paisley Perrett, mezzo-soprano*

~~ INTERMISSION ~~

Ariettes oubliées  
1. *C'est l'extase langoureuse*  
2. *Il pleure dans mon cœur*  
4. *Chevaux de bois*

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

“C'est l'amour vainqueur” from *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*

Jacques Offenbach  
(1819-1880)

Words of Love

The Mamas and The Papas  
(1965-1968)  
Arr. Chris Bernhardt

Basin Street Blues

Spencer Williams  
(1889-1965)

*Chris Bernhardt, piano*  
*Matt Erdman, bass*  
*Tate Orlita, drums*  
*Brian Cole, vibraphone*

### **Ma rendi pur contento**

But only make happy  
The heart of my love.  
And I will forgive you, my love  
If my [own] heart is not happy.

Her worries I fear  
More than my own.  
Because I live more in her  
Than I live in myself

### **Vaga luna, che inargenti**

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light  
On these shores and on these flowers  
And breathe the language  
Of love to the elements,  
You are now the sole witness  
Of my ardent longing,  
And can recount my throbs and sighs  
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance  
Cannot assuage my grief,  
That if I cherish a hope,  
It is only for the future.  
Tell her that, day and night,  
I count the hours of sorrow,  
That a flattering hope  
Comforts me in my love.

### **Reiselied**

The autumn wind shakes the trees,  
The night is damp and cold;  
Wrapped in a grey cloak,  
I ride in the forest alone.

And as I ride, so my thoughts  
Ride on ahead of me;  
They carry me light as air  
To my beloved's house.

The dogs bark, the servants appear  
With flickering candlelight;  
I dash up the spiral staircase  
To the sound of clattering spurs.

There in her brightly tapestried room,  
With its fragrance and warmth,  
My loved one is waiting for me –  
I fly into her arms.

The wind rustles in the leaves,  
The oak-tree says:  
Foolish rider, what do you want  
With your foolish dream?

### **Suleika**

What does this stirring portend?  
Is the east wind bringing me joyful tidings?  
The refreshing motion of its wings  
cools the heart's deep wound.

It plays caressingly with the dust,  
throwing it up in light clouds,  
and drives the happy swarm of insects  
to the safety of the vine-leaves.

It gently tempers the burning heat of the sun,  
and cools my hot cheeks;  
even as it flies it kisses the vines  
that adorn the fields and hillsides.

And its soft whispering brings me  
a thousand greetings from my beloved;  
before these hills grow dark  
I shall be greeted by a thousand kisses.

Now you may pass on,  
and serve the happy and the sad;  
there, where high walls glow,  
I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Ah, the true message of the heart,  
the breath of love, renewed life  
will come to me only from his lips,  
can be given to me only by his breath.

### **Venetianisches Gondellied**

When through the Piazzetta  
Night breathes her cool air,  
Then, dearest Ninetta,  
I'll come to thee there.  
Beneath thy mask shrouded,  
I'll know thee afar,  
As Love knows, though clouded,  
his own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling  
Some gay gondolier,  
I'll whisper thee, trembling,  
Our bark, love, is near:

Now, now, while there hover  
those clouds o'er the moon,  
"Twill waft thee safe over  
yon silent Lagoon."

### **C'est l'extase langoureuse**

It is languorous rapture,  
It is amorous fatigue,  
It is all the tremors of the forest  
In the breezes' embrace,  
It is, around the grey branches,  
The choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!  
The warbling and whispering,  
It is like the soft cry  
The ruffled grass gives out ...  
You might take it for the muffled sound  
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

This soul which grieves  
In this subdued lament,  
It is ours, is it not?  
Mine, and yours too,  
Breathing out our humble hymn  
On this warm evening, soft and low?

### **Il pleure dans mon cœur**

Tears fall in my heart  
As rain falls on the town;  
What is this torpor  
Pervading my heart?

Ah, the soft sound of rain  
On the ground and roofs!  
For a listless heart,  
Ah, the sound of the rain!

Tears fall without reason  
In this disheartened heart.  
What! Was there no reason?  
This grief's without reason.

And the worst pain of all  
Must be not to know why  
Without love and without hate  
My heart feels such pain.

### **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 Sunday sou.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,  
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,  
Riding like this in this foolish fair:  
With 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 revelers,  
Ravenous with thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky  
Is slowly decked with golden stars.  
The church bell tolls a mournful knell—  
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!

### **C'est l'amour vainqueur**

See beneath the quivering bow  
The soundbox vibrates,  
Hear the heavenly accent  
Of this unconscious heart.

Listen: passing through the air,  
The sound, penetrating and clear,  
Of this tearful chord,  
It consoles your tears,

It mingles its sorrows  
With your elated sorrow.  
It is love, love the conqueror,  
Poet, give your heart!