

University of
Lethbridge



Faculty of Fine Arts
Department of Music

Presents

Olivia Earl, Soprano

In a

Graduation Recital

**Assisted by
Greg Knight, piano**

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

4:00pm

March 26th, 2023

Recital Hall

~~ PROGRAM ~~

“Una donna a quindici anni” from *Così fan tutte* Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Zueignung
Die Nacht
Allerseelen
All mein Gedanken Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Chanson triste
Extase
L’invitation au voyage Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

~~ INTERMISSION ~~

“Laurie’s Song” from *The Tender Land* Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

Four Dickinson Songs Lori Laitman
 Will There Really Be a Morning? (b.1955)
 I’m Nobody
 She Died
 If I...

“The Glamorous Life” from *A Little Night Music* Stephen Sondheim
(1930-2021)

“Almost Real” from *The Bridges of Madison County* Jason Robert Brown
(b.1970)

“Only Love” from *The Scarlet Pimpernel* Frank Wildhorn
(b.1958)

Una donna a quindici anni

At fifteen a woman
Should know the ways of the world,
Where the devil keeps his tail,
What's right and what is wrong.
She should know the wiles
That ensnare lovers,
How to feign laughter or tears
And to make up good excuses.
At one and the same moment
She must listen to a hundred
But speak with her eyes
To a thousand,
Hold out hope to all,
Be they handsome or plain,
Know how to hide things
Without getting flustered,
Know how to tell lies
Without ever blushing.
And, like a queen
On her lofty throne,
Get her own way
With "I can" and "I will"
aside.
It seems they're taking
To this doctrine;
Hooray for Despina,
She knows how to do it.

Zueignung

Yes, dear soul, you know
That I'm in torment far from you,
Love makes hearts sick –
Be thanked.
Once, revelling in freedom,
I held the amethyst cup aloft
And you blessed that draught –
Be thanked.
And you banished the evil spirits,
Till I, as never before,
Holy, sank holy upon your heart –
Be thanked.

Die Nacht

Night steps from the woods,
Slips softly from the trees,
Gazes about her in a wide arc,
Now beware!
All the lights of this world,
All the flowers, all the colours
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves
From the field.
She takes all that is fair,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof
The gold.
The bush stands plundered:
Draw closer, soul to soul,
Ah the night, I fear, will steal
You too from me.

Allerseelen

Set on the table the fragrant
mignonettes,
Bring in the last red asters,
And let us talk of love again
As once in May.
Give me your hand to press in secret,
And if people see, I do not care,
Give me but one of your sweet glances
As once in May.
Each grave today has flowers and is
fragrant,
One day each year is devoted to the
dead;
Come to my heart and so be mine again,
As once in May.

All mein Gedanken

All my thoughts, my heart and my mind,
Wander to where my beloved is.
They go on their way despite wall and
gate,
No bolt, no ditch can stop them,
Go high in the air like little birds,
Needing no bridge over water or chasm,
They find the town and they find the
house,
Find her window among all the others,
And knock and call: "Open up, let us in,
We come from your sweetheart who
sends his love."

Chanson triste

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.
You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;
And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

Extase

On a pale lily my heart is sleeping
A sleep as sweet as death:
Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of the beloved:
On your pale breast my heart is
sleeping...

L'invitation au voyage

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that is like you!
The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
Hold for my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.
There - nothing but order and beauty
dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.
See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping,
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.
There - nothing but order and beauty
dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.