University of
Lethbridge

FIAT LUX

Faculty of Fine Arts
Department of Music

Presents

Elizabeth Holthe, *Soprano*

In a

Graduation Recital

Assisted by
Maria Watson, Piano

From the Studio of
Dr. Sandra Stringer

4:00pm   **April 15, 2023**   **Recital Hall**

~~ *PROGRAM* ~~

Vado, ma dove?   W.A. Mozart
                                                        (1756 -1791)

Selections from *Liebesfrühling*   Clara Schumann
    Der Himmel hat eine Träne geweint   (1819 -1896)
    O ihr Herren   Robert Schumann
    Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen   (1810 -1856)
    Warum willst du and're fragen?

"Affanni del pensier" from *Ottone, re di Germania*   G.F. Handel
                                                        (1685 -1759)

~~ INTERMISSION ~~

A Chloris   Reynaldo Hahn
L'Heure exquise   (1874 -1947)
Trois jours de vendange

There Are Fairies   Liza Lehmann
The Starling   (1862 -1918)
The Swing
Evensong

"Art is calling for me" from *The Enchantress*   Victor Herbert
                                                        (1859 -1924)

~~ SONG TRANSLATIONS ~~

Vado, ma dove?
I go, but where? Oh Gods!
For his torments,
For my sighs
Heaven does not feel pity!
You who speak to my heart,
Guide my steps, love;
Remove that hesitation that makes
me doubt.

Der Himmel hat eine Träne geweint
Heaven shed a tear
That thought to lose itself in the
sea.
The mussel came and locked it in:
My pearl shall you now be.
You shall not fear the waves,
I shall bear you calmly through.
O you, my pain, O you, my joy,
You tear of heaven in my breast!
Grant, heaven, that with a pure
soul
I guard the purest of your drops.

O Ihr Herren
O you lords, O all you worthy,
Great and rich lords!
Have you no need in your beautiful
gardens
Of a single nightingale?

Here is one who searches
For a quiet corner in the world!
Grant me but this, and I shall
Repay you with song.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen
He came
In storm and rain;
My anxious heart
Beat against his.   (continued…)

How could I have known
That his path
Should unite itself with mine?

He came
In storm and rain;
Audaciously
He took my heart.
Did he take mine?
Did I take his?
Both drew near to each other.

He came
In storm and rain.
Now spring's blessing
Has come.
My friend journeys on,
I watch with good cheer,
For he shall be mine wherever he
goes.

Warum Willst du and're fragen?
Why enquire of others,
Who are not faithful to you?
Only believe what these two eyes
Here tell you!

Do not believe what others say;
Do not believe strange fancies;
Nor should you interpret my deeds,
But instead look at these eyes!

Are my lips silent to your questions
Or do they testify against me?
Whatever my lips might say;
Look at my eyes; I love you!

Affanni del pensier
Pains of thought,
For a single moment give me
peace,
And then return.

~~ SONG TRANSLATIONS ~~

A Chloris
If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,
(And I'm told you love me dearly),
I do not believe that even kings
Can match the happiness I know.
Even death would be powerless
To alter my fortune
With the promise of heavenly bliss!
All that they say of ambrosia
Does not stir my imagination
Like the favour of your eyes!

L'Heure exquise
The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines...

Exquisite hour.

Trois jours de vendange
During the vintage I met her one day,
Skirt tucked in, dainty feet,
No yellow veil, no coiled-up hair,
A Maenad with an angel's eyes,
Leaning on a sweet friend's arm.
I met her at Avignon in the fields,
During the vintage one day.

During the vintage I met her one day,
The plain was bleak and the sky ablaze.
She was walking alone, with faltering steps.
Her face was lit by a curious glow…
I still shudder as I remember
How I saw you, dear white spectre,
During the vintage one day.

During the vintage I met her one day,
And still almost daily I dream of it:
The coffin draped in velvet,
The black shroud with its double fringe.
The Avignon nuns wept all around it!
The vine had too many grapes…
Love had gathered its harvest.

Your attendance today means so much to me.
Thank you for your love and support!
- Elizabeth