

University of  
Lethbridge



Faculty of Fine Arts  
Department of Music

**Presents**

**Paisley Perrett, mezzo soprano**

In a

**Graduation Recital**

**Assisted by**

Gregory Knight, piano  
Jazden Smith, mezzo soprano

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

**4:00pm**

**April 14th, 2023**

**Recital Hall**

~~ **PROGRAM** ~~

“Se a maritarmi arrivo” from *La finta semplice* Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)  
*Gregory Knight, piano*

*Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* Gustav Mahler  
Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht  
Ging heut’ Morgen über’s Feld  
Ich hab’ ein glühend Messer  
Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz  
(1860-1911)  
*Gregory Knight, piano*

“Pena tiranna” from *Amadigi di Gaula* George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)  
*Gregory Knight, piano*

~~ **INTERMISSION** ~~

*Chansons de Bilitis* Claude Debussy  
La flûte de Pan  
La chevelure  
Le tombeau de Naiades  
(1862-1918)  
*Gregory Knight, piano*

*Paper Wings* Jake Heggie  
Bedtime Story  
Paper Wings  
Mitten Smitten  
A Route to the Sky  
(b. 1961)  
*Gregory Knight, piano*

Duetto buffo di due gatti Gioachino Rossini  
(1792-1868)  
*Jazden Smith, mezzo-soprano*  
*Gregory Knight, piano*

**Se a maritarmi arrivo**

If I get married,  
 I know that is what I want.  
 The groom even tied to a belt,  
 I want to take it with me,  
 I want him always with me,  
 That you caress me too,  
 That you also learn to spin,  
 Who points to me,  
 I am the one wearing the pants,  
 As long as his does not rob me of this,  
 I'll let him sing.

**Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht**

When my love has her wedding-day,  
 Her joyous wedding-day,  
 I have my day of mourning!  
 I go into my little room,  
 My dark little room!  
 I weep, weep! For my love,  
 My dearest love!  
 Blue little flower! Blue little flower!  
 Do not wither, do not wither!  
 Sweet little bird! Sweet little bird!  
 Singing on the green heath!  
 'Ah, how fair the world is!  
 Jug-jug! Jug-jug!  
 Do not sing! Do not bloom!  
 For spring is over!  
 All singing now is done!  
 At night, when I go to rest,  
 I think of my sorrow!  
 My sorrow!

**Ging heut 'Morgen über's Feld**

I walked across the fields this morning,  
 Dew still hung on the grass,  
 The merry finch said to me:  
 'You there, hey –  
 Good morning! Hey, you there!  
 Isn't it a lovely world?  
 Tweet! Tweet! Bright and sweet!  
 O how I love the world!  
 And the harebell at the field's edge,  
 Merrily and in good spirits,  
 Ding-ding with its tiny bell  
 Rang out its morning greeting:  
 'Isn't it a lovely world?  
 Ding-ding! Beautiful thing!  
 O how I love the world!  
 And then in the gleaming sun

The world at once began to sparkle;  
 All things gained in tone and colour!  
 In the sunshine!  
 Flower and bird, great and small.  
 'Good day! Good day!  
 Isn't it a lovely world?  
 Hey, you there?! A lovely world!  
 Will my happiness now begin?  
 No! No! The happiness I mean  
 Can never bloom for me!

**Ich hab 'ein glühend Messer**

I've a gleaming knife,  
 A knife in my breast,  
 Alas! Alas!  
 It cuts so deep  
 Into every joy and every bliss,  
 So deep, so deep!  
 It cuts so sharp and deep!  
 Ah, what a cruel guest it is!  
 Never at peace,  
 Never at rest!  
 Neither by day  
 Nor by night, when I'd sleep!  
 Alas! Alas! Alas!  
 When I look into the sky,  
 I see two blue eyes!  
 Alas! Alas!  
 When I walk in the yellow field,  
 I see from afar her golden hair  
 Blowing in the wind! Alas! Alas!  
 When I wake with a jolt from my dream  
 And hear her silvery laugh,  
 Alas! Alas!  
 I wish I were lying on the black bier,  
 And might never open my eyes again!

**Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz**

The two blue eyes of my love  
 Have sent me into the wide world.  
 I had to bid farewell  
 To the place I loved most!  
 O blue eyes, why did you look on me?  
 Grief and sorrow shall now be mine  
 forever! I set out in the still night,  
 Across the dark heath.  
 No one bade me farewell, farewell!  
 My companions were love and sorrow!  
 A lime tree stood by the roadside,  
 Where I first found peace in sleep!

Under the lime tree  
Which snowed its blossom on me,  
I was not aware of how life hurts,  
And all, all was well once more!  
All! All!  
Love and sorrow, and world and dream!

### **Pena tiranna**

Woe unrelenting  
I feel in my heart,  
nor do I ever hope  
To find mercy;  
love worries me  
and my pain  
in so much trouble,  
Peace, I have not.

### **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 Nâïades**

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.