

MUSIC AT NOON

PROGRAM

OCTOBER 10, 2023

University Recital Hall

Jeanine Williams, mezzo soprano

Bente Hansen, piano

Music for a While, Z 583

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Ch'io Mi Scordi di Te?, K. 505

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Ophelia Lieder WoO post. 22

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

- I. Wie erkenn' ich dein Treulieb?
- II. Sein Leichenhemd, weiß wie Schnee
- III. Auf morgen ist Sankt Valentins Tag
- IV. Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß
- V. Und kommt er nicht mehr zurück?

Vier Lieder Op. 27

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

- No. 1 Ruhe, meine Seele!
- No. 2 Cäcilie
- No. 4 Morgen!

"L'amour est un oiseau rebelle" (Habanera) from *Carmen*

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

The Ballad of Princess Caraboo

Nancy Telfer (b.1950)

Vanilla Ice Cream from *She Loves Me*

Jerrold Lewis Bock (1928-2010)



FACULTY OF
FINE ARTS

UNIVERSITY OF LETHBRIDGE
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

~TRANSLATIONS~

Ch'io Mi Scordi di Te K. 505

You ask that I forget you?
You can advise me to give myself to him?
And this while yet I live?
Ah no! My life would be far worse than death!
Let death come, I await it fearlessly.
But how could I attempt to warm myself to another flame,
to lavish my affections on another?
Ah! I should die of grief!

Fear nothing, my beloved,
my heart will always be yours.
I can no longer suffer such distress,
my spirit fails me.
You sigh? O mournful sorrow!
Just think what a moment this is!
O God! I cannot express myself.

Barbarous stars, pitiless stars,
why are you so stern?
Fair souls who see
my sufferings at such a moment,
tell me if a faithful heart
could suffer such torment?

Ophelia Lieder WoO post. 22

I.
How do I recognize your loyalty?
In front of the others now?
To the shell hat and staff
And the sandal shoes

He's long dead and gone
Dead and gone, miss!
A green lawn at his head
A stone at his feet

II.
His shroud is as white as snow
Adorned with blessed flowers.
Which had to go tear-stained to the grave,
Wet with love's showers.

III.
Tomorrow is St Valentine's Day,
So early in the day.
And I, a maid at the window,
Shall be your Valentine.

The young man was ready, put trousers on,
Opened up the chamber door,
Let in the maid who as a maid
Departed nevermore.

IV.
They carried him naked on the bier,
Alas, alas, the dear one!
Many a tear dropped in the grave—
Farewell, farewell, my dove!

IV. (cont'd)

My young fresh Johnnie it is
I love—and will he come never more?
He is dead, ah woe!
To your deathbed go,
He will come to you never more.

His beard was white as snow,
His head was like flax.
He is gone, he is gone,
Nothing comes of mourning:
May his soul rest in peace

With all Christian souls! That is my prayer!
God be with you!

V.

And won't he come back?
And won't he come back?
He is dead, oh dear!
Go to your deathbed
He's never coming back

His beard was as white as snow
His head like a flax:
He's gone, he's gone
And no suffering brings gain:
God help him to the kingdom of heaven!

Vier Lieder Op. 27

No. 1

A soft breeze stirs,
In gentle sleep
The wood rests;
Through the leaves'
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 threatens you!

No. 2

If you 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 knew,
 Your heart would turn to me.

If you knew
 What it is to worry
 On lonely nights
 In the frightening storm,
 With no soft voice
 To comfort
 The struggle-weary soul –
 If you knew,
 You would come to me.

If you knew
 What it is to live
 Enveloped in God's
 World-creating breath,
 To soar upwards,
 Borne on light
 To blessed heights –
 If you knew,
 You would live with me.

No. 4

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

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

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle

Love is a rebellious bird
 that no one can tame,
 and if you call for it, it'll be quite in vain
 for it's in its nature to say no.
 Nothing helps, neither a threat nor a prayer
 one talks well, the other rests silent
 and it's the other one that I prefer
 doesn't say a thing, but pleases me.
 Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is a gypsy's child,
 it has never, never known what law is,
 if you do not love me, I love you
 if I love you, then beware!
 if you do not love me,
 if you do not love me, I love you!
 but if I love you,
 if I love you, then beware!

The bird you thought you had caught by surprise
 beats its wings and flies away...
 love lies afar, you can wait for it
 and when you don't expect it anymore, there it is!
 All around you twirls faster, faster
 it comes and goes, and then comes back.
 you think you've caught it, it eludes you,
 you think you've escaped it, it captures you.
 Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is a gypsy's child,
 it has never, never known what law is,
 if you do not love me, I love you
 if I love you, then beware!
 if you do not love me,
 If you do not love me, I love you!
 but if I love you,
 if I love you, then beware!