



University  
of Victoria

School of  
Music

# DEGREE RECITAL

Isabel Stanyer, Piano

Wednesday March 22, 2023, 8:00pm-9:30pm  
Phillip T. Young Recital Hall, MacLaurin Building  
Free admission

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## PROGRAM

**Sonata No. 24 in F-sharp major, Op. 78, "à Thérèse" (1809)**

L.V. Beethoven

*I. Adagio cantabile - Allegro ma non troppo*

(1770–1827)

*II. Allegro Vivace*

**Toccatà in C minor, BWV 911 (1714)**

J.S. Bach

(1685–1750)

— INTERMISSION —

**Années De Pèlerinage, Première Année - Suisse, S. 160 (1855)**

Franz Liszt

(1811–1886)

*I. Chapelle de Guillaume Tell*

*II. Au lac de Wallenstadt*

*III. Pastorale*

*IV. Au bord d'une source*

*V. Orage*

*VI. Vallée d'Obermann*

*VII. Églogue*

*VIII. Le mal du pays*

*IX. Les cloches de Genève*

*"Bach is the foundation of piano playing, Liszt is the summit. The two make Beethoven possible"*

-F. Busoni

*Isabel Stanyer is from the class of Professor Bruce Vogt*

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements  
for the Bachelor of Music (Performance) program.*

*Reception to follow in the lounge*

*Please silence all electronic devices.*

## Additional Sources for Liszt's *Années de pèlerinage, Première Année - Suisse*

(Liszt takes excerpts from Lord Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and Étienne Pivert de Senancour's *Oberman*)

### Chapelle de Guillaume Tell (William Tell's Chapel)

*One for all-*

*All for one*

### Au lac de Wallenstadt (At Lake Wallenstadt)

*...Thy contrasted lake*

*With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing*

*Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake*

*Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.*

-Byron

### Au bord d'une source (Beside a Spring)

*Young nature's games*

*Commence in the*

*Babbling coolness*

- Friedrich Schiller

### Orage (Storm)

*But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?*

*Are ye like those within the human breast?*

*Or do you find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?*

-Byron

### Vallée d'Obermann (Oberman's Valley)

*Could I embody and unbosom now*

*That which is most within me, -could I wreak*

*My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw*

*Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,*

*All that I would have sought, and all I seek,*

*Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe - into one word,*

*And that word were Lightning, I would speak;*

*But as it is, I live and die unheard,*

*With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.*

-Byron, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, canto 3, verse 97

What do I want? What am I? What should I make of nature

...Every cause is invisible, every end deceptive; every

form changes, every time-span works itself out:

...I feel I exist in order to be consumed by ungovernable desires, to drink in the seductiveness of a fantastical world, to stand aghast at its voluptuous error.

-Senancour, *Oberman*, letter 63

Unutterable sensitivity, charm and torment of our empty years; immense awareness of a nature that everywhere overwhelms and is impenetrable; all-embracing passion, indifference, advanced wisdom, voluptuous freedom, all the needs and deep sorrows that a mortal heart can hold, I felt, I suffered in that memorable night. I took a dark step towards the age of weakness; I swallowed up ten years of my life.

-Senancour, *Oberman*, letter 4

### Èglogue

*The morn is up again, the dewy morn,*

*With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,*

*Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,*

*And living as if earth contained no tomb! - - -*

-Byron

### Le Mal du pays [Heimweh] (Homesickness)

It is in sounds that nature has placed the strongest expression of the romantic character ...Smells quickly arouse great sensations, but they are vague ones: while the sensations of sight seem rather to engage the intellect than the heart: one admires what one sees, but one feels what one hears.

-Senancour, *Oberman*, letter 38

### Les Cloches de Genève (The Bells of Geneva)

*...Midnight silence; the lake*

*Was calm, the sky starry...*

*We sailed far away from the shore*

-Liszt?

*I live not in myself, but I become*

*Portion of that around me.*

-Byron