



**University  
of Victoria**

**School of  
Music**

## **DEGREE RECITAL**

**Kassandra Schantz, mezzo-soprano  
with Louise Hung & Elizabeth Clarke, piano**

**Monday, February 22, 2016, 8:00 pm  
Phillip T. Young Recital Hall, MacLaurin Building**

**Free admission**

*Kassandra Schantz is from the class of Professor Benjamin Butterfield.  
This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements  
for the Bachelor of Music (Performance) program.  
Reception to follow in the Lounge.*

*Please turn off all cell phones, cameras, laptops, and audio or video recording devices.  
Their use is strictly prohibited during events.*

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# PROGRAMME

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“Frühlingsglaube” (“Faith in Spring”), D. 686

Franz Schubert (1797 – 1828)  
Text by Ludwig Uhland (1787 – 1862)

*On This Island*, Op. 11

Benjamin Britten (1913 – 1976)

1. Let the florid music praise!
2. Now the leaves are falling fast
3. Seascape
4. Nocture
5. As it is, plenty

Texts by W.H. Auden  
(1907 – 1973)

*Banalités*, FP 107

Francis Poulenc (1899 – 1963)

1. Chanson d’Orkenise (Song of Orkenise)
2. Hôtel (Hotel)
3. Fagnes de Wallonies (Walloon Moorlands)
4. Voyage à Paris (Going To Paris)
5. Sanglots (Sobs)

Texts by Guillaume Apollinaire  
(1880 – 1918)

“As with rosy steps the morn” from *Theodora*

George Friderick Handel (1685 – 1759)

## PAUSE

“Love’s Philosophy”

Roger Quilter (1877 – 1953)

from *Three Songs*, Op. 3

Text by P.B. Shelley (1792 – 1822)

*Frauenliebe und –Leben*, Op. 42

Robert Schumann (1810 – 1856)

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen (Since I saw him)
2. Er, der Herrlichste von Allen (He, the most glorious of all)
3. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben (I can't grasp it, nor believe it)
4. Der Ring (The Ring)
5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern (Help me, ye sisters)
6. Süßer Freund, du blickest (Sweet friend, thou gazest)
7. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust (At my heart, at my breast)
8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan  
(Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain)

Texts by Adelbert von Chamisso  
(1781 – 1838)

Agnus Dei from *Petite Messe Solennelle*

Gioachino Rossini (1792 – 1868)

Chorus: Chelsey Ternes, Margaret Lingas, Kelsey Wheatley, Shelly Shen,  
Zander Felton, Cody Froese, Kenji Lee, Xuguang Zhang. Harmonium: Thomas Nicholson.

## ARTIST BIOGRAPHY & ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Kassandra Schantz is a mezzo-soprano from Westlock, Alberta. She is in her fourth year as a vocal performance major under the guidance of Professor Benjamin Butterfield. Recently she sang for the score of the short film, *Godhead*. She has also been a choral scholar at Christ Church Cathedral. Kassandra participated in the 2014 Vancouver International Song Institute, and will be attending this summer's intensive training program at Opera NUOVA in Edmonton.

### Special Thanks to:

Louise Hung

Elizabeth Clarke

Agnus Dei Chorus and Thomas Nicholson

Benjamin Butterfield

Marilyn Dalzell

Ian Alexander

Aleksandra Tremblay

## TRANSLATIONS

### “Frühlingsglaube” (“Faith in Spring”)

The gentle winds are awakened,  
They murmur and waft day and night,  
They create in every corner.  
Oh fresh scent, oh new sound!  
Now, poor dear [heart], fear not!  
Now everything, everything must change.

The world becomes more beautiful with each day,  
One does not know what may yet happen,  
The blooming doesn't want to end.  
The farthest, deepest valley blooms:  
Now, poor dear, forget the pain!  
Now everything, everything must change.

Original Text: Ludwig Uhland

Translation: © Hyde Flippo

## ***Banalités (Banalities)***

### **1. Song of Orkenise**

Through the gates of Orkenise  
a wagon driver wants to enter.  
Through the gates of Orkenise  
a tramp wants to leave.

And the guards of the town  
running up to the tramp:  
"What do you carry away from the town?"  
"I leave my whole heart behind."

And the guards of the town  
running up to the wagon driver:  
"What do you bring into the town?"  
"My heart with which to get married."

So many hearts in Orkenise!  
the guards laughed, laughed,  
Tramp the road is grey,  
love intoxicates, o wagon driver.

The handsome town guards  
were knitting superbly;  
then the doors of the town  
slowly closed.

### **2. Hotel**

My room is in the shape of a cage  
the sun stretches its arm through the window  
but I want to smoke to make fleeting patterns  
I light my cigarette at the flame of day  
I don't want to work I want to smoke

Our love is governed by the calm stars  
now we know that within us  
many men breathe  
who came from very far  
and are one beneath our brows  
  
This is the song of the dreamers  
who had torn out their heart  
and carried it in the right hand  
remember dear pride all these memories  
of the sailors who sang like conquerors  
of the chasms of Thule  
of the gentle skies of Ophir  
of the damned sick  
of those who flee from their shadow  
and of the joyous homecoming  
of the happy emigrants

### **3. Walloon Moorlands**

So much utter sadness  
took hold of my heart in the desolate moorlands  
when weary I rested the weight of the kilometres  
in the fir-plantations while the west wind raged

I had left the pretty wood  
the squirrels stayed there  
my pipe tried to make clouds in the sky  
which remained obstinately pure

I have not confided a single secret  
besides an enigmatic song to the damp peat-bogs  
the heather perfumed with honey  
attracted the bees  
and my aching feet  
trampled the bilberries and the blueberries  
tenderly united north north  
life twists itself there  
into trees strong and twisted  
there life bites death hungrily  
when the wind howls

### **4. Trip to Paris**

Ah! Such a charming thing  
to leave a drab country  
for Paris lovely Paris  
that Love must once have created  
Ah! Such a charming thing  
to leave a drab country for Paris

### **5. Sobs**

from this heart there ran blood  
and the dreamer went on thinking  
about his wound tender  
you will never shatter the chain of these events  
and painful and said to us  
which are the results of other causes  
my poor heart my shattered heart  
identical to the heart of all men  
here here are our hands that life made slaves  
has died of love or so it seems  
has died of love and here it is  
thus is the way of all things  
so tear out your own also  
and nothing will have its freedom until the end of time  
let us leave all to the dead  
and hide our sobs

Original Texts: Guillaume Apollinaire

Translations: © Christopher Goldsack [www.melodietreasury.com](http://www.melodietreasury.com)

## ***Frauenliebe und –Leben (A Woman's Life and Love)***

### **1. Since I saw him**

Since I saw him  
I believe myself to be blind,  
where I but cast my gaze,  
I see him alone.  
As in waking dreams  
his image floats before me,  
dipped from deepest darkness,  
brighter in ascent.

All else dark and colorless  
everywhere around me;  
for the games of my sisters  
I no longer yearn;  
I would rather weep,  
silently in my little chamber.  
Since I saw him,  
I believe myself to be blind.

### **2. He, the most glorious of all**

He, the most glorious of all,  
O how mild, so good!  
Lovely lips, clear eyes,  
bright mind and steadfast courage.

Just as yonder in the blue depths,  
bright and glorious, that star,  
so he is in my heavens,  
bright and glorious, lofty and distant.

Meander, meander thy paths,  
but to observe thy gleam,  
but to observe in meekness,  
but to be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer,  
consecrated only to thy happiness;  
thou may'st not know me, lowly maid,  
lofty star of glory!

Only the worthiest of all  
may make happy thy choice,  
and I will bless her, the lofty one,  
many thousand times.

I will rejoice then and weep,  
blissful, blissful I'll be then;  
if my heart should also break,  
break, O heart, what of it?

### **3. I can't grasp it, nor believe it**

I can't grasp it, nor believe it,  
a dream has bewitched me;  
how should he, among all the others,  
lift up and make happy poor me?

It seemed to me, as if he spoke,  
"I am thine eternally."  
It seemed - I dream on and on,  
it could never be so.

O let me die in this dream,  
cradled on his breast;  
let the most blessed death drink me up  
in tears of infinite bliss.

### **4. The Ring**

Thou ring on my finger,  
my little golden ring,  
I press thee piously upon my lips  
piously upon my heart.

I had dreamt it,  
the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,  
I found myself alone and lost  
in barren, infinite space.

Thou ring on my finger,  
thou hast taught me for the first time,  
hast opened my gaze unto  
the endless, deep value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him,  
belong to him entire,  
Give myself and find myself  
transfigured in his radiance.

Thou ring on my finger,  
my little golden ring,  
I press thee piously upon lips,  
piously upon my heart.

***Please turn page quietly.***

### 5. Help me, ye sisters

Help me, ye sisters,  
friendly, adorn me.  
Serve me, today's fortunate one,  
busily wind  
about my brow  
the adornment of blooming myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified,  
of joyful heart,  
I would have lain in the arms of the beloved,  
so he called ever out,  
yearning in his heart,  
impatient for the present day.

Help me, ye sisters,  
help me to banish  
a foolish anxiety,  
so that I may with clear  
eyes receive him,  
him, the source of joyfulness.

Dost, my beloved,  
thou appear to me;  
givest thou, sun, thy shine to me?  
Let me with devotion,  
let me in meekness,  
let me curtsy before my lord.

Strew him, sisters,  
strew him with flowers,  
bring him budding roses,  
but ye, sisters,  
I greet with melancholy,  
joyfully departing from your midst.

### 6. Sweet friend, thou gazest

Sweet friend, thou gazest  
upon me in wonderment,  
thou canst not grasp it,  
why I can weep.  
Let the moist pearls'  
unaccustomed adornment  
tremble, joyful-bright,  
in my eyes.

How anxious my bosom,  
how rapturous!  
If I only knew, with words,  
how I should say it.  
Come and bury thy visage  
here in my breast;  
I want to whisper in thy ear  
all my happiness.

Knowest thou the tears,  
that I can weep?  
Shouldst thou not see them,  
thou beloved man?  
Stay by my heart,  
feel its beat,  
that I may, fast and faster,  
hold thee.

Here, at my bed,  
the cradle shall have room,  
where it silently conceals  
my lovely dream.  
The morning will come  
where the dream awakes,  
and from there thy image  
shall smile at me.

### 7. At my heart, at my breast

At my heart, at my breast,  
thou my rapture, my happiness!

The joy is the love, the love is the joy,  
I have said it, and won't take it back.

I've thought myself rapturous,  
but now I'm happy beyond that.

Only she that suckles, only she that loves  
the child, to whom she gives nourishment;

Only a mother knows alone  
what it is to love and be happy.

O how I pity then the man  
who cannot feel a mother's joy!

Thou dear, dear angel thou!  
Thou lookst at me and smiles.

At my heart, at my breast,  
thou my rapture, my happiness!

### **8. Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain**

Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain,  
how it struck me.

Thou sleepst, thou hard, merciless man,  
the sleep of death.

The abandoned one gazes straight ahead,  
the world is void.

I have loved and lived, I am  
no longer living.

I withdraw silently into myself,  
the veil falls,  
there I have thee and my lost happiness,  
O thou my world!

Original Texts: Adelbert von Chamisso

Translations: © Daniel Platt

### **Agnus Dei (Lamb of God)**

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the  
world, have mercy on us.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the  
world, have mercy on us.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the  
world, grant us peace.

Text: from the Ordinary of the Mass

***Please join us for a reception in the lounge after the recital!***