



University
of Victoria

School of
Music

DEGREE RECITAL

Gwendolyn Jamieson, voice

Emily Markwart, piano

Wednesday, March 17, 2021, 8:00pm

Phillip T. Young Recital Hall, MacLaurin Building

Free admission

PROGRAM

Tre Ariette

Il fervido desiderio
Dolente imagine di fille mia
Vaga luna che inargenti

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801 - 1835)

Voi Avete un Cor Fedele

W.A. Mozart
(1756 - 1791)

Il est doux, il est bon

From Hérodiade

Jules Massenet
(1842 - 1912)

La vie antérieure

Henri Duparc
(1848 - 1933)

C

Francis Poulenc
(1899 - 1963)

Die Nacht
Freundliche Vision
Ruhe, Meine Seele
Zueignung

Richard Strauss
(1864 - 1949)

Emily Markwart, *piano*

— INTERMISSION —

The Fatal Hour
Bess of Bedlam

Henry Purcell
(1659 - 1695)

Six Elizabethan Songs

Spring
Sleep
Winter
Dirge
Diaphenia
Hymn

Dominck Argento
(1927 - 2019)

Emily Markwart, *piano*

Gwendolyn Jamieson is from the class of Kyron Basu.

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

TRANSLATIONS

Il fervido desiderio

When will that day come
When I will again see
What the lover so desires?

When will that day come
When I will take you into my bosom,
Beautiful flame of love, my soul?

Dolente imagine di fille mia

Sorrowful image of Phyllis,
Why do you sit so wretched next to me?
What more do you want? My tears
I have poured on your ashes until now.

Are you afraid that forgetting sacred vows
I could turn to another's face?
Shadow of Phyllis, rest peacefully;
The old passion can never be extinguished.

Vaga luna che inargenti

Soft moon, whose silver
Lights these shore and these flowers
And inspires the language
Of love in the elements;
It is you alone who testifies
Of my fervent desire,

And to her who loves me
Counts my heartbeats and sighs.

Just tell her that distance
Cannot soothe my grief,
That if I have hope,
It is only in the future.
Just tell her that day and night
I count the hours of sadness,
That flattering hope
Comforts me in love.

Voi Avete un Cor Fedele

You have a faithful heart,
As a passionate lover:
But once you are my avowed husband,
What will you do?
Will you change?
Say then, what will it be?
Will you stay faithful?

Ah! I do not believe that.
I already foresee,
You may make a fool of me.
Not yet,
Not now,
I shall not trust you.

Il est doux, il est bon

He whose speech erases all pain
The prophet is here!
It's towards him that I go.

He is sweet, he is good.
His words are serene.
He speaks: all are silent: lightest on the plain,
The attentive breeze goes by without sound.

Ah! When is he coming back?
When can I hear him?
I suffered, I was alone and then my heart calmed itself
In listening to his voice, melodious and tender,
My heart calmed itself.

Beloved prophet, can I live without you?

It's there! In the desert, where the stunned crowd followed
In his footsteps. Where he found me one day,
Abandoned child, and opened his arms to me!

He is sweet etc.

La vie anterieure

For a long time I lived under vast porticos
Which marine suns stained with thousands of fires
And that their huge pillars, straight and majestic,
Made similar at night to basalt grottoes.
The waters, in rolling images of the skies
Mingled in a solemn and mystical fashion
The all-powerful chords of their rich music
With the colours of sunset reflected in our eyes
It's there! It's there that I lived, in calm voluptuousness.
In the midst of azure, of waves, of splendors
And naked slaves, all infused with odors
Who refreshed my brow with palm leaves
And whose only concern was to deepen
The dolorous secret that caused me to languish.

C

I have crossed the Bridges of Cé
It's there that everything started
A song from time gone by
Speaks of a wounded knight
Of a rose on the road
And an unlaced bodice
Of the castle of an insane Duke
And of swans in the moat
Of the field where an eternal fiancée
Comes to dance.
And I drank like iced milk
The long tale of falsified glory.
The Loire carries my thoughts
And also upside-down cars
And disused weapons
And badly-concealed tears.
Oh my France, oh my forsaken.
I have crossed the Bridges of Cé

Die Nacht

Out of the woods comes the night,
From the trees it creeps quietly.
It glances around in a wide circle- Look out!

All the light of this world,
All flowers, all colour, it will extinguish
And steal the sheaves of wheat from the field.
It takes everything that we hold dear,
The silver out of the stream, the gold from the
church's dome.
The bushes are plundered,
Now draw near to me, soul to soul,
For I fear the night will take you too.

Freundliche Vision

I didn't dream it while asleep,
I saw it in front of me in broad daylight:
A meadow full of daisies.
Deep in the greenery, a white house
With shining statues in the garden
And I went there with one who loves me,
With a peaceful soul in the cool
Of this white house, in which peace
Waits full of beauty for us to come.
And I went there with one who loves me
In beautiful peace.

Ruhe meine Seele

Not a quiet breeze stirs, the woods sleep
peacefully.
Through the dark branches steals the brilliant
sunshine.
Peace, peace, my soul. Your storms grew wild.
You raged and shook like a breaking wave!
These times are chaotic, bringing the heart and
mind torment.
Peace, peace, my soul, and forget, and forget,
what troubles you.

Zueignung

Yes, you know, dear soul,
How I suffer to be far from you.
Love makes the heart sick,
Thank you!
Once, I, who drank deeply of freedom,
Held up high the amethyst cup,
And you blessed the drink.
Thank you!

And you banished the evil
So that I, like never before,
Holy, sank holy onto your heart.
Thank you!