



University
of Victoria
School of
Music

DEGREE RECITAL

Grace Vermette, Mezzo-Soprano

Lucas Hung, piano
Yvonne Usseni, soprano

Monday, March 4th, 2024: 8:00pm
Phillip T. Young Recital Hall, MacLaurin Building
Free admission

PROGRAM

Vedrò con mio diletto <i>(from Il Giustino)</i>	Antonio Vivaldi (1678 - 1741)
Voi avete un cor Fedele, K. 217	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791)
Ariettes oubliées, Aquarelle V. Green VI. Spleen	Claude Debussy (1862 - 1918)
Le Bestiaire VI. La carpe	Francis Poulenc (1899 - 1963)
La Courte Paille II. Quelle aventure!	
‘Letzte Blätter’ Op. 10, III. Die Nacht VIII. Allerseelen	Richard Strauss (1864 - 1949)

— INTERMISSION —

Three Duets on Texts by Heinrich Heine I. Wenn ich in deine Augen sehe	Fanny Hensel (1805 - 1847)
	Yvonne Usseni, soprano
In weite Ferne	Josephine Lang (1815 - 1880)
Sea Pictures, op. 37 I. Sea Slumber Song II. In Haven III. Sabbath Morning at Sea IV. Where Corals Lie V. The Swimmer	Sir Edward Elgar (1857 - 1934)

Grace Vermette 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.

Vedrò con mio diletto

Vedrò con mio diletto
L'alma dell'alma mia
Il core del mio cor
Pien di contento

Vedrò con mio diletto
L'alma dell'alma mia
Il core di questo cor
Pien di contento

E se dal caro oggetto
Lungi convien che sia
Sospirerò penando
ogni momento

I'll see to my delight

I'll see to my delight
The soul of my soul
The heart of my heart
Full of happiness

I'll see to my delight
The soul of my soul
The heart of this heart
Full of happiness

And if from my dear one
I must be parted
I will sigh and suffer
every moment

Voi avete un cor Fedele

Voi avete un cor fedele,
Come amante appassionato:
Ma mio sposo dichiarato,
Che farete? Cangerete?
Dite, allora che sarà?
Manterrete fedeltà?
Ah! non credo.
Già prevedo,
Mi potreste corbellar.
Non ancora,
Non per ora,
Non mi vuol di voi fidar.

You have a heart faithful

You have a heart faithful
Like a passionate lover:
But my avowed groom,
What will you do? Will you change?
Say then, so what will it be?
Will you remain faithful?
Ah! I do not think so.
I already predict,
You will make a fool of me.
Not yet,
Not for now,
I don't want to trust you.

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds repose
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Spleen

Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.
Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.
Je crains toujours, —ce qu'est d'attendre!—
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,
Et de la campagne infinite
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!

Green

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves, and branches
And here is my heart that beats only for you
Do not tear it up with your two white hands
And may your beautiful eyes find the humble gift sweet.

I come all covered still with dew
That the morning breeze has frozen to my brow.
Let my weariness find rest at your feet
Dreaming of dear moments that will soothe it.

To your young breast let my head go
Still full of the sound of your last kisses;
Let it calm down from the good tempest,
And let me sleep a little, since you rest.

Spleen

The roses were all red
And the ivies were all black
Dear, as soon as you move
All of my despairs are reborn

The sky was too blue, too tender
The sea too green and the air too sweet.
I am still afraid, --What it is to await!--
Some excruciating flight from you.

Of the holly and the glossy leaves
And of the shining boxwood I am weary,
And of the endless countryside
And of all but you, alas!

La Carpe

Dans vos viviers, dans vos étangs
Carpes, que vous vives longtemps!
Est-ce que la mort vous oublie,
Poissons de la mélancolie.

Quelle aventure!

Une puce, dans sa voiture,
Tirait un petit éléphant
En regardant les devantures
Où scintillaient les diamants.
Mon Dieu! Mon dieu!
Quelle aventure!
Qui va me croire, s’il m’entend?

L’ éléphanteau, d’un air Absent,
Suçait un pot de confiture.
Mais la puce n’en avait cure,
Elle tirait en souriant.
Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!
Que ce la dure
Et je vais me croire dement!

Soudain, le long d’une clôture,
La puce fondit dans le vent
Et je vis le jeune éléphant
Se sauver en fendant les murs.
Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!
La chose est sure,
Mais comment le dire à maman?

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus dem Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel’ an Seele
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

The Carp

In your pools, in your ponds
Carp, what a long life you live!
Could it be that death forgot you,
Fish of melancholy?

What an adventure!

A flea, in his carriage,
Was pulling a little elephant along
Watching the store fronts
Where diamonds were sparkling
My goodness! My goodness!
What an adventure!
Who will believe it if they hear me?

The elephant, of an absent air,
Sucked on a pot of jam.
But the flea did not take notice,
She was pulling and smiling.
My goodness! My goodness!
If this goes on,
I will believe I’m mad!

Suddenly, along a fence
The flea flew off in the wind
And I saw the the young elephant
Dash off, splitting the walls.
My goodness! My goodness!
It is true,
But how will I tell mama?

The Night

Out of the wood treads the night,
Out of the trees she creeps softly,
Gazes around in a wide circle,
Now beware!

All the lights of the world,
All flowers, all colours
She erases them and steals the sheaves
Away from the field.

She takes everything that is dear,
Takes the silver away from the streams
Takes from the copper roof of the cathedral
Away the gold.

The shrub stands plundered:
Come closer, soul to soul
Oh the night, I fear, she will steal
You from me too.

Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten A stern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm am mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Wenn ich in deine Augen sehe

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh';
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

In weite Ferne

In weite Ferne will ich träumen,
Da, wo Du weilst!
Wo aus den schneeig hellen Räumen
Die Bäche in die Seen schäumen!
Da, wo Du weilst!

Will mit Dir durch die Berge streifen
Da, wo Du weilst!
Wo auf dem Eisfeld G emsen schweifen,
Im warmen Thale Feigen reifen
Da, wo Du weilst!

Und Heimlich will ich weiter lieben,
Wenn Du heimkehrst!
Es soll die Zeit mich nicht betrüben,
Wir sind dieselben noch geblieben!
Wenn Du heimkehrst!

All Souls Day

Put on the table the fragrant reseda,
Bring the last red asters here,
And let us speak of love again,
As once in May.

Give me your hand, that I may secretly press it,
And if people see it, I do not mind,
Give me but one of your sweet glances
As once in May.

It blooms and is fragrant today on every grave,
One day a year is free for the dead,
Come to my heart, that I may have you again,
As once in May.

When I look into your eyes

When I look into your eyes,
So vanishes all my sorrow and pain;
But when I kiss your lips,
I am wholly and fully healed.

When I lean against your breast,
Heavenly delight comes upon me;
But when you say: I love you!
So must I weep bitterly.

Far Away

I want to dream into the far distance,
There, where you tarry!
Where from the snowy bright spaces
The streams foam into the lakes!
There, where you tarry!

I want to roam the mountains with you
There where you tarry!
Where the goats roam on the glaciers,
Figs ripen in the warm valley!
There where you tarry!

And secretly I wish to continue loving,
When you return home!
Time shall not grieve me,
We are still the same!
When you return home!