



University
of Victoria

School of
Music

DEGREE RECITAL

Sophia Friesen, soprano

Jono Devey, piano
Emily Markwart, piano
Talia Sinclair, violin
Olivia Duffin, soprano
Olivia Jackson, mezzo-soprano
Spencer VanDellen, tenor

Wednesday, March 3, 2021 | 8 PM

Phillip T. Young Recital Hall, MacLaurin Building

PROGRAM

Gloria in D Major, RV 589

3. Laudamus Te

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678 – 1741)

Jono Devey, *piano*
Olivia Duffin, *soprano*

Don Quixote, Z.578

9. From rosy bow'rs

Henry Purcell
(1659 – 1695)

Emily Markwart, *piano*

Mädchenblumen, Op. 22

- 1. Kornblumen*
- 2. Mohnblumen*
- 3. Epheu*
- 4. Wasserrose*

Richard Strauss
(1864 – 1949)

Jono Devey, *piano*

Irish Country Songs

Dobbin's Flowery Vale
The Bard of Armagh
Shule Agra
The Leprehaun

Herbert Hughes
(1882 – 1937)

Talia Sinclair, *violin*

— INTERMISSION —

Three Songs, Op. 21

- 1. Chanson d'amour*
- 2. Extase*
- 3. Elle et moi*

Amy Beach
(1867 – 1944)

Jono Devey, *piano*

Nanna's Lied

Kurt Weill
(1900 – 1950)

Emily Markwart, *piano*

Street Scene

Kurt Weill
(1900 – 1950)

What Good Would The Moon Be?

Emily Markwart, *piano*

We'll Go Away Together

Emily Markwart, *piano*
Spencer VanDellen, *tenor*

Flight

Craig Carnelia
(b. 1949)

Emily Markwart, *piano*
Olivia Jackson, *mezzo-soprano*

Wicked

Stephen Schwartz
(b. 1948)

For Good

Emily Markwart, *piano*
Olivia Duffin, *soprano*

TRANSLATIONS

Gloria in D Major, RV 589

3. *Laudamus Te* (We Praise You)

We praise you,
We bless you,
We worship you,
We glorify you.

Mädchenblumen (Maiden Flowers)

1. *Kornblumen* (Cornflowers)

Cornflowers I call these figures
That gently, with blue eyes,
Preside quietly and modestly,
Placidly drinking the dew of peace.

From their own pure souls,
Communicating with everything that is near,
unconscious of the precious sensitivity
That they have received from the hand of God.

You feel so good among them as if you were going
through a field of crops
Through which the breath of evening blew,
Full of pious quietude and full mildness.

1. *Mohnblumen* (Poppies)

They are poppies, those round,
Red-blooming, healthy ones
That bloom and bake in the summer
And are always in a cheery mood,
Good and happy as a king,
Their souls never tired of dancing;

They weep beneath their smiles
And seem born only
To tease the cornflowers;
Yet nevertheless,
The softest, best hearts often hide
Among the climbing ivy of jests;

God knows one would wish to
Suffocate them with kisses
Were one not so afraid
That, embracing the hoyden,
She would spring up into a full blaze
And go up in flames.

2. *Epheu* (Ivy)

But ivy is what I call that maiden
With soft words,
With the simple, bright hair,
Gently waving brown about her,

With brown, soulful doe's eyes,
Who so often stands in tears,
In her tears simply irresistible;

Without strength and self-consciousness,
Unadorned with secret blossoms,
Yet with an inexhaustible, deep
True inner sentience
That under her own power she can
never yank herself up by the roots;
Such are born to twine
Lovingly about another life:

Upon her first love
She rests her entire life's fate,
For she is counted among those rare flowers,
Those that only blossom once.

3. *Wasserrose* (Waterlily)

Do you know the flower, the fantastic
Waterlily, celebrated in myth?
On a slim, ethereal stem bobs
Its translucent, colorless head;
It blooms by reedy pools on groves,
Protected by the swan, who circles it in solitary vigil;
It opens only in the moonlight
With which it shares its silver glimmer:

Thus, does it bloom, the magical sister of the stars,
Idolized for its dreamy, dark tendrils
Which by the edge of the pool can be seen from afar,
Never reaching what it yearns for.
Waterlily, so do I call the slim
Maiden with night-dark locks and alabaster cheeks,
With deep foreboding thoughts showing in her eyes
As if they were ghosts imprisoned on Earth.

When she speaks, it is like the silvery rushing of
water;
When she is silent, it is the pregnant silence of the
moonlit night.
She seems to have exchanged radiant expressions
with the stars,
Whose language, of the same nature, she has grown
accustomed to.

You can never grow weary of gazing in those eyes
Fringed with silky, long lashes,
And you believe, as if blessedly, terrifyingly
bewitched,
Whatever the Romantics have dreamed about the
elves

German text: Felix Dahn (1834-1912)
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Irish Country Songs

Shule Agra (Go, My Love)

Is go dté tú, mo mhúirnin, slán
(And may you go, my love, safely)

Three Songs, Op. 21

1. *Chanson d'amour* (Love Song)

Dawn is born, and your door is still closed!
Sweet one, why do you sleep on?
When the rose awakens
Why won't you rise as well?

O my beloved,
Listen close
To the lover who sings
And cries too!

All of nature knocks at your blessed door.
The dawn says: I am the day!
The bird sings: I am the harmony!
And my heart says: I am love!

O my beloved,
Listen close
To the lover who sings
And cries too!

Lady and Angel, I love you,
God who for you has made me
Has made my love for your soul,
And my eyes for your beauty!

O my beloved,
Listen close
To the lover who sings
And cries too!

French text: Victor Hugo (1802-1885)
Translation: S. Friesen

2. *Extase* (Extasy)

I stood alone, near the seas, under a night of stars,
Not a cloud in the heavens, no sails stood upon the
seas.
My eyes plunged further than the world,
further than the real world.
And the woods, and the mountains, and all of nature
Seemed to question in a confused murmur
The waves of the sea, the fires of heaven.

And the golden stars, in their infinite legions,
With high voice, with low voice, with a thousand
harmonies,

Replied, bowing their crowns of fire;
And the blue waves, which nothing could govern or
stop,
cried, in the curling foam of their crest:
It's the Lord, the Lord God!

French text: Victor Hugo (1802-1885)
Translation: S. Friesen

3. *Elle et moi* (Her and I)

The spring of a thousand colours,
The seductive flame with its dancing spark,
The privets of the fields with their white flowers,
With the sweetest of odours,

It's her ! Ah ! It's her !

The swallow who flies before Spring,
The young fawn who attaches himself to the privets
of the fields.
Ah! Pulled by her flower, her beautiful flower;
The moth who without fear of the flame will burn his
wings.

Ah! Tis I.

French text: Félix Bovet (1824-1903)
Translation: S. Friesen

Nanna's Lied (*Nanna's Song*)

Gentlemen, with 17 years of age under my belt
I came up on the Love Market,
and I have learned much.
Much of it gave evil,
yet that was the game,
but I have a lot to be blamed for.
(When all is said and done, I'm only a human being,
too.)

Thanks be to God that it all goes by so
quickly,
the love as well as the grief, too.
Where are the tears of yesterday evening?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

As one goes through the years
it is easier in the Love Market, to be sure,
and you embrace the multitudes there.
But feelings
become astonishingly cool
when one doesn't ration them.
(When all is said and done, each reserve must come
to an end.)

Thanks be to God that it all goes by so
quickly,
the love as well as the grief, too.
Where are the tears of yesterday evening?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

And even when one learns the trade really well
in the Fairground of Love:
to change desire into small change
is never easy.
Now, it is achieved.
Yet meanwhile, one grows older, as well.
(When all is said and done, one can't stay 17
forever.)

Thanks be to God that it all goes by so
quickly,
the love as well as the grief, too.
Where are the tears of yesterday evening?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

German text: Bertolt Brecht
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Sophia would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who have helped her to become the artist she is today. Special thanks of course go out to her family and dearest friends who have been so generous with their support and love. She could not have grown so much without the help from all the wonderful musicians here at UVic; both students and faculty. She would also like to particularly thank Anne Grimm and Susan Young for their guidance and tutelage these last four years. Thank you for watching! I look forward to seeing you at the next performance (whenever that may be...)!

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

Sophia Friesen is from the class of Anne Grimm.