University of Victoria
School of Music

Celebrating Her Harmonies: A Classical Era Recital for International Women's Month

Yvonne Usseni, Soprano
Heather Byford, Piano
Grace Vermette, Soprano

March 30th 2024, 7pm
Phillip T. Young Recital Hall, MacLaurin Building
Free admission

PROGRAM

Liebst du um Schönheit	Clara Schumann (1819 – 1896)
Spesso per entro al petto	Barbara Strozzi (1619 - 1677)
Abendbild	Fanny Mendelssohn-Hensel (1805 – 1847)
L'heure Exquise	Regine Poldowski (1879 – 1932)
Three Heine Duets *I. Wenn ich in deine Augen sehe*	Fanny Mendelssohn-Hensel (1805 - 1847)

Grace Vermette, *Soprano*

— INTERMISSION —

Per la più vaga e bella	Francesca Caccini (1587 – ca. 1641)
Bergeslust	Fanny Mendelssohn-Hensel (1805 - 1847)
The Glory of the Day Was in Her Face	Florence Price (1887 - 1953)
Romance a la Nuit	Maria Szymanowska (1789 - 1831)
Lorelei	Clara Schumann (1819 - 1896)

Yvonne Usseni is from the class of Professor Anne Grimm

Please turn off all cell phones.

Liebst du um Schönheit

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair!

If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
Who is young each year

If you love for riches
O love not me!
Love the mermaid,
Who has many shining pearls!

If you love for love,
Oh yes, love me!
Love me always;
I shall love you forever!

Spesso per entró al petto

Sometimes within my heart
something goes on, I don't know what,
and I can't say if it's
torture or delight.
Then I feel that I'm dying
of an unknown affliction.
It would sure be funny
if it turns out to be lovesickness.

Whenever I'm near
fairest Clori,
a fire is lit in my breast
that pleases and torments at the same time.
I feel my heart divided
between ice and flame.
It would sure be funny
if it turns out to be lovesickness.

Abendbild

A peaceful evening descends on the fields;
Nature gently falls asleep, around her features
Floats the soft veil of twilight, and she,
The gracious one, smiles;

Smiles, a slumbering child in the arms of her father,
Who bends lovingly over her; his divine
Eye dwells on her, and his breath passes
Over her countenance.

L'Heure Exquise

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs…

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illuminates

O my beloved.

Let us dream, it is the hour.

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is sleeping

Let us dream, it is the hour

Wenn ich in deine Augen sehe

When I gaze into your eyes,
All my pain and woe vanishes;
Yet when I kiss your lips,
I am made wholly and entirely healthy.

When I lay against your breast
It comes over me like longing for heaven;
Yet when you say, "I love you!"
I must cry so bitterly.

Per la piu vaga e bella

For the most charming and beautiful Earthly star,
That today hides Phoebus' golden rays,
My heart once burned;
Love laughed,
Longing to tell of my anguish.

But having been scoffed at,
Deeply repentant,
Your devotion healed my heart.
Therefore I keep the faith,
With whoever does not believe,
That love is the only God of all delights.

Bergeslust

Ah, the joy of gazing from the mountain
Far over wood and stream,
With the blue, pellucid vault of heaven
Arching overhead!

Little birds and clouds
Fly swiftly from the mountain,
Thoughts skim past
The birds and the wind.

The clouds drift down,
The little bird plummets,
Thoughts and songs go winging on
Till they reach the kingdom of heaven
Till they reach the kingdom of heaven

Romance a la Nuit

Ah! If you can bring back my Amante,
Veil your steps on this high tower,
Deep night will be bright for me
Much more than a beautiful ray of the day.

No more singing plaintive turtle dove,
Sweet songs can awaken the jealous.
Must cherish and protect my beautiful
Is sweet, tender and simple like you.

Can't you, stream in this plain,
Less murmuring afraid of disturbing pleasure.
Ah! See it myself in my pain,
Keep half of my sign in my bosom.

Lorelei

I do not know what it means
That I should feel so sad;
There is a tale from olden times
I cannot get out of my mind.

The air is cool, and twilight falls,
And the Rhine flows quietly by;
The summit of the mountains glitters
In the evening sun.

The fairest maiden is sitting
In wondrous beauty up there,
Her golden jewels are sparkling,
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb
And sings a song the while;
It has an awe-inspiring,
Powerful melody

It seizes the boatman in his skiff
With wildly aching pain;
He does not see the rocky reefs,
He only looks up to the heights.

I think at last the waves swallow
The boatman and his boat;
And that, with her singing,
The Loreley has done

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