



Western Music

Don Wright Faculty of Music

STUDENT RECITAL

April 23rd, 2024

18:00, MB242

Evan Douglas Williams, *Voice – Baritone*

Marianna Chibotar-Rutkevich, *piano*

Elijah

Is not his word like a fire

Felix Mendelssohn

(1809-1847)

L'absent

Charles Gounod

(1818-1893)

Elégie

Poème d'amour

III. Ouvre tes yeux bleus

Jules Massenet

(1842-1912)

Drei Lieder nach Gedichten von Michelangelo

I. Wohl denk ich oft

II. Alles endet, was entstehet

III. Fühlt meine Seele

Hugo Wolf

(1860-1903)

-Intermission-

I remember the wonderful moment

Mikhail Glinka

(1804-1857)

At the ball

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

(1840-1893)

Oh stay my love, forsake me not

Sergei Rachmaninoff

(1873-1943)

The Sky above the roof

Songs of Travel

VIII. Bright is the ring of words

The Splendour Falls

Linden Lea

Ralph Vaughan Williams

(1872-1958)

Seven Elizabethan Lyrics, Op. 12

VII. Fair House of Joy

Roger Quilter

(1877-1953)

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4 Songs of the Sea, Op.1

- I. I have a friend*
- II. The Sea Bird*
- III. Moonlight*
- IV. By the Sea*

L'absent

*Silence of the night, whose voice alone is sweet,
when I no longer hear her voice,
Mysterious rays, gliding over the moss
in the shadow of the woods,*

*tell me if her eyes, when all else sleeps,
open softly
and if my beloved, while I watch,
remembers the absent one.*

*When the moon is in the heavens, bathing with her
light
the woods and the blue,
when the evening bells' call to prayer
vibrates the pure echo,*

*tell me if her soul, withdrawn a moment,
rises up with their song,
and whether their chords of peaceful harmony
remind her of the absent one!*

Elégie

*O sweet Spring of yesteryear, green seasons, you
have fled forever! I no longer see the blue sky, I no
longer hear the joyous songs of the birds! You have
fled, my love, and with you has fled my happiness.
And it is in vain that the spring returns! For along
with you, the cheerful sun, the laughing days have
gone! As my heart is dark and frozen, so all is
withered for evermore!*

Ouvre tes yeux bleus

*Open your blue eyes, my sweetheart
the day is here!
already the warbler is singing
a song of love.
The dawn is opening the rose:
come with me*

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*to pick the blossoming daisy.
Awake! Awake!
Open your blue eyes, my sweetheart:
the day is here!*

*What is the good of contemplating the earth
and its beauty?
Love is a sweeter mystery
than a summer's day;
it is within me that the bird is singing
his triumphant song,
and the great, burning sun
is in my heart!*

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Wohl denk ich oft

*I often recall my past life,
As it was before I loved you;
No one then paid heed
to me,
Each day for me was a loss;
I thought to live for song alone,
And flee the thronging
crowd.
Today my name is praised and censured,
And the entire world knows that I exist!*

Alles endet, was entstehet

*All must end that has beginning,
All things round us perish,
For time is fleeting, and the sun sees
That all things round us perish,
Thought, speech, pain and rapture;
And our children's children
Vanished as shadows by day,
As mists in a breeze.
We were also human beings,
With joys and sorrows like your own.
And now there is no life in us here,
We are but earth, as you can see;
All must end that has beginning,
All things round us perish!*

Fühlt meine Seele

*Does my soul feel the longed-for light
Of God who created it? Is it the ray
Of some other beauty from this vale of tears
That storms my heart, awakening memories?*

*Is it a sound, a vision in a dream
That suddenly fills my eyes and heart
With inconceivable, searing pain,
Reducing me to tears? I do not know.*

*What I long for, what I feel, what guides me
Is not in me: tell me how to achieve it!
Only another's favour is likely to reveal it.*

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*This has absorbed me, since seeing you.
I am torn between yes and no, bitterness
and sweetness –
Your eyes, my lady, are the cause!*

I remember a wonderful moment

*I remember a wonderful moment:
You appeared before me,
Like some fleeing vision,
Like a genius of pure beauty.*

*Amidst the yearning of hopeless dejection,
And the agitation of strident vanity,
Your tender voice called out to me,
And I dreamt of your tender features.*

*Year passed by. The rebellious gust of storms
Scattered my former dreams,
And I forgot your tender voice,
And your heavenly features.*

*In solitude and gloomy isolation
My days quietly stretched out,
Deprived of divinity and inspiration,
Of tears and love and love itself.*

*But once again my soul awoke:
And once again you appeared,
Like some fleeing vision,
Like a genius of pure beauty.*

*And my heart beats in intoxication,
And divinity and inspiration,
And life and tears and love itself
Are once again returned to life.*

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At the ball

*Amidst the din of the ball, by chance,
In the commotion of worldly vanity,
I glimpsed you, but mystery
Covered your features.*

*Only your eyes looked sad,
But the divine sound of your voice
Was like the of far-off pipes,
Or the dancing waves of the sea.*

*I fell for your delicate form,
And all of your pensiveness,
And your laughter, both sad and sonorous,
Still rings in my heart.*

*In the lonely hours of night,
I love to lie down, tired;
I see your sad eyes,
I hear your joyful words.*

*And wistful, so wistfully falling asleep,
I drift into mysterious dreams...
I don't know whether I love you,
But I think I probably do*

Oh stay my love, forsake me not

*O, no, I beg you, do not leave!
All my pains are nothing compared to separation
I am only too fortunate
with that torment,
Press me tightly to your bosom
and say you love me.*

*I came anew
full of pain, pale and exhausted.
See how poor and weak I am,
how I need your love...*

*The new torments ahead
I await like a caress or kiss,
and again I beg you in anguish:
O stay with me, do not leave!*

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