This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music (Literature and Performance) degree.

April 23rd, 2024
18:00, MB242
Evan Douglas Williams, Voice – Baritone
Marianna Chibotar-Rutkevich, piano

Elijah
    Is not his word like a fire

L’absent

Elégie
Poème d’amour
    III. Ouvre tes yeux bleus

Drei Lieder nach Gedichten von Michelangelo
    I. Wohl denk ich oft
    II. Alles endet, was entstehet
    III. Fühlt meine Seele

-Intermission-

I remember the wonderful moment

At the ball

Oh stay my love, forsake me not

The Sky above the roof
Songs of Travel
    VIII. Bright is the ring of words
The Splendour Falls
Linden Lea

Seven Elizabethan Lyrics, Op. 12
    VII. Fair House of Joy

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Mikhail Glinka
(1804-1857)

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky
(1840-1893)

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)
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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.

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 live 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.
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!