

GRADUATE RECITALS

by

JENNIFER FRANCES HUTCHINSON

B.Mus., University of British Columbia, 2003

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF
THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF

MASTER OF MUSIC

in

THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES

(Voice)

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

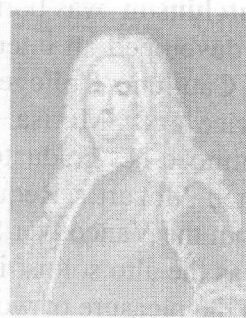
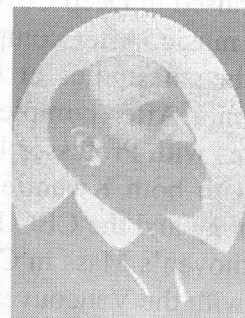
April 2005

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ABSTRACT

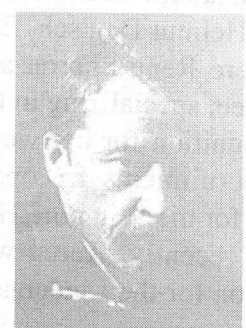
The thesis for the Master of Music degree in Voice consists of the performance of a full-length recital which the candidate presents near the end of the second year. Upon the recommendation of the candidate's committee, a partial recital may be given in the first year, in addition to the final recital.

My full-length recital was performed on April 24, 2005.



*Master's Voice
Recital*

*Jennifer Hutchinson
and
Karen Lee-Morlang*



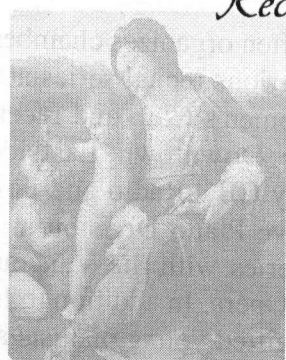
5:00 pm

April 24th, 2005

UBC School of Music



Recital Hall





Jennifer Hutchinson was born and raised in Deep Cove, North Vancouver, where, at age 18, she developed an interest in music. After completing the Diploma of Music Program at Capilano College, she began studies at UBC with sopranos Heather Thomson-Price and Marisa Gaetanne. After completing her Bachelor of Music, Jennifer continued her graduate studies with Professor Bruce Pullan. As a soloist, she has performed Mozart's Requiem with both Kwantlen and Capilano College, and members from the Vancouver Symphony and the CBC Radio Orchestra. In November 2004, she was the alto soloist in Beethoven's Mass in C with the Richmond Orchestra and Chorus. Jennifer also had the pleasure of working with the Vancouver Bach Choir, singing alto solo parts in two Sing-along Messiahs and appearing again last Christmas as alto soloist when the Bach Choir performed Messiah in Nanaimo. While a member for four years of the Laudate Singers of North Vancouver, under the direction of Lars Kaario, Jennifer enjoyed numerous solo opportunities including a CBC *West Coast Performance* of Handel's Dixit Dominus with the Pacific Baroque Orchestra.

While Jennifer has been working toward a solo career specializing in Oratorio and Recital singing, she has also been active in as many as three choirs at once for her 7-year period of music education. This love for choral music has extended to her leading the St. Andrew's United Children's Choir for the 2004 season and enabled her to compose several pieces for that group. Look for Jennifer and her husband Matthew Stephanson in up-coming concerts including a performance of *Mozart's Requiem In Blood Alley* with the Vancouver Bach Choir on May 10th, as well as a recital with Karen Lee-Morlang at the *Silk Purse* this summer.



Karen Lee-Morlang is particularly well-known in the community for her collaborative skills at the piano and for championing art music for new audiences. Local and international recognition have enabled her to travel to Europe, Asia and within North America to study with renowned artists such as Rudolph Jansen, Helmut Deutsch, Elly Ameling, and Graham Johnson. Her most recent instructors were Rena Sharon and Leslie Uyeda at UBC, with whom she studied for her second degree, specializing in the collaborative piano arts. Karen has since continued to gain recognition for her work, including award nominations for excellence in her work, recruitments by opera companies, radio and other music organizations, and traveling to London, England for the Wigmore Hall International Song Competition as one of the Canadian representatives. Most recently, Karen was specially invited by the New York Metropolitan Opera National Council to audition for the Lindemann Young Artists' Program in New York.

With her passion for reaching new audiences, Karen often organizes chamber music and art song recitals around the Lower Mainland. She formerly directed various recital series at the Vancouver Art Gallery, the UBC Main Library as well as the University Women's Club and recently completed a three-year project with the UBC Learning Exchange in the Downtown Eastside coordinating the Music Appreciation 101 course. She is regularly featured by CBC Radio and Festival Vancouver. Currently teaching as a Sessional Lecturer for the Collaborative Piano Division at the UBC School of Music, Karen also coordinates the "New Arts Audience" series with the Vancouver Public Library and the "Night Before the Opera" events with the Vancouver Opera. In addition to her energetic performing and directing career, Karen maintains a private studio of gifted young pianists and advanced singers. In her rare spare moments, she loves to sew and design evening gowns, devour books, mountain bike, make soap, eat sushi, sing with the eight-woman-a capella ensemble The No Shit Shirleys and cavort with her talented feline trio: Graymalkin, Arafel and Ozymandias.

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Recital Hall

Sunday, April 24, 2005

5:00 p.m.

MASTER'S STUDENT RECITAL*

JENNIFER HUTCHINSON, MEZZO-SOPRANO

with

Karen Lee-Morlang, piano

Qui sedes ad dextram Patris
Agnus Dei
Es ist vollbracht
Erbarme dich

Mass in b minor
Mass in b minor
St. John Passion
St. Matthew Passion

J.S. Bach
(1685-1750)

Lascia ch'io pianga
Fammi combattere
Cara Sposa
Ombra mai fù

Rinaldo
Orlando
Rinaldo
Serse

G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Le temps des lilas
Chanson Perpétuelle
(1855-1899)

Ernest Chausson

-INTERMISSION-

Nun bin ich dein
Nun wandre, Maria
Die ihr schwebet
Ach, des Knaben Augen sind

Spanisches Liederbuch:
Geistliche Lieder

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Schlafendes Jesuskind
Auf ein altes Bild
Verborgenheit

Mörike Lieder

Voce di donna

La Gioconda

Amilcare Ponchielli
(1834-1886)

Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix

Samson et Dalila

Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835-1921)

** In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree with a major in Voice.*



Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Born into a family of strong musical tradition, Johann Sebastian was the most prolific and well known of his lineage. His strong religious beliefs and employment by the Lutheran Church inspired his many sacred, devotional works. Although he did not write any opera, the 5 passions, of which only 2 are extant, are very dramatic and possess the precursor elements of opera such as recitative, aria, and arioso. Bach also composed several cantatas and oratorios, writing on average one new major work per week, following the Church Calendar. It has been said that to merely copy the works of Bach, it would take 2 scribes, 40 hours per week, 70 years to accomplish the task!

Qui sedes ad dextram Patris

Qui sedes ad dextram Patris, miserere nobis.

Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.

Es ist vollbracht

Es ist vollbracht!
O Trost vor die gekr nkten Seelen!
Die Trauernacht
l sst nun die letzte Stunde z hlen.

Der Held aus Juda siegt mit Macht,
und schliesst den Kampf.
Es ist vollbracht!

Erbarme dich

Erbarme dich, mein Gott,
um meiner Z hren willen.

Schaue hier,
Herz und Auge weint
vor dir bitterlich.

Erbarme dich, mein Gott,
um meiner Z hren willen.

Who sits to the right of the Father

Who sits to the right of the Father, have mercy
on us.

Lamb of God

Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the
world,
have mercy on us.

It is done

It is done!
Oh comfort for the stricken souls!
The mournful night
lets the last hour be counted.

The hero from Juda triumphs with power,
and ends the fight.
It is done!

Have mercy

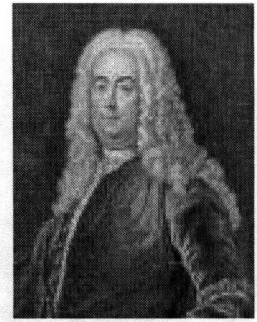
Have mercy Lord, my God,
Let Thou my tears persuade Thee.

Look Thou here,
Heart and eyes weep
for Thee bitterly.

Have mercy Lord, my God,
Let Thou my tears persuade Thee.

George Frideric Handel(1685-1759)

Best known for his *Messiah*, this Italianized German composer made his home in London, England, where he not only wrote music for the monarchy but also catered to the craze for the ornate Italian style by composing upwards of forty baroque operas. Once the fashion passed, however, Handel's operas were shelved. There is no record of any Handel opera being performed anywhere between his death in 1759 and 1920, until the revival of Baroque Opera. Having written a great deal for the castrato voice, many of his works' leading roles have been hard to fill as such a voice-type no longer exists.



Lashia ch'io Pianga

Recitative:

Armida dispietata! Colla forza d'abisso
Rapimmi al caro Ciel di miei contenti,
E qui con duolo eterno viva mi tieni,
In tormentoso Inferno.
Signor! Ah! per pietà lasciarmi piangere.

Aria:

Lascia ch'io pianga mia cruda sorte.
E che sospiri la libertà!
Il duolo infranga queste ritorte
De' miei martiri, sol per pietà.

Fammi Combattere

Recitative:

T'ubbidirò, crudele;
e vedrai in questo istante,
che della principessa fui solo difensor, ma non
amante.

Aria:

Fammi combattere mostri e tifei,
nuovi trofei se vuoi dal mio valor;

Muraglie abbattere, disfare incanti,
se vuoi ch'io vanti dar ti prove d'amor.

Ombra mai fù

Recitative:

Frondi tenere e belle. Del mio platano amato,
Per voi risplenda il fato. Tuoni, lampi e procelle
Non vo'oltraggino mai la cara pace.
Nè giunga a profanarvi austro rapace.

Aria:

Ombra mai fù di vegetabile cara ed amabile
soave più.

Let me weep

Recitative:

Pitiless Armida! With fiendish force
You have abducted me from the blessed
Heaven, from my happiness,
and here, in eternal pain, you hold me alive,
tormented in Hell.

Oh Lord, have pity, let me weep.

Aria:

Let me weep my cruel fate.
And let me breathe freedom!
Let sorrow break these chains
Of my sufferings, for pity's sake.

Bid me fight

Recitative:

I will obey you, though you are cruel;
and you will see in this moment,
that I only defended the princess, I do not love
her.

Aria:

Bid me fight monsters and typhes,
new trophies if you would like me to display my
valor.

O'erturn walls, quell enchantments,
If you wish to test my love.

Never was there a Shadow

Recitative:

Tender and beautiful branches of my beloved
plain tree. For you fate brightly shines. Thunder,
lightning and storms never disturb your majestic
calm. Rapacious winds do not reach out to
defile you.

Aria:

Never was there a shadow of branches sweeter,
more refreshing, or more gentle.



Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Chausson was by temperament an intimate portraitist rather than a painter of grandiose landscapes. His small body of compositions has however, given him a high rank among his French contemporaries. Unlike other compositions of the time, his music does not draw emotional parallels to what was going on in his own life. He led a very peaceful existence, centered around his loving family of five children, his wonderful friends, and his successful career. By analyzing the texts, which he so aptly set to music, one would not presume these heart-wrenching songs to be that of a happily married man.

Le temps des lilas

Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Ne reviendra plus à ce printemps-ci;
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Est passé, le temps des oeillets aussi.
Le vent a changé, les cieux sont moroses,
Et nous n'irons plus courir, et cueillir
Les lilas en fleur et les belles roses;
Le printemps est triste et ne peut fleurir.
Oh! joyeux et doux printemps de l'année,
Qui vins, l'an passé, nous ensoleiller,
Notre fleur d'amour est si bien fanée,
Las! Que ton baiser ne peut l'éveiller!
Et toi, que fais-tu? pas de fleurs écloses,
Point de gai soleil ni d'ombrages frais;
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Avec notre amour est mort à jamais.

Chanson Perpétuelle

Bois frissonnants, ciel étoilé,
Mon bien-aimé s'en est allé
Emportant mon coeur désolé.
Vents, que vos plaintives rumeurs,
Que vos chants rossignols charmeurs,
Aillent lui dire que je meur.
Le premier soir qu'il vint ici
Mon âme fut à sa merci;
De fierté je n'eus plus souci.
Mes regards étaient pleins d'aveux.
Il me prit dans ses bras nerveux
Et me baisa près des cheveux.
J'en eus un grand frémissement...
Et puis, je ne sais plus comment.
Il est devenu mon amant.
Je lui disais: "Tu m'aimeras
aussi longtemps que tu pourras."

The time of lilacs

The time of lilacs and the time of roses
Will not come back again this spring;
The time of lilacs and the time of roses
Has passed and gone are the carnations too.
The wind has changed, the skies are somber,
And we shall never again hasten to gather
The blooming lilacs and the lovely roses;
The spring is sad and cannot flourish.
Oh! joyful and sweet season of the year,
Which came, last year, to steep us in its
sunlight, our flower of love has so much faded,
Alas! That your kiss cannot wake it!
And you, what are you doing? No more buds,
No more gay sunshine nor cooling shades;
The time of lilacs and the time of roses
With our love, is dead forever.

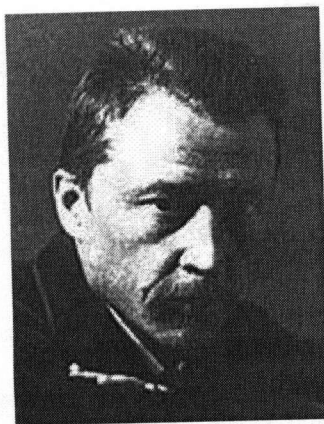
Perpetual Song

Trembling woods, star-studded sky,
My beloved has gone away,
Carrying off my afflicted heart.
Winds, let your plaintive sounds,
Let your songs, enchanting nightingales,
Tell him that I am dying.
The first evening he came here
My soul was at his mercy;
Of pride I knew no more.
Every glance of mine was a confession.
He took me into his strong arms
And kissed me near my tresses.
I felt a great thrill...
And then, I do not recall how it happened,
He had become my lover.
I used to tell him, "You will love me
As long as you are able to."

Je ne dormais bien qu'en ses bras.
Mais lui, sentant son coeur éteint,
S'en est allé l'autre matin
Sans moi dans un pays lointain
Puisque je n'ai plus mon ami
Je mourrai dans l'étang,
Parmi les fleurs, sous le flot endormi.
Sur le bord arrivée, au vent
Je dirai son nom en rêvant,
Que là je l'attendis souvent;
Et comme en un linceul doré,
Dans mes cheveux défaits, au gré
Du vent je m'abandonnerai.
Les bonheurs passés verseront
Leur douce lueur sur mon front
Et les joncs verts m'enlaceront
Et mon sein croira, frémissant
Sous l'enlacement caressant,
Subir l'étreinte de l'absent!

I only slept well in his arms.
But he, feeling his heart grow cold,
Went away the other morning
Without me to a far-off land
Now that I am without my lover
I shall die in the pond,
Amidst the flowers, under the quiet currents.
When I come to the shore, to the wind
I shall speak his name dreamily,
For there I waited for him often;
And as if in a golden shroud,
My hair undone, to the mercy
Of the wind I shall abandon myself.
The happy moments of the past will shed
Their gentle glimmer on my brow,
And the green reeds will entwine me
And my bosom will believe, trembling
In the caressing embrace, that I am in the arms
of the absent one!

* * * *Intermission* * * *



Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Wolf aspired to write opera – he did not want to be just a songwriter, for he considered songs an inferior form of art music – yet history remembers him as a great composer of songs. Throughout his lifetime, Wolf's choice of texts and subjects for his music was directly related to the circumstances of his personal life. It was not until his setting of poems by Mörike that his mature compositional style was developed. Wolf, who considered the poetry to be more important than the music, published the original poetry that inspired its composition at the head of a Lied, and often insisted on its recitation before the performance. He regarded his music as translations of the poetry rather than settings of it.

I.

Nun bin ich dein, du aller Blumen Blume,
und sing' allein allstund zu deinem Ruhme;
will eifrig sein, mich dir zu weih'n
und deinem Duldertume.

Frau, auserlesen, zu dir steht all mein Hoffen,
mein innerst Wesen ist allezeit dir offen.
Komm, mich zu lösen vom Fluch des Bösen,
der mich so hart betroffen!

Du Stern der See, du Port der Wonnen,
von der im Weh die Wunden Heil gewonnen,
eh' ich vergeh', blick' aus der Höh',
du Königin der Sonnen!

Nie kann versiegen die Fülle deiner Gnaden;
du hilfst zum Siegen dem, der mit Schmach
beladen.
An dich sich schmiegen, zu deinen Füßen
liegen heilt
allen Harm und Schaden.

Ich leide schwer und wohlverdiente Strafen.
Mir bangt so sehr, bald Todesschlaf zu schlafen.

Tritt du einher, und durch das Meer
o führe mich zum Hafen!

II.

Nun wandre, Maria, nun wandre nur fort.
Schon krähen die Hähne und nah ist der Ort.
Nun wandre, Geliebte, du Kleinod mein,
und balde wir werden in Bethlehem sein.
Dann ruhest du fein und schlummerst dort.
Schon krähen die Hähne und nah ist der Ort.

I.

Now I am yours, flower of all flowers,
and sing your praise at all times;
Zealously will I dedicate myself to you
and to your suffering.

Blessed woman, in you rest all my hopes,
my innermost being is ever open to you.
Come, redeem me from the curse of evil,
which so greatly afflicts me.

Star of the sea, port of blisses,
from whom, in sorrow, wounds gained
salvation, before I perish, look down from on
high, queen of the suns!

The fullness of your mercies can never be
exhausted;
You help him to overcome who is laden with
disgrace.
To cling to you, to lie at your feet heals
all grief and harm.

The punishments I suffer are grievous and
deserved.
I fear I must soon sleep the sleep of death.
Intercede, and across the sea
oh lead me to harbour.

II.

Go on, Mary, go on.
The cocks are crowing and the town is near.
onward, my beloved, you jewel of mine,
and soon we will be in Bethlehem.
There you can rest and slumber.
The cocks are crowing and the town is near.

Wohl seh ich, Herrin, die Kraft dir schwinden;
kann deine Schmerzen, ach, kaum verwinden.
Getrost! Wohl finden wir Herberg dort.
Schon kräh'n die Hähne und nah ist der Ort.
Wär' erst bestanden dein Stündlein, Marie,
die gute Botschaft gut lohnt' ich sie.
Das Eselein hie gäb' ich drum fort!
Schon krähen die Hähne, komm!
Nah ist der Ort.

III.

Die ihr schwebet um diese Palmen in Nacht und
Wind,
ihr heil'gen Engel, stillt die Wipfel!
es schlummert mein Kind.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem im Windesbrausen,
wie mögt ihr heute so zornig sausen!
O rauscht nicht also!
schweiget, neiget euch leis' und lind;
stillt die Wipfel! es schlummert mein Kind.

Der Himmels knabe duldet Beschwerde,
Ach, wie so müd' er ward von Leid der Erde.
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm leise gesänftigt
die Qualzerinnt, stillt die Wipfel!
es schlummert mein Kind.

Grimmige Kälte sauset hernieder,
womit nur deck' ich des Kindleins Glieder?
O all ihr Engel, die ihr geflügelt
wandelt im wind, stillt die Wipfel!
es schlummert mein Kind.

IV.

Ach, des Knaben Augen
sind mir so schön und klar erschienen,
und ein etwas strahlt aus ihnen,
das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.

Blickt' er doch mit diesen süßen
Augen nach den meinen hin!
säh' er dann sein Bild darin,
würd' er wohl mich liebend grüssen.

Und so geb' ich ganz mich hin,
seinen Augen nur zur dienen,
denn ein etwas strahlt aus ihnen,
das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.

I see, my lady, that your strength is failing;
I can hardly bear your pains.
Courage! we will find shelter there.
The cocks are crowing and the town is near.
If only your hour were safely past, Mary,
I would have a good reward for the good
tidings. I would give our little donkey for it.
The cocks are crowing, come!
The town is near.

III.

You who hover about the palms in the night and
wind,
holy angels, calm the tree-tops!
my child is sleeping.

Palms of Bethlehem in the wind's blast,
why must you whistle so angrily today!
Do not roar that way!
Be silent, bend down softly and gently;
calm the tree-tops! my child is sleeping.

The heavenly child is troubled,
Oh, how weary he has become from earthly sorrow.
Now in sleep, his pain, softened, fades away.
Calm the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

Fierce cold descends,
With what can I cover the child's limbs?
Oh angels who wander winged in the wind,
Calm the tree-tops,
My child is sleeping.

IV.

Oh, the child's eyes
have appeared to me so beautiful and clear,
and something shines from them,
that has won my whole heart.

If he were to look with those sweet
eyes towards mine!
He would see his image in them
and would surely greet me lovingly.

And so I give myself up
to serve his eyes,
for something shines from them,
that has won my whole heart.

Mörike Lieder

Schlafendes Jesuskind

Sohn der Jungfrau, Himmelskind!
am Boden auf dem Holz der Schmerzen
eingeschlafen
das der fromme Meister sinnvoll spielend
deinen leichten Träumen unterlegte;
Blume du, noch in der Knospe dämmernd
eingehüllt die Herrlichkeit des Vaters!
O wer sehen könnte, welche Bilder hinter dieser
Stirne, diesen schwarzen Wimpern,
sich in sanftem Wechsel malen!
Sohn der Jungfrau, Himmelskind!

Auf ein altes Bild

In grüner Landschaft Sommerflor,
bei kühlem Wasser, Schilf und Rohr,
schau, wie das Knäblein Sündelos
frei spielet auf der Jungfrau Schoß!
Und dort im Walde wonnesam,
ach, grünet schon des Kreuzes Stamm!

Verborgenheit

Lass, o welt, o lass mich sein!
locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
lasst dies Herz alleine haben
seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
immerdar durch Tränen sehe
ich der sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst
und die helle Freude zücket
durch die Schwere, so mich drücket,
wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Lass, o welt, o lass mich sein!
locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
lasst dies Herz alleine haben
seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Sleeping Jesus Child

Son of the Virgin, heaven's child!
on the wood of anguish hast though fallen
asleep,
that the pious Master meaningfully plays
an allusion in your light dreams;
You flower, still in the bud
dawns the glory of the Father!
Oh, who could see, which visions behind this
brow, these dark eyelashes, what softly-
changing pictures are being painted!
Son of the Virgin, heaven's child!

From an old painting

In a green landscape, summer blossoms,
near cool water, reeds and canes,
We see the child without sin
freely playing on the virgin's lap!
And there in the forest
ah, grows already the stem of the cross!

Concealment

Leave, oh world, oh leave me be!
Entice me not with gifts of love,
leave this heart alone to have
your bliss, your pain!

What I mourn, I know not,
it is unknown hurt;
Always through tears
do I see the sun's lovely light.

Often I am hardly conscious
and the bright joy breaks
through the weight, that presses me,
delightfully in my bosom.

Leave, oh world, oh leave me be!
Entice me not with gifts of love,
leave this heart alone to have
your bliss, your pain!

Amilcare Ponchielli (1834-1886)

Not nearly as well known as his student Puccini, Ponchielli is remembered for his opera, *La Gioconda*. The opera, set in 17th century Venice, is about a beautiful street singer by the name of La Gioconda (the cheerful girl). The aria *Voce di donna* is from the first act and is sung by La Cieca, the mother of the title character. The singer's blind mother has been wrongfully accused of witchcraft, but Laura, the wife of Alvise, a chief of State Inquisition, intervenes on her behalf, and the old woman is released from her restraints. In gratitude, La Cieca gives Laura a rosary with her blessing and thanks.



Voce di donna

Voce di donna o d'angelo
le mie catene ha sciolto;
Mi vietan le mie tenebre
di quella santa il volto.

Pure da me non partasi
senza un pietoso don, no! no!

A te questo rosario
che le preghiere aduna,
Io te lo porgo, accetalo,
ti parlerà fortuna.

Sulla tua testa vigili
la mia benedizion.

The Voice of a Woman

The voice of a woman or an angel
has melted my fetters;
My blindness prevents me
from seeing her blessed face.

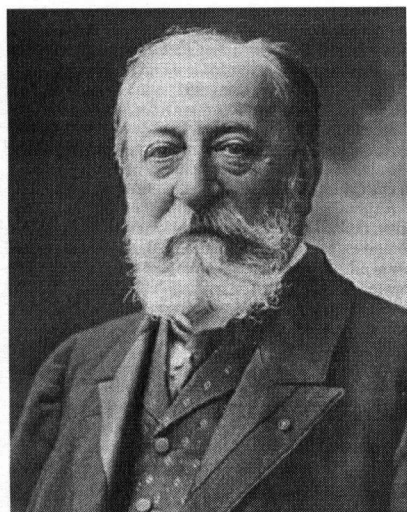
Yet may she not part from me
without a holy gift, no! no!

To you I give this rosary
that the prayers assembled,
I give it to you, accept it,
It will bring you good luck.

On your head I lay
my blessing.

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

Commencing his musical studies at the tender age of two, Saint-Saëns was considered somewhat of a child prodigy. There was evidence of talent for musical composition at the age three, and before he was seven he was already playing organ and piano in public programs. His dazzling gifts won him the admiration of Gounod, Rossini, Berlioz, and especially Liszt, who hailed him as the world's greatest organist. His most famous works include; *Symphony No. 3*, The "Organ Symphony" (1886), *Le carnaval des animeaux* (1886), and *Samson et Dalila* (1887). Of the 13 operas that he composed, the biblical story of Samson and Delilah proved to be his best. Set in 1136 B.C., the well-known story of Samson and Delilah explores themes of love, honor and treachery. The aria *Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix* appears in the second of three acts. Delilah seduces Samson with this seductive aria which concludes with Samson's declaration of love, as if powerless to her beauty.



Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix

Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix
comme s'ouvrent les fleurs
aux baisers de l'aurore!
Mais, ô mon bien-aimé,
pour mieux sécher mes pleurs,
que ta voix parle encore!
Dis-moi qu'à Dalila
tu reviens pour jamais;
redis a ma tendresse
les serments d'autrefois--
ces serments que j'aimais!

Ah! réponds a ma tendresse!
Verse-moi l'ivresse!

Ainsi qu'on voit des blés
les épis onduler
sous la brise légère,
ainsi frémit mon coeur,
prêt à se consoler
à ta voix qui m'est chère!
La flèche est moins rapide
à porter le trépas
que ne l'est ton amante
à voler dans tes bras!

Ah! réponds a ma tendresse!
Verse-moi l'ivresse!

Dalila! je t'aime!

My heart opens up at your voice

My heart opens up at your voice
as the flowers open up
to the kisses of dawn!
But, oh my beloved,
so as better to dry my tears,
may your voice speak again!
Tell me that to Delilah
you will return forever;
repeat to my tenderness
the promises of former times--
those promises that I loved!

Ah! respond to my tenderness!
Fill me with ecstasy!

Just as one sees the stalks
of wheat undulate
beneath the gentle breeze,
so my heart quivers,
ready to be consoled
at your voice that is dear to me!
The arrow is less quick
to bring death
than your lover is
to fly into your arms!

Ah! respond to my tenderness!
Fill me with ecstasy!

Delilah! I love you!

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Tea Reception to follow . . .