

Accompanied by cassette

GRADUATION RECITAL

by

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B.Mus., Mount Allison University, 1979
B.Ed., Mount Allison University, 1980

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILMENT OF
THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF
MASTER OF MUSIC

in

THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES
Department of Music - Voice Performance

We accept this thesis as conforming
to the required standard

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

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Department of Music

The University of British Columbia
1956 Main Mall
Vancouver, Canada
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Date May 12, 1982

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Recital Hall

Sunday, February 14, 1982

8:00 p.m.

GRADUATE STUDENT RECITAL*

Catherine Fitch, *Soprano*

assisted by

Terence Dawson, *Piano*

with

Beverly Chiu, *Flute*

Cantata "Solitudine amene" per
soprano con flauto obbligato

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1659-1725)

Freundliche Vision, Op.48, No.1
Morgen! Op.27, No.4
Schlagende Herzen, Op.29, No.2
Nacht, Op.10, No.3
Allerseelen, Op.10, No.8

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Three Vocalises

Vocalise en forme de Habañera (1907)

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Pastorale (1908)

Igor Stravinsky
(1882-1971)

Vocalise, Op.34, No.14 (1912)

Serge Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

INTERMISSION

Villanelle

Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

Le Spectre de la Rose

L'Absence

L'Ile Inconnue

from Les Nuits d'Eté, Op.7 (1840-1841) (Poems by Gautier)

Cycle of Holy Songs (1941)

Ned Rorem
(1923-)

Psalm 134

Psalm 142

Psalm 148

Psalm 150

*In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music Degree with a Major in Voice Performance.

TRANSLATIONS

Cantata - A. Scarlatti

recit. Solitude, how welcome! I greet the hills and valleys, once they were scenes of pleasure but now are grief and sorrow! Could I ask consolation from you who can never understand why I'm weeping! Not only are you blooming but you are laughing like the flowers, while I am saddened.

air. I behold sweet-scented grasses and flowers - your praise, I sing - your colors seem painted by Spring. Gentle breezes play softly amid the streams where the nymphs dwell.

recit. Among you, I do not find that consolation which I seek, Never can I be happy till I have found him!

air. Once I felt thy blessing and my pain lessened; but now, tormented, I search in grief. Once, tho', I felt thy blessing and my pain was gone.

SCHLAGENDE HERZEN
BEATING HEARTS
Otto Julius Bierbaum

A boy walked over the meadows and fields. (Bing bang beat his heart.) On his finger shone a golden ring. (Bing bang beat his heart.) 'O meadows, O fields, how lovely you are! O mountains, O valleys, how fair! How good you are, how lovely you are, O golden sun high in the sky!' (Bing bang beat his heart.) The boy hurried along with a merry step. (Bing bang beat his heart.) He took many gay flowers with him. (Bing bang beat his heart.) 'A spring breeze blew over the Meadows and fields, and blew right into my heart: softly, gently, it sends me to you!' (Bing bang beat his heart.) A girl stood in the meadows and fields. (Bing bang beat his heart.) She shaded her eyes with her hand to see. (Bing bang beat her heart.) 'He hurries to me over meadows and fields, over mountains and through woods. Oh, if only he were already here with me!' (Bing bang beat her heart.)

FREUNDLICHE VISION
Otto Julius Bierbaum
PLEASANT REVERIE

Not in sleep did I dream this;
in broad daylight I saw it beautiful before me:
a meadow full of daisies,
a white house deep in the green bushes;
captured gods shine through the foliage.
And I walk with one who loves me,
my soul content in the cool
of this white house, where peace,
full of beauty, awaits our coming.

MORGEN
TOMORROW
John Henry MacKay

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path that I shall follow
it will reunite us, the blessed ones,
amidst this sun-breathing world . . .

And to the shore, broad and blue with the waves,
we shall go down quietly and slowly.
Mute, we shall look into each other's eyes,
and upon us will descend the great silence of happiness.

DIE NACHT
Herman von Gilm
THE NIGHT

Out of the forest steals the night,
out of the trees she slinks quietly,
looks round about—
now take care!

All the lights of this world,
all flowers, all colors
she extinguishes, and steals the sheaves
away from the fields.

She takes away all that is pleasing—
the silver from the river;
from the copper roof of the cathedral
she steals the gold.

The shrubbery is plundered—
come closer, soul to soul!
O the night, I fear, will steal
you too from me!

Herman von Gilm
ALL SOULS' DAY

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
bring in the last red asters,
and let us speak again of love,
as once in May.

Give me your hand, that I may secretly press it,
and if anyone sees, that matters not to me.
Give me only one of your sweet glances,
as once in May.

Every grave blooms and glows tonight:
one day in the year belongs to the dead.
Come to my heart, that I may hold you again,
as once in May.

Les Nuits d'Eté
(The Summer Nights)
Hector Berlioz (Poems by T. Gautier)

VILLANELLE

When the new season will come,
When the frosts will have vanished,
We two shall go, my lovely one,
To gather lilies-of-the valley in the woods.
Under our feet, picking the pearls
Which one sees trembling in the morn;
We shall go to hear the blackbirds whistling;
Spring has come, my lovely one;
This is the blessed month for lovers;
And the bird smoothing its wings,
Says a poem on the rim of its nest.
Oh, come then to this mossy bank
to talk of our glorious love,
And tell me with your voice so sweet,
Forever!
Far, far away, staying from our path,
Putting to flight the hidden rabbit
And the buck, in the mirror of the springs
Admiring its bent antlers;
Then homeward, so happy, so at ease
Entwining our fingers to make a basket,
Let us return, carrying wild strawberries.

THE SPECTRE OF THE ROSE

Open your closed eyelid
Gently touched by a virginal dream!
I am the spectre of the rose
That you wore last night at the ball.
You have taken me still covered with the pearls
Of the sprinkler's silvery tears,
And amidst brilliant festivities,
You carried me through the night.
O you, who were the cause of my death,
Without your being able to escape him,
My rose-coloured spectre will come
Every night to dance at your bedside.
But have no fear at all: I do not ask
Either a mass or De Profundis.
This fragrant perfume is my soul,
And I am from paradise.
My destiny could be envied,
And to have so beautiful a fate,
More than one would have given his life;
For on your breast I have my tomb,
And on the alabaster where I repose,
A poet wrote with a kiss:
"Here lies a rose
Which all kings might envy."

ABSENCE

Come back, come back, my beloved!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your rosey smile!
What distance between our hearts!
What space between our kisses!
Oh better fate, oh cruel absence!
Oh great unappeased desires!
Come back, come back, my beloved!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your rosy smile!
From here to where you are, how wide
How many cities and hamlets,
How many valleys and mountains,
To tire the hoofs of the horses!
Come back, come back, my beloved!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your rosy smile.

THE ISLAND UNCHARTED

Tell me, young fair one,
Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells its wing,
The wind will blow!
The oar is of ivory
The flag of silk
The rudder of pure gold:
For ballast I have an orange,
For sail an angel's wing,
For foam I have a seraph.
Tell me, young fair one,
Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells its wing,
The wind will blow.
Is it to the Baltic Sea?
To the Pacific Ocean?
Towards the island of Java?
Or is it to Norway,
To gather the snow flowers,
Or the flowers of Angsoka?
Tell me, young fair one,
Tell me, where do you wish to go?
Lead me, says the fair one,
To the faithful shore,
Where one loves always!
This shore, my fair one,
Is not known at all,
In the Land of loves!