



FACULTY OF
FINE ARTS

Piiksinaasin

Presents

Hannah Christie, soprano

In a

Junior Recital

Assisted by

Gregory Knight, piano

Augustus Connery-Boyer, piano

From the Studio of

Dr. Sandra Stringer

4:00pm

December 8, 2024

Recital Hall

~~ **PROGRAM** ~~

Per la piu vaga e bella

Francesca Caccini
(1587-1641)

Quando spieghi i tuoi tormenti from *Orlando*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Hannah Christie, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano

Abendempfindung

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

L'heure exquise

Poldowski (Lady Dean Paul)
(1879-1932)

Hannah Christie, soprano
Augustus Connery-Boyer, piano

Over the Rim of the Moon

Michael Head
(1900-1976)

The Ships of Arcady
Beloved
A Blackbird Singing
Nocturne

Hannah Christie, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano

Translations

Per la piu vaga e belle

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.

Quando spieghi i tuoi tormenti

O amorous nightingale!
It sometimes sounds as if you sing and weep
when you pour forth your torments as
companions to my sorrow

Abendempfindung

Evening is-it, the sun is disappeared
And the moon radiates silver-light;
Thus flee-away the life's most-beautiful hours,
They-flee past as in-the dance.
Soon flees-away the life's colorful scenery,
And the curtain rolls downward.
Over is our play! The friend's tear
Flows already upon our grave.
Soon perhaps- to-me blows like west-wind quiet
A quiet foreboding to-
Finish I this life's pilgrim-journey,
Fly into the land of rest.

If-will you then at my grave weep,
Mourning, my ashes see,
Then, o friends, shall I to-you appear
And shall Heaven upon you blow.
Give also you a little-tear to-me, and pluck
For-me a violet on my grave, and with your
soulful gaze
Look then mildly upon me downward.
Dedicate to-me a tear, and ah! Be-ashamed
Yourself only not it to-me to dedicate.
O it will in my crown
Then the most-beautiful pearl be.

L'heure exquise

The white moon
Shines through the trees
From each branch
Comes a voice
Under the boughs...

Oh my beloved!

The pond reflects
As a deep mirror
The outline
Of the black willow
Where the wind weeps...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
Calm
Seems to descend
From the heavens
With the iridescent star...

It is the exquisite hour.