

*In Recital*  
*Casey Peden*

*with*

*Annette Feist, harpsichord*

*Jeff Faragher, cello*

*and*

*Guest Artist*

*Adam Wiebe, flute*

*Friday, April 20, 2004 at 8:00PM*

*Convocation Hall, Arts Building*  
*University of Alberta*

## ***Program***

CD: MMI.35

- |     |                          |                    |
|-----|--------------------------|--------------------|
| 1   | Quel sguardo sdegnosetto | Claudio Monteverdi |
| 2   | Ohimè ch'io cado         | (1567-1643)        |
| 3-6 | All'ombra di sospetto    | Antonio Vivaldi    |
|     |                          | (1678-1741)        |
| 7   | Jubilet tota civitas     | Claudio Monteverdi |
| 8   | Exulta, filia Sion       | (1567-1643)        |

## ***Intermission***

- |      |   |                             |               |
|------|---|-----------------------------|---------------|
| 9-11 | { | Drei Italienische Kantaten  | G. F. Handel  |
|      |   | E partirai, mia vita?       | (1685-1759)   |
|      |   | Quel fior che all'alba ride |               |
| 12.  |   | Lovely Albina               | Henry Purcell |
| 13.  |   | Not all my torments         | (1659-1696)   |
| 14.  |   | Fly swift, ye hours!        |               |
| 15.  |   | When first Amintas          |               |

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Masters of Music degree for Ms Peden.

Ms Peden is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Graduate Award and a Harriet Snowball Winspear Graduate Fellowship in the Performing Arts.

***Quel sguardo sdegnosetto***

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto  
lucente e minaccioso,  
quel dardo velenoso  
vola a ferirmi il petto.  
Bellezze, ond'io tutt'ardo  
e son da me diviso,  
piagatemi col sguardo,  
Sanatemi col riso.

Armatevi, pupille  
d'asprissimo rigore,  
versatemi su'l core  
un nembo di faville.  
Ma'l labro non sia tardo  
a ravvivarmi ucciso.  
Feriscami quel sguardo,  
ma sanimi quel riso.

Begl'occhi a l'armi, a l'armi!  
Io vi preparo il seno.  
Gioite di piagarmi  
in fin ch'io venga meno!  
E sa da vostri dardi  
io resterò conquiso,  
feriscano quei sguardi,  
ma sanimi quel riso.

***Ohimè ch'io cado***

Ohimè! ch'io cado! Ohimè!  
ch'inciampo ancora il piè  
pur come pria,  
e la sfiorita mia  
caduta, speme  
pur di novo rigar  
con fresco lacrimar  
or mi conviene.

Lasso del vecchio ardor  
conosco l'orme ancor  
dentro nel petto,  
ch'ha rotto il vago aspetto

That glance [that smacks] of scorn  
with its glare and its threat,  
that poisoned dart  
shoots out and wounds my chest!  
Beauty, which sets me on fire,  
and tears me away from myself,  
you wound me with your glance,  
but you heal me with your smile.

My pupils, put on your arms  
of harshest severity,  
shower on my heart  
a cloud of sparks!  
Let not your lips be late  
to revive me, once dead!  
Let your glance wound me,  
but your smile heal me.

Beautiful eyes, to arms, to arms!  
I prepare my bosom for you.  
Take pleasure in wounding me  
till I die!  
If by your arrows  
I remain vanquished,  
let your glances wound me,  
but your smile heal me.

Alas! I'm falling! Alas!  
my foot stumbles  
as it did before  
and I must again water  
my withered,  
fallen hopes  
with fresh tears.

Tired of my former passion,  
I still recognize its traces  
in my breast,  
because a lovely face

Vedrò d'ombre in felici  
e i guardi amati,  
lo smalto adamantin  
ond'armarò il meschin  
pensier gelati.

Folle, credevo io pur  
d'aver schermo sicur  
da un nudo arciero!  
E pur io sì guerriero  
or son codardo,  
ne voglio sostener  
il colpo lusinghier  
d'un solo sguardo!

O campion immortal,  
sdegno come si fral  
or fugge indietro!  
Ah! sott'armi di vetro  
m'hai condotto, infedel,  
contro spada crudel  
d'aspro diamante!

O come sa punir  
tiranno amor l'ardir  
d'alma rubella!  
Una dolce favella,  
un seren volto,  
un vezzoso mirar  
sogliono rilegar  
un cor disciolto!

Occhi, occhi belli, ah! se fu  
sempre bella virtù,  
giusta pietate!  
Deh! voi non mi negate  
il guardo e il riso,  
che mi sia la prigion  
per sì bella cagion  
il Paradiso!

I shall see the day, deprived of the  
and cherished glances  
have cracked the enamel  
with which my frozen thoughts  
protected my wretched heart.

I was foolish enough to believe  
I had a sure defense  
of a naked archer!  
Indeed, I was such a warrior,  
but now, I'm a coward,  
I don't want to bear  
the deceptive thrust  
of a single glance!

Immortal hero!  
I despise how such a fragile [lover]  
now runs away!  
Alas, through your glassy weapons,  
you've led me on, faithless [lover]  
against a diamond sword  
sharp and cruel!

How well does tyrant love  
know how to punish  
the daring of a rebel soul!  
A kind word,  
a serene face,  
a pleasant stare  
are wont to bind  
an unbound heart!

Eyes, beautiful eyes, Ah! If only  
love were always kind  
and compassion fair!  
Ah! do not deny me  
your glance and your smile,  
because prison  
for such a good cause  
would be Paradise for me!



*All'ombra di sospetto*

All'ombra di sospetto  
il mio costante affetto  
perde alquanto la fede,  
e a beltà lusinghiera  
ei poco crede.

Avezzo no e il core,  
Amar beltà d'amore  
ch'addolcisca il penar  
con finiti vezzi.  
Se lusinghiero è il dardo  
ogni piacer è tardo  
a fia che l'ardorar  
per forza sprezzì,

O quanti amanti, o quanti  
che fedeli, e costanti vagon delusi  
da lusinghe accorte  
d'amor fra le ritorte.  
Più d'ogni un così langue,  
e tante volte il sangue spargeria  
per mostrar il vero amore.  
Concetto dall'ardore di vezzosa  
bellezza ch'ognor gli strugge  
l'alma ed al suo affetto calma  
mai spera di goder,  
sin ch'ingannato viene amante  
schernito, e ingannato.

Mentiti contenti  
son veri tormenti  
d'amante fedel.  
Gran male è quel bene  
son dardi quei guardi  
che vibra per pene  
bellezza crudel.

In the shadow of doubt  
my constant love  
loses its trust a little,  
and goes after the flattery of beauty  
but he barely believes in it.

The heart is not used  
to love the beauty of love  
which sweetens anguish  
with fake charm.  
If the dart is flattering  
all enjoyment is delayed  
to the point that his adoration  
you are forced to despise,

How many lovers, how many  
faithful and constant [lovers],  
through complimentary flattery  
become disillusioned of their love  
by denials [of their beloved].  
More than anyone else languishes  
and so many times his blood  
he would shed to show his love  
His feeling comes from his passion  
for grace and beauty, which all the  
time wears out his soul,  
and he never believes he can enjoy  
his love in serenity; so much so  
he's deceived, and he becomes a  
lover scorned and deceived.

These happy lies  
are the true torments  
of a faithful lover.  
A great evil is that good,  
those looks are darts  
that tremble in anguish  
of cruel beauty.

***Jubilet tota civitas***

Jubilet tota civitas,  
psallat nunc organis,  
Mater Ecclesia Deo Aeterno,  
quae Salvatori nostro gloriae  
melos laetabunda canat!

Quae occasio cor tuum,  
dilectissima Vigo, gaudio replet  
tanta ilares et laeta nunti mihi.

Festum est hodie Sancti gloriosi  
coram Deo et hominibus  
operatus est.

Quis est iste Sanctus  
qui pro lege Dei  
tam illustri vita  
et insignis operationibus  
usque ad mortem operatus est?

Est Sanctus!

O Sancte benedicte!

Dignus est certe  
ut in eius laudibus semper  
versentur fidelium linguae.

Jubilet tota civitas,  
psallat nunc organis,  
Mater Ecclesia Deo Aeterno,  
quae Salvatori nostro gloriae  
melos laetabunda canat!

Let all the city rejoice!  
Now with organs let her chant!  
Our Mother, the Church, to the  
Eternal God and to the glory of  
in all her joy sings hymns!

On this occasion, your heart is  
full of joy, most beloved Virgin,  
for you announce to me so many  
happy and joyful events!

Today is the feast of a glorious  
saint, who has labored before God  
and before men.

Who is this saint  
who [to observe] the law of God  
[has lived] such a splendid life  
and such outstanding works  
until his death performed?

He is a Saint!

O blessed Saint!

He is certainly worthy  
of the chants of the faithful  
always raised in his praise.

Let all the city rejoice!  
Now with organs let her chant!  
Our Mother, the Church, to the  
Eternal God and to the glory of  
Our Savior in her joy sings hymns!

***Exulta, filia Sion***

Exulta, filia Sion,  
lauda, filia Hierusalem,  
lauda, filia Sion!

Rejoice, daughter of Sion,  
praise, daughter of Jerusalem,  
praise, daughter of Sion!

Ecce rex tuus sanctus, ecce  
mundi salvator venit!

Look! Your holy King, look!  
The Savior of the world is coming!

Omes gentes plaudite manibus!  
Jubilare Deo in voce  
exultationis! Laetentur caeli!

Clap your hands, all you people!  
Shout for joy before God in a voice  
of triumph! Let heaven rejoice!

Ecce rex tuus sanctus, ecce  
mundi salvator venit!

Look! Your holy King, look!  
The Savior of the world is coming!

Exultet terra in voce exultationis,  
quia consolatus est Dominus  
populum suum, redemit  
Hierusalem!

Let the earth leap in joy and shout  
in triumph, for the Lord has  
comforted his people and redeemed  
Jerusalem!

Ecce rex tuus sanctus, ecce  
mundi salvator venit!  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Look! Your holy King, look!  
The Savior of the world is coming!  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

***E partirai, mia vita?***

E partirai, mia vita?  
Ne in quel del tuo partir  
crudo momento farà l'anima  
mia da me partita?  
Ah! se un duro tormento  
nel ripensarvi sol quasi m'uccide,  
Che farà quel dolore,  
che allora (ohimè) per gli occhi  
miei con tutti gli strali suoi mi  
scenierà sul core?

And will you leave me, oh my life?  
And will not my soul leave me  
in that cruel moment of your  
departing?

Ah! If thinking of its almost kills  
me with a harsh torment,  
what will be the effect of that grief  
which (alas) will pierce my eyes  
and fall on my heart with all its  
darts?

Vedrò teco ogni gioia, ogni bene,  
da me lunge rivolgere il piè.  
E gli affanni, gli strazzi, le pene,  
tutti insieme restarsi con me.

I shall see all joy, all pleasure, go  
with you far away from me.  
And grief, torture and pain remain  
all together with me.

privo de' lumi tuoi cingersi il  
giorno, scorgerò d'ogni intorno  
aggirarmisi orror mestizia  
e pianto. E congiurati in tanto  
un desir disperato ed un sovra  
d'ogn'altro aspromartire  
ch'ha rotto il vago aspetto  
faranno il mio morir  
più che morire.

Pria che spunti un sì fiero  
togli a me la vita o Amor  
Onde men l'anima afflitta,  
nè dal duol tanto trafitta,  
nel da lui preso sentiero  
possa gir dietro al suo cor.

***Quel fior, che all'alba ride***

Quel fior, che all'alba ride  
il sole poi l'uccide  
e tomba hà nella sera.  
E un fior la vita ancora.  
L'ocaso hà nell'aurora  
e perde in un sol dì la primavera.

light of your eyes, plunged into  
unhappy shadows, I shall see  
myself surrounded on all sides by  
horror, sadness and tears, and  
meanwhile, desperate desire and  
suffering more bitter than any  
because a lovely face  
other will conspire to make my  
dying worse than death.

Before such a dreadful day dawns  
take my life, O God of Love  
so that my soul, less afflicted,  
and not so pierced with grief,  
may go after my heart along  
the path it has taken.

That flower which smiles at dawn  
is later killed by the sun,  
and finds its grave in the evening.  
Life too is a flower  
Its sunset is already there in its  
dawn and loses its spring in a  
single day.

***Lovely Albina***

Lovely Albina, come ashore  
To enter her just claim  
Ten times more charming than before  
To her immortal fame.  
The Belgic lion, as he's brave.  
This beauty will relieve  
For nothing but a mean blind slave  
Can live and let her grieve.

***Not All My Torments***

Not all my torments can your pity move  
Your scorn increased with my love.  
Yet to the grave I will my sorrows bear,  
I love, tho' I despair.



*Fly Swift, Ye Hours*

Fly swift, ye hours, make haste, make haste  
Fly swift, thou lazy, lazy sun.  
Make haste, and drive the tedious minutes on.  
Bring back my Belvidera to my sight,  
My Belvidera, than thyself more bright.  
Make haste, bring back my Belvidera to my sight.  
Swifter than time my eager wishes move,  
And scorn the beaten paths of vulgar love.  
Soft peace is banished from my tortured breast,  
Love robs my days of ease, my nights of rest.  
Yet tho' her cruel scorn provokes despair,  
My passion still is strong as she is fair  
Still must I love, still bless the pleasing pain  
Still court my ruin, and embrace my chain.

*When First Amintas*

When first Amintas su'd for a kiss,  
My innocent heart was tender,  
That tho' I pushed him away from the bliss,  
My eyes declared my heart was won.  
I fain an artful coyness would use,  
Before I the fort did surrender,  
But love would suffer no more such abuse,  
And soon, alas! my cheat was known.  
He'd sit all day and laugh and play,  
a thousand pretty things would say;  
My hand he'd squeeze, and press my knees  
Till further on he got by degrees.

My heat just like a vessel at sea,  
would toss when Amintas came near me.  
But ah! so cunning a pilot was he,  
through doubts and fears he'd still sail on.  
I thought in him no danger could be,  
so wisely he knew how to steer me.  
But soon, alas! was brought to agree,  
to taste of joys before unknown.  
Well might he boast his pain not lost,  
for soon he found the golden coast,  
Enjoy'd the ore, and touched the shore,  
Where never merchant went before!

