

Tragic Heroines

Janicz Marplę, soprano
Shannon Hiebert, piano

September 17, 2011
Convocation Hall, University of
Alberta

Program

*In quali eccessi, o Numi... Mi tradi
quell'alma ingrata* from *Don
Giovanni* W. A. Mozart (1756 - 1791)

Tu che di gel sei cinta from
Turandot Giacomo Puccini (1858 - 1924)

La mort d'Ophélie from *Tristia*,
Opus 18 - No. 11 Hector Berlioz (1803 - 1869)

Try Me, Good King: Last Words of
the Wives of Henry VIII Libby Larsen (1950 -)

1. Katherine of Aragon
2. Anne Boleyn
3. Jane Seymour
4. Anne of Cleves
5. Katherine Howard

~Intermission~

Mignon Lieder from *Wilhelm
Meister*, Opus 98A Robert Schumann (1810 - 1856)

1. *Kennst du das Land*
3. *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt*
5. *Heiss' mich nicht reden*
9. *So lasst mich scheinen*

Drei Lieder der Ophelia from Opus
67 Richard Strauss (1864 - 1949)

1. *Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb
vor andern nun?*
2. *Guten Morgan, 's ist Sankt
Valentinstag*
3. *Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre
bloß*

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém from
Rusalka Antonín Dvořák (1841 - 1904)

George William Bolcom (1938 -)

Artist Biographies

Janice Marple: Soprano Janice Marple completed her Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance at the University of Alberta. She currently studies with Mezzo-soprano and teacher Elizabeth Turnbull and vocal coach Shannon Hiebert. Past opera roles include Atalanta in Handel's *Serse*, First Witch in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, La Ciesca in Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi*, Fiordiligi in excerpts from Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, and Magda in an excerpt from Menotti's *The Consul*. She has attended the Opera on the Avalon Summer Music festival, as well as the Opera Nuova One-Week Intensive. Ms. Marple is the recipient of the Beryl Barns Memorial Graduate Award, Alberta Heritage Fund Scholarship, and Faculty of Graduate Studies Research and Travel Scholarships.

Shannon Hiebert: Known for her versatility as a pianist, Shannon Hiebert has worked professionally in concert and opera, symphonic and chamber music, ballet, modern dance and Broadway. Shannon has performed as a soloist with the Royal Winnipeg Ballet and the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra. Her Broadway credits include Disney's *Beauty and the Beast*, *Miss Saigon*, *Mamma Mia*, *Spamalot*, and *Jersey Boys*. Shannon has worked as a vocal coach with opera companies across Canada as well as the University of Toronto, University of Manitoba, University of Alberta, Calgary Emerging Artist Program and Opera Nuova. She is currently on faculty at the Alberta College Conservatory of Music. Shannon's students have gone on to study at Universities and programs around the world, including Opera Merola, Chicago Lyric Opera, Canadian Opera Company, Calgary Emerging Artist Program, Vancouver Opera, Opera Atelier, The Britten-Pears School, Banff Centre for Fine Arts, Tanglewood, The Schubert Institute and Netherlands Opera Theatre. Her discography includes "*Rhymes and Reveries*", with soprano, Tracy Dahl, "*Prairie Voices*" with the Winnipeg Singers and "*Starry Night*", in benefit of Winnipeg Harvest.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree in Voice Performance for Ms. Marple.

Texts and Translations

In quali eccessi, o Numi... Mi tradì quell'alma ingrata

In quali eccessi, o Numi,
in quai misfatti orribili, tremendi
è avvolto il sciagurato!
Ah no, non potete tardar l'ira del cielo,

la giustizia tardar.
Sentir già parmi la fatale saetta,
che gli piomba sul capo!
Aperto veggio il baratro mortal!
Misera Elvira! Che contrasto d'affetti

in sen ti nasce!
Perché questi sospiri?
E quest'ambascie?

Mi tradì quell'alma ingrata,
infelice, o Dio, mi fa.
Ma tradita e abbandonata,
provo ancor per lui pietà.
Quando sento il mio tormento,
di vendetta il cor favella;
Ma, se guardo il suo cimento,
palpitando il cor mi va.

- Lorenzo da Ponte

Tu che di gel sei cinta

Tu che di gel sei cinta,
da tanta fiamma vinta,
l'amerai anche tu!
Prima di questa aurora,
io chiudo stanca gli occhi,
perchè egli vinca ancora...
Per non vederlo più!

- Giuseppe Adami & Renato Simoni

In what excesses, oh Gods... That ungrateful soul betrayed me

In what excesses, oh gods,
in what horrible, tremendous crimes
the scoundrel has involved himself!
Ah no! The wrath of Heaven cannot
delay,

justice cannot delay.
I already sense the fatal bolt
which is falling on his head!
I see the mortal abyss open...
Miserable Elvira, what contrasting
feelings
are born in your breast!
Why these sighs?
And this anguish?

That ungrateful soul betrayed me,
oh God, how unhappy he makes me!
Although betrayed and abandoned,
I still feel pity for him.
When I feel my suffering,
my heart speaks of vengeance;
But when I see the danger he is in,
my heart begins to throb for him.

- Trans. by Bard Suverkrop

You, who are girded with ice

You, who with ice are girded,
conquered by so much burning passion,
you will love him - you too!
Before this dawn
I, weary, will close my eyes
so that he may be victorious again...
So as never to see him again!

- Trans. by Martha Gerhart

La mort d'Ophélie

Après d'un torrent Ophélie
cueillait, tout en suivant le bord,
dans sa douce et tendre folie,
des pervenches, des boutons d'or,
des iris aux couleurs d'opale,
et de ces fleurs d'un rose pâle
qu'on appelle des doigts de mort.

Puis, élevant sur ses mains blanches
les riants trésors du matin,
elle les suspendait aux branches,
aux branches d'un saule voisin.

Mais trop faible le Rameau plie,
se brise, et la pauvre Ophélie
tombe, sa guirlande à la main.

Quelques instants sa robe enflée,
la tint encor sur le courant
et, comme une voile gonflée,
elle flottait toujours chantant,
chantant quelque vieille ballade,
chantant ainsi qu'une naïade
née au milieu de ce torrent.

Mais cette étrange mélodie
passa, rapide comme un son.
Par les flots la robe alourdie
bientôt dans l'abîme profond
entraîna la pauvre insensée,
laissant à peine commencée
sa mélodieuse chanson.

- Ernest Legouvé

The death of Ophelia

Near a stream, Ophelia
gathered, while following the shore,
in her sweet and tender madness,
periwinkles, buttercups,
irises with colours of opal,
and those flowers of pale rose
that are called fingers of death.

Then raising in her white hands
the smiling treasures of the morning,
she hung them in the branches,
the branches of a nearby willow tree.

But, too weak, the branch bends,
breaks, and poor Ophelia
falls, her garland in her hand.

For some moments her inflated robe
supported her yet upon the current,
and, like a swollen sail
she floated, ever singing,
singing some old ballad,
singing thus like a naiad
born in the middle of this torrent.

But this strange melody
passed, quickly as a sound.
In the waves the heavy robe
soon into the deep abyss
carried off the poor insane girl,
leaving behind scarcely begun
her melodious song.

- Trans. by Walter Charles Foster

Try Me, Good King

Katherine of Aragon

My most dear Lord, King, and Husband,

The hour of my death now drawing on, the tender love I owe you forces me to commend myself unto you and to put you in remembrance of the health and welfare of your soul. You have cast me into many calamities and yourself into many troubles. For my part, I pardon you everything, and I wish to devoutly pray God that He will pardon you also. For the rest, I commend unto you our daughter, Mary, beseeching you to be a good father unto her. Lastly, I make this vow: that my eyes desire you above all things.

- Katherine of Aragon to Henry VIII

Anne Boleyn

Try me, good king. Let me have a lawful trial, and let not my enemies sit as my accusers and judges. Let me receive an open trial for my truth shall fear no open shame. Never a prince had a wife more loyal in all duty, in all true affection, than you have found in Anne Boleyn. You have chosen me from low estate to be your wife and companion. Do you not remember the words of your own true hand? "My own darling, I would you were in my arms, for I think it long since I kissed you. My mistress and my friend..." Try me, good king. If ever I have found favour in your sight - if ever the name of Anne Boleyn has been pleasing to your ears - let me obtain this request and my innocence shall be known and cleared.

Good Christian people, I come hither to die, and by the law I am judged to die. I pray God save the king. I hear the executioner's good, and my neck is so little.

- Anne Boleyn to Henry VIII; Henry VIII's love letter to Anne Boleyn; Anne Boleyn's execution speech

Jane Seymour

Right trusty and Well-Beloved, we greet you well. For as much as be the inestimable goodness of Almighty God, we be delivered of a prince.

I love the rose, both red and white
To hear of them is my delight!
Joyed may we be,
Our prince to see,
And roses three!

- Jane Seymour to the Council; "Tudor Rose" - anonymous

Anne of Cleves

I have been informed by certain lords of the doubts and questions which have been found in our marriage. It may please your majesty to know that, though this case be most hard and sorrowful, I have and do accept the clergy for my judges. So now, the clergy hath given their sentence. I approve. I neither can nor will repute myself for your grace's wife, yet it may please your highness to take me for you sister, for which I most humbly thank you.

Your majesty's most humble sister,

Anne, daughter of Cleves

- Anne of Cleves to Henry VIII

Katherine Howard

God have mercy on my soul. Good people, I beg you pray for me. By the journey upon which I am bound, brothers, I have not wronged the King. But it is true that long before the King took me, I loved Thomas Culpepper. I wish to God I had done as Culpepper wished me, for at the time the King wanted me, Culpepper urged me to say that I was pledged to him. If I had done as he wished me I should not die this death, nor would he. God have mercy on my soul. Good people, I beg you pray for me. I die a queen, but I would rather die the wife of Culpepper.

- Katherine Howard's execution speech

Mignon Lieder

1.
Kennst du das Land,
wo die Zitronen blühen,
im dunkeln Laub
die Gold-Orangen glühen,
ein sanfter Wind
vom blauen Himmel weht,
die Myrte still
und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! Dahin möchte ich mit dir,

o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus?
Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,
es glänzt der Saal,
es schimmert das Gemach,
und Marmorbilder stehn
und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir,
du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! Dahin möchte ich mit dir,

o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg
und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht
im Nebel seinen Weg;
in Höhlen wohnt
der Drachen alte Brut;
es stürzt der Fels
und über ihn die Flut!

Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! Dahin geht unser Weg!
O Vater, laß uns ziehn!

Mignon's Songs

1.
Do you know the land
where the lemon trees blossom,
where in dark foliage
golden oranges glow,
where a gentle breeze
blows from the blue sky,
where the myrtle grows quietly
and the laurel tree stands tall?
Do you know it, perhaps?
There! There, I would like to go with
you,
oh my beloved.

Do you know the house?
its roof rests on columns,
the great hall gleams,
the chamber shimmers,
and marble statues stand
and look at me:
"What have they done to you,
you poor child?"
Do you know it, perhaps?
There! There, I would like to go with
you,
oh my protector.

Do you know the mountain
and its footpath in the clouds?
The mule seeks
its way through the mist;
in caves there lives
the ancient brood of dragons;
the rock falls away steeply,
and over it a torrent plunges
downward.

Do you know it, perhaps?
There! There lies our way!
Oh father, let us go!

3.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
von aller Freude,
seh ich ans Firmament
nach jener Seite!
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,
ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir,
es brennt mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
weiß, was ich leide!

5.
Heiss mich nicht reden,
heiss mich schweigen!
Denn mein Geheimnis
ist mir Pflicht.
Ich möchte
dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Zur rechten Zeit
vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
die finstre Nacht,
und sie muß sich erhellen;
der harte Fels
schließt seinen Busen auf,
mißgönnt der Erde nicht
die tiefverborgnen Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht
im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
dort kann die Brust
in Klagen sich ergießen;
allein ein Schwur
drückt mir die Lippen zu,
und nur ein Gott
vermag sie aufzuschließen.

3.
Only someone who knows longing
can know what I am suffering,
Alone and separated
from all joy,
I look at the sky
in that direction!
Ah! The one who loves and knows me
is far away.
My head is reeling,
it burns my entrails.
Only someone who knows longing
can know what I am suffering.

5.
Bid me not speak,
Bid me be silent!
For keeping my secret
is my duty.
I would like
to show you all my inner being
but fate does not allow me to.

At the right time
the sun will drive away
the dark night,
and night must turn to day;
the hard rock
will open up its bosom
and not begrudge the earth
its deep hidden springs.

Everyone seeks
peace in the arms of a friend,
there can the breast
pour itself out in lamentation;
but a vow
forces my lips to stay closed
and only a god
has the power to unlock them.

9.
So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
zieht mir das weiße Kleid nicht aus!

Ich eile von der schönen Erde
hinab in jenes feste Haus.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,
dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,

den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten,
sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,

und keine Kleider, keine Falten
umgeben den verklärten Leib.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,
doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug;
vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe,
macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Drei Leider der Ophelia

1.
Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb
vor andern nun?
An dem Muschelhut und Stab
und den Sandalschuhn.
Er ist tot und lange hin,
tot und hin, Fräulein!
Ihm zu haupten grünes Gras,
ihm zu Fuß ein Stein. O ho!
Auf seinem Bahrtuch,
weiß wie Schnee,
viel liebe Blumen trauern.
Sie gehn zu Grabe naß, o weh!
vor liebesschauern.

9.
So let me seem until I become such,
do not make me take off this white
dress!

I hurry from this beautiful earth
and go down into that secure house
below.

There shall I rest for a quiet little time;
then my refreshed eyes will open,
I shall leave behind this pure white
dress,
the girdle, and the wreath.

And those heavenly beings
will not ask who is a man, who is a
woman,
and no clothes, no draperies
will enclose the transfigured body.

True, I lived without care and trouble,
but I still felt deep pain often enough;
through sorrow I became old too early,
make me young again forever!

- Trans. by Beaumont Glass

Three songs of Ophelia

1.
How should I know my true love
from another one?
By his cocklehat and staff,
and his sandal shoon.
He is dead and long gone,
dead and gone, lady!
At his head a grass-green turf,
at his heels a stone. Oh, ho!
On his shroud,
white as snow,
many lovely flowers mourn.
They go to the grave, wet, oh woe!
with love's showers.

2.

Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag,
so früh vor Sonnenschein.
Ich junge Maid am Fensterschlag
will Euer Valentin sein.
Der junge Mann tut Hosen an,
tät auf die Kammertür,
ließ ein die Maid, die als Maid
ging nimmermehr herfür.
Bei Sankt Niklas und Charitas!
ein unverschämt Geschlecht!
Ein junger Mann tut's, wenn er kann,
fürwahr, das ist nicht recht.
Sie sprach: Eh Ihr
gescherzt mit mir,
versprach Ihr mich zu frein.
Ich bräch's auch nicht
beim Sonnenlicht,
wärst du nicht kommen herein.

3.

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß,
leider, ach leider, den Liebsten!
Manche Träne fiel in des Grabes Schoß
fahr wohl, fahr wohl, meine Taube!
Mein junger frischer Hänsel ist's,
der mir gefällt –
und kommt er nimmermehr?
Er ist tot, o weh!
In dein Totbett geh,
er kommt dir nimmermehr.
Sein Bart war weiß wie Schnee,
sein Haupt wie flachs dazu.
Er ist hin, er ist hin,
kein Trauern bringt Gewinn:
Mit seiner Seele Ruh,
und mit allen Christenseelen!
Darum bet ich!
Gott sei mit euch!

2.

Good morning, it's St. Valentine's day,
so early before the sunshine.
I, a young maid, at the window sash
want to be your valentine.
The young man put his trousers on,
opened the chamber door;
let in the maid, that out a maid,
never departed more.
By St. Nicholas and Charity!
An outrageous sex!
A young man does it, if he can,
truly, that is not right.
She said: before you
tumbled with me
you promised me to wed.
I would have done,
by yonder sun,
had you not come to my bed.

3.

They carried him barefaced on the bier,
– alas, ah, alas – the beloved one.
In his grave rained many a tear.
Farewell, farewell, my dove!
It is my bonny sweet Robin,
who pleases me –
and will he never come again?
He is dead, oh woe!
Go into your deathbed,
he will never come to you again.
His beard was white as snow,
his head was like flax.
He is gone, he is gone,
it is useless to mourn:
May his soul be at peace,
and all Christian souls!
Therefore, I pray!
God be with you!

- Trans. from original Shakespeare by
Karl Joseph Simrock

- Trans. by Beaumont Glass

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém,
světlo tvé daleko vidí,
po světě bloudíš širokém,
díváš se v přibytky lidí.
Měsíčku, postůj chvíli,
řekni mi, kde je můj milý!
Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,
mé že jej objímá rámě,
aby si alespoň chvíličku
vzpomenul ve snění na mne.
Zasvět' mu do daleka,
řekni mu, kdo tu naň čeká!
O mně-li duše lidská sní,
at se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!
Měsíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

- Jaroslav Kvapil

Moon in the broad sky

Moon in the broad sky,
your beams see afar,
around the entire Earth you roam,
you see into the homes of people.
Moon, pause for a moment,
answer me, where is my love?
Tell him, oh pale moon,
that my arms envelop him,
so that he, for at least a moment,
might see me in his dreams.
Give him your beams afar,
tell him that I wait for him here!
Oh, if his human heart dreams of me,
let this vision awaken!
Moon, stay with me, stay with me!

- Trans. by Robert L. Larsen

Thank you for coming!
Please join me for a reception in
the Arts Lounge following the
recital.