



University
of Victoria
School of
Music

DEGREE RECITAL

Sadie Karlsson, soprano

Alex Chen, piano
Julianna Reid, soprano

Monday, March 16th, 2026 | 8:00 PM
Phillip T. Young Recital Hall, MacLaurin Building
Free admission

We acknowledge and respect the Lək̓ʷəŋən (Songhees and X̱sepsəm/Esquimalt) Peoples on whose territory the university stands, and the Lək̓ʷəŋən and WSÁNEĆ Peoples whose historical relationships with the land continue to this day.

PROGRAM

Suleika, D. 720 Franz Schubert
(1797 – 1828)

Suleika II, D. 717

Drei lieder der Ophelia, Op. 67, Vol. 1 Richard Strauss
(1864 – 1949)
I. *Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb*
II. *Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag*
III. *Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß*

Le nozze di Figaro Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756 – 1791)
Recitativo: Giunse alfin il momento
Aria: Deh vieni, non tardar

L'amico Fritz Pietro Mascagni
(1863 – 1945)
Aria: Son pochi fiori

One Touch of Venus Kurt Weill
(1900 – 1950)
I'm a Stranger Here Myself

— INTERMISSION —

Mass in B minor, BWV 232 Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685 – 1750)
II. *Christe Eleison*

Julianna Reid, soprano

One Willow Grows Leslie Uyeda
(b. 1953)
I. *One Willow Grows*
II. *For the Child Who is Scared of the Dark*
III. *Solitude*

Fiançailles pour rire, FP 101 Francis Poulenc
(1899 – 1963)
I. *La dame d'André*
II. *Dans l'herbe*
III. *Il vole*
IV. *Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant*
V. *Violon*
VI. *Fleurs*

Sadie Karlsson is from the class of Professor Anne Grimm.

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the Bachelor of Music (Performance) program.*

Reception to follow in the Lounge.

Please silence all electronic devices.

TRANSLATIONS

Suleika I

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.

Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,
Kühlt auch mir die heissen Wangen,
Küsst die Reben noch im Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.

Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüsse;
Eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,
Grüssen mich wohl tausend Küsse.

Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!
Diene Freunden und Betrüben.
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,
Dort find' ich bald den Vielgeliebten.

Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebeshauch, erfrischtes Leben
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Atem geben.

Translation © Richard Wigmore, author of *Schubert: The Complete Song Texts* (Schirmer Books), provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org).

Suleika II

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;
Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.

Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;
Ach, für Leid müsst' ich vergehen,
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.

Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.

Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

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Suleika I

What does this stirring portend?
Is the east wind bringing me joyful tidings?
The refreshing motion of its wings
cools the heart's deep wound.

It plays caressingly with the dust,
throwing it up in light clouds,
and drives the happy swarm of insects
to the safety of the vine-leaves.

It gently tempers the burning heat of the sun,
and cools my hot cheeks;
even as it flies it kisses the vines
that adorn the fields and hillsides.

And its soft whispering brings me
a thousand greetings from my beloved;
before these hills grow dark
I shall be greeted by a thousand kisses.

Now you may pass on,
and serve the happy and the sad;
there, where high walls glow,
I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Ah, the true message of the heart,
the breath of love, renewed life
will come to me only from his lips,
can be given to me only by his breath.

Suleika II

Ah, West Wind, how I envy you
your moist wings;
for you can bring him word
of what I suffer separated from him.

The motion of your wings
awakens a silent longing within my breast.
Flowers, meadows, woods and hills
grow tearful at your breath.

But your mild, gentle breeze
cools my sore eyelids;
ah, I should die of grief
if I had no hope of seeing him again.

Hasten then to my beloved
speak softly to his heart –
but be careful not to distress him,
and conceal my suffering from him.

Tell him, but tell him humbly,
that his love is my life,
and that his presence will bring me
a joyous sense of both.

Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb

Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb
 Vor andern nun?
 An dem Muschelhut und Stab
 Und den Sandalschuh'n.

Er ist tot und lange hin,
 Tot und hin, Fräulein.
 Ihm zu Häupten 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.

German Translation by Karl Joseph Simrock for *Shakespeare in deutscher Übersetzung*
 Original Source Text from William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Act 4, Scene 5

Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag

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,
 Verspracht ihr mich zu frei'n.
 Ich bräch's auch nicht, bei'm Sonnenlicht!
 Wär'st du nicht kommen herein.

German Translation by Karl Joseph Simrock for *Shakespeare in deutscher Übersetzung*
 Original Source Text from William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Act 4, Scene 5

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß,
 Leider ach leider den Liebsten!
 Manche Träne fiel in des Grabes Schoß:
 Fahr' wohl, meine Taube!

Mein junger frischer Hansel ist's
 der mir gefällt,
 Und kommt er nimmermehr?
 Er ist tot, o weh!
 In dein Todbett 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!

German Translation by Karl Joseph Simrock for *Shakespeare in deutscher Übersetzung*
 Original Source Text from William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Act 4, Scene 5

How shall I know my true love

How shall I know my true love
 From others now?
 By his cockle hat and staff
 And his sandal shoes.

He is dead and long gone,
 Dead and gone, lady!
 At his head green grass,
 At his feet a stone. O, ho!

On his shroud white as snow
 Many sweet flowers mourn.
 They'll go wet to the grave, alas,
 Wet with love's showers.

Good morning, it's St. Valentine's Day

Good morning, it's St. Valentine's Day,
 So early before sunrise.
 I, young maid at the window,
 Shall be your Valentine.

The young man put trousers on,
 Opened up the chamber door,
 Let in the maid who as a maid
 Departed nevermore.

By St Nicholas and Charity,
 What a shameless breed!
 A young man does it when he can,
 Which is, forsooth, not right.

She said: before you trifled with me,
 You promised to marry me.
 I'd not, by sunlight! have broken my word,
 If you had not come in.

They carried him naked on the bier

They carried him naked on the bier,
 Alas, alas, the dear one!
 Many a tear dropped in the grave—
 Farewell, farewell, my dove!

My young fresh Johnnie it is
 I love—
 and will he come never more?
 He is dead, ah woe!
 To your deathbed go,
 He will come to you never more.

His beard was white as snow,
 His head was like flax.
 He is gone, he is gone,
 Nothing comes of mourning:
 May his soul rest in peace

Recitativo: Giunse alfin il momento

Giunse alfin il momento
 Che godrò senza affanno
 In braccio all'idol mio! Timide cure,
 Uscite dal mio petto,
 A turbar non venite il mio diletto!
 Oh, come par che all'amoroso foco
 L'amenità del loco,
 La terra e il ciel risponda!
 Come la notte i furti miei seconda!

Recitative: Finally the moment has arrived

Finally the moment has arrived
 for me to give myself to pleasure without worry
 in the arms of my beloved.
 Shame, begone from my heart,
 do not disturb my moment of joy!
 Oh, it seems that to my amorous fire
 the amenity of this place,
 the earth and the sky responds,
 like the night seconds my want!

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Aria: Deh vieni, non tardar

Deh, vieni, non tardar, o gioia bella,
 Vieni ove amore per goder t'appella.
 Finché non splende in ciel notturna face
 Finché l'aria è ancor bruna e il mondo tace.

Aria: Oh come, don't delay

Oh come, do not be late, my beloved,
 come where love calls you to pleasure
 until the night sky no longer glows,
 while the world is still dark and silent.

Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza l'aura,
 Che dolce sussurro il cor ristaura;
 Qui ridono i fioretti, e l'erba è fresca:
 Ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adescà.

Here murmurs the brook, the air dances,
 and with sweet whispers heals the heart,
 here flowers giggle and grass is crisp,
 everything entices the pleasures of love.

Vieni, ben mio: tra queste piante ascose
 Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

Come, dear, among these hidden trees,
 I want to crown your head with roses.

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Aria: Son pochi Fiori

Son pochi fiori, povere viole,
 Son l'alito d'aprile dal profumo gentile;
 Ed è per voi
 che le ho rapite al sole...
 Se avessero parole,
 le udreste mormorar:

Aria: Just a few flowers

Just a few flowers, poor violets,
 Their tender fragrance is the breath of April;
 And it is for you
 that I have taken them from the sunlight...
 If they could speak,
 You would hear them murmur:

Noi siamo figlie timide e pudiche
 Siamo le vostre amiche;
 Morremo questa sera,
 E saremo felici di dire voi,
 Che amate gl'infelici:
 Il ciel vi possa dar
 Tutto quel bene che si può sperar.

We are the timid and shy daughters of spring
 We are your friends;
 And although we will die this evening,
 We are happy to say to you,
 Who loves the less fortunate:
 May heaven grant you
 All that happiness that one can hope for.

Ed il mio cor aggiunge una parola
 Modesta, ma sincera:
 Eterna primavera La vostra vita sia,
 ch'altri consola...
 Deh, vogliate gradir
 Quanto vi posso offrir!

And my heart adds
 One modest but sincere word
 Shall your life which is a consolation to others
 Be an eternal spring
 Ah, please accept
 The little I have to offer you!

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Christe eleison

Christe eleison

Christ, have mercy upon us

Christ, have mercy upon us

La dame d'André

André ne connaît pas la dame
 Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la main.
 A-t-elle un coeur à lendemains,
 Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?

Au retour d'un bal campagnard
 S'en allait-elle en robe vague
 Chercher dans les meules la bague
 Des fiançailles au hasard?

A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit venue,
 Guettée par les ombres d'hier,
 Dans son jardin, lorsque l'hiver
 Entrait par la grande avenue?

Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur,
 Pour sa bonne humeur de Dimanche.
 Pâlira-t-elle aux feuilles blanches
 De son album des temps meilleurs?

André's lady

André does not know the lady^[SEP]
 whose hand he takes today in marriage.
 Does she have a heart for tomorrows
 And in the evening does she have a soul?

Coming back from a country dance
 did she go off in a light dress
 to look in the grinding stones for the ring
 of a chance engagement?

Was she afraid once the night came,
 threatened by the shadows of yesterday,
 in her garden, when the winter
 entered through the grand avenue?

He had loved her for her complexion,
 for her good Sunday humor.
 Will she pale at the white leaves
 of her album of better times?

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Dans l'herbe

Je ne peux plus rien dire
 Ni rien faire pour lui
 Il est mort de sa belle
 Il est mort de sa mort belle
 Dehors
 Sous l'arbre de la Loi
 En plein silence
 En plein paysage
 Dans l'herbe

Il est mort inaperçu
 En criant son passage
 En appelant, en m'appelant
 Mais comme j'étais loin de lui,
 Et que sa voix ne portait plus
 Il est mort seul dans les bois
 Sous son arbre d'enfance
 Et je ne peux plus rien dire
 Ni rien faire pour lui.

In the grass

I can say nothing more
 Do nothing more for him.
 He died for his fair one
 He died a fair death
 Outside
 Beneath the tree of Justice
 In utter silence
 In open country
 In the grass.

He died unnoticed
 Crying out as he passed away
 Calling, calling me
 But since I was far from him
 And since his voice no longer carried
 He died alone in the woods
 Beneath his childhood tree
 And I can say nothing more
 Do nothing more for him.

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 provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)

Il vole

En allant se coucher le soleil
 Se reflète au vernis de ma table:
 C'est le fromage rond de la fable
 Au bec de mes ciseaux de vermeil.
 Mais où est le corbeau ? Il vole.

Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant
 Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.
 Sur la place les joueurs de quilles
 De belle en belle passent le temps.
 Mais où est mon amant ? Il vole.

C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant,
 Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole,
 Voleur de cœur manque à sa parole
 Et voleur de fromage est absent.
 Mais où est le bonheur ? Il vole.
 Mais où est le bonheur ? Il vole.

Je pleure sous le saule pleureur
 Je mêle mes larmes à ses feuilles
 Je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille
 Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.
 Mais où donc est l'amour ? Il vole.

Trouvez la rime à ma déraison
 Et par les routes du paysage
 Ramenez-moi mon amant volage
 Qui prend les cœurs et perd ma raison.
 Je veux que mon voleur me vole.

He steals away

Along with the setting of the sun,
 it reflects on the varnish of my table:
 It's the round cheese of the fable
 at the beak of my ruby scissors.
 But where is the crow? He steals away.

I'd like to sew but a magnet
 attracts all my needles.
 On the square the lawn bowlers
 pass their time flirting.
 But where's my lover? He steals away.

It's a thief that I have for a lover,
 The crow flies and my lover steals,
 Heart-stealer doesn't keep his word
 and the cheese stealer is absent.
 But where's happiness? He steals it.
 But where's happiness? It flies away.

I weep under the weeping willow;
 I mix my tears with its leaves.
 I cry because I want someone to want me,
 but I don't please my thief.
 But where then is love? It flies away.

Find the reason in my rhyme
 And from the routes of the countryside
 Bring me back my flighty lover
 Who steals hearts and loses my mind.
 I want my thief to steal me away.

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Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
 Doux comme un gant de peau glacée
 Et mes prunelles effacées
 Font de mes yeux des cailloux blancs.

Deux cailloux blancs dans mon visage
 Dans le silence deux muets
 Ombrés encore d'un secret
 Et lourds du poids mort des images.

Mes doigts tant de fois égarés
 Sont joints en attitude sainte
 Appuyés au creux de mes plaintes
 Au noeud de mon coeur arrêté.

Et mes deux pieds sont des montagnes,
 Les deux derniers monts que j'ai vus
 À la minute où j'ai perdu
 La course que les années gagnent.

Mon souvenir est ressemblant,
 Enfants emportez-le bien vite,
 Allez, allez, ma vie est dite.
 Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant.

My cadaver is soft like a glove

My cadaver is soft like a glove
 Soft like a glove of frozen skin
 and my erased pupils
 make white pebbles out of my eyes.

Two white pebbles in my face
 In the silence, two deaf-mutes
 shadowed still by a secret
 and heavy with the dead weight of images.

My oft-wandering fingers
 press together in a saintly pose
 on the hollow of my laments
 at the knot of my stopped heart.

And my two feet are mountains
 the last hills that I saw
 in the minute that I lost
 the race that the years had gained.

My memory is life-like,
 Children, carry it away quickly.
 Go on, Go on, my life is spoken for.
 My cadaver is soft like a glove.

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Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
Ah! J'aime ces gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
À l'heure où les Lois se taisent
Le coeur en forme de fraise
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.

Violin

Loving couple of misapprehended sounds
Violin and player please me.
Ah! I love these long wailings
Stretched on the string of disquiet,
To the sound of strung-up chords
At the hour when Justice is silent
The heart, shaped like a strawberry,
Gives itself to love like an unknown fruit.

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provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)

Fleurs

Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas,
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?

Flowers

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,
Flowers from a step's parentheses,
Who brought you these flowers in winter
Sprinkled with the sea's sand?

Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre
Et dans la cheminée
Un coeur en rubanné de plaintes
Brûle avec ses images saintes.

Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves
Your lovely eyes are ashes
And in the hearth
A moan-beribboned heart
Burns with its sacred images.

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