



McGill



Schulich School of Music
École de musique Schulich

Salle Redpath Hall

3461, rue McTavish, Montréal, QC

www.mcgill.ca/music

Le vendredi 25 avril 2025
à 17h

Friday, April 25, 2025
5:00 PM

Récital de baccalauréat

Bachelor's Recital

Paige Boulet

soprano

classe d' / class of
Annamaria Popescu

Dorothea Ventura, clavecin / harpsichord

Stabat Mater, Pianto Della Madonna

Giovanni Felice Sances

Seth Dempsey, luth / lute; **Tor Ellergodt**, violoncelle baroque / baroque cello

Stabat Mater

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi

Sancta Mater, istud agas

Janelle Hutten, mezzo-soprano

Sierra Olsthoorn, Jane Mockus, violons baroques / baroque violin

Timothy Holman, alto baroque / baroque viola

Tor Ellergodt, violoncelle baroque / baroque cello

Ach! dieser süße Trost... Ich wünschte mir den Tod, *Selig ist der Mann*

Johann Sebastian Bach

Sierra Olsthoorn, Jane Mockus, violons baroques / baroque violin

Timothy Holman, alto baroque / baroque viola

Tor Ellergodt, violoncelle baroque / baroque cello

Lasciate Averno, *L'Orfeo*

Luigi Rossi

Sierra Olsthoorn, Jane Mockus, violons baroques / baroque violin

Timothy Holman, alto baroque / baroque viola

Tor Ellergodt, violoncelle baroque / baroque cello

Seth Dempsey, luth / lute



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Léandre et Hero

Louis-Nicolas Clérambault

Ritornello: Loin de la jeune Hero, Non, c'est trop soutenir les tourments de l'absence

Recitative: A ces mots, du rivage il s'elance sans crainte

Ritornello-Aria: Dieu des mers, suspendez l'inconstance de l'onde

Recitative: Cependant sur les flots, cet amant genereux

Prelude: Tous les vents dechaines se declarent la guerre

Recitative: C'en est fait, it perit

Ritornello: Amour, Tyran deas tendres coeurs

Sierra Olsthoorn, Jane Mockus, violons baroques / baroque violin

Tor Ellergodt, violoncelle baroque / baroque cello

O that I on wings could rise, *Theodora*

George Frederic Handel

Sierra Olsthoorn, Jane Mockus, violons baroques / baroque violin

Tor Ellergodt, violoncelle baroque / baroque cello

Ce concert fait partie des épreuves imposées aux étudiants pour l'obtention de leur diplôme respectif.

This concert is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree or diploma programme of the student listed.

Text & Translations

Sances: Stabat Mater

La pianta della Madonna

Stabat Mater dolorosa iuxta crucem lacrimosa
dum pendebat Filius

*The grieving Mother stood beside the cross weeping
where her Son was hanging.*

Cuius animam gementem contristatam et
dolentem pertransiuit gladius

*Through her weeping soul, Compassionate and
grieving, a sword passed.*

O quam tristis et afflicta fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti

*O how sad and afflicted was that blessed
Mother of the Only-begotten!*

Quae moerebat et dolebat et tremebat cum
videbat nati poenas incliti

*Who mourned and grieved, the pious Mother, with
seeing the torment of her glorious Son.*

Quis est homo qui non fleret Matri Christi si
videret in tanto supplicio?

*Who is the man who would not weep if seeing the
Mother of Christ in such agony?*

Quis non posset contristari Matrem Christi
contemplari dolentem cum filio?

*Who would not be have compassion on beholding the
devout mother suffering with her Son?*

Pro peccatis suae gentis vidit Iesum in
tormentis et flagellis subditum

*For the sins of His people she saw Jesus in torment
and subjected to the scourge.*

Vidit suum dulcem natum moriendo
desolatum dum emisit spiritum

*She saw her sweet Son dying, forsaken,
while He gave up His spirit.*

Eia Mater, fons amoris, me sentire vim doloris
fac ut tecum lugeam

*O Mother, fountain of love, make me feel the power of
sorrow, that I may grieve with you.*

Fac ut ardeat cor meum in amando Christum
Deum ut sibi complaceam

*Grant that my heart may burn in the love of the Lord
Christ that I may greatly please Him.*

Sancta Mater, istud agas, crucifixi fige plagas
cordi meo valide

*Holy Mother, grant this of yours, that the wounds of
the Crucified be well-formed in my heart.*

Tui nati vulnerati tam dignati pro me pati
poenas mecum divide

*Grant that the punishment of your wounded Son,
so worthily suffered for me, may be shared with me.*

Fac me vere tecum flere crucifixo condolere
donec ego vixero

*Let me sincerely weep with you, bemoan the Crucified,
for as long as I live.*

Iuxta crucem tecum stare te libenter sociare in
planctu desidero

*To stand beside the cross with you, and for me freely to
join you in mourning, this I desire.*

Virgo virginum praeclara mihi iam non sis
amara fac me tecum plangere

Fac ut portem Christi mortem passionis eius
sortem et plagas recolere

Fac me plagis vulnerari cruce hac inebriari ob
amorem filii

Inflammatum et accensum, per te, Virgo, sim
defensus in die iudicii

Fac me cruce custodiri morte Christi
praemuniri confoveri gratia

Quando corpus morietur fac ut animae
donetur paradisi gloria. Amen

*Chosen Virgin of virgins, to me, now, be not bitter;
let me mourn with you.*

*Grant that I may bear the death of Christ, grant me
the fate of His passion and the remembrance of His
wounds.*

*Let me be wounded with distress, inebriated in this
way by the cross because of love of your Son.*

*Lest I be destroyed by fire, set alight, then through you,
Virgin, may I be defended on the day of judgement.*

*Let me be guarded by the cross, fortified by the death
of Christ, and cherished by grace.*

*When my body dies, grant that to my soul is given
the glory of paradise. Amen.*

Pergolesi : Sancta Mater, istud agas from *Stabat Mater*

Verses 11-15 of the *Stabat Mater* text (above)

Bach: Ach! dieser süße Trost... Ich wünschte mir den Tod

Ach! dieser süße Trost
Erquickt auch mir mein Herz,
Das sonst in Ach und Schmerz
Sein ewige Leiden findet
Und sich als wie ein Wurm in seinem Blute
windet.
Ich muß als wie ein Schaf
Bei tausend rauhen Wölfen leben;
Ich bin ein recht verlaßnes Lamm,
Und muß mich ihrer Wut
Und Grausamkeit ergeben.
Was Abeln dort betraf,
Erpresset mir auch diese Tränenflut.
Ach! Jesu, wüßt ich hier
Nicht Trost von dir,
So müßte Mut und Herze brechen,
Und voller Trauren sprechen:

*Ah, this sweet consolation
revives my heart also
which otherwise in grief and sorrow
find everlasting pain for itself
and twists around like a worm in its blood.
I have to live like a sheep
among a thousand wild wolves;
I am a lamb that is really abandoned
and I must submit to their rage
and cruelty
What Abel met with in this life,
wings also from me this flood of tears.
Ah! Jesus, if I knew here
no consolation from you
then my heart and courage would have to break
and full of sadness say:*

Ich wünschte mir den Tod, den Tod,
Wenn du, mein Jesu, mich nicht liebtest.
Ja wenn du mich annoch betrübtest,
So hätt ich mehr als Höllennot.

*I would wish for myself death, death,
If you my Jesus, did not love me.
Indeed, if you were still causing me distress,
I would have anguish greater than hell.*

Rossi: Lasciate Averno

Lasciate Averno, o pene, e me, e me seguitel!
Quel ben ch'a me si toglie Riman là giù,
Né ponno angoscie e doglie
Star già mai seco unite.
Più penoso ricetto
Più disperato loco
Del mio misero petto
Non hà l'eterno foco;
Son le miserie mie solo infinite.
Lasciate Averno, o pene, e me, e me seguitel!

*Leave hell, Oh pain, and follow me,
The beloved one who was taken from me stays below.
Agony and grief
Must part us.
The harshest corner,
The most desolate part of my heart,
Does not burn with eternal fire.
Only my miseries are infinite.
Leave hell, oh pain, and follow me!*

E voi, del Tracio suol piaggie ridenti,
Ch'imparando à gioir de la mia Cetra
Gareggiaste con l'Etra.
Hor, all'aspetto sol de' miei tormenti,
D'horror vi ricoprite.
E tu, Cetra infelice,
Oblia, gli accenti tuoi già sì canori.
E per ogni pendice Vien pur meco
Piangendo i miei dolori.
Son le gioie per noi tutte smarite
Lasciate Averno, o pene, e me, e me seguitel!

*And you, the laughing shores of Thrace,
Who learned to rejoice in the song of my lyre
And vied with heaven's vault,
Now, seeing some of my torment,
Hide yourself in dismay.
And you, unhappy lyre,
Forget your sounds once so melodious,
And over every hillside
Come with me
Ever lamenting my grief.
Joys are for us utterly lost.
Leave hell, oh pains, and follow me!*

Ma che tardo à morire,
Se può con lieta sorte
Ricondurmi la morte
Alla bella cagion del mio languire?
A morire!

*But why delay dying, but why delay dying,
If, with happy fortune,
Death can lead me again to the lovely cause of
my pining?
Ah! To die!*

Clérambault: *Leandre et Hero*

Loin de la jeune Héro, le fidèle Léandre
formait d'inutiles désirs.
"Cher objet," disait-il, "de mes ardents
soupirs,
À quel bonheur sans vous puis-je jamais
prétendre?
Quoi? Vainement vous partagez mes feux?
La mer inhumaine et barbare,
Oppose un fier obstacle au plus doux de mes
vœux.
Peux-tu souffrir, Amour, qu'elle sépare deux
cœurs
que tu veux rendre heureux?"

Non, c'est trop soutenir les tourments de
l'absence.
N'écoutons plus que mon amour!
Et toi, Vénus, j'implore ta puissance;
Trahirais-tu mon espérance
Sur les flots dont tu tiens le jour?"

À ces mots, du rivage il s'élançe sans crainte,
Le silence et la nuit lui prêtent leur secours,
Et l'amoureuse ardeur dont son âme est
atteinte,
Lui cache le peril que menace ses jours.

"Dieu de mers, suspendez l'inconstance de
l'onde,
Calmez les vents impétueux.
L'Amour expose à vos flots dangereux
Le plus fidèle amant du monde.
Volez, tendres zéphyrs,
Conduisez cet amant fidèle où mille fois,
Touché de sa peine cruelle,
Vous avez porté ses soupirs."

Cependant sur les flots cet amant généreux
Trouvait un facile passage,
Le ciel semblait favoriser ses vœux.
Il aperçait déjà le fortune rivage
Quand tout à coup Borée en sortant
d'esclavage,
Change un calme si doux en un orage affreux.

*Separated from young Hero, faithful Leander
had unfulfilled desires.
He said, "Dear object of my ardent sighs,
what happiness can I ever have without you?
What? Do you share my ardent love in vain?
The inhumane and barbarous sea
puts up a proud barrier to my sweetest vows.
Love! Can you allow the sea to separate two hearts
that you want to make happy?"*

*No, the torments of absence are too much to bear.
Let us bear nothing but my love!
And you, Venus, I implore your power;
did you betray my hope
on the waves, over which you have control?"*

*Silence and night offer their help to him,
and the loving ardor with which his soul is on fire
hides from him the peril that threatens his life.*

*"God of the seas, stop the turbulence of the waves,
calm the impetuous winds.
Love exposes to your dangerous tides
the most faithful lover in the world.
Fly, gentle zephyrs,
lead this faithful lover to where a thousand times,
touched by his cruel anguish,
you have borne his sighs."*

*While on the waves this generous lover
had easy progress,
the sky seemed to favor his pledges.
He already glimpses the happy shore,
when all at once the north wind, breaking out of
bondage,
changes the sweet calm into a frightful storm.*

Tous les vents déchaînés se déclarent la guerre,
Le foudre éclate dans les cieux,
Et la mer irritée au dessus du tonnerre,
Porte ses flots audacieux.
Dans ce péril pressant, Léandre, qui se trouble,
Ne saurait échaper au trépas qui le suit.
L'obscurité qui se redouble
Dérobe à ses regards le flambeau de la nuit.

C'en est fait, il périt. Cette affreuse nouvelle
De la sensible Héro perte le triste cœur.
Elle succombe à son malheur;
Et dans les mêmes flots cette amante fidèle
Finit sa vie et sa douleur.
Mais, Neptune, touché d'une flâmme si belle,
Reçait ces deux Amants au rang des
immortels,
Et réparant du sort l'injustice cruelle
Unit leurs tendres cœurs par des nœuds
éternels.

Amour, tyran des tendres cœurs,
Arrache ton bandeau, connais ton injustice
Et ne laisse plus au caprice
À décider de tes faveurs.
Tu répands tes biens et tes peines
Dans un funeste aveuglement;
Toujours sur le plus tendre amant
Tombent tes rigueurs inhumaines.

Handel: O that I on wings could rise!

But why art thou disquieted, my soul?
Hark! Heav'n invites thee
in sweet rapt'rous strains,
To join the ever-singing, ever-loving choir
Of saints and angels in the courts above.

Oh, that I on wings could rise,
Swiftly sailing through the skies,
As skims the silver dove!
That I might rest, forever blest,
With harmony and love.

*All the unleashed winds declare war on each other;
the lightning explodes in the sky,
and the sea, angrier than the thunder,
raises its bold waves.
In this urgent danger, Leandre, who is fearful,
cannot escape the death which pursues him.
The darkness, intensifying,
extinguishes the torch of night.*

*It is done; he dies. This frightful news
pierces the sad heart of the sensitive Hero.
She surrenders to her grief;
and in the same waves, this faithful lover
ends her life and her sorrow.
But, Neptune, touched by such a beautiful love,
receives these two lovers into the ranks of the
immortals
and, rectifying the cruel injustice of fate,
unites their tender hearts with eternal bonds.*

*Love, tyrant of tender hearts,
take off your blindfold, acknowledge your injustice
and no longer allow caprice
to decide your favors.
You spread your favors and your pains
with a disastrous blindness;
always on the tenderest lover
fall your inhumane adversities.*