



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Master's Recital I

Difei Wu, Soprano

Narmina Afandiyeva, Piano

September 26th, 2022 at 7:30 PM
Walter Hall

PROGRAMME

Su le sponde del Tebro

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

Recitativo - Su le sponde del Tebro
Aria - Contentatevi o fidi pensieri
Recitativo - Mesto Stanco e spirante dal duol che l'opprimea
Largo - Infelici miei lumi già che soli
Aria - Dite almeno, astri crudeli
Recitativo - All'aura, al cielo, ai venti pastorello
Aria - Tralascia pur di piangere, povero afflitto cor

Selected Songs

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

Frühlingslied (Op. 71, No. 2)
Des Mädchens Klage (WoO 23)
Neue Liebe (Op. 19a, No.4)
Nachtlied (Op. 71, No. 6)

INTERMISSION

Trois Mélodies

Denis Bédard*
(b.1950)

Taisez-vous, bruits du soir
Incognito
Cage d'oiseau

Selected Songs

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Fairest Isle, all isles excelling
The Knotting Song

Selected Songs

Three Wishes of the Rose (玫瑰三愿)
Under the Silvery Moonlight (在银色的月光下)
Ma Yi La (玛依拉)

Zi Huang (1904-1938)**
Folk Song**
Folk Song**

**Fulfills the Canadian Repertoire Requirement.*

***Fulfills the BIPOC/Underrepresented Composers/Poets Repertoire Requirement.*

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Master of Music Degree in Performance
Difei Wu is a student of Nathalie Paulin

I (we) wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and most recently, the Mississaugas of the Credit River. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.



Difei Wu, from Zhejiang, China, received her Bachelor of Music from Brandon University in Manitoba and is currently pursuing her Master of Music in vocal performance at University of Toronto under Prof. Nathalie Paulin. Difei has sung with Lanxi City Choir, Brandon University 's Concert Choir, New Music Ensemble, BU Chorale, as well as Brandon Central United Church Choir. She has also performed at Brandon Festival of the Arts and Winnipeg New Music Festival, at which she was honoured to get an opportunity to work in the new music Project 94. RIMS at Trinity Laban Conservatoire in London, UK. As a Chinese, Difei loves her culture and music, she has volunteered years as a traditional music performer for the Brandon University Chinese Student and Scholar Association.

Alessandro Scarlatti's cantata *Su le sponde del Tebro* has little to suggest a precise dating, it is believed to have been composed between 1690 and 1695, in his twenty-year sojourn as maestro di cappella to the royal court in Naples. The general character of *Su le sponde del Tebro* is pastoral, exploring the conventional situation of an unrequited love. The arias and recitatives are designed to contrast and complement one another both emotionally and musically to describe the story of lovelorn Aminto.

Su le sponde del Tebro

Recitativo

Su le sponde del Tebro
ove le Dee latine
fecero à gl'Archi
lor corde del crine,
colà, colà Aminta il fido
da Clori vilipeso
con dolore infinito
disse al ciel',
disse al mondo,
io son tradito!

Aria

Contentatevi,
o fidi pensieri,
trattenervi per guardie
al mio core.

Che gl'affanni gigantic guerrieri
dan'l'assalto
et è duce il dolore.

Recitativo

Mesto, stanco e spirante
dal duol che l'opprimea,
rivolto a gl'occhi suoi,
così dicea:

Largo

Infelici miei lumi
già che soli noi siamo,
aprite il varco al pianto,
e concedete al core,
che tramandi su gl'occhi
il mio dolore.

On the banks of the River Tiber

On the banks of the River Tiber
where the Latin Goddesses
they made to the Arches
their horsehair ropes,
there, there Aminta the trusty
from vilified Chloris
with infinite pain
he cried to the heaven,
he cried to the earth,
I am betrayed!

Be content,
o faithful thoughts,
to remain guardians
to my heart.

Assaulted by sorrow and anxiety
those mighty warriors
whose leader is pain.

Sad, exhausted and dying
from the pain that oppressed it,
turned to his eyes,
thus spoke:

Unhappy lights
since we are alone,
open the gate to tears,
and suffer my heart,
to pour through thy lids
my pain.

Aria

Dite almeno
astri crudeli
quando mai vi offese il petto,
che ricetto
voi lo fate di dolore.

E già martire d'amore
nelle lagrime fedeli
a sperar solo è costretto.

Recitativo

All'aura, al cielo, ai venti
pastorello gentil così parlava,
e pur l'aura crudel fido adorava.

Ma conoscendo alfine
che nè pianti, nè preghi
sapevano addolcire
un cor di sasso
risoluto e costante
così disse al cor schernito,
schernito amante.

Aria

Tralascia pur di piangere,
povero afflitto cor,
che sprezzato dal tuo fato
non ti resta
che compiangere d'un infida il suo rigor.

Say at least
cruel stars
when did my heart offend you,
that you
thus fill it with grief.

Martyred for love
It is constrained
to hope in tears of hope.

To the air, to the sky, to the winds
gentle shepherd thus spoke,
and yet the cruel air he adored.

But knowing in the end
that neither cry nor pray
could soften
a heart of stone
firmly and resolutely
said to the scorned heart,
mocked lover.

Forget about crying,
poor afflicted heart,
since despised by fate
nothing remains to thee
than to lament the cruelty of a faithless one.

Selected songs of Felix Mendelssohn

Frühlingslied

Der Frühling naht mit Brausen,
Er rüstet sich zur Tat,
Und unter Sturm und Sausen
Keimt still die grüne Saat;
Drum wach, erwach, du Menschenkind,
Dass dich der Lenz nicht schlafend find'!

Tu ab die Wintersorgen,
Empfange frisch den Gast;
Er fliegt wie junger Morgen,
Er hält nicht lange Rast.
Die Knospe schwillt, die Blume blüht
Die stunde eilt, der Frühling flieht.

Dir armen Menschenkinde
Ist wund und weh ums Herz,
Auf, spreng getrost die Rinde,
Schau mutig frühlingwärts!
Es schmilzt das Eis, die Quelle rinnt,
Dir taut der Schmerz und löst sich lind.

Und wie die Vöglein leise
Anstimmen ihren Chor,
So schall auch deine Weise
Aus tiefster Brust hervor:
Bis nicht verarmt, bis nicht allein,
Umringt von Sang und Sonnenschein!

Karl Klingemann (1798-1862)

Des Mädchens Klage

Der Eichenwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Mägdlein sitzt an Ufers Grün;
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
Und sie seufzt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
Das Auge vom Weinen getrübet.

Spring Song

Spring is approaching with a roar,
Preparing itself for action,
And beneath the storm and winds
The seeds are growing;
Awaken now mankind,
So spring does not find you still sleeping!

Cast off winter cares,
Bid a fresh welcome to the visitor;
He hastens like a new morning,
And doesn't stop long to rest.
The buds swell, the flowers bloom,
The hour rushes by and spring flies along.

Poor mankind
With hearts so sore and tender,
Arise, break with comfort those bonds,
Look bravely at spring's arrival!
The ice is melting, the stream flows,
Your pain is eased and gently dissolves.

And as the silent birds
Take up their song once more,
So shall melody swell up
From the depths of your soul:
Until, free of cares and isolation,
You are enveloped in song and sunshine!

Translation from Hyperion website

The Maiden's Complaint

The oakwood dins, the welkins teem,
The maiden sits by a shore's green;
And billows break themselves with might,
And she sighs out into the mirky night,
Her eyes bedimmed from tears enough.

Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter gibt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geleet!

Friedrich Schiller (1759-1805)

Neue Liebe

In dem Mondenschein im Walde
Sah ich jüngst die Elfen reiten,
Ihre Hörner hört' ich klingen,
Ihre Glöcklein hört' ich läuten.

Ihre weißen Rößlein trugen
Gold'nes Hirschgeweih' und flogen
Rasch dahin; wie wilde Schwäne
Kam es durch die Luft gezogen.

Lächelnd nickte mir die Kön'gin,
Lächelnd, im Vorüberreiten.
Galt das meiner neuen Liebe?
Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Nachtlied

Vergangen ist der lichte Tag,
Von ferne kommt der Glocken Schlag;
So reist die Zeit die ganze Nacht,
Nimmt manchen mit, der's nicht gedacht.

Wo ist nun hin die bunte Lust,
Des Freundes Trost und treue Brust,
Der Liebsten süßer Augenschein?
Will keiner mit mir munter sein?

Frisch auf denn, liebe Nachtigall,
Du Wasserfall mit hellem Schall!
Gott loben wollen wir vereint,
Bis daß der lichte Morgen scheint!

Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

My heart is dead, the world has naught,
Naught more to grant my wish or thought.
O holy God, take back thy child from this,
I have delighted well in earthly bliss
For I have lived and I have loved.

Translation from lyricstranslate.com

New Love

In the moonlight of the forest
I saw of late the elves riding,
I heard their horns resounding,
I heard their little bells ring.

Their little white horses
Had golden antlers and flew
Quickly past; like wild swans
They came through the air.

With a smile the queen nodded to me,
With a smile she rode quickly by,
Was it to herald a new love?
Or does it signify death?

Translation by Richard Stokes

Night Song

Daylight has departed,
The sound of bells comes from afar;
Thus time moves on throughout the night,
Taking many an unwitting soul.

Where now is all the garish joy,
The comforting breast of a faithful friend,
The sweet light of the loved one's eyes?
Will no one stay awake with me?

Strike up then, dear nightingale,
You cascade of bright sound!
Together we shall praise *God*,
Until the light of morning dawns!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Trois Mélodies was composed by Canadian composer Denis Bédard, and the texts were written by poet Hector de Saint-Denys Garneau who was considered the first modernist poet in Quebec. Saint-Denys Garneau had been suffering from heart problems, as in *Trois Mélodies*, Denis Bédard uses chromaticism, dynamics and expressive modulations to highlight the poet's unique perspective on the unknown, death, struggle and black humour.

Taisez-vous, bruits du soir

Taisez-vous, bruits du soir
qui m'occupiez jadis
Aux heures de regret et puis de lassitude
J'ai besoin de rêver en pleine quiétude
Car je veux écouter ce que mon coeur me dit

Et mon rêve d'argent est si fragile et pale
Que le moindre murmure et le plus fugitif
Pourrait me le tuer au coeur ce cher captif
Et j'aurais peur encore de ne chanter qu'un rôle

Hector de Saint-Denys Garneau (1912-1943)

Incognito

Comme eût fait un Pierrot sous son noir domino
Moi je profite aussi de cet incognito
Pour dire que vos yeux ont emporté mon âme
Oh si rapidement que... pouf! Elle a pris flamme

Et que depuis ce jour, que depuis cet instant,
Tout en rêvant à vous, je brûle doucement.
Qui je suis? Oh! Cela c'est mon triste secret
Et bien rusé celui qui brise le cachet.

Je suis un pauvre coeur
que vous avez charmé, Un pauvre coeur
qui aime et qui n'est pas aimé.
Qui je suis? Un jeune homme cela vous le savez
Ne cherchez pas, jamais vous ne devinerez.

Hector de Saint-Denys Garneau (1912-1943)

Be quiet, noise of the evening

Be quiet, noise of the evening,
who used to occupy my thoughts
At the hours of regret and of lassitude
I need to dream in complete quietude
Because I want to listen to what my heart tells me

And my silver dream is so fragile and pale
That the subtlest murmur and the most elusive one
Could kill this dear captive one, in my heart
And I fear I would still only be able to sing a rattle
sound

Translation by Nathalie Paulin

Incognito

As a Pierrot under his black cloak
I, too, avail myself of this incognito
To say that your eyes have ravished my soul
Oh so quickly that... pouf! It burst into flames

And since that day, since that moment
While dreaming about you, I slowly burn.
Who am I? Oh! This is my sad secret
And cunning is he who breaks the seal.

I am a poor heart
that has been charmed by you, a poor heart
who loves and is not loved in return.
Who am I? A young man, this part you know
But don't look further, you will never guess.

Translation by Nathalie Paulin

Cage d'oiseau

Je suis une cage d'oiseau
Une cage d'os
Avec un oiseau

L'oiseau dans ma cage d'os
C'est la mort qui fait son nid

Lorsque rien n'arrive
On entend froisser ses ailes

Et quand on a ri beaucoup
Si l'on cesse tout à coup
On l'entend qui roucoule
Au fond
Comme un grelot

C'est un oiseau tenu captif
La mort dans ma cage d'os

Voudrait-il pas s'envoler
Est-ce vous qui le retiendrez
Est-ce moi
Qu'est-ce que c'est

Il ne pourra s'en aller
Qu'après avoir tout mangé
Mon cœur
La source de sang
Avec la vie dedans

Il aura mon âme au bec

Hector de Saint-Denys Garneau (1912-1943)

Bird Cage

I am a bird cage
A bone cage
With a bird

The bird in my bone cage
Is death making its nest

When nothing is happening
I hear its wings ruffling

And when I've laughed a lot
If I suddenly stop
I hear it chirping
Deep down
Like a tiny alarm

It is a bird held captive
Death in my bone cage

Wouldn't it like to fly away
Is it you who makes it stay
Or is it me
I can't say

It cannot leave until
Having eaten all
My heart
The blood source
With the life inside

It will have my soul in its beak.

Translation by George J. Dance

Selected songs of Henry Purcell

Fairest isle, all isles excelling

Fairest isle, all isles excelling,
Seat of pleasure and of love
Venus here will choose her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian grove.
Cupid from his fav'rite nation
Care and envy will remove;
Jealousy, that poisons passion,
And despair, that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love
Soft repulses, kind disdainings,
Shall be all the pains you prove.
Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for love.

John Dryden (1631-1700)

The Knotting Song

Hears not my Phyllis how the birds
Their feathered mates salute?
They tell their passion in their words:
Must I alone be mute?

So many months in silence past,
And yet in raging love,
Might well deserve one word at last
My passion should approve.

Must then your faithful swain expire,
And not one look obtain,
Which he, to soothe his fond desire,
Might pleasingly explain?

Phyllis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

Sir Charles Sedley (1639-1701)

Three Wishes of the Rose was composed in 1932, China was in a chaotic period of war at that time. When poet Qi Long saw the roses withering on the ground, he was sad and touched. In order to encourage people in distress, Qi wrote down this poem, he uses the rose to symbolize a woman who was unwilling to her fate and looking forward to a bright future.

玫瑰三愿

玫瑰花，玫瑰花，烂开在碧栏杆下。

我愿那：妒我的无情风雨莫吹打！

我愿那：爱我的多情游客莫攀摘！

我愿那：红颜常好不凋谢，好教我留住芳华。

龙七(1902-1966)

Three Wishes of the Rose

I am a rose blossoming under the jade rail.

I hope the jealous wind and rain
not to make me frail!

I hope not to be plucked off by the romantic guests
who keep saying they love me best!

I hope my faces are always fresh and young
since youth keeps me charming and strong.

Under the Silvery Moonlight originally is a Russian folk song *Над Серебряной Рекой*. After the revolution of the Soviet Union, a part of Russian people migrated to Xinjiang, China and settled there. Thus, the song got passed onto local people of Xinjiang and developed this Tatar folk version.

在银色月光下

在那金色沙滩上，
洒着银白的月光，
寻找往事踪影，
往事踪影迷茫。

往事踪影迷茫，
犹如幻梦一样，
你在何处躲藏，
背弃我的姑娘？

我骑在马上，
箭一样地飞翔，
飞呀飞呀我的马，
朝着她去的方向。

Under the Silvery Moonlight

On that golden sandy shore,
which was sprinkled with silvery moonlight,
I was looking for the traces of the past,
However, the traces were vast and indistinct.

The traces of past were vast and indistinct,
They were like fantasies and dreams,
Where were you hiding?
The lady who abandoned me.

I am riding on the horse,
Flying like a sword,
Fly, fly my horse,
toward the direction where she went away.

往事踪影迷茫，
犹如幻梦一样，
你在何处躲藏，
背弃我的姑娘？

我骑在马上，
箭一样地飞翔，
飞呀飞呀我的马，
朝着她去的方向。

The traces of past were vast and indistinct,
They were like fantasies and dreams,
Where were you hiding?
The lady who abandoned me.

I am riding on the horse,
Flying like a sword,
Fly, fly my horse,
toward the direction where she went away.

Translation by Shu

Ma Yi La is a traditional Kazakh folk song, it depicts a lovely portrait of this girl Ma Yi La who is always confident and loves to sing. The Kazakh population in Xinjiang, China are mainly nomadic people, thus their folk songs are always cheerful, vivid, and full of energy.

玛依拉

人们都叫我玛依拉，
诗人玛依拉，
牙齿白，声音好，
歌手玛依拉，
高兴时唱上一首歌，
弹起冬不拉，冬不拉，
来往人们挤在我的屋檐底下。

我是瓦利姑娘
名叫玛依拉，
白手巾四边上
绣满了玫瑰花，
年轻的哈萨克
人人羡慕我，羡慕我，
谁的歌声来和我比一下呀。

Ma Yi La

People call me Ma Yi La
a poet Ma Yi La
My teeth are white, my voice is good
a singer Ma Yi La
when I am happy
I sing a song
and play my Dombra
People come far and crowd under my roof

I am a Wali girl
named Ma Yi La
The edges of my white handkerchief
are embroidered with roses
Young Kazakh,
everyone envies me
Whose singing voice can compete with me.

白手巾四边上
绣满了玫瑰花。
谁能来唱上一首歌，
比比玛依拉。
年轻的哈萨克斯坦，
人人知道我，知道我，
从那远山来到了我的家呀。

The edges of my white handkerchief
are embroidered with roses
who can come and sing a song
to compare with Ma Yi La
Young Kazakh,
everyone knows me
from the far mountains, they run to my house

玛依拉，拉依拉，哈啦啦库，
啦啦啦，啦啦啦，啦啦啦。

Ma Yi La, la yi la, ha la la ku
la yi la, la ya la, la la la .

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All translations by Difei Wu unless otherwise indicated.



I would like to take the opportunity to give a few thanks.

My wonderful teacher – Nathalie Paulin,

Thank you for always being so patient, supportive, and knowledgeable. The past year was tough, but you got me through it!

Your positivity and encouragement brightened my days.

My brilliant pianist – Narmina Afandiyeva,

Thank you for your phenomenal coaching and collaboration in the past year, I learnt so much and enjoyed making music with you. I am

looking forward to starting the new semester with you!

My friends and family

Thank you for always being there for me, I am grateful to have you in my life. Wish we could see and hug each other soon in person!