

Sisters: We're A Queer Lot
Recital II

Skylar Cameron, soprano

Trevor Chartrand, piano
Zain Solinski, piano
Hee-Soo Yoon, violin
Benjamin Louwersheimer, cello

June 22, 2023 at 7:30pm
Walter Hall

PROGRAMME

Allegory of Sweet Desire (After Agnolo Bronzino), Op. 17 (1998) John Greer
(b. 1954)
Excerpt from XI. Time Reveals, Time Heals

Spoken excerpt from Amy Lowell's poem "The Sisters"

Lecture: The Sisters

Spoken excerpt from Amy Lowell's poem "The Sisters"

Love Songs, Vol. 1 (2016) Matthew Emery
(b. 1991)
Come, When the Pale Moon Like a Petal Floats
To-Night for Us
Leaves Along the Wind
When I am Gone
Gifts
As Sleepless as the Rain

Lecture: Every-Day Concerns

Spoken excerpt from Amy Lowell's poem "The Sisters"

Days and Nights (1994) Lori Laitman
(b. 1955)
2. They Might Need Me
4. Over the Fence
6. Wild Nights

INTERMISSION

The land on which the University of Toronto operates is the territory of the Anishnabeg, the Haudenosaunee, the Wendat peoples, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Known as Tkaronto, this area is governed by the pre-colonial treaty the "Dish with One Spoon" Wampum Belt covenant: the Dish nourishes us and we all share one spoon. As treaty people we are all responsible for the well-being of the land and all the creatures with whom we share it.

Lecture: Singer-Poets

Spoken excerpt from Amy Lowell's poem "The Sisters"

Love Sweet (2013)

Apology

The Giver of Stars

Absence

A Gift

A Fixed Idea

Jennifer Higdon

(b. 1962)

Lecture: Queerer-Still?

Spoken excerpt from Amy Lowell's poem "The Sisters"

ARTIST BIOGRAPHY

Commended as a "persistent Elvira, successfully conveying a range of changing emotions in a demanding role" (Opera Canada), Nova Scotian-born soprano Skylar Cameron has performed opera, recital, and oratorio on two continents. Recent performances include *Cosmetician II* in the premiere of Norbert Palej's *The Art of Love* (COSA Canada), Marchioness Violante Onesti in Mozart's *La finta giardiniera* (UWO Opera), Webern's Op. 4 in "Songs of Anton Webern" (a concert curated by John Hess), Donna Elvira in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* (Halifax Summer Opera Festival), and Erste Dame in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* (Halifax Summer Opera Festival). Skylar's previous operatic roles include the title role in Viardot's *Cendrillon* (Mount Allison Opera Workshop), Sister Dolcina in Puccini's *Suor Angelica* (the Centre for Opera Studies in Italy), Venere in Cavalli's *L'Egisto* (HSOF), and covering the role of Susanna in Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro* (UWO Opera).

Equally versatile in oratorio and masses, Skylar has been featured as the Widow and soprano soloist in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Bach's *Magnificat in C*, and Haydn's *Mass in B-flat* with Mount Allison University's Choral Society and Elliott Chorale.

Skylar is currently pursuing her Doctor of Musical Arts in Vocal Performance with a Collaborative Specialization in Sexual Diversity Studies at the University of Toronto, under the tutelage of Prof. Lorna MacDonald. She is honoured to have received the Richard March Graduate Fellowship, the Greta Kraus Graduate Fellowship, the Eleanor and Copeland graduate Fellowship, the Marilyn Cook Graduate Scholarship, and most recently the David Rayside Graduate Award from the Mark S. Bonham Centre for Sexual Diversity Studies.

*This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Doctor of Musical Arts in Vocal Performance.
Skylar Cameron is a student of Prof. Lorna MacDonald.*



TEXTS

The following texts and translations that have been reproduced in this document may be protected by copyright and they are provided to you in accordance with the University of Toronto's Fair Dealing Guidelines (<http://uoft.me/copyfair>) and/or exceptions granted to educational institutions in the Copyright Act (Canada). The University of Toronto takes its copyright obligations seriously; if you have any questions or concerns about the material available in this document, please contact: performance.music@utoronto.ca

Fragment 113 (Translation by Michelle Lovric and Nikiforos Doxiadis Mardas)

Μήτ' ἔμοι μέλι μήτε μέλισσα.

[For me] neither the sweetness of honey nor the sting of bees.

–Sappho

Love Songs, Vol 1.

Come, When the Pale Moon like a Petal Floats

Come, when the pale moon like a petal
Floats in the pearly dusk of spring,
Come with arms outstretched to take me,
Come with lips pursed up to cling.

Come, for life is a frail moth flying,
Caught in the web of the years that pass,
And soon we two, so warm and eager,
Will be as the gray stones in the grass.

–Sara Teasdale

To-Night for Us

The moon is a curving flower of gold,
The sky is still and blue;
The moon was made for the sky to hold,
And I for you;

The moon is a flower without a stem,
The sky is luminous;
Eternity was made for them,
To-night for us.

–Sara Teasdale

Leaves Along the Wind

The world is tired, the year is old,
The fading leaves are glad to die,
The wind goes shivering with cold
Where the brown reeds are dry.

Our love is dying like the grass,
And we who kissed grow coldly kind,
Half glad to see our old love pass
Like leaves along the wind.

–Sara Teasdale

When I Am Gone

It will not change now
After so many years;
Life has not broken it
With parting or tears;

Death will not alter it,
It will live on
In all my songs for you
When I am gone.

–Sara Teasdale

Gifts

I gave my first love laughter,
I gave my second tears,
I gave my third love silence
Through all the years.

My first love gave me singing,
My second eyes to see,
But oh, it was my third love
Who gave my soul to me.

–Sara Teasdale



As Sleepless as the Rain

If I could have your arms tonight—
But half the world and the broken sea
Lie between you and me.

The autumn rain reverberates in the courtyard,
Beating all night against the barren stone,
The sound of useless rain in the desolate courtyard
Makes me more alone.

If you were here, if you were only here—
My blood cries out to you all night in vain
As sleepless as the rain.
—*Sara Teasdale*

Days and Nights (selections)

2. They might not need me — yet they might (1391)

They might not need me — yet they might —
I'll let my Heart be just in sight —
A smile so small as mine might be
Precisely their necessity —
—*Emily Dickinson*

4. Over the fence (251)

Over the fence —
Strawberries — grow —
Over the fence —
I could climb — if I tried, I know —
Berries are nice!

But — if I stained my Apron —
God would certainly scold!
Oh, dear, — I guess if He were a Boy —
He'd — climb — if He could!
—*Emily Dickinson*

6. Wild nights - Wild nights! (269)

Wild nights - Wild nights!
Were I with thee
Wild nights should be
Our luxury!

Futile - the winds -
To a Heart in port -

Done with the Compass -
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden -
Ah - the Sea!
Might I but moor - tonight -
In thee!
—*Emily Dickinson*

Love Sweet

Apology

Be not angry with me that I bear
Your colours everywhere,
All through each crowded street,
And meet
The wonder-light in every eye,
As I go by.

Each plodding wayfarer looks up to gaze,
Blinded by rainbow haze,
The stuff of happiness,
No less,
Which wraps me in its glad-hued folds
Of peacock golds.

Before my feet the dusty, rough-paved way,
Flushes beneath its gray.
My steps fall ringed with light,
So bright,
It seems a myriad suns are strown
About the town.

Around me is the sound of steepled bells,
And rich perfumed smells
Hang like a wind-forgotten cloud,
And shroud
Me from close contact with the world.
I dwell imperaled.
You blazen me with jewelled insignia.
A flaming nebula
Rims my life. And yet
You set
The word upon me, unconfessed
To go unguessed.
—*Amy Lowell*



The Giver of Stars

Hold your soul open for my welcoming.
Let the quiet of your spirit bathe me
With its clear and rippled coolness,
That, loose-limbed and weary, I find rest,
Outstretched upon your peace, as on a bed of ivory.

Let the flickering flame of your soul play about me,
That into my limbs may come the keenness of fire,
The life and joy of tongues of flame,
And, going out from you, tightly strung and in tune,
I may rouse the blear-eyed world,
And pour into it the beauty which you have begotten.

—Amy Lowell

Absence

My cup is empty tonight,
Cold and dry are its sides,
Chilled by the wind from the open window.
Empty and void, it sparkles white in the moonlight.
The room is filled with a strange scent
Of wisteria blossoms.
They sway in the moon's radiance
And tap against the wall.
But the cup of my heart is still,
And cold, and empty.

When you come, it brims
Red and trembling with blood,
Heart's blood for your drinking;
To fill your mouth with love
And the bitter-sweet taste of a soul.

—Amy Lowell

A Gift

See! I give myself to you, Beloved!
My words are little jars
For you to take and put upon a shelf.
Their shapes quaint and beautiful,
And they have many pleasant colours and lusters
To recommend them.

Also the scent from them fills the room
With sweetness of flowers and crushed grasses.

When I shall have given you the last one,
You will have the whole of me,
But I shall be dead.

—Amy Lowell

A Fixed Idea

What torture lurks within a single thought
When grown too constant; and however kind,
However welcome still, the weary mind
Aches with its presence. Dull remembrance taught
Remembers on unceasingly; unsought
The old delight is with us but to find
That all recurring joy is pain refined,
Become a habit, and we struggle, caught.
You lie upon my heart as on a nest,
Folded in peace, for you can never know
How crushed I am with having you at rest
Heavy on my life. I love you so
You bind my freedom from its rightful quest.
In mercy lift your drooping wings and go.

—Amy Lowell

