



Master's Recital II

**Nina Vu, Piano**

**Leslie Higgins, Soprano**  
**Claire Latosinsky, Soprano**

June 13, 2023 at 7:30 PM  
Walter Hall

**PROGRAMME**

Fish in the Unruffled Lakes

Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

That I Did Always Love

Jake Heggie  
(b. 1961)

Die Lorelei

Clara Schumann  
(1819-1896)

Leslie Higgins, soprano

Die Lorelei, S. 532 (transcription)

Franz Liszt  
(1811-1886)

Sonata No. 26 in Eb Major, Op. 81a  
Das Lebewohl (Les Adieux)  
Abwesenheit (L'Absence)  
Das Wiedersehen (Le Retour)

Ludwig Van Beethoven  
(1770-1827)

**INTERMISSION**

Trois Mélodies  
Pourquoi?  
Le sourire  
La fiancée perdue

Olivier Messiaen  
(1908 - 1992)

Claire Latosinsky, soprano

Valses nobles et sentimentales, M. 61  
Modéré – très franc  
Assez lent – avec une expression intense  
Modéré  
Assez animé  
Presque lent – dans un sentiment intime  
Vif  
Moins vif  
Épilogue: lent

Maurice Ravel  
(1875-1937)

Danzas Argentinas, Op. 2  
Danza del viejo boyero (“Dance of the Old Herdsman”)  
Danza de la moza donosa (“Dance of the Graceful Girl”)  
Danza del gaucho matrero (“Dance of the Outlaw Cowboy”)

Alberto Ginastera  
(1916-1983)

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Master of Music Degree in Performance.

Nina is a student of Steven Philcox.

## Text & Translations

### Fish in the Unruffled Lakes

Fish in the unruffled lakes  
Their swarming colours wear,  
Swans in the winter air  
A white perfection have,  
And the great lion walks  
Through his innocent grove;  
Lion, fish and swan  
Act, and are gone  
Upon Time's toppling wave.

We, till shadowed days are done,  
We must weep and sing  
Duty's conscious wrong,  
The Devil in the clock,  
The goodness carefully worn  
For atonement or for luck;  
We must lose our loves,  
On each beast and bird that moves  
Turn an envious look.

Sighs for folly done and said  
Twist our narrow days,  
But I must bless, I must praise  
That you, my swan, who have  
All gifts that to the swan  
Impulsive Nature gave,  
The majesty and pride,  
Last night should add  
Your voluntary love.

W.H. Auden

### That I Did Always Love

That I did always love  
I bring thee Proof  
That till I loved  
I never lived — Enough —

That I shall love always —  
I argue thee  
That love is life —  
And life hath Immortality —

This — dost thou doubt — Sweet —  
Then have I  
Nothing to show  
But Calvary —

Emily Dickinson

## Die Lorelei

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,  
Daß ich so traurig bin;  
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,  
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,  
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;  
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt  
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet  
Dort oben wunderbar,  
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,  
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme  
Und singt ein Lied dabei,  
Das hat eine wundersame,  
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe  
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;  
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,  
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen  
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;  
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen  
Die Lorelei getan.

Heinrich Heine

I do not know what it means  
That I should feel so sad;  
There is a tale from olden times  
I cannot get out of my mind.

The air is cool, and twilight falls,  
And the Rhine flows quietly by;  
The summit of the mountains glitters  
In the evening sun.

The fairest maiden is sitting  
In wondrous beauty up there,  
Her golden jewels are sparkling,  
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb  
And sings a song the while;  
It has an awe-inspiring,  
Powerful melody.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff  
With wildly aching pain;  
He does not see the rocky reefs,  
He only looks up to the heights.

I think at last the waves swallow  
The boatman and his boat;  
And that, with her singing,  
The Loreley has done.

Translation by Richard Stokes

## **Pourquoi?**

Pourquoi les oiseaux de l'air,  
Pourquoi les reflets de l'eau,  
Pourquoi les nuages du ciel,  
Pourquoi?  
Pourquoi les feuilles de l'Automne,  
Pourquoi les roses de l'Été,  
Pourquoi les chansons du Printemps,  
Pourquoi?  
Pourquoi n'ont-ils pour moi de charmes,  
Pourquoi?  
Pourquoi, Ah! Pourquoi?

Olivier Messiaen

## **Le sourire**

Certain mot murmuré  
Par vous est un baiser  
Intime et prolongé  
Comme un baiser sur l'âme.  
Ma bouche veut sourire  
Et mon sourire tremble.

Cécile Sauvage

## **La fiancée perdue**

C'est la douce fiancée,  
C'est l'ange de la bonté,  
C'est un après-midi ensoleillé,  
C'est le vent sur les fleurs.  
C'est un sourire pur comme un cœur  
d'enfant,  
C'est un grand lys blanc comme une aile, très  
haut dans une coupe d'or!  
O Jésus, bénissez-la!  
Elle!  
Donnez-lui votre Grâce puissante!  
Qu'elle ignore la souffrance, les larmes!  
Donnez-lui le repos Jésus!

Olivier Messiaen

## **Why?**

Why are the birds of the air,  
Why are the gleaming waters,  
Why are the clouds of heaven,  
Why?  
Why are the leaves of autumn,  
Why are the roses of summer,  
Why are the songs of spring,  
Why?  
Why for me are they devoid of charm,  
Why?  
Why? Ah, why?

Translation by Richard Stokes

## **The smile**

A certain word whispered  
By you is a kiss,  
Intimate and lingering,  
Like a kiss on the soul.  
My mouth wishes to smile  
And my smile flickers.

Translation by Richard Stokes

## **The lost fiancée**

She is the gentle fiancée,  
She is the angel of kindness,  
She is a sun-drenched afternoon,  
She is the wind on the flowers.  
She is a smile as pure as a child's  
heart,  
She is a tall lily, white as a wing, towering in  
a gold vase!  
O Jesus, bless her!  
Her!  
Bestow on her your powerful Grace!  
May she never know pain and tears!  
Bestow peace of mind on her, O Jesus!

Translation by Richard Stokes