

Third Year Recital, Recital I

Alannah Beauparlant, Soprano

Narmina Afandiyeva, Piano

April 29th, 2024 at 2:30pm
Geiger Torel

PROGRAMME

Sposa son disprezzata <i>Bajazet, RV 703</i>	Antonio Lucio Vivaldi (1678-1741)
Amorosi miei giorni	Stefano Donaudy (1897-1925)
Lúa Descolorida	Oswaldo Golijov (b.1960)
Einfache Lieder, Op.9 III. Das Ständchen IV. Liebesbrifchen	Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)
Drei Lieder, Op. 22 III. Welt ist stille Eingeschlafen	
The Poet and the War (selections) I. From here II. Sparrows III. Dark Lullaby	Norbert Palej* (b.1977)

**Fufills the Canadian repertoire requirement*

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance.
Alannah Beauparlant is a student of Jean MacPhail.

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 the Mississaugas of the Credit. 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.

Programme Texts and Translations

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Sposa son disprezzata

Sposa son disprezzata,
fida son oltraggiata,
cieli che feci mai?
E pur egl'è il mio cor
il mio sposo, il mio amor,
la mia speranza.
L'amo ma egl'è infedel
spero ma egl'è crudel,
morir mi lascerai?
O Dio manca il valor
valor e la costanza.

Text by Agostino Piovene (1671-1721)

I am wife and I am scorned

I am wife and I am scorned,
I am faithful and I am outraged,
Heavens, what have I done?
And yet he is my heart,
My husband, my love,
My hope.
I love him, but he is unfaithful,
I hope, but he is cruel
will he let me die?
O God, valor is missing -
Valor and constancy.

*English translation by Elfrieda
Langemann O'Neill
<https://www.lieder.net/lieder/>*

Amorosi miei giorni

Amorosi miei giorni,
chi vi potrà mai più scordar,
or che di tutti i beni adorni,
date pace al mio core
e profumo ai pensieri?
Poter così, finchè la vita avanza,
non temer più gli affanni
d'una vita d'inganni,
sol con questa speranza:
che un suo sguardo sia tutto il mio splendor
e un suo sorriso sia tutto il mio tesoro!

Chi di me più beato,
se accanto a sè così non ha
un dolce e caro oggetto amato,
sì che ancor non può dire
di saper cos'è amore?
Ah, ch'io così, finchè la vita avanza,
più non tema gli affanni
d'una vita d'inganni,
sol con questa speranza:
che un suo sguardo sia tutto il mio splendor
e un suo sorriso sia tutto il mio tesoro!

Text by Alberto Donaudy (1880-1941)

My amorous days

My amorous days,
Who could ever forget you,
Now that, adorned with all the blessings,
You give peace to my heart
And perfume to my thoughts?
To be able, so, as life advances,
To fear no longer the anxieties
Of a life of deceptions,
With this hope alone:
That one look of his may be all my
splendor
And one smile of his may be all my
treasure!

Who more blessed than I,
If he does not thus have beside him
A sweet and dear beloved object,
So that he cannot yet say
He knows what love is?
Ah, may I so, as life advances,
Fear no longer the anxieties
Of a life of deceptions,
With this hope alone:
That one look of his may be all my
splendor
And one smile of his may be all my
treasure!

*English translation by Gretchen
Armacost, O'Neill
<https://www.lieder.net/lieder/>*

Lúa descolorida

Lúa descolorida
como cor de ouro pálido,
vesme i eu non quixera
me vises de tan alto.
Ó espazo que recorres,
lévame, caladiña, nun teu raio.

Astro das almas orfas
lúa descolorida,
lúa eu ben sei que n'alumas
tristeza cal a miña.
Vai contalo ó teu dono,
e dille que me leve adonde habita.

Mais non lle contes nada,
descolorida lúa,
pois nin neste nin noutros
mundos teréi fortuna.
Se sabes onde a morte
ten a morada escura,
dille que corpo e alma xuntamente
me leve adonde non recorden nunca,
nin no mundo en que estou nin nas
alturas.

Text by Rosalia de Castro (1837-1885)

Moon colorless

Moon, colorless
like the color of pale gold:
You see me here and I wouldn't like you
to see me from the heights above.
Take me, silently, in your ray
to the space of your journey.

Star of the orphan souls,
Moon, colorless:
I know that you don't illuminate
sadness as sad as mine.
Go and tell it to your master
and tell him to take me to his place.

But don't tell him anything,
Moon, colorless,
because my fate won't change
here or in other worlds.
If you know where Death
has her dark mansion,
Tell her to take my body and soul together
To a place where I won't be remembered,
Neither in this world, nor in the heights
above.

English translation by Osvaldo Golijov

Das Ständchen

Auf die Dächer zwischen blassen
Wolken scheint der Mond herfür,
Ein Student dort auf den Gassen
Singt vor seiner Liebsten Tür.

Und die Brunnen rauschen wieder
Durch die stille Einsamkeit,
Und es rauscht der Wald vom Berge
Nieder, Wie in alter, schöner Zeit.

So in meinen jungen Tagen
Hab ich manche Sommernacht
Auch die Laute hier geschlagen
Und manch lust'ges Lied erdacht.

Aber von der stillen Schwelle
Trugen sie mein Lieb zur Ruh,
Und du, fröhlicher Geselle,
Singe, sing nur immer zu!

*Text by Joseph von Eichendorff
(1788-1857)*

Serenade

From pallid clouds the moon
Looks out across the roofs,
There in the street a student sings
Before his sweetheart's door.

And again the fountains murmur
In the silent loneliness,
And the woods on the mountain
Murmur, as in good old times.

Likewise in my young days,
Often on a summer's night
I too plucked my lute here,
And composed some merry songs.

But from that silent threshold
My love's been taken to rest.
And you, my blithe friend,
Sing on, just sing on!

*English translation by Richard Stokes,
<https://oxfordsong.org/>*

Liebesbriefchen

Fern von dir
Denk' ich dein,
Kindelein,

Einsam bin ich,
Doch mir blieb
Treue Lieb'.

Was ich denk',
Bist nur, nur du
Herzensruh.

Sehe stets
Hold und licht,
Sehe stets hold
Und licht dein Gesicht.

Und in mir
Immerzu
Tönest du.

Bist's allein,
Die Welt
Mir erhellt.

Ich bin dein,
Liebchen fein,
Denke mein!

Text by Elisabeth Honold (n.d)

Love letter

Far from you
I think of you,
Dear child.

I am lonely,
But my love
Has stayed true.

I think
Only of you, only you
O peace of my heart.

I always see,
Fair and bright,
I always hold
And light your face.

And you sound
Within me
Always.

It is you alone
Who brightens
For me the world.

I am yours,
My sweetest,
Think of me!

*English translation by Richard Stokes,
<https://oxfordsong.org/>*

Welt ist stille eingeschlafen

Welt ist stille eingeschlafen,
Ruht im Mondenschein
Öffnen sich im Himmelshafen
Augen, golden, rein,
Gottes Geige singt jetzt leis'
Liebste, denk' an Dich,

Wie im Traumboot geht die Reise,
such' in Sternen Dich.
Strahlen sel'ger Lieb erhellen
Meines Herzens Raum.
Zweisprach halten uns're Seelen,
Küssen sich im Traum.

Text by Karl Kobald (1876-1957)

When the World has gone to sleep

When the world has gone to sleep,
Resting in the moon-light
And in heaven's harbour
Eyes, pure and golden open,
God's violin sings sweetly
And my love, I think of you

Sailing in a boat of dreams,
I seek you in the stars,
Beams of blissful love light up
The recesses of my heart.
Our souls in deep communion kiss,
In my dream ... in my dream.

English translation by Uri Liebrecht
<https://oxfordsong.org/>

From here...

From here: the sky is huge like the sky of
noon, which you have not crossed, will
not cross.

After the volleys of day, set out as a
target for the stars

you'll perish

like cities left behind on the way.

Overlooked,

pierced through and through by the
bullets of all wars

you'll die

locked by a tiny echo like the echo of
someone's mouth,

diminished by a room in the attic.

Sparrows

Day of sparrows and brightness!

inside the little birds

the world is sustained in love,

unworried mercy.

(...)

Earth, by our hands murdered, through
your birds' crowd, pure, pray for us!

Dark Lullaby

(...)

Sleep,

all is quiet.

Night is growing and rain hits the
windows.

The wind, blind like me, before our
home kneels down.

Who took that time away from us, free
from fear - my love?

*Original Polish texts by Krzysztof Kamil
Baczynski (1921-1944)*

English translations by Norbert Palej