



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Paige Kaps, Voice

BMus Third Year Recital

Jo Greenaway, Collaborative Pianist

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance.
Paige Kaps is a student of Gregory Dahl.

Wednesday, April 24th, 2024, at 12:30 pm | Geiger Torel, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAM

Vado, ma dove?

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Le Lever de la Lune (1855)

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

Clair de Lune (1882)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Six Mélodies (1856)

Édouard Lalo (1823-1892)

L'aube Naît

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.

As part of the Faculty's commitment to improving Indigenous inclusion, we call upon all members of our community to start/continue their personal journeys towards understanding and acknowledging Indigenous peoples' histories, truths and cultures. Visit indigenous.utoronto.ca to learn more.

Opus 34 - 6 Gesänge (1837)

No. 4 – Suleika

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Opus 57 - 6 Lieder (1837)

No. 3 – Suleika

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Men I Have Known (1984)

No. 1 – J. D.

No. 2 – T. S.

No. 3 – M. R.

No. 5 – D. R.

No. 6 – What Does Love Say?

Elizabeth Raum (b. 1945)

*Canadian Composer

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Vado, ma dove?

Lorenzo Da Ponte (1749-1838)

Translation: Paige Kaps

Vado, ma dove? Oh Dei!

I'm going, but where will I go? Oh God!

Se de' tormenti suoi,

If from his torments,

se de' sospiri miei

If from my sighs,

non sente il ciel pietà!

Heaven doesn't feel pity!

Tu che mi parli al core,

You who speaks to my heart,

Guida i miei passi, amore;

Guide my steps, my love;

Tu quel ritegno or toglì

You take away that restraint

Che dubitar mi fa.

That makes me doubt

Le Lever de la Lune

Anonymous, in the style of Ossian
Translation: Faith J. Cormier

Ainsi qu'une jeune beauté
Silencieuse et solitaire,
Des flancs du nuage argenté
La lune sort avec mystère.
Fille aimable du ciel, à pas lents et sans
bruit,

Like a beautiful young woman,
Silent and solitary,
The Moon rises mysteriously
From flanks of silver cloud.
Sweet daughter of heaven, with slow
and silent step

Tu glisses dans les airs où' brille ta
couronne;
Et ton passage s'environne
Du cortège pompeux des soleils de la
nuit.

You glide through the air where shines
your crown,
And your passing is surrounded
By the splendid cortege of the suns of
the night.

Que fais-tu loin de nous
Quand l'aube blanchissante
Efface à nos yeux, à nos yeux attristés
Ton sourire charmant et tes molles
clartés?

What do you do when you are far away
from us,
When the dawn fades
Your charming smile and your soft light
from our eyes, our saddened eyes?

Vas-tu comme Ossian, plaintive,
gémissante,
Dans l'asile de la douleur
Ensevelir ta beauté languissante?
Fille aimable du ciel, connais-tu le
malheur?

Do you, like Ossian, plaintively keening
Bury your languishing beauty
In the refuge of pain?
Sweet daughter of heaven, do you know
sorrow?

Maintenant revêts-tu de toute sa lumière
Ton char voluptueux roule au dessus
des monts;
Prolonge s'il se peut le cours de sa
carrière
Et verse sur la mer tes paisibles rayons.

Now do you dream of its light?
Your sumptuous chariot rolls above the
mountains.
If you can, slow its journey
And pour your peaceful rays over the
sea.

Clair de Lune

Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)
Translation: Richard Stokes

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et
bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements
fantasques.
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur
bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de
lune,
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les
arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les
marbres.

Your soul is a chosen landscape
bewitched by masquers and
bergamaskers,
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

Singing as they go in a minor key
of conquering love and life's favours,
they do not seem to believe in their
fortune
and their song mingles with the light of
the moon,

The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,
that sets the birds dreaming in the trees
and the fountains sobbing in their
rapture,
tall and svelte amid marble statues.

L'aube Naît

Victor Hugo (1802-1885)
Translation: Richard Stokes

L'aube naît, et ta porte est close !
Ma belle, pourquoi sommeiller ?
À l'heure où s'éveille la rose
Ne vas-tu pas te réveiller ?

Day dawns and your door is closed!
Why, my sweet, do you still sleep?
At the hour when the rose awakes,
Are you not going to waken?

Ô ma charmante,
Écoute ici
L'amant qui chante
Et pleure aussi !

O my charming one,
Listen
To your lover who sings
And also weeps!

Toute frappe à ta porte bénie.
L'aurore dit : Je suis le jour !
L'oiseau dit : Je suis l'harmonie !
Et mon cœur dit : Je suis l'amour!

All things knock at your hallowed door.
The dawn says: I am the day!
The bird says: I am harmony!
And my heart says: I am love!

Ô ma charmante,
Écoute ici
L'amant qui chante
Et pleure aussi !

O my charming one,
Listen
To your lover who sings
And also weeps!

Je t'adore, ange, et t'aime, femme.
Dieu qui pour toi m'a complété
A fait mon amour pour ton âme,
Et mon regard pour ta beauté !

I adore you, angel, and love you,
woman.
God, who has perfected me for you,
Has created my love for your soul,
And my gaze for your beauty!

Ô ma charmante,
Écoute ici
L'amant qui chante
Et pleure aussi !

O my charming one,
Listen
To your lover who sings
And also weeps!

Suleika

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;
Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.

Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;
Ach, für Leid müßt' ich vergehen,
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.

Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.

Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

Marianne von Willemer (1784-1860)
Translation: Richard Wilmore

Ah, West Wind, how I envy you
Your moist pinions:
For you can bring him word
Of what I suffer away from him!

The movement of your wings
Wakes silent longing in my heart;
Flowers, meadows, woods and hills,
Dissolve in tears where you blow.

Yet your mild, gentle breeze
Cools my sore eyelids;
Ah, I'd surely die of grief,
Did I not hope to see him again.

Hurry, then, to my beloved,
Whisper softly to his heart;
Take care, though, not to sadden him,
And hide from him my anguish.

Tell him, but tell him humbly:
That his love is my life,
His presence here will fill me
With happiness in both.

Suleika

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.

Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,
Kühlt auch mir die heissen Wangen,
Küsst die Reben noch im Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.

Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüsse;
Eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,
Grüssen mich wohl tausend Küsse.

Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!
Diene Freunden und Betrübten.
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,
Dort find' ich bald den Vielgeliebten.

Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebeshauch, erfrischtes Leben
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Atem geben.

Marianne von Willemer (1784-1860)
Translation: Richard Wigmore

What does this stirring portend?
Is the east wind bringing me joyful
tidings?
The refreshing motion of its wings
cools the heart's deep wound.

It plays caressingly with the dust,
throwing it up in light clouds,
and drives the happy swarm of insects
to the safety of the vine-leaves.

It gently tempers the burning heat of the
sun,
and cools my hot cheeks;
even as it flies it kisses the vines
that adorn the fields and hillsides.

And its soft whispering brings me
a thousand greetings from my beloved;
before these hills grow dark
I shall be greeted by a thousand kisses.

Now you may pass on,
and serve the happy and the sad;
there, where high walls glow,
I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Ah, the true message of the heart,
the breath of love, renewed life
will come to me only from his lips,
can be given to me only by his breath.

Men I Have Known (1984)

Elizabeth Raum (b. 1945)
*Canadian Composer

No. 1 – J. D.

Such a handsome boy, sitting there across the room.
I wonder if we're in any classes together.
What courses he's taking, what are his classes?
Such warm brown eyes he has.
I wonder if he lives in my direction, or does he take the bus.
What stop does he get off, or does he walk?
How can I find out where he lives?
Such a friendly smile he has, that boy across the room.
I wonder what his laugh sounds like.
Is it as gentle as his smile?
Does he like to listen to records with someone?
Whom can I ask? How can I find out?
Without being obvious?
How I would like to speak to him, that boy sitting over there.
But maybe he's shy with the girls.
Could he be tongue tied?
Or does he always have something clever to say to make me laugh?
How can I find out without being obvious?
How? Oh, how can I find out without being obvious?

No. 2 – T. S.

See that man, that fellow over there.
I like his look. I like that man.
Body like an Olympic swimmer,
Tall and muscled, hairy chested man.
He looks right at me, almost as if he didn't care.
But I know that he does.
I know what he wants. I know what he is thinking,
Because he tells me with his eyes.
That fellow over there, if I smile at him,
Will he smile back? Will he look at me,
Or will he laugh and walk away?
That tall and muscular hairy chested man.

No. 3 – M. R.

Funny little man always running and he's always late,
Fast as he can while trying to keep it at a dignified rate.
See how he runs, never looking to the left or right.
Slow down, wait for me, just stay in sight.

Harried little man you are running your life away.
What is your plan? Why do you insist on a feverish day?
Why do you run? Wait and listen to the words I say.
Slow down, wait for me, save time for play.

Time is valuable, so use it well.
But why do you run so?
Why don't you tell? Or don't you know?

Frantic little man I can tell you what you never knew.
Time you began to know there are others who would run with you.
Wait for me, I will teach you to live now.
Slow down, wait for me, I'll show you how.

No. 5 – D. R.

We sit across the table you and I,
discussing events of the day gone by.
All the many things we say to each other,
say that our life together is still in bloom.
What are the children doing? What did the mailman bring?
Did I tell you I lost my wallet yesterday but found it again.
Aunt Sarah called, but I don't know when.
She chanced to call when I was away just yesterday.
May all the little things that I tell you
Show that I would rather be with you, Dear.
And I know you love me, too.

I have a little story to relate.
I thought you would like, and I couldn't wait.
It's the way we love to talk to each other,
Say that our life together is still in bloom.
Oh, what a lovely evening.
See how the snow has fallen.
I think I'd like to take a moonlight walk tonight,
And please, will you go?
I want to see the moon on the snow.
And I would like to share it with you.
Just we two.
And I have often wanted to tell you,
That our evening talks are very special,
and I know you love me, too.

No. 6 – What Does Love Say?

What does love say?
Does it speak to me softly? Does it tell me gently,
In a voice far away?

How does love call?
Does it shout it aloud, calling joyous and proud?
Does it tell it to all?

What does love sing?
Does it sing like the birds, a song without words,
In the newness of spring?

What does love see?
Does it see in my eyes the love I cannot disguise,
Though the words may not be?

What does love feel?
Does it feel in my heart that our love is a part,
Of everything real?

Does love ever see its mistakes?
Can love ever true love forsake?
How can I know unless you tell me?
You have to tell me.

How does love ask?
Does it have any fear that you may not hear?
What does love hear?
Does it hear me weak in the night, out of sight?

Will love ever leave me alone?
Will love ever die of its own?
How can I know unless you tell me?

Love will endure.
Though the way be unclear with the things that you fear,
It will always endure.

And I love you.
Let me say it to you so you'll know that it's true,
That I'll always love you.

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