



Third Year Recital

**MADELEINE LUNTLEY, VOICE**

Jo Greenaway, Piano

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Voice Performance.  
Madeleine Luntley is a student of Dr. Darryl Edwards and Wendy Nielsen.

Thursday, 18 April, 2024 at 4:30 PM | Geiger Torel, 80 Queen's Park

**PROGRAMME**

Welche Labung für die Sinne (from <i>Die Jahreszeiten</i> , Hob. XXI/3)	Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)
Frühlingsglaube (Op. 20, No. 2).	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Im Frühling (from <i>Mörrike Lieder</i> )	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Frühlingsgedränge (2 Lieder, Op. 26)	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Clairères dans le ciel III. Parfois, je suis triste V. Au pied de mon lit IX. Les lilas qui avaient fleuri	Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)
Three Spanish Lyrics* No. 1. Si os partieredes al alba No. 2. Caminante, son tus huellas No. 3. Meciendo	Imant Raminsh (1943-present)
12 Poems of Emily Dickinson No. 8. When They Come Back No. 7. Sleep Is Supposed to Be No. 5. Heart, We Will Forget Him	Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

\*Work by Canadian Composer.

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

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](mailto:performance.music@utoronto.ca).

### **Welche Labung für die Sinne**

Text by Gottfried van Swieten (1733-1803)

Welche Labung für die Sinne!  
Welch' Erholung für das Herz!  
Jeden Aderzweig durchströmet,  
und in jeder Nerve bebt  
Erquickendes Gefühl.

Die Seele wachet auf zum reizenden Genuß',  
und neue Kraft erhebt durch milden Drang  
die Brust.

### **Frühlingsglaube**

Text by Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862)

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,  
Sie säuseln und wehen Tag und Nacht,  
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.  
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!  
Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang!  
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,  
Man weiss nicht, was noch werden mag,  
Das Blühen will nicht enden.  
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal:  
Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Qual!  
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.

### **What refreshment for the senses**

Translation by Madeleine Luntley

What refreshment for the senses!  
What recovery for the heart!  
Through each vein streams  
And in every nerve trembles  
a refreshing feeling.

The soul awakens for delightful enjoyment,  
And new strength arises with a mild yearning in  
the breast.

### **Faith in Spring**

Translation by Richard Wigmore

Balmy breezes are awakened;  
they stir and blow day and night,  
They create endlessly.  
O fresh scent, O new sound!  
Now, poor heart, do not be afraid.  
Now all must change.

The world grows more beautiful each day;  
One cannot know what is still to come;  
The flowering knows no end.  
The deepest, most distant valley is in bloom.  
Now, poor heart, forget your torment.  
Now all must change.

## **Im Frühling**

Text by Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Hier lieg ich auf dem Frühlingshügel:  
Die Wolke wird mein Flügel,  
Ein Vogel fliegt mir voraus.  
Ach, sag mir, alleinige Liebe,  
Wo du bleibst, dass ich bei dir bliebe!  
Doch du und die Lüfte, ihr habt kein Haus.

Der Sonnenblume gleich steht mein Gemüte offen,  
Sehnend,  
Sich dehnend  
In Lieben und Hoffen.  
Frühling, was bist du gewillt?  
Wann werd' ich gestillt?

Die Wolke seh ich wandeln und den Fluss,  
Es dringt der Sonne goldner Kuss  
Mir tief bis ins Geblüt hinein;  
Die Augen, wunderbar berauschet,  
Tun, als schliefen sie ein,  
Nur noch das Ohr dem Ton der Biene lauschet.  
Ich denke dies und denke das,  
Ich sehne mich und weiss nicht recht nach was:  
Halb ist es Lust, halb ist es Klage;  
Mein Herz, o sage,  
Was webst du für Erinnerung  
In golden grüner Zweige Dämmerung?  
– Alte unnenbare Tage!

## **In Spring**

Translation by Madeleine Luntley

Here I lie on the springtime hill:  
The clouds become my wings,  
A bird flies on ahead of me.  
Ah tell me, one-and-only love,  
Where you are, that I might be with you!  
But you and the breezes, you have no home.

Like a sunflower my soul has opened,  
Yearning,  
Expanding  
In love and hope.  
Spring, what is it you want?  
When shall I be stilled?

I see the clouds drift by, the river too,  
The sun kisses its golden glow  
Deep into my veins;  
My eyes, wondrously enchanted,  
Close, as if in sleep,  
Only my ears still harken to the humming bee.  
I muse on this, I muse on that,  
I yearn, and yet for what I cannot say:  
It is half joy, half lament;  
Tell me, O heart,  
What memories you weave  
Into the twilit green and golden leaves?  
– Past, unmentionable days!

## Frühlingsgedränge

Text by Nikolaus Lenau (1802-1850)

Frühlingskinder im bunten Gedränge,  
Flutternde Blüten, duftende Hauche,  
Schmachtende, jubelnde Liebesgesänge  
Stürzen an's Herz mir aus jedem Strauche.  
Frühlingskinder mein Herz umschwärmen,  
Flüstern hinein mit schmeichelnden Worten,  
Rufen hinein mit trunknem Lärmen,  
Rütteln an längst verschlossnen Pforten.

Frühlingskinder, mein Herz umringend,  
Was doch sucht ihr darin so dringend?  
Hab' ich's verraten euch jüngst im Traume,  
Schlummernd unterm Blütenbaume?  
Brachten euch Morgenwinde die Sage,  
Daß ich im Herzen eingeschlossen  
Euren lieblichen Spielgenossen,  
Heimlich und selig – ihr Bildnis trage?

## Clairières dans le ciel

Texts by Francis Jammes (1868-1938) from the  
*Tristesses* poem cycle.

### III. Parfois, je suis triste

Parfois, je suis triste. Et, soudain, je pense à elle.  
Alors, je suis joyeux. Mais je redeviens triste  
de ce que je ne sais pas combien elle m'aime.  
Elle est la jeune fille à l'âme toute claire,  
et qui, de dans son cœur, garde avec jalousie  
l'unique passion que l'on donne à un seul.  
Elle est partie avant que s'ouvrent les tilleuls,  
et, comme ils ont fleuri depuis qu'elle est partie,  
je me suis étonné de voir, ô mes amis,  
des branches de tilleuls  
qui n'avaient pas de fleurs.

## Spring Throngs

Translation by Richard Stokes and Madeleine  
Luntley

Children of Spring in colourful throngs,  
Fluttering blossoms, fragrant scents ,  
Languishing, jubilant songs of love  
Rush to my heart from every shrub.  
Children of Spring swarm round my heart,  
Whisper their way in with flattering words,  
Clamour their way in with drunken cries,  
Rattle at doors long since closed.

Children of Spring surrounding my heart,  
What do you seek there so urgently?  
Have I lately revealed to you in a dream,  
Asleep beneath a blossoming tree,  
Did the morning breezes gossip to you  
That I have locked your sweet playmates  
In my heart,  
Where secretly and blissfully I hide their  
picture?

## Clearings in the sky

Translations by Richard Stokes

### III. Sometimes, I am sad

Sometimes I am sad. And suddenly, I think of her.  
Then, I am overjoyed. But I grow sad again,  
because I do not know how much she loves me.  
She is the girl with the limpid soul,  
and who, in her heart, guards with jealousy  
the unrivalled passion garnered for one alone.  
She went before the limes had blossomed,  
and since they flowered after she had gone,  
I was astonished to see, my friends,  
lime-tree branches  
devoid of flowers.

## **V. Au pied de mon lit**

Au pied de mon lit, une Vierge négresse fut mise par ma mère. Et j'aime cette Vierge d'une religion un peu italienne.

Virgo Lauretana, debout dans un fond d'or, qui me faites penser à mille fruits de mer que l'on vend sur les quais où pas un souffle d'air n'émeut les pavillons qui lourdement s'endorment,

Virgo Lauretana, vous savez qu'en ces heures où je ne me sens pas digne d'être aimé d'elle c'est vous dont le parfum me rafraîchit le cœur.

## **IX. Les lilas qui avaient fleuri**

Les lilas qui avaient fleuri l'année dernière vont fleurir de nouveau dans les tristes parterres. Déjà le pêcher grêle a jonché le ciel bleu de ses roses, comme un enfant la Fête-Dieu.

Mon cœur devrait mourir au milieu de ces choses car c'était au milieu des vergers blancs et roses que j'avais espéré je ne sais quoi de vous. Mon âme rêve sourdement sur vos genoux.

Ne la repoussez point. Ne la relevez pas de peur qu'en s'éloignant de vous elle ne voie combien vous êtes faible et troublée dans ses bras.

## **V. At the foot of my bed**

At the foot of my bed, my mother placed a negress Virgin. And I love this Virgin with its faintly Italian religion.

Virgo Lauretana, standing on a gold background, you make me think of a thousand fruits de mer sold on quaysides where no breath of air stirs the flags which fall listlessly asleep;

Virgo Lauretana, you know that at such hours when I feel myself unworthy of her love, it is your scent that refreshes my heart.

## **IX. The lilacs that have flowered**

The lilacs which had flowered last year shall flower again in melancholy beds. Already the peach has strewn the blue sky with its pinks, like a child at Corpus Christi.

My heart should die amid these things, for it was amid the orchard's whites and pinks that I had hoped from you I know not what. My soul dreams secretly upon your lap.

Do not reject it. Do not raise it up, for fear that drawing away from you it might see how frail you are and troubled in its arms.

### 3 Spanish Lyrics

#### No. 1. Si os partieredes al alba

Text by Lope de Vega (1562-1639)

Si os partiéredes al alba  
quedito, pasito, amor,  
no espantéis al ruiseñor.

Si os levantáis de mañana  
de los brazos que os desean,  
porque en los brazos no os vean  
de alguna envidia liviana,  
pisad con planta de lana,  
quedito, pasito, amor,  
no espantéis al ruiseñor.

#### No. 2. Caminante, son tus huellas

Text by Antonio Machado (1875-1939)

Caminante, son tus huellas  
el camino, y nada más;  
caminante, no hay camino,  
se hace camino al andar.  
Al andar se hace camino,  
y al volver la vista atrás  
se ve la senda que nunca  
se ha de pisar.  
Caminante, no hay camino,  
sino estelas en la mar.

#### No. 3. Meciendo

Text by Gabriela Mistral (1889-1957)

El mar sus millares de olas mece, divino.  
Oyendo a los mares amantes,  
mezo a mi niño.  
El viento errabundo en la noche  
mece los trigos.  
Oyendo a los vientos amantes,  
mezo a mi niño.  
Dios Padre sus miles de mundos mece sin ruido.  
Sintiendo su mano en la sombra mezo a mi niño.

#### No. 1. If you leave at daybreak

Translation by Madeleine Luntley

If you leave at daybreak  
Silently, lightly, love,  
Do not alarm the nightingale.

If you part at dawning  
From these arms that hold you dear,  
That you not be seen in the arms  
Of an enviable affair,  
Go on wooden tiptoe,  
Silently, lightly love  
Do not alarm the nightingale.

#### No. 1. Traveller, it is your footsteps

Translation by Madeleine Luntley

Traveller, it is your footsteps  
that are the road, nothing more;  
Traveller, there is no road  
The road is made by walking.  
Walking makes the road,  
And on looking back on the path behind,  
You see the path that never  
Will be trodden again.  
Traveller, there is no road,  
Merely wakes of boats in the sea.

#### No. 3. Rocking

Translation by Madeleine Luntley

The sea rocks its thousands of waves, divinely.  
Listening to the loving waters,  
I rock my child.  
The wind wandering in the night  
rocks the wheat stalks,  
Listening to the loving winds,  
I rock my child.  
God rocks his numerous worlds without sound.  
Feeling his hand in the dark, I rock my child.

## 12 Poems of Emily Dickinson

Text by Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

### No. 8. When They Come Back

When they come back — if Blossoms do —  
I always feel a doubt  
If Blossoms can be born again  
When once the Art is out —

When they begin, if Robins may,  
I always had a fear  
I did not tell, it was their last Experiment  
Last Year,

When it is May, if May return,  
Had nobody a pang  
Lest in a Face so beautiful  
He might not look again?

If I am there — One does not know  
What Party — One may be  
Tomorrow, but if I am there  
I take back all I say —

### No. 5. Heart, We Will Forget Him

Heart! We will forget him!  
You and I – tonight!  
You may forget the warmth he gave –  
I will forget the light!

When you have done, pray tell me  
That I may straight begin!  
Haste! lest while you're lagging  
I remember him!

### No. 7. Sleep is Supposed to Be

Sleep is supposed to be  
By souls of sanity  
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand  
Down which, on either hand  
The hosts of witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be  
By people of degree  
The breaking of the Day.

Morning has not occurred!

That shall Aurora be—  
East of Eternity—  
One with the banner gay—  
One in the red array—  
That is the break of Day!