



## Maren Richardson, Soprano

Fourth Year Recital

Trevor Chartrand, Piano

Elise Wiesinger, Violin

Maren Helyar, Cello

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance.

Maren Richardson is a student of Professor Lorna MacDonald.

Wednesday, April 17, 2024, at 2:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

### PROGRAMME

Mein Gläubiges Herze (from Cantata 68)  
Singe, Seele, Gott zum Preise (from HWV 206)

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)  
George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Sechs Lieder, Op.13  
I. Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen  
II. Sie liebten sich beide  
IV. Ich hab in deinem Auge

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Wunsch\*\*  
La Petenera  
Die Lorelei\*\*

Johanna Kinkel (1810-1858)  
Martin Richardson (b.1955)  
Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Andalouse\*

Calixa Lavallée (1842-1891)

### INTERMISSION

Spirate pur spirate  
Amor mi fa cantare

Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)  
Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

Hark the Lark at Heaven's Gate Sings\*  
Rose Amongst the Thorns\*

Robert Ursan (b.1957)  
Aislinn Brown (b.2000)

Para Vivir\*\*  
Del cabello más sutil  
El vito

Patricia Caicedo (b.1969)  
Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)  
Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)

*\*Fulfills the Canadian Repertoire Requirement*

*\*\*Fulfills the BIPOC/Underrepresented Composers Requirement*

## PROGRAM NOTES, TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

### Texts and Translations

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### **Mein Gläubiges Herze (from Cantata BWV 68) taken from Biblical passages John 3:16-2:21**

*Translation by Michael Marissen and Daniel R. Melame*

*Mein Gläubiges Herze reflects the themes of faith, devotion and gratitude towards God.*

Mein gläubiges Herze  
Frohlocke, sing, scherzo  
Dein Jesus ist da!  
Weg Jammer, weg Klagen,  
Ich will euch nur sagen:  
Mein Jesus ist nah

*My believing in Christ heart  
Exult, sing, make merry;  
Your Jesus is there!  
Away lament; away torments;  
To you I wish to say only:  
My Jesus is at hand.*

---

### **Singe, Seele, Gott Zum Preise (HWV 206) poetry by Barthold Heinrich Brockes**

*Translation by Pietro Lignola*

*Singe Seele Gott Zum Preise allows me to sing and express my praise to God. What better what to share my faith and who I am!*

Singe, Seele, Gott zum Preise,  
Der auf solche weise Weise  
Alle Welt so herrlich schmückt.

*Sing, soul, God to praise,  
who in such a wise way  
makes the world wonder.*

Der uns durchs Gehör erquickt.  
Der uns durchs Gesicht entzückt.  
Wenn er Bäum' und Feld beblümet,  
Sei gepreiset, sei gerühmet!

*He refreshes us by hearing.  
He enchants us through the face.  
When he flowers trees and fields,  
be praised, be magnified!*

---

### **Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen (op.13, I) poetry by Heinrich Heine**

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

*Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen, I stood in dark dreams. In this song, the narrator is describing their dreams filled with sorrow and pain.*

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen  
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,  
Und das geliebte Antlitz  
Heimlich zu leben begann.

*I stood darkly dreaming  
And stared at her picture,  
And that beloved face  
Sprang mysteriously to life.*

Um ihre Lippen zog sich  
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,  
Und wie von Wehmutstränen  
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

*About her lips  
A wondrous smile played,  
And as with sad tears,  
Her eyes gleamed.*

Auch meine Tränen flossen  
Mir von den Wangen herab –  
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,  
Dass ich dich verloren hab!

*And my tears flowed  
Down my cheeks,  
And ah, I cannot believe  
That I have lost you!*

---

### **Sie liebten sich beide** poetry by Heinrich Heine

*Translation by Maren Richardson*

***Sie liebten sich beide** is a reflection on unrequited love and the pain of happiness of someone you once loved. The text ranges from longing to bitterness and resentment.*

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner  
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn;  
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,  
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.

*They loved each other, but neither  
Wished to tell the other;  
They gave each other quite bitter looks,  
Yet nearly died of love.*

Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich  
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum;  
Sie waren längst gestorben  
Und wussten es selber kaum.

*In the end they parted and saw  
Each other but scarcely in dreams  
They died so long ago  
And hardly knew it themselves.*

---

### **Ich hab' in deinem Auge** poetry by Heinrich Heine

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

***Ich hab' in deinem Auge** reflects on the memories of a past love. The memory only adds to their pain and suffering, they cannot find solace anymore.*

Ich hab' in deinem Auge  
Den Strahl der ewigen Liebe gesehen,  
Ich sah auf deinen Wangen  
Einmal die Rosen des Himmels stehn.

*I saw in your eyes  
The ray of eternal love,  
I saw on your cheeks  
The roses of heaven.*

Und wie der Strahl im Aug' erlischt  
Und wie die Rosen zerstieben,  
Ihr Abglanz ewig neu erfrischt,  
Ist mir im Herzen geblieben,

*And as the ray dies in your eyes,  
And as the roses scatter,  
Their reflection, forever new,  
Has remained in my heart,*

Und niemals werd' ich die Wangen seh'n  
Und nie in's Auge dir blicken,  
So werden sie mir in Rosen steh'n  
Und es den Strahl mir schicken.

*And never will I look at your cheeks,  
And never will I gaze into your eyes,  
And not see the glow of roses,  
And the ray of love.*

---

### **Wunsch poetry by August Kopisch**

*Translation by Maren Richardson*

**Wunsch, begins** the Lorelei myth set. The singer is desperate for love, wanting to sail alone with their beloved. Kopisch's text represents innocent and pure love, wishing for a life with their true love.

Im Meere möcht' ich fahren  
Mit dir, mit dir allein,  
Möcht' auf einsamem  
Eiland mit dir verschlagen sein!

*I want to travel on the sea  
With you, with you alone  
I want to be lonely  
With you on the island!*

Da wären nicht Muhmen und Basen,  
nur du und ich allein.  
Da würdest du nicht so spröde, nicht hart  
und grausam sein!  
Da schlängst du die Lilienarme mir liebend  
um Hals und Brust,  
Und ich, ich dürfte dich küssen, nach meines  
Herzens Lust!

*There would be no aunts or cousins,  
Just you and me alone,  
Then you would not be so brittle, hard and  
cruel!  
You'd wrap your lily arms loving around my  
neck and chest,  
And I, I might kiss you, according to my  
heart's desire!*

Wir säßen und strickten uns Netze und fingen  
uns Fische im Meer,  
Und Gast wär' allein die Liebe,  
sonst weiter niemand mehr.

*We'd sit and weave nets and catch  
fish in the sea,  
And the only guest would be love, besides no  
further no one be.*

Im Meere möcht' ich fahren mit dir,  
mit dir allein,  
Möcht' auf einsamem  
Eiland mit dir verschlagen sein!

*In the sea would I like to sail  
with you alone,  
I want to be lonely  
With you on the island!*

---

### **La Petenera poetry based on traditional Mexican and text**

*Translation by Mónica Quinn-Dobla and Susana Sela*

**La Petenera**, composed in 2020 by Return Trip (all proceeds go to Care International, a global charity working saving lives and end poverty) <https://returntrip.org/> follows the Mexican and Spanish folklore myth "The Lorelei", the mysterious figure that captivates and lures men to their deaths. The Petenera is set in a flamenco dance style.

La Petenera se ha muerto  
Y la lleva a enterrar  
Y no cabe por las calles  
La gente que va detrás  
La Petenera se ha muerto  
Ya la lleva a enterrar

*The Petenera has died  
And its' being taken to the cemetery  
And they can't get through the streets  
The people who follow behind  
The Petenera has died  
And its being taken to the cemetery*

La sirena sembró  
En un buque de madera  
La sirena sembró  
En un buque de madera  
Como el viento le faltó  
¡Ay la la la!  
Como el viento le faltó  
No pudo llegar a tierra  
A medio mar se quedó  
Cantando la Petenera

*The mermaid went aboard  
A wooden ship  
The mermaid went aboard  
A wooden ship  
As she had no wind  
Ay la la la !  
As she had no wind  
Half away from the shore  
Drifted away at open sea  
Singing the Petenera*

Petenera, Petenera  
Quien te pudiera cantar  
Petenera, Petenera  
Quien te pudiera cantar  
Ojalá que yo pudiera  
¡Aynanana!  
¡Aynanana!  
Ojalá que yo pudiera  
Por los menos entonar  
Como vierra  
A medio mar se quedó  
Cantando la Petenera!

*Petenera, Petenera  
Who could sing you  
Petenera, Petenera  
Who could sing you  
I wish I could  
Aynanana!  
Aynanana!  
I wish I could  
At least sing  
How to see  
Drifted away at open sea  
Singing the Petenera!*

---

## **Die Lorelei poetry by Heinrich Heine**

*Translation by Maren Richardson*

*The Lorelei legend has been told in German folklore for centuries. It tells the story of a siren, with her enchanting voice, who lures sailors to their silence on the Lorelei rock on the bank of the Rhine River. With her mesmerizing voice, she enchants fishermen and sailors to their deaths. Reading about this myth and singing this setting has motivated me to explore this era of seduction and temptation.*

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

*I don't know, what should it to mean,  
That I am so sad;  
A fairy tale from ancient times  
I can't get that out of my mind.*

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

*The air is cool and it's getting dark,  
And the Rhine flows calmly;  
The peak of the mountain sparkles  
In the evening sunlight.*

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

*The most beautiful maiden sits,  
Wonderful up there,  
Her golden jewelry flashes  
She combs her golden hair*

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

*She combs with a golden comb  
And sings a song,  
That has a miraculous,  
Violent melody.*

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

*The boatman in the small ship  
Seizes it with the wild ache;  
He doesn't look at the rocky reefs,  
He just looks up to the sky.*

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

*I think, the waves devour  
Eventually, boatman and boat;  
And that has to do with her singing  
The Lorelei done.*

---

## Andalouse poetry by Alfred de Musset

*Translation by Dr. Karine St-Pierre*

**Andalouse** is a French-Canadian composition by the composer who wrote the Canadian National Anthem! It depicts a flirtatious and playful woman from Andalusia, a region in Spain with rolling hills, rivers and farmland.

Vous connaissez que j'ai pour mie  
Une Andalouse á l'oiel lutin  
Et sur mon Coeur tout endormie  
Je la Berce jusqu'au matin

*You know that I am a mistress keep  
A Spanish girl with an impish eye,  
And on my heart, asleep  
I rock her until morning.*

Gais chérubin! Veillez sur elle,  
Planez, oiseaux, sur votre nid;  
Dorez du reflet de votre aile  
Son sommeil, que Dieu bénit, Ah!

*Gay cherubs! Watch over her,  
Glide, birds, over your nest  
From the reflection of your wing gild  
Her sleep, which God blesses! Ah!*

Car toute chose nous convie  
D'oublier tout fors notre amour:  
No plaisirs d'oublier la vie;  
Nos rideau, d'oublier le jour,

*Since all things invite us  
To forget everything; except our love;  
Our pleasures, to forget life;  
Our curtains, to forget daylight.*

Oh, Viens! Dans mon âme froissée  
Que saigne encore d'un mal bein grand,  
Viens verse ta blanche pensée,  
Comme un ruisseau dans tu Torrent!

*Oh, come into my wounded soul  
Still bleeding from a great pain,  
Come pour your white pansy  
Like a brook in a torrent!*

Restons! L'étoile vagabonde  
Dont les sages on peur de loin  
Peut-etre en important le monde,  
Nous laissera dans notre coin.

*Let us remain! The vagabond star  
Of which the wise man are afraid of from  
afar  
Perhaps, carrying away from the world,  
Will leave us in our corner.*

Donne-moi, ma belle matresse  
Un beau baiser, car je le veux.  
Raconter ma longue détresse,  
En caressant tes beaux cheveux.  
Donne-moi, ma belle matresse,  
Un beau baiser, car je le veux.

*Give me, my beautiful mistress  
A beautiful kiss, because I want it,  
To recount my long distress,  
Caressing your beautiful hair  
Give me my beautiful mistress  
A beautiful kiss because I want it.*

---

### **Spirate pur Spirate poetry by Alberto Donaudy**

*Translation by Gretchen Armacost*

***Spirate pur Spirate*** encourages listeners to appreciate the love and small joys in life and to savour each moment.

Spirate pur spirate attorno a lo mio bene,  
Aurette, e v'accertate  
S'ella nel cor mi tiene

*Breathe, still breathe around my beloved,  
Little breezes, and find out  
If she holds me in her heart*

Spirate, spirate pur aurette!  
Se nel suo cor mi tiene, v'accertate,  
Aure beate, aure lievi e beate!

*Blow, then blow around my beloved  
Find out, blessed breezes  
Breezes light and blessed.*

---

### **Amor mi fa cantare poetry by Alberto Donaudy**

*Translation by Gretchen Armacost*

***Amor mi fa cantare*** This song evokes happiness and the desire to sing about one's beloved.

Amor mi fa cantare  
Per dir le laudi ascose  
Di due pupille chiare  
E di due labbra oziose.

*Love makes me sing  
To speak the hidden praises  
Of two bright eyes  
And of two idle lips.*

S'io pensó a quello sguardo,  
Il sol mi sembra offenso;  
E tutto avvampo ed ardo  
Se a quelle labbra penso.

Se poi, siccome suole,  
Mi guarda e parla un po'  
Son come cera al sole:  
Tutto mi liquefò.

Ma invan le trotto dietro  
Da quasi un anno intero;  
In van, cambiando metro,  
Mi mostro audace o altero,

Se le rivolgo un motto ,  
Dal rider non si regge...  
Le scrivo uno strambotto ?  
Lo legge e non lo legge.

Se poi, siccome suole,  
Mi guarda e parla un po'  
Son come cera al sole:  
Tutto mi liquefó.

*If I think of that look,  
The sun seems to me offended  
And I blaze and burn completely  
If I think of those lips.*

*If then, as usual  
She looks at me and talks a little  
I am like wax in the sun  
I melt entirely.*

*But in vain I have trotted behind her  
For almost an entire year;  
In vain, changing meter,  
I show myself audacious or haughty.*

*If I direct a word to her,  
From laughing she cannot hold herself up..  
Do I write her song?  
She reads it and doesn't read it.*

*If then as usual,  
She looks at me and talks a little,  
I am like wax in the sun  
I melt entirely.*

---

### **Hark the Lark at Heaven's Gate Sings poetry by William Shakespeare *Cymbeline***

*Hark the Lark* is from Act III of *Cymbeline*, in which the character expresses awe and wonder in the essence of nature. This song is infused with nature's beauty, the passage of time and the renewing of life. The imagery includes Phoebus (the sun god), having his horses drink at the celestial springs, heavenly flowers, and the song of the lark in the morning.

Hark, Hark! The Lark at Heaven's Gate Sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies;

And winking Mary buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes:  
With everything that pretty is,  
My lady sweet, arise:  
Arise, Arise.



---

## Rose Amongst the Thorns poetry by Aislinn Brown

*“Rose Amongst the Thorns tells the story of beauty, love, and purity blooming amongst the thorns of life. The piece shares the effects of the thorns on the rose being pierced, bruised, mocked, and scorned. The Rose turns from white to crimson, being trampled in the dust. Yet, morning comes. The dew of dawn brings reviving power to the flower- blooming stronger, smelling sweeter, and flourishing in the garden. The Rose paid a sacrifice, losing its beauty, to remain in the place where it loved to be planted. The Rose is a symbol of Christ, to me, as a Christian composer, and to Maren, as the vocalist. The piece concludes by telling how the love was reborn, stronger and more beautiful, through an act of sacrifice.” - Aislinn Brown*

O Rose, O Rose, amongst the thorns  
Blooms white snow.  
This Rose beside the pricks.  
Stretching t’wrd the sun.

O Rose, O Rose, amongst the thorns  
On either side the petals pierced.  
Betrayed by one who claimed to love.  
Pierced by one who mocked and scorned.

O Rose amongst the thorns.  
Why do you blossom here?  
O beauty trampled in the dust.  
O Rose, divine.

Bloomed amongst the thorns,  
The dew of dawn shines a light.  
Deeper love, a sweeter smell.  
All fears forgotten in the night.

Flourished in the garden,  
Pure as the clouds of day.

O, Rose amongst the thorns.  
O, crimson flow  
O, Love sacrifice full paid.  
O, Rose  
O, love, reborn.

---

## Para Vivir poetry by Raúl Gustavo Aguirre

*Translation by Patricia Caicedo*

*Para Vivir tells the story of the struggles of a person trying to live up to their greatest potential. They had to work hard to get where they wanted to be. The narrator pictures this pure and happy place for them to live.*

Para vivir,  
Yo busqué un sitio oscuro.  
Para vivir.

*To live,  
I looked for a dark place.  
To live*

Para vivir,  
Practiqué el mimetismo.  
Para vivir.

*To live,  
I practiced mimicry.  
To live.*

Me compuse mil caras,  
Mil caras inocentes,  
Mil caras complacientes.  
Para vivir.

*I made a thousand faces,  
A thousand innocent faces.  
A thousand innocent faces.  
To live.*

Mil caras diferentes,  
Mi amor, mi buen amor,  
Mi amor que sólo tienes  
La cara del amor.

*A thousand different faces,  
My love, my good love,  
My love, you who only has the face of love.*

Yo cavaba la tierra,  
Callaba, me escondía,  
Borré todas mis huellas,  
Me deshice de todo,  
Mi amor, para vivir  
Para vivir,  
Yo busqué un sitio puro.  
Para vivir.

*I dug the earth,  
Kept quiet, I hid,  
I erased all my tracks,  
I got rid of everything,  
My love to live.  
To live.  
I searched for a pure place.  
To live.*

Para vivir,  
Sólo había este abismo,  
Mi amor, para vivir.

*To live,  
To live, there was only this abyss,  
My love, to live.*

---

### **Del cabello más sutil poetry originated from traditional Mexican text.**

*Translation by Maren Richardson*

***Del cabello más sutil*** highlights the beauty of a woman from her fine hair to her lips and all her features. I am happy to include a Spanish set in my program, as Spanish has made quite an influence in my life!

Del cabello más sutil,  
Que tienes en tu trenzado  
He de hacer una dadena  
Para traerte a mi lado.

*From the finest hair,  
That you have braided  
I will make a chain  
To have you next to me.*

Una alcarraza en tu casa,  
Chiquilla, quisiera ser  
Para besarte en la boca  
Quando fueras a beber. Ah!

*I would love to be a small pitcher in your  
house,  
So I can kiss you on your lips  
when you drink from it. Ah!*

---

## El vito poetry by Anonymous Traditional Text

*Translation by Laura Prichard*

**El vito** is a lively Spanish folk song and Andalusian dance, filled with wit and charm. The lyrics depict a playful and flirtatious scene between a man and a woman. The man tries to woo the woman, although she just responds back with spirit and teasing.

Una vieja vale un real  
y una muchacha dos cuartos,  
[y yo, como]<sup>1</sup> soy tan pobre  
me voy a lo más barato.

*An old woman is worth a real (\$1=20 reals)  
and a young girl two cuartos, (1/4 real)  
[and]<sup>1</sup> I, you know, I'm so poor  
I'm going for the cheapest.*

Con el vito, vito, vito,  
con el vito, vito, va.  
No me haga 'usté' cosquillas,  
que me pongo 'colorá'.  
[No me mires; ay! chiquilla,  
que me voy desmoroná.]<sup>2</sup>

*With the vito, vito, vito,  
with the vito, vito, it goes.  
Don't you tickle me,  
I'll turn 'red'.  
Don't look at me, oh, little girl  
I'm going to fall apart.*

Cuatro curas, se la llevan  
se la llevan a enterrar.  
Cuatro curas se la llevan  
con el vito, vito, va.  
Se la llevan y es mi suegra.  
¡Ay! ¡la risa que me dá!  
Con el vito, vito, vito.  
¡Ay! que no la veré más!

*Four priests take a woman  
they take her to be buried.  
Four priests take her  
with the vito, vito, it goes.  
They take her and [I see] it's my mother-in-  
law.  
Oh! It makes me laugh!  
With the vito, vito, vito.  
Oh! I'll see her no more!*