



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

2024/ Third Year Recital

Mia Robles, Soprano

Jo Greenaway, Piano

April 17th, 2024 at 7:30 PM

Geiger Torel

PROGRAMME

Vado, ma dove? oh Dei!, *K 583*

Wolfgang A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Liebst du um Schönheit, *Op. 12, No. 4*

Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)

Zum Schluss, *Op. 25, No. 26*

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Laue Sommernacht from *Fünf Lieder*

Alma Mahler
(1879-1964)

Liebst du um Schönheit, from *Rückert-Lieder*

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Ce doux petit visage, *FP 99*

Vers le sud, *FP 140, No. 3*

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Soleils couchants

Cantique

Nadia Boulanger
(1887-1979)

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.

Seven Tableaux from *The Song of Songs*

Srul Irving Glick
(1934-2002)

- I. O let Him Kiss Me
- IV. How Beautiful You Are My Love
- VII. Set Me As A Seal Upon Your Heart

Il Bacio

Luigi Arditi
(1822-1903)

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

Mia Robles is a student of Prof. Wendy Nielsen and Prof. Lorna MacDonald.

Texts and Translations

Vado ma dove? oh Dei!, K 583

I go, but where? Oh, Gods!

Text by Lorezo da Ponte (1749-1838)

Vado, ma dove? Oh Dei!
Se de' tormenti suoi,
se de' sospiri miei
non sente il ciel pietà!

I go, but where? Oh Gods!
If for his torments,
If for my sighs,
Does Heaven not feel pity!

Tu che mi parli al core,
Guida i miei passi, amore;
Tu quel ritegno or togli
Che dubitar mi fa.

You who speaks to my heart,
Guide my steps, love;
Remove the restraint
That makes me doubt.

Liebst du um Schönheit

If you love for beauty

Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1886)

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.

If you love for beauty,
O, do not love me!
Love the sun,
For she has golden hair.

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr.

If you love for youth,
O, do not love me!
Love the spring,
As it is young every year.

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

If you love for treasures,
O, do not love me!
Love the mermaid,
For she has shining pearls.

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

If you love for love,
O, yes, love me!
Love me forever,
And I will love you forever.

Zum Schluss

Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1886)

Hier in diesen erdbeklomm'nen
Lüften, wo die Wehmut taut,
Hab' ich dir den unvollkomm'nen
Kranz geflochten, Schwester, Braut!
Wenn uns droben Aufgenomm'nen
Gottes Sohn' entgegenschaut,
Wird die Liebe den vollkomm'nen
Kranz uns flechten, Schwester, Braut.

Finally

Here in these earthy
Winds, where sadness thaws,
Have I for you an imperfect
Wreath braided, sister, bride!
When we, above are received,
God's sun looking upon us,
Will love then the perfect
Wreath braid us, sister, bride!

Laue Sommernacht

Text by Gustav Falke (1853-1916)

Laue Sommernacht: am Himmel
Stand kein Stern, im weiten Walde
Suchten wir uns tief im Dunkel,
Und wir fanden uns.

Fanden uns im weiten Walde
In der Nacht, der sternenlosen,
Hielten staunend uns im Arme
In der dunklen Nacht.

War nicht unser ganzes Leben
So ein Tappen, so ein Suchen?
Da: In seine Finsternisse
Liebe, fiel Dein Licht!

A Warm Summer Night

A warm summer night: in the sky
Were no stars, in the vast wood
We searched for each other deep in the dark,
And we found each other.

We found ourselves in the vast wood
In the night, the starless night,
Held each other in our arms, amazed,
In the dark night.

Was not our whole life
Just a touch, just a search?
There: In your darkness,
Love, fell your light!

Ce doux petit visage

Text by Paul Éluard (1895-1952)

Rien que ce doux petit visage
Rien que ce doux petit oiseau
Sur la jetée lointaine où les enfants faiblissent

À la sortie de l'hiver
Quand les nuages commencent à brûler
Comme toujours
Quand l'air frais se colore.

Rien que cette jeunesse qui fuit devant la vie.

This soft, small face

Nothing but this soft, small face
Nothing but this soft, small bird
On the distant pier where the children weaken

At the end of winter
When the clouds begin to smoke
Like always
When the fresh air colours itself.

Nothing but this youth that flees from life.

Vers le sud

Text by Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918)

Zénith
Tous ces regrets
Ces jardins sans limites
Où le crapaud module un tendre cri d'azur
La biche du silence éperdu passe vite
Un rossignol meurtri par l'amour chante sur
Le rosier de ton corps dont j'ai cueilli les roses

Nos coeurs pendent ensemble au même
grenadier

Et les fleurs de grenade en nos regards écloses
En tombant tour à tour ont jonché le sentier

Towards the South

Zenith
All these regrets
These limitless gardens
Where the toad modulates a tender azure cry
The doe of distraught silence passes quickly
A nightingale killed by love sings on
The rosebush of your body from which I
harvested roses

Our hearts hang together from the same
pomegranate tree

And the pomegranate flowers in our gaze bloom
Falling one by one they covered the path

Soleils couchants

Text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Une aube affaiblie
Verse par les champs
La mélancolie
Des soleils couchants.
La mélancolie
Berce de doux chants
Mon cœur qui s'oublie
Aux soleils couchants.
Et d'étranges rêves,
Comme des soleils
Couchants sur les grèves,
Fantômes vermeils,
Défilent sans trêves,
Défilent, pareils
À des grands soleils
Couchants sur les grèves.

Setting Suns

A weakened dawn
Pours from the fields
The melancholy
Of the setting suns
The melancholy
With soft songs lulls
My heart that forgets itself
In the setting suns.
And from strange dreams,
Like suns
Setting on the graves,
Red ghosts,
Parade without stopping,
Parade, similar
To the grand suns
Setting on the shores.

Cantique

Text by Maurice Maeterlinck (1862-1949) from
Soeur Béatrice

A toute âme qui pleure,
A tout péché qui passe,
J'ouvre au sein des étoiles
Mes mains pleines de grâces.

Il n'est péché qui vive,
Quand l'amour a parlé,
Il n'est âme qui meure,
Quand l'amour a pleuré.

Et si l'amour s'égare
Aux sentiers d'ici-bas,
Ses larmes me retrouvent
Et ne s'égarent pas.

Hymn

To all souls who cry,
To all sin that passes,
I open to the heart of stars
My hands full of blessings.

There is no sin that lives,
When love has spoken,
There is no soul that dies
When love has cried.

And if love has gone astray
Down the paths down below,
Its tears will find me again
And will not lose their way.

O, Let Him Kiss Me

Text by Srul Irving Glick (1932-2002) based on
Songs of Solomon (1:1-3)

O, let him kiss me,
For his love is sweeter than wine.
The sound of his sweet name
Echoes silently in my heart.
The presence of his scent
Lingers in my soul.

How Beautiful You Are

Text based on *Songs of Solomon* (I:16-17)

How beautiful you are my love
How pleasant to be with you.
Our couch is a leafy bower
Our beams are of cedar
Our panels are of cypresses and
Our ceiling is silver lined clouds.
O, how beautiful you are my love!

Set Me As A Seal Upon Your Heart

Text based on *Songs of Solomon* (VIII:6-7)

Set me as a seal upon your heart,
As a seal upon your arm;
For love is as strong as death,
And passion as mighty as the whirlwind.
Love blazes more fiercely than fire
shining with a holy flame;
Vast floods cannot quench it
Nor rivers drown its endless light!

Il Bacio

Text by Gottardo Aldighieri (1824-1906)

Sulle labbra se potessi
dolce un bacio ti darei.
Tutte ti direi le dolcezze dell'amor.
Sempre assisa te d'appresso,
mille gaudii ti direi, Ah! ti direi.

Ed i palpiti udirei
che rispondono al mio cor.
Gemme e perle non desio,
non son vaga d'altro affetto.

Un tuo sguardo è il mio diletto,
un tuo bacio è il mio tesor.
Ah! Vieni! ah vien! più non tardare a me!

Ah vien! nell'ebbrezza d'un amplesso
ch'io viva sol d'amor! Ah!

The Kiss

On your lips, I could
Sweetly give you a kiss.
I would tell you all the sweetness of love,
Always sitting near you,
One thousand joys I would tell you, Ah! I would
tell you.

And the heatbeats I would hear
That respond to my heart.
Gems and pearls I don't desire,
I do not look for any other affection.

One of your glances is my delight,
One of your kisses is my treasure.
Oh! Come! Oh come! Don't make me wait any
longer!

Oh come! To the intoxication of an embrace I
might live only through love! Ah!