



Fourth Year Recital

Ivan Vutev, Countertenor

Ivan Jovanovic, Piano, Organ
Isabel Rysnar, Violin
Rosaleen Ryel, Viola

April 25th, 2024 at 1:30 pm
Trinity St Paul

PROGRAMME

Es sang vor langen Jahren	Arvo Pärt (b. 1935)
I Know a Bank Where the Wild Thyme Blows (<i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i>)	Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
Belle Iris	Mademoiselle de C**** (1709)
Vous Aimez, Jeune Iris	Mademoiselle de Ma (1711)
Letzte Rede	Heinrich Albert (1604-1651)
Unseen Rain	John Oliver* (b. 1959)
1. Tuning	
2. The Altar	
4. The Mirror	
6. Candle	
8. Stories	

Intermission

Stabat Mater	Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)
1. Stabat Mater dolorosa	
2. Cujus animam gementem	
3. O quam tristis et afflicta	
4. Quis est homo, qui non fleret	
5. Quis non posset contristari	
6. Pro peccatis suæ gentis	
7. Eja Mater, fons amoris	
8. Fac ut ardeat cor meum	
9. Amen	

**Fulfills the Canadian composers requirement.*

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance.
Ivan Vutev is a student of Jean MacPhail.

Es sang vor langen Jahren

Arvo Pärt

Text by Clemens Brentano

Es sang vor langen Jahren
Wohl auch die Nachtigall.
Das war wohl süßer Schall,
Da wir zusammen waren.

Long years ago indeed, as now
There sang the nightingale;
The sound was truly sweet;
Then, we were together.

Ich sing und kann nicht weinen
Und spinne so allein.
Den Faden klar und rein,
Solang der Mond wird scheinen.

I sing and cannot weep,
And thus, alone, I spin
The bright, clean threads
As long as the moon shines.

Da wir zusammen waren,
Da sang die Nachtigall.
Nun mahnet mich ihr Schall,
Dass du von mir gefahren.

When we were together,
Then sang the nightingale;
Now her sound reminds me
That you are gone from me.

So oft der Mond mag scheinen,
So denk ich dein allein.
Mein Herz ist klar und rein,
Gott wolle uns vereinen.

However often the moon shines,
I think on you alone;
My heart is bright and clean;
God grant we be united!

Seit du von mir gefahren,
Singt stets die Nachtigall.
Ich denk bei ihrem Schall,
Wie wir zusammen waren.

Since you have gone from me,
The nightingale sings constantly;
Her sound makes me think
How we were together.

Gott wolle uns vereinen.
Hier spinn ich so allein.
Der Mond scheint klar und rein.
Ich sing und möchte weinen.

God grant we be united
Where, so alone, I spin;
The moon shines bright and clean;
I sing, and would weep.

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I Know a Bank Where the Wild Thyme Blows

Benjamin Britten
Text by William Shakespeare

Welcome wanderer, hast thou the flower there?

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.

Belle Iris

Mademoiselle de C****

Belle Iris, ne m'ordonnez pas
De vos cacher un feu que rien ne peut éteindre:

Beautiful Iris, do not order me
To hide a fire that nothing can put out:

Quand on est si près du trépas,
Peut-on s'empêcher de se plaindre?

When we are so close to death,
Can we stop ourselves from complaining?

Vous aimez, jeune Iris

Mademoiselle de Ma

Vous aimez, jeune Iris, à vois voir une cour
D'une foule d'amants, qui vous suit chaque jour:

You like, young Iris, to see a court
Of a crowd of lovers, who follow you every day:

Gardez-vous de vous laisser surprendre;
En voulant donner de l'amour,
Vous pourriez bien en prendre.

Be careful not to be surprised;
By wanting to give love,
You may well take some.

**Letzte Rede einer vormals stolzen und gleich
sterbenden Jungfrauen**

Heinrich Albert

Ich armer Madensack/
Der ich vor wenig Wochen belebt/
gerad und schön/
gleich einem Hirsche ging/
und hoch geehret ward/
Und manchen Gruß empfing

Poor maggot me!
I, who was a few weeks ago,
poised and beautiful,
walked like a deer
and was highly honored,
And received many a greeting,

Lieg hie nun hergestreckt
Und bin nur Haut und Knochen
Die Glieder sterben mir/
Die Augen sind gebrochen.

Now lie stretched out here
And I'm just skin and bones,
My limbs are dying,
My eyes are broken.

War dieses/
daß ich mich mit Golde so behieng?

Was this
why I indulged so in gold?

Ihr Freunde/
haltet Mund und Nase zu/
ich stink/
Ach Gott/
so wird mein Pracht und Übermut gerochen/

You friends,
keep your mouths and noses closed!
I stink!
Oh God!
this is how my splendor and arrogance smells.

Ihr Jung und Frawen kommt/
kommt spigelt euch in mir/
Lernt hie/
was Hochmut sey:

You, young ones and women, come,
come see yourselves in me,
Learn here
what pride is:

Was Stand: Gestalt und Zier:
Ihr seht/
Ich muß davon/
mein Leben will sich schließen.

What stood: Shape and pride:
You see
I have to go,
my life seeks its close.

Lebt alle wol/
Und habt euch stets in guter Acht;
Gedenckt wie mich der Tod
so scheußlich hat gemacht;

Live well everyone
And always take good care of yourself;
Remember how death
so hideous has made me;

Ich tanze nur voran
ihr werdet folgen müssen.

I'm just dancing ahead
you will have to follow.

Unseen Rain

John Oliver
Text by Jalal al-Din al-Rumi,
trans. John Moyne and Coleman Barks

Tonight with wine being poured
And instruments singing among themselves,
One thing is forbidden,
One thing: Sleep.

I came and sat in front of you
As I would at an altar.
Every promise I made before
I broke when I saw you.

I want to hold you close like a lute
So we can cry out with loving.
You would rather throw stones at a mirror?
I am your mirror, and here are the stones.

Since I've been away from you,
I only know how to weep.
Like a candle, melting is who I am.
Like a harp, any sound I make is music.

You were alone, I got you to sing.
You were quiet, I made you tell long stories.
No one know who you were,
But they do now.

Stabat Mater

Antonio Vivaldi

Stabat mater dolorosa
juxta Crucem lacrimosa,
dum pendeat Filius.

The sorrowful mother was standing
beside the Cross weeping,
while the Son was hanging.

Cuius animam gementem,
contristatam et dolentem
pertransiit gladius.

Whose moaning soul,
depressed and grieving,
the sword has passed through.

O quam tristis et afflicta
fuit illa benedicta,
mater Unigeniti!

O how sad and stricken
was that blessed [woman],
mother of the Only-begotten [one]!

Quae mœrebat et dolebat,
pia Mater, dum videbat
nati pœnas incliti.

Who was mourning and suffering,
the pious Mother, while she was watching
the punishments of the glorious son.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
matrem Christi si videret
in tanto supplicio?

Who is the person who would not weep,
if they had seen the mother of Christ
in such great suffering?

Quis non posset contristari
Christi Matrem contemplari
dolentem cum Filio?

Who would not be able to be saddened
to behold the Mother of Christ
grieving with the Son?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
vidit Jesum in tormentis,
et flagellis subditum.

For the sins of his people
she saw Jesus in torments,
and subjected to lashes.

Vidit suum dulcem Natum
moriendo desolatum,
dum emisit spiritum.

She saw her sweet Son
dying forsaken,
while he sent forth [his] spirit.

Eja, Mater, fons amoris
me sentire vim doloris
fac, ut tecum lugeam.

Come now, O Mother, fountain of love
Make me feel the power of sorrow
that I might mourn with you.

Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
in amando Christum Deum
ut sibi complaceam.

Grant that my heart may burn
in loving Christ the God
that I might please him.

Amen

Amen