



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Jamie Bateman, Soprano

“The Nature of Love” a Fourth Year Recital

Suzy Smith, Piano

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Musical Degree in Performance.
Jamie Bateman is a student of Nathalie Paulin.

Thursday, April 18, 2024, at 12:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen’s Park

PROGRAM

Chiquitita la Novia

Fernando Obradors (1897–1945)

À Chlois

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

My Lagan Love

Arr. Akiko and Forrest Kinney (1947-2019)
Irish folk song

The Humors of Whiskey

Trans. Noah Faulkner
Traditional Irish folk song

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.

She Moved through the Fair

Arr. Herbert Hughes (1882 -1937)

The Last Rose of Summer

Arr. Benjamin Britten (1913 -1976)

Schlaflied **

Mary Howe (1882 -1964)

Vesper

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897 -1957)

Über Allen Gipfeln**

Mary Howe (1882 -1964)

Willow Song

Douglas Moore (1893 -1969)

INTERMISSION

Chanson Pour Les Oiseaux

Louis Beydts (1895 -1953)

La colombe poignardée
Le petit pigeon bleu
L'oiseau bleu
Le petit serin en cage

Вечір — Evening**

Myroslav Volyns'kyi (b.1955)

An den Mond

Franz Schubert (1797 -1828)

An die Musik

Franz Schubert (1797 -1828)

До музики — Ode to Music**

Myroslav Volyns'kyi (b.1955)

N.B. Canadian Repertoire Requirement previously fulfilled.

** Fulfills the BIPOC/Underrepresented Composers Repertoire Requirement.

PROGRAM NOTES

The Nature of Love

"Love is freeing, love is demanding, love is carved into our very souls." – J. Bateman

The personification of love through the imagery of nature is a concept that has long resonated with both modern and ancient societies. Whether it's the weeping of a willow tree, echoing the sorrow of a scorned lover beneath its swaying branches; or the melodious chirping of a bird, serenading its love songs to any willing listener; or the relentless rush of waves upon the coast, mirroring the tumultuous nature of a lover's quarrel, we have always drawn parallels between nature and the myriad facets of love. In this recital, we delve into the depths of this concept, exploring the various stories each set embodies.

We begin with "A Letter of Love," offering insight into the inner lives of a newly wedded couple and the profound devotion they share in the early stages of their journey together. This is followed by "Before the Boat," a collection of four pieces depicting the love between two Irish immigrants before their journey to the new world. This narrative is one of love and heartbreak, as one of them tragically loses their life in pursuit of a better future. This set holds personal significance for me, as "My Lagan Love" was a cherished song from my childhood, and my paternal lineage traces back to Ireland many generations ago.

Next, we encounter "The Unexpected," which encapsulates the unpredictable nature of love. We follow the story of an individual who anticipates being the first to leave their lover, yet fate intervenes as death claims their beloved first, leaving them bereft and longing to be reunited in death. Following this, we explore a single song set titled "Moving On," portraying the stark reality that life inevitably moves forward, and we must navigate its currents.

After intermission, we return with a song cycle titled "Chanson Pour Les Oiseaux" by Louis Beydts. This cycle juxtaposes playfulness with depth, using imagery of whimsical birds to depict the multifaceted nature of love. As we near the conclusion of our journey together, the recital culminates with the set "Ode to Music," comprising four songs in both German and Ukrainian. This set personifies music and hope, with evocative imagery of the moon and the evening. Music, a constant companion from birth to death, embodies a love that remains unwavering. This set holds a special place in my heart as it marks the perfect conclusion to my five years at the faculty of music. With my maternal heritage rooted in Ukrainian and German cultures, each song chosen for this set resonates deeply with me.

In closing, I would like to extend my heartfelt gratitude to all those who have supported my musical journey. I am indebted to my mother for her unwavering encouragement,

ferrying me to countless singing lessons and urging me to pursue excellence. I am grateful to my father for his steadfast presence at my performances, despite his preference for other genres of music. Special thanks to Suzy Smith, whose guidance and patience over the past five years have been invaluable. I am also grateful to Nathalie Paulin for her mentorship during my final year. Working with her has been an absolute delight and privilege. Finally, I extend my appreciation to all the teachers who have guided me throughout my tenure at this institution. Without your support, none of this would have been possible. Thank you.

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A Letter of Love

Young love is fresh, without bereavement and filled with untold possibilities. In “Chiquitita la Novia” we explore the excitement of a new marriage, and with “A Chloris” we are graced with a love letter filled with devotion. Although two very different styles, there is a connecting motif throughout each piece, a triplet pattern followed by an eighth note. It can be found in “Chiquitita la Novia”’s piano interlude, and at the beginning of “A Chloris”

Chiquitita la Novia

Text by Anonymous

Chiquitita la novia,
Chiquitito el novio,
Chiquitita la sala,
Y el dormitorio,
Por eso yo quiero
Chiquitita la cama
Y el mosquitero.

Tiny is the Bride

Translation by Alice Rogers-Mendoza

Tiny is the bride,
Tiny is the groom,
Tiny is the living room,
Tiny is the bedroom.
That is why I want
a tiny bed with a
mosquito net.

À Chloris

Text by Théophile de Viau

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,
Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.
Que la mort serait importune
De venir changer ma fortune
A la félicité des cieux!
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie
Ne touche point ma fantaisie
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

To Chloris

Translation by Oxford Song Festival

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,
(And I'm told you love me dearly),
I do not believe that even kings
Can match the happiness I know.
Even death would be powerless
To alter my fortune
With the promise of heavenly bliss!
All that they say of ambrosia
Does not stir my imagination
Like the favour of your eyes!

Before the Boat

First love can fill us with both euphoria, and subsequent bereavement when it comes to its inevitable end. In "Before the Boat" we explore the love between two Irish Immigrants prior to their journey to the new world. Yet sadly, one of them leaves this world before they have a chance at starting this new life together.

My Lagan Love

Text by Joseph Campbell

Where Lagan stream sings lullaby
There blows a lily fair
The twilight gleam is in her eye
The night is on her hair

And like a love-sick lennan-shee
She has my heart in thrall
Nor life I owe, nor liberty
For love is lord of all

And often when the beetle's horn
Hath lulled the eve to sleep
I steal unto her shieling lorn
And through the dooring peep

There on the cricket's singing stone
She spares the bogwood fire
And hums in sad sweet undertone
The songs of heart's desire

The Humors of Whiskey

Text by Joseph Lunn

Come guess me this riddle:
What beats pipes and fiddle?
What's hotter than mustard
and milder than cream?
What best wets your whistle?
What's clearer than crystal?
What's sweeter than honey
and stronger than steam?

What will make the dumb talk?
What will make the lame walk?
The elixir of life and philosopher's stone.
And what helped Mr. Brunel
to dig the Thames Tunnel?
Wasn't it whiskey from ould Inishowen?

So stick to the cratur'
the best thing in nature
For drowning your sorrows
and raising your joys.
and boys often wonder,
if lightning and thunder
Was made from the plunder
of whiskey me boys.

She moved through the Fair

Text by Padraic Colum

My young love said to me,
"My mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you
for your lack of kind"
And she stepped away from me
and this she did say:
It will not be long, love,
till our wedding day"

As she stepped away from me
and she moved through the fair
And fondly I watched her
move here and move there
And then she turned homeward
with one star awake
As the swan in the evening
moves over the lake

The people were saying,
no two were ever wed
But one had a sorrow
that never was said
And I smiled as she passed
with her goods and her gear,
And that was the last that
I saw of my dear.

Last night she came to me,
she came softly in
So softly she came that
her feet made no din
She laid her hand upon me
and this she did say
"It will not be long, love,
'til our wedding day"

The Last Rose of Summer

Text by Thomas Moore

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming all alone,
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.

No flower of her kindred,
No rose bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
And give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem.
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep now with them.

Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!

When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown
Oh! Who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

The Unexpected

Life is full of mystery; fate twisting and turning in unforeseen ways. In "The Unexpected" we are drawn into the story of two young lovers destined for heartbreak. One lover believes they will be the first to go, but they could not have been more wrong. Mortality hits, and they are the one left on their own.

Schlaflied

Text by Rainer Maria Rilke

Einmal wenn ich dich verlier,
wirst du schlafen können, ohne
dass ich wie eine Lindenkrone
mich verflüstre über dir?

Ohne dass ich hier wache und
Worte, beinah wie Augenlider,
auf deine Brüste, auf deine Glieder
niederlege, auf deinen Mund.

Ohne dass ich dich verschließ
und dich allein mit Deinem lasse
wie einen Garten mit einer Masse
von Melissen und Stern-Anis.

Lullaby

Translation by Amy Koenig

If ever I should someday lose you,
will sleep still come to you without
me whispering above you, soft
as linden branches in the wind?

Without me lying here awake
and laying down, almost like eyelids,
tender words upon your breasts,
upon your limbs, upon your mouth?

Without me locking you up tight
and leaving you with what is yours,
a garden overflowing with
star anise and with lemon balm?

Vesper

Text by Joseph von Eichendorff

Die Abendglocken klangen
Schon durch das stille Thal,
Da saßen wir zusammen
Da droben wohl hundertmal.

Und unten war's so stille
Im Lande weit und breit,
Nur über uns die Linde
Rauscht' durch die Einsamkeit.

Was gehn die Glocken heute,
Als ob ich weinen müßt'?
Die Glocken, die bedeuten
Daß mein Lieb' gestorben ist!

Ich wollt', ich läg' begraben,
Und über mir rauschte weit
Die Linde jeden Abend
Von der alten, schönen Zeit!

Über Allen Gipfeln

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Über allen gipfeln ist ruh
In allen wipfeln spürest du
Kaum einen hauch
Die vögelein schweigen in walde
Warte nur Balde
ruh est du auch

Vesper

Translation by Jamie Bateman

The evening bells had already
Rung in the quiet valley
When we sat together
Up there, surely a hundred times.

And down below it was so quiet
In the countryside far and wide,
Only the linden tree above us
Sighed in the solitude.

How are the bells ringing today
As if I must weep?
The bells signify
That my love has died!

I wish that I lay buried
And that above me broadly
The linden tree sighed every evening
Of the old, beautiful times!

Above Every Mountain

Translation by Jamie Bateman

Above every mountain is rest
In every treetop you feel
Barely a breath
The little bird is quiet in the forest
Wait now
Soon you will rest too

Moving on

Struck with heartache; a woman searches for the strength to continue on. In "Moving on" we are given an insight into the life of a newly divorced woman in the late 1800s. She is faced with her own insignificance, and the uncertainty of her future.

Willow Song

"Willow, where we met together.
Willow, when our love was new,
Willow, if he once should be returning
pray tell him I am weeping too.

So far from each other
as the days pass in their
emptiness away...

O my love, must it be forever
never once again
to meet as on that day
and never rediscover a way of telling
all our hearts could say.

Gone are the days of pleasure
gone are the friends I had of yore
only the recollection fatal
of a word that was spoken: Nevermore

Willow, where we met together
Willow, when our love was new
Willow, if he once should be returning
pray tell him I am weeping too

The Birds Sing of Love

Nature is often used as an allegory for love; and the sound of birds is often regarded as songs of love. In "The Birds Sing of Love" we explore the serious, playful, and lighthearted sides of love. Through the fluttering blue bird, the innocence of a white dove, the tragedy of a yellow canary, and the playfulness of a blue pigeon, we are given a snapshot into four different stories.

La Colombe Poignardée

Text by Paul Fort

Si Dieu n'avait pas fait le soleil
et les mondes,
Il n'y aurait pas eu les douleurs,
ni ma blonde.
Pas de coups, de sang rouge
et ni ma bien-aimée.
Il n'y aurait sur terre colombe poignardée.

Si Dieu n'avait pas fait la lune et les
orages,
Il n'y aurait pas eu de pleurs aux doux
visages,
Ni de couteau farouche et ni ma bien-aimée
Il n'y aurait sur terre colombe poignardée

Si Dieu n'avait pas fait les jours après le
jour,
Il n'y aurait pas eu d'amour, ni mon amour !
Il n'y aurait sur terre colombe poignardée.
Et ni, Seigneur ! ma bien-aimée.
If god had not made the sun

The Stabbed Dove

Translation by Michelle Girardot

and the worlds,
There would not have been suffering,
Nor my sweetheart,
Nor blows, red blood,
or my beloved.
There would not be on earth a stabbed
dove.

If god had not made the moon and the
storms,
There would not have been tears on sweet
faces,
Nor a fierce knife, nor my beloved.
There would not be on earth a stabbed
dove.

If god had not made the days after the day,
There would not have been love, nor my
love!
There would not be on earth a stabbed
dove,
Nor, oh god, my beloved.

Le Petit Pigeon Bleu

Text by Paul Fort

Je voudrais être petit pigeon bleu
Sur le toit de ta chaumière
Pour t'écouter remuer les assiettes
et mettre des pommes de pin au feu.

J'écouterais aussi la belle histoire
Que tes enfants écoutent chaque soir.
C'est toi qui la contes, je serais heureux
Tout comme un ange écoutant le bon Dieu.

Oui la belle histoire du paradis,
Quand les oiseaux s'aimaient entre eux,
Les arbres aussi, les poissons aussi,
Les chênes, les carpes, les hochequeues,
Les pins parasols, les écureuils,
Les zéphyr, les roseaux, les roses,
Les arcs-en-ciel sur les eaux,
Les gouttes de rosée
et deux personnes.

Sur le toit de ta chaumière,
Je voudrais être petit pigeon bleu.
J'écouterais entre les pailles, heureux,
Tout comme un ange écoutant le bon Dieu !

The Little Blue Pigeon

Translation by Michelle Girardot

I would like to be a little blue pigeon
On the roof of your thatched cottage
To listen to you stir the dishes
And put pinecones on the fire

I would also listen to the beautiful story
That your children listen to each evening
It is you who tells it, and I would be as
happy
As an angel listening to the good lord

Yes, the beautiful story of heaven,
When the birds loved one another,
The trees also, the fish also,
The oak trees, the carps, the waftail birds,
The umbrella-like pines, the squirrels
The breezes, the reeds, the roses,
The rainbows on the waters,
The drops of dew
And two people

On the roof of your thatched cottage
I would like to be a little blue pigeon
I would listen between the straws, as happy
As an angel listening to the good lord.

L'oiseau Bleu

Text by Paul Fort

Aliénor, Eléonor, Genièvre,
Ilse, Nausicaa, Viviane,
Eve, Blancheflor, Urgèle et Gwendoloéna, ‘

Carotte, Céphise, Amalthée,
Rosalys, Rosalinde rose,
Eunice, Eione, Galatée,
Sylphes, nymphes, apothéose,

Muses, Musette, Mélusine,
Musidora, Muse adorée,
Germaine Tourangelle,
Ondine, Calliope, Clio dorée,

Vénus Anadyomède, Irène, Roxane, Io,
reines, impératrices, fées,
voix heureuses d'être fées,

Ah, Nourdjebane, Badoulboudour,
la Sulamite et la Sultane,
Yseut, Isoline, Peau d'Ane,
Amour.

The Blue Bird

Translation by Michelle Girardot

Alienor, eleanor, genevieve,
Isle, nausicaa, viviane,
Eve, blancheflor, urgele, gwendolyn

Carrot, cephise, amalthea,
Rosalys, pink rosalinde,
Eunice, eione, galatea,
Sylphs, nymphs, apotheosis,

Muses, musette, melusine,
Musidora, adored muse,
Germaine Tourangelle,
Ondine, calliope, golden clio,

Venus, anadyomene, irene, roxanne, io,
Queens, empresses, Faires,
voices happy to be fairies,

Nourdjebane, badroulboudor,
The sulamite and the sultan,
Iseult, isoline, Donkey skin,
Love.

Le petit serin en cage

Text by Paul Fort

Il était un p'tit jaune
tout habillé de gris, canari,
Qui demandait l'aumône
aux chats et aux souris,
canari, toto canaro, canari.

Compère, Mistigri, le lairras-tu,
le lairras-tu souffri ?

Le chat d'la Mèr' Michel, canari,
ses moustach's comme un gril, canari,
A fait la courte échelle
aux rats et aux souris, canari,
toto canaro, canari !
Ah! Père Mistigri,
me lairras-tu mourir ?

Tu t'en iras au ciel, canari,
croqué par les souris, canari,
les rats, (c'est rationnel)
te croqu'ront bien aussi,
canari, toto canaro, canari.

Et Mistigri chéri
croqu'ra le tout, miaou !

Le chaton, qui l'eut cru ?
C'est le père Lustucru,
ce vieux monstre malotru,
qui l'a croqué tout cru.

The Little Canary in the Cage

Translation by Michelle Girardot

He was a little yellow one
all dressed in grey, canari,
Who asked the cats
and mice for alms
Canari, to to, canaro, canari

Comrade, mistigri,
will you leave him to suffer

Mother Michel's cat, canari,
His whiskers like a grill, canari,
Climbed the short ladder
to rats and mice,
Canari, toto canaro, canari,
Ah! Father Mistigri
will you leave me to die?

You will leave off to heaven, canari
Nibbled by mice, canari,
The rats (its rational)
will nibble you also,
Canari, toto canaro, canari.

And dear Mistigri
will eat the rest, meow!

The kitten, who would have believed it.
He's the father Lustucru,
This old, deformed monster
Who ate [the canary] completely raw.

Ode to Music

There is no love more pure than the love for music. In "Ode to Music" we explore the joy and devotion that music brings out in us all. It is a love that gives, taking little in return. Even in our darkest of moments, or our happiest of days, music is always at our side.

Вечір

Text by Anna Volyns'ka

В гнізді небес проклюнулась зоря.
Молитвами наповнюються храми.
В розкриті стулки західної брами
Дохлюпують віджеврілі моря.
І не пора на пристрасті.
Пора серцями, не прогірклими умами,
Дослухатись до вічності над нами,
І у собі — до залишків добра.

Evening

In the nest of heavens emerged a star.
Prayers fill the churches.
In the open wing of the western gate
Splash the glowing seas.
And it's not time for ardour.
It's time for hearts, not for jaded minds,
To listen to the eternity above us,
And in us to the remains of what is good.

An den Mond

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Geuss, lieber Mond, geuss deine
Silberflimmer
Durch dieses Buchengrün,
Wo Phantasien und Traumgestalten
Immer vor mir vorüberfliehn.

Enthülle dich, dass ich die Stätte finde,
Wo oft mein Mädchen sass,
Und oft, im Wehn des Buchbaums und der
Linde,
Der goldnen Stadt vergass.

Enthülle dich, dass ich des Strauchs mich
freue,
Der Kühlung ihr gerauscht,
Und einen Kranz auf jeden Anger streue,
Wo sie den Bach belauscht.

Dann, lieber Mond, dann nimm den Schleier
wieder,
Und traur um deinen Freund,
Und weine durch den Wolkenflor hernieder,
Wie dein Verlassner weint!

To the Moon

Translation by Oxford Song Festival

Beloved moon, shed your
silver radiance
through these green beeches,
where fancies and dreamlike images
forever flit before me.

Unveil yourself, that I may find the spot
where my beloved sat, where often,
in the swaying branches of the beech and
lime,
she forgot the gilded town.

Unveil yourself, that I may delight in the
whispering
bushes that cooled her,
and lay a wreath on that meadow
where she listened to the brook.

Then, beloved moon, take your veil once
more,
and mourn for your friend.
Weep down through the hazy clouds,
as the one you have forsaken weeps.

An die Musik

Text by Franz von Schober

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis
umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb
entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessre Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,
Ein süsser, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel bessrer Zeiten mir
erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

To the Music

Translation by Oxford Song Festival

Beloved art, in how many a bleak hour,
when I am enmeshed in life's tumultuous
round,
have you kindled my heart to the warmth of
love,
and borne me away to a better world!

Often a sigh, escaping from your harp,
a sweet, celestial chord
has revealed to me a heaven of happier
times.

Beloved art, for this I thank you!

До музики

Text by Anna Volyns'ka

Анна Волинська/Anna Volyns'ka
Ти, Музико, посланниця небес,
Наближення душі до ідеалу,
Який не дався часу на поталу!

Ти, Музико, — ти чудо із чудес.
З тобою дух приземлений
воскрес,
Гармонію почувши досконалу.

Не заглушив простого інтервалу,
Розгнуданий технічний наш прогрес.
Звільняючись від суєтних оков,
Гальмує днів розпачлива гонитва.

Нас Музика бере під свій покров.
І білий світ — це вже не поле
битви,
Це Віра, це Надія, це Любов, і Музика,
І Музика, і Музука — як Господу
молитва.

Ode to Music

You, Music, ambassadress of heaven,
The approach of my soul to the ideal,
The ideal which gave
no time for misfortune!

You, Music, - you miracle of miracles.
With you the soul of the earth has
resurrected,
having heard the perfect harmony.

It has not silenced the soul,
That enabled us to progress technically
Freeing itself from worthless shackles,
Stifled by days of desperate pursuit.

Music takes us under its cloak.
And the white world is now not a field of
battle,
It is faith, it is hope, it is love, and music,
And music, and music, is like to the Lord a
prayer.