



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
FACULTY OF MUSIC

**Joshua Gibson, Baritone**

B.Mus Recital 1

**Narmina Afandiyeva, Piano**

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance.  
Joshua Gibson is a student of Dr. Darryl Edwards.

Thursday, April 25th, 2024 at 2:30 pm | Geiger Torel, 80 Queen's Park

**PROGRAM**

**SET 1 : A LOVER'S LOSS**

Acis and Galatea Recit. "I rage, I melt, I burn..." Aria "Oh ruddier than the cherry..."	George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
Veiled in Sadness (2024)	Danial Sheibani (b.2003)
<i>Earth and Air and Rain</i> (Opus 15) VII. "To Lizbie Browne"	Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)
Five Art Songs IV. Fantasy in Purple	Florence Price (1887-1953)
Sei Romanze I. Non t'accostar all'urna	Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

**BRIEF PAUSE**

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*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](http://indigenous.utoronto.ca) to learn more.

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## SET 2 : THE BLEEDING HEART'S JOURNEY

*Die schöne Müllerin* (Opus 25, D. 795)  
XII. Pause

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Sechs Lieder  
VI. In Waldeseinsamkeit

Johannes Brahms  
(1883-1897)

*Die schöne Müllerin*  
V. Am Feierabend

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée  
I. Chanson Romanesque  
II. Chanson épique  
III. Chanson à boire

Maurice Ravel  
(1875-1937)

Le jolie fille du Perth  
Aria "Quand la flamme de l'amour..."

Georges Bizet  
(1838-1875)

## **PROGRAM NOTES**

“Music is a world within itself, with a language we all understand” - Stevie Wonder.

Music as an artform is one of the most enthralling experiences on Earth. It is extremely difficult to replicate the feeling one gets when they've completely lost themselves in a performance. Whether they are sitting in the audience watching and listening as everything but the music fades from existence or if they are the one on the stage feeling like some kind of divine medium sharing the voice and secrets of the cosmos, there is a sense of unification among all those present. For one brief moment we are all one despite our differences; sharing something outside of logical explanation. It is the sharing of stories and emotions through a visceral re-enactment without having to abide by the confines of familiarity with one another, spoken language or composition. For this recital I have amassed music spanning over 300 years to tell a story older than a millennium. The pursuit of love and the soul crushing emptiness of being cast aside.

### ***“Oh Ruddier than the Cherry”***

The story begins with the proclamations of an emotionally unstable man filled with so much passion and desire for his sweet beloved that it pours out of him in waves of rage so hot he might melt from its intensity.

### ***“Veiled in Sadness”***

Drawn out by desires of love, the man seeks out the one he desires to finally profess his feelings that he has only held from afar. Sadly, before he is given the chance, the bells of the church clash sickeningly as the woman the man has fallen in love with appears dressed in her white wedding gown, married to someone else.

### ***“To Lizbie Browne”***

Refusing to move on, the man ponders where his love might be now and comes to the realization that although she meant everything to him, he isn't even a face she would recognize.

### ***“Fantasy in Purple”***

For one so enamored as the man is for his stolen beloved, not being able to have her truly can feel like the heart is dying. This piece sounds a death march as the world around the man starts to bleed with despair and pain.

### ***“Non t'accostare all'urna”***

“Do not approach the urn” for inside lies the remains of this shattered man's heart and soul. No tears or flowers can right the sorrows nor breathe life back into his shell of a body now that his entire being is as black as night in the absence of his shining star.

### ***“Pause”***

In an attempt to finally let his feelings go and try to move on, the man hangs up his lute. He is completely lost and scrambling to find a way to purge these warring emotions in his heart. Unfortunately, it comes at a price. Staring at the lute he swears he can still hear it resonating some mysterious melody. Is it the echoes of past songs or some untold harmony yet to be sung?

### ***“In Waldeseinsamkeit”***

Lost in his swirling thoughts, the man begins to spin a world around him where his emotions can be released and put at ease. Sitting in a solemn forest, the man’s hands tremble but are soothed as he realizes he was never alone. Beside him, welcoming him into her lap is the man’s beloved. He can at last feel the warmth of her as he sits in his woodland solitude, shaking hands steadied in hers.

### ***“Am Feierabend”***

Driven by his fantasies of winning the maiden’s hand, the man wishes for strength enough to put any other man to shame in the eyes of the fair maiden.

### ***“Chanson Romanesque”***

Now completely consumed by his need to once again win the affection of his beloved, the man begins to experience delusions of grandeur as he believes himself to be a chivalrous knight, capable of cleaving the stars from the night sky or stop the worlds spinning if his beautiful maiden so asked him.

### ***“Chanson épique”***

Seeking out a blessing for his sacred mission, the man prays to Saint Michael and Saint George to bless his blade with heavenly light and watch over him as he continues his glorious vigil and defense of his lady.

### ***“Chanson à boire”***

This “glorious vigil” it would seem was perhaps not so sacred but more raucous and unfit of the shining knight the man has begun envisioning himself to be. The drunk and boisterous man is in high spirits as he drowns away sorrows in drink and exclaims once again out to his maiden like he did so long ago before she abandoned him.

### ***“Quand la flamme de l’amour”***

Just as he called out before, filled with such strong emotions and torment, the man cannot control himself as his thoughts and feelings turn suddenly to a very dark place. No longer is he the knight winning the hand of a fair maiden, but the sad lonely husk of a man that never could forget the pain of unrequited love. At the end of it all his only true companions were his flask and his drink.

## TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

### Oh Ruddier than the Cherry – Handel (John Gay)

I rage, I rage, I melt, I burn!  
The feeble god has stabbed me to the heart  
Thou trusty pine, prop of my god-like steps  
I lay thee by!  
Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth  
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;  
In soft enchanting accents  
Let me breathe sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love  
O ruddier than the cherry  
O sweeter than the berry  
O nymph more bright than moonshine night  
Like kidlings blithe and merry!  
Ripe as the melting cluster  
No lily has such lustre;  
Yet hard to tame as raging flame  
And fierce as storms that bluster!

### Veiled in Sadness – Sheibani (Joshua Gibson)

Drawn out by desires of love,  
I walked the path she's known to frequent.  
I thought I heard a singing dove,  
But the song was warped, dark, and distant.  
The skies grew dim as my stomach began to turn,  
Has she forgotten me? Has she chosen my love to spurn?  
Oh curse those ringing bells that sound so merrily  
From the church!  
Their peelings clashes stark against the bird,  
Still hiding on its perch.  
At last she appears!  
Smiling bright in her snow-white wedding gown  
And the bird above, finally sounds true.  
The song of the nightingale so thick I might drown!

### **To Lizbie Browne - Finzi (Thomas Hardy)**

Dear Lizbie Browne, where are you now?  
In sun, in rain? - Or is your brow  
Past joy, past pain, dear Lizbie Browne?  
Sweet Lizbie Browne, how you could smile,  
How you could sing! - how archly wile  
In glance-giving, sweet Lizbie Browne!  
And, Lizbie Browne, who else had hair  
Bay-red as yours, or flesh so fair  
Bred out of doors, sweet Lizbie Browne?  
When, Lizbie Browne, you had just begun  
To be endeared by stealth to one,  
You disappeared  
My Lizbie Browne!  
Ay, Lizbie Browne, so swift your life,  
And mine so slow, you were a wife  
Ere I could show love, Lizbie Browne.  
Still, Lizbie Browne, you won, they said,  
The best of men when you were wed  
Where went you then, O Lizbie Browne?  
Dear Lizbie Browne, I should have thought,  
"Girls ripen fast," and coaxed and caught  
You ere you passed, dear Lizbie Browne!  
But, Lizbie Browne, I let you slip;  
Shaped not a sign; touched never your lip  
With lip of mine,  
Lost Lizbie Browne!  
So, Lizbie Browne, when on a day  
Men speak of me as not, you'll say,  
"And who was he?" - Yes, Lizbie Browne.

### **Fantasy in Purple - Price (Langston Hughes)**

Beat the drums of tragedy for me.  
Beat the drums of tragedy and death.  
And let the choir sing a stormy song  
To drown the rattle of my dying breath.  
Beat the drums,  
Beat the drums of tragedy for me  
And let the white violins whirl thin and slow,  
But blow one blaring trumpet note of sun to go  
with me to the darkness where I go.

## Non t'accostar all'urna - Verdi

Non t'accostar all'urna,  
Che l'osse mie rinserra,  
Questa pietosa terra  
E' sacra al mio dolor.

Ricuso i tuoi giacinti  
Non voglio i tuoi pianti:  
Che giovan agli estinti  
Due lagrime, due fior?

Empia! Dovevi allor  
Porgermi un fil d'aita,  
Quando traeva la vita  
In grembo dei sospir.

Ah che d'inutil pianto  
Assordi la foresta?  
Rispetta un'ombra mesta,  
E lasciala dormir.

## Pause - Schubert

Meine Laute hab' ich gehängt an die Wand,  
Hab' sie umschlungen mit einem grünen Band –  
Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz ist zu voll,  
Weiss nicht, wie ich's in Reime zwingen soll.  
Meiner Sehnsucht aller heißesten Schmerz  
Durf't' ich aushauchen in Liederschertz,  
Und wie ich klagte so süß und fein,  
Glaubt' ich doch, mein Leiden wär' nicht klein.

Ei, wie gross ist wohl meines Glückes Last,  
Dass kein Klang auf Erden es in sich fasst?

Nun, liebe Laute, ruh' an dem Nagel hier!  
Und weht ein Lüftchen über die Saiten dir,  
Und streift eine Biene mit ihren Flügeln dich,  
Da wird mir so bange und es durchschauert mich.  
Warum liess ich das Band auch hängen so lang'?  
Oft fliegt's um die Saiten mit seufzendem Klang.

Ist es der Nachklang meiner Liebespein?  
Soll es das Vorspiel neuer Lieder sein?

## Do Not Approach the Urn - Verdi

Do not approach the urn  
which contains my bones;  
this compassionate earth  
is sacred to my sorrow.

I refuse your flowers,  
I do not want your weeping;  
what use to the dead  
are a few tears and a few flowers?

Cruel one! You should have come  
to help me  
when my life was ebbing away  
in slight and suffering.

With what futile weeping  
do you assail the woods?  
Respect a sad shade,  
and let it sleep

## Pause - Schubert

I have hung my lute on the wall,  
and tied a green ribbon around it.  
I can sing no more, my heart is too full;  
I do not know how to force it into rhyme.  
The most ardent pangs of my longing  
I could express in playful song,  
and as I lamented, so sweetly and tenderly,  
I believed my sorrows were not trifling.

Ah, how great can my burden of joy be  
that no song on earth will contain it?

Rest now, dear lute, on this nail here,  
and if a breath of air wafts over your strings,  
or a bee touches you with its wings,  
I shall feel afraid, and shudder.  
Why have I let this ribbon hang down so far?  
Often it flutters across the strings with a sighing  
sound.

Is this the echo of my love's sorrow?  
Or could it be the prelude to new songs?

### **In Waldeseinsamkeit - Brahms**

Ich saß zu deinen Füßen  
In Waldeseinsamkeit;  
Windesatmen, Sehnen  
Ging durch die Wipfel breit.

In stummen Ringen senkt' ich  
Das Haupt in deinen Schoß,  
Und meine bebenden Hände  
Um deine Knie ich schloß.

Die Sonne ging hinunter,  
Der Tag verglühte all,  
Ferne, ferne, ferne  
Sang eine Nachtigall.

### **Am Feierabend - Schubert**

Hätt' ich tausend Arme zu rühren!  
Könnt' ich brausend die Räder führen!  
Könnt' ich wehen durch alle Haine!

Könnt' ich drehen alle Steine!  
Dass die schöne Müllerin  
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!  
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,  
as ich schneide, was ich schlage,  
Jeder Knappe tut mir's nach.  
Und da sitz' ich in der grossen Runde,  
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,  
Und der Meister sagt zu Allen:  
„Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;“  
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt  
Allen eine gute Nacht.

### **In Woodland Solitude - Brahms**

I sat at your feet  
in woodland solitude;  
a breath of wind, a yearning,  
moved through the broad treetops.

I lowered in silent struggle  
my head into your lap,  
and clasped my trembling hands  
around your knees.

The sun went down,  
all the daylight faded,  
far, far, far away  
a nightingale sang.

### **After Work - Schubert**

If only I had a thousand arms to wield!  
If only I could drivethe rushing wheels!  
If only I could blow like the wind through every  
wood,  
and turn every millstone,  
so that the fair maid of the mill  
would see my true love.

Ah, how weak my arm is!  
What I lift and carry,  
what I cut and hammer –  
any apprentice could do the same.  
And there I sit with them, in a circle,  
in the quiet, cool hour after work,  
and the master says to us all:  
'I am pleased with your work.'  
And the sweet maid  
bids us all goodnight.



### **Chanson Romanesque - Ravel**

Si vous me disiez que la terre  
À tant tourner vous offensa,  
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:  
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui  
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,  
Déchirant les divins cadastres,  
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace  
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,  
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing.  
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.  
Mais si vous disiez que mon sang  
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,  
Je blêmirais dessous le blâme  
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

Ô Dulcinée!

### **Chanson épique - Ravel**

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir  
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,  
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir  
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,  
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre  
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel  
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame  
Et son égale en pureté  
Et son égale en piété  
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:  
Ma Dame.

(Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)  
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,  
Ma douce Dame si pareille  
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!  
Amen.

### **Romantique Song - Ravel**

Were you to tell that the earth  
Offended you with so much turning,  
I'd dispatch Pança to deal with it:  
You'd see it still and silenced.

Were you to tell me that you are wearied  
By a sky too studded with stars -  
Tearing the divine order asunder,  
I'd scythe the night with a single blow.

Were you to tell me that space itself,  
Thus emptied was not to your taste -  
As a god-like knight, with lance in hand,  
I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.  
But were you to tell me that my blood  
Is more mine, my Lady, than your own,  
I'd pale at the admonishment  
And, blessing you, would die.

Oh Dulcinée!

### **Epic Song - Ravel**

Good Saint Michael who gives me leave  
To behold and hear my Lady,  
Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me  
To please her and defend her,  
Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray,  
With Saint George onto the altar  
Of the Madonna robed in blue.

With a heavenly beam bless my blade  
And its equal in purity  
And its equal in piety  
As in modesty and chastity:  
My Lady.

(O great Saint George and great Saint Michael)  
Bless the angel watching over my vigil,  
My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,  
O Madonna robed in blue!  
Amen.

### **Chanson à boire - Ravel**

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,  
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux  
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux  
Mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme !

Je bois  
À la joie !  
La joie est le seul but  
Où je vais droit ... lorsque j'ai bu !

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,

Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment  
D'être toujours ce pâle amant  
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse !

Je bois  
À la joie !  
La joie est le seul but  
Où je vais droit ...  
Lorsque j'ai bu !

### **Quand la flamme de l'amour - Bizet**

Quand la flamme de l'amour,  
brûle l'âme nuit et jour  
Pour l'éteindre quelque fois  
sans me plaindre moi, je bois!  
Je ris! je chante et je bois!  
S'il est une triste folie,  
c'est celle d'un pauvre amoureux  
qu'un regard de femme humilie,  
qu'un mot peut rendre malheureux.  
Hélas! Quand on aime sans espoir,  
le ciel même devient noir.  
Eh! l'hôtesse! Mon flacon!  
Que j'y laisse ma raison

### **Drinking Song - Ravel**

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,  
Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,  
Says that love and old wine  
Are saddening my heart and soul!

I drink  
To joy!  
Joy is the only goal  
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!

A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky mistress,

Who whines and weeps and vows  
Always to be this lily-livered lover  
Who dilutes his drunkenness!

I drink  
To joy!  
Joy is the only goal  
To which I go straight...  
when I'm... drunk!

### **When the Flame of Love - Bizet**

When the flame of love  
Burns the soul night and day.  
To turn it off from time to time  
Without complaining, I drink!  
I laugh! I sing and I drink!  
If there is a sad folly,  
It is that of a poor lover  
That a woman's look humiliates,  
That a word can make you despair.  
Alas! When we love without hope,  
The sky itself turns black.  
Hey! Hostess! My Flask!  
Let me leave my reason here.

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