



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Alia Ginevra, voice

Third year Recital, Recital I

Hyejin Kwon, piano

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance.
Alia Ginevra is a student of Frédérique Vézina

Saturday, April 27th, 2024, at 7:30 pm | Geiger-Torel Room, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAM

Hark the Echoing Air (from *The Fairy Queen*)

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Stornellatrice (P. 69)

Notte (Sei Liriche, seconda serie, no. 1, P. 97)

Mattinata (Sei Melodie, no. 3, P. 89)

Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)

Vidit suum dulcem natum (from *Stabat Mater*)

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736)

Auch kleine Dinge (Italienisches Liederbuch, no. 1)

Im Frühling (Mörrike Lieder, no. 13, IHW 22)

Er ist's (Mörrike Lieder, no. 6, IHW 22)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

*Fulfills the Canadian repertoire requirement

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.

Nuit d'automne (Quatre poèmes, op. 8, no. 3)

Albert Roussel (1869-1937)

Chansons de mon placard

Peter Tiefenbach (b. 1960)*

Algues de Mer
La Fécule de maïs
Épices pour bifteck
A.A.S (Acetylsalicylic Acid)

Quel Guardo il cavaliere... So anch'io la virtù magica (from *Don Pasquale*)

Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

*Fulfills the Canadian repertoire requirement

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Hark! The Echoing Air, text Elkanah Settle (1648 - 1724)

Hark! Hark! The echoing air a triumph sings
And all around pleas'd Cupids clap their wings.

Stornellatrice, text by Carlo Zangarini (1874 - 1943)

Translation by Michelle Trovato

Che mi giova cantar: "Fior di betulla:
Vorrei tu fossi il sole ed io la stella,
E andar pel cielo e non pensare a nulla!"
Quando poi l'eco mi risponde: nulla?

Che mi vale cantar: "Fiore dei fiori:
Tu sei l'amore mio d'oggi e di ieri:
Tu sei l'amore mio che mai non muori!"
Quando poi l'eco mi risponde: muori?

What use is it to sing: "O, flower of the
silver birch:
"I wish you were the sun and I a star.
Wandering through the heavens, thinking
of nothing."

If then the echo replies to me: nothing?

What is it worth to me to sing: "Flower of
all flowers:

"You are my love for both today and
yesterday
You are my love who will never die!"
If the echo replies to me: die?

Notte, text by Ada Negri (1870 - 1945)

Translation by Laura Prichard

Sul giardino fantastico
Profumato di rosa
La carezza de l'ombra
Posa.

Pure ha un pensiero e un palpito
La quiete suprema,
L'aria come per brivido
Trema.

La luttuosa tenebra
Una storia di morte
Racconta alle cardenie
Smorte?

Forse perché una pioggia
Di soavi rugiade
Entro socchiusi petali
Cade,

Su l'ascose miserie
E su l'ebbrezze perdute,
Sui muti sogni e l'ansie
Mute.

Su le fugaci gioie
Che il disinganno infrange
La notte le sue lacrime
Piange...

On the fantastic garden
Perfumed by rose
The caress of a shadow -
Rests.

Nevertheless having a thought and a
pulse
Supreme quiet,
The air, as if shivering -
Trembles.

Does the mournful darkness
A story of death
Tell to the gardenias -
So pale?

Maybe it's because a torrent
Of delicate dewdrops
Into half-closed petals -
Falls,

On concealed troubles
And on once intoxicating losses,
On voiceless dreams and anxieties -
Mute.

Over the fleeting joys
That disappointment smashes
Night, her tears -
Weeps...

Mattinata, text by Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863 - 1938)

Translation by Alia Ginevra

Spandono le campane
A la prim' alba l'ave
Spandono questa mane
Un suon grave e soave
Le campane lontane.

The bells ring
Ave at first dawn
They spread their hands
A grave and soft sound
The distant bells.

Nivea come neve
La nebbia copre il mare
Fluttua lieve lieve;
È rosea; scompare.

Nivea like snow
Fog covers the sea
It fluctuates lightly;
It's pink; disappears.

Bocca d'oro la beve
E neve e rose ed oro
Il mattin fresco mesce.
Un alto inno sonoro
Fanno come il dì cresce
Ond' e campane in coro.

The golden mouth drinks it
And snow and roses and gold
The fresh morning pours.
A loud anthem
They act as the day grows
Bells in a chorus

Salve, lanua coeli.
Co 'l dì la nostra bella
Fuor de' sogni e de' veli
Balza Ave, maris stella!
Salve, Regina coeli!

Hail, queen of heaven.
With the day our beautiful one
Out of dreams and veils
Balza Hail, maris stella!
Hail, queen of heaven!

Vidit suum dulcem natum, text by Jacopone da Todi (1230 - 1306)

Translation by Alia Ginevra

Vidit suum dulcem natum moriendo
desolatum dum emisit spiritum

She saw her sweet son dying, desolate,
while he gave up his spirit

Auch kleine Dinge, text by Paul Heyse (1830 - 1914)

Translation by Richard Stokes

Auch kleine Dinge können uns
entzücken,
Auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein.
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit Perlen
schmücken;
Sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind nur
klein.
Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,
Und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist
Und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr wisst.

Even small things can delight us,
Even small things can be precious.
Think how gladly we deck ourselves with
pearls;
They fetch a great price but are only
small.
Think how small the olive is,
And yet it is prized for its goodness.
Think only of the rose, how small it is,
And yet smells so lovely, as you know.

Im Frühling, text by Eduard Mörike (1804 - 1875)

Translation by Richard Stokes

Hier lieg ich auf dem Frühlingshügel:
Die Wolke wird mein Flügel,
Ein Vogel fliegt mir voraus.
Ach, sag mir, alleinige Liebe,
Wo du bleibst, dass ich bei dir bliebe!
Doch du und die Lüfte, ihr habt kein
Haus.

Der Sonnenblume gleich steht mein
Gemüte offen,
Sehnend,
Sich dehnend
In Lieben und Hoffen.
Frühling, was bist du gewillt?
Wann werd' ich gestillt?

Die Wolke seh ich wandeln und den
Fluss,
Es dringt der Sonne goldner Kuss
Mir tief bis ins Geblüt hinein;
Die Augen, wunderbar berauschet,
Tun, als schliefen sie ein,
Nur noch das Ohr dem Ton der Biene
lauschet.
Ich denke dies und denke das,
Ich sehne mich und weiss nicht recht
nach was:
Halb ist es Lust, halb ist es Klage;
Mein Herz, o sage,
Was webst du für Erinnerung
In golden grüner Zweige Dämmerung?
– Alte unnennbare Tage!

Here I lie on the springtime hill:
The clouds become my wings,
A bird flies on ahead of me.
Ah tell me, one-and-only love,
Where you are, that I might be with you!
But you and the breezes, you have no
home.

Like a sunflower my soul has opened,
Yearning,
Expanding
In love and hope.
Spring, what is it you want?
When shall I be stilled?

I see the clouds drift by, the river too,
The sun kisses its golden glow
Deep into my veins;
My eyes, wondrously enchanted,
Close, as if in sleep,
Only my ears still harken to the humming
bee.
I muse on this, I muse on that,
I yearn, and yet for what I cannot say:
It is half joy, half lament;
Tell me, O heart,
What memories you weave
Into the twilit green and golden leaves?
– Past, unmentionable days!

Er ist's, text by Eduard Mörike (1804 - 1875)

Translation by Richard Stokes

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süsse, wohlbekante Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.
Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
– Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bists!
Dich hab ich vernommen!

Spring sends its blue banner
Fluttering on the breeze again;
Sweet, well-remembered scents
Drift propitiously across the land.
Violets dream already,
Will soon begin to bloom.
– Listen, the soft sound of a distant harp!
Spring, that must be you!
It's you I've heard!

Nuit d'automne, text by Henri Francois-Joseph de Régnier (1864 - 1936)

Translation by Garrett Medlock

Le couchant est si beau, parmi
Les arbres d'or qu'il ensanglante
Que le jour qui meurt à demi,
Retarde sa mort grave et lente.

Le crépuscule, sur les roses,
Est si pur, si calme et si doux,
Que toutes ne se sont pas closes
Et que j'en cueille une pour vous.

Les feuilles chuchotent si bas,
Une à une ou toutes ensemble
D'arbre en arbre, qu'on ne sait pas,
Si tu ris, ou si le bois tremble.

La rivière coule si douce
Entre les roseaux bleus des prés
Si douce, si douce, si douce
Qu'on ne sait pas si vous pleurez.

La nuit d'ombre, de soie et d'or
Du fond du silence est venue,
Et l'automne est si tiède encor
Que tu pourras t'endormir nue.

The setting sun is so beautiful among
The golden trees which it stains with
blood
That the day, half dying,
Delays its solemn and slow death.

Above the roses twilight
is so pure, so calm, and so soft
That they are not all closed
And that I gather one for you.

The leaves whisper so low,
One by one or all together
From tree to tree, so that one does not
know
If you are laughing or if the wood is
trembling.

The river flows so gently
Between the blue reeds of the meadows,
So gently, so gently, so gently,
That one does not know if you are crying.

The night of shadow, of silk, and of gold
Has come from the depths of the silence,
And the autumn is still so warm
That you will be able to fall asleep naked.

Algues de mer, text by Peter Tiefenbach (b. 1960)

Translation by Alia Ginevra

Au Japon, les algues marines
Ont longtemps constitué
Une part essentielle de l'alimentation.
Au Japon, leur diverse propriétés,
Leur saveur unique,
Leur versatilité dans la cuisson,
Et leur haute valeur nutritionnelle,
Sont autant de raisons
Pour lesquelles elles sont,
Depuis des siècles, cultivées
et hautement appréciées

In Japan, seaweed
has long been an essential part of the diet
In Japan, its varied properties, its unique
flavour,
its versatility in cooking,
and its high nutritional value are among
the reasons
that it has been for centuries, cultivated
and greatly appreciated

in Japan.

Au Japon.

La Fécule de maïs, text by Peter Tiefenbach (b. 1960)

Translation by Alia Ginevra

La fécule de maïs polyvalente
La fécule de maïs a multiples usages,
La fécule de maïs
Mon agent d'épaississement préféré pour
les sauces!
La fécule de maïs économique

Versatile cornstarch
Multipurpose cornstarch,
Cornstarch
my favourite thickening agent for sauces!
Cornstarch, So economical

Elle aide à absorber la transpiration
Et prévient les mauvaises odeurs dans
les chaussures.
Ajoutée à l'eau de la baignoire,
Elle soulage les coups de soleil
Et les irritations cutanées bénignes.

It helps to absorb perspiration and
prevents foul odours in shoes.
Added to bathwater,
it helps relieve the pain of sunburn
and other mild skin irritations.

La fécule de maïs polyvalente
La fécule de maïs a multiples usages,
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Versatile cornstarch
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my favourite thickening agent for sauces!
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Épices pour bifteck, text by Peter Tiefenbach (b. 1960)

Translation by Alia Ginevra

Un assaisonnement idéal pour le
barbecue

An ideal seasoning for the barbecue
Prepared with four exotic peppers:

Préparé avec quatre poivres exotiques:
Lampong noir, Sarawak blanc,
Vert de Madagascar, et Rose de la
Réunion

Saupoudrer les bifteks
Ou ajouter aux marinades et sauces
Lampong noir, Sarawak blanc,
Vert de Madagascar, et Rose de la
Réunion

Black Lampong, White Sarawak,
Madagascar green, and pink from
Reunion Island

Sprinkle it on your steak, or add it to
marinades and sauces.
Black Lampong, White Sarawak,
Madagascar green, and pink from
Reunion Island

A.A.S (Acetylsalicylic Acid), text by Peter Tiefenbach (b. 1960)

Translation by Alia Ginevra

Ce contenant renferme suffisamment de
médicament
Pour être gravement nocif à un enfant.
Garder hors de la portée des enfants.

Consulter un médecin avant de prendre
ce médicament
Au cours de trois derniers mois de la
grossesse
Ou durant l'allaitement
Garder hors de la portée des enfants.

This bottle contains enough medicine
to be gravely toxic to a child
Keep out of the reach of children

Consult a doctor before taking this
medication
during the three final months of
pregnancy
or while breast feeding
Keep out of the reach of children

**Quel Guardo il cavaliere... So anch'io la virtù magica, text by Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)**

Translation by Aaron Green

Quel guardo,
il cavaliere in mezzo al cor trafisse,
Piegò i ginocchio e disse:
Son vostro cavalier.
E tanto era in quel guardo
Sapor di paradiso,
Che il cavalier Riccardo,
Tutto d'amor conquiso,
Giurò che ad altra mai,
Non volgeria il pensier.
Ah, ah!
So anch'io la virtu magica
D'un guardo a tempo e loco,
So anch'io come si bruciano
I cori a lento foco,
D'un breve sorrisetto
Conosco anch'io l'effetto,
Di menzognera lagrima,
D'un subito languor,
Conosco i mille modi
Dell'amorose frodi,
I vezzi e l'arti facili
Per adescare un cor.
Ho testa bizzarra,
son pronta vivace,
Brillare mi piace scherzar:
Se monto in furore
Di rado sto al segno,
Ma in riso lo sdegno fo presto a cangiar,
Ho testa bizzarra,
Ma core eccellente, ah!

That look,
pierced the knight in the middle of the
heart,
He folded his body, bent at his knees and
said
I am your knight.
And so it was in that look
a taste of paradise,
That the knight Richard,
Conquered by love,
Swore that never to another,
Woman would he ever think about.
Ah, ah!
I too know the magical power
of a look at the right time and place,
I know how the heart burns
in slow fires,
of a brief smile
I know the effect,
Of lying tears,
On a sudden languor,
I know a thousand ways
love can fraud,
The charms and arts are easy
To fool the heart.
I have a bizarre mind
I possess a ready wit,
I like joking:
If I get furious
I'm rarely able to remain calm,
But my disdain can soon turn to laughter,
I have a bizarre mind
But an excellent heart, ah!

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