



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Anaïs Kelsey-Verdecchia, voice

Masters Recital 1

Anaïs Kelsey-Verdecchia, voice

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Master of Music in Historical Performance.
Anaïs Kelsey-Verdecchia is a student of Daniel Taylor.

Saturday, May 11, 2024 at 7:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAM

Select Arias from *Rinaldo* (1711)

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Furie Terribili, Act I scene v

Molto Voglio, Act I scene v

Ah! Crudel, Act II scene viii

Anaïs Kelsey-Verdecchia, soprano

Ivan Jovanovic, piano

Conrad Gluch, oboe

Matthew Smith, percussion

“Air de la Folie” from *Platée* (1745)

Jean-Philippe Rameau (1683-1764)

Anaïs Kelsey-Verdecchia, soprano

Ivan Jovanovic, harpsichord

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.

“When I am laid in earth” from *Dido and Aeneas* (1688)

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Anaïs Kelsey-Verdecchia, soprano
Ivan Jovanovic, harpsichord

Select Arias from *Die Zauberflöte* (1791)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

O Zittre Nicht, Act I scene vi
Der Hölle Rache, Act II scene viii

Anaïs Kelsey-Verdecchia, soprano
Ivan Jovanovic, piano

INTERMISSION

“No word from Tom” from *the Rake’s Progress* (1951)

Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971)

Anaïs Kelsey-Verdecchia, soprano
Ivan Jovanovic, piano

Selections from *Carmina Burana* (1936)

Carl Orff (1895-1982)

17. Stetit Puella
21. In Trutina
23. Dulcissime

Anaïs Kelsey-Verdecchia, soprano
Ivan Jovanovic, piano

“Dodo, mon tout petit” (2020)

Ian Cusson (b. 1981)

Anaïs Kelsey-Verdecchia, soprano
Ivan Jovanovic, piano

“Amour, ranime mon courage” from *Roméo et Juliette* (1867)

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

Anaïs Kelsey-Verdecchia, soprano
Ivan Jovanovic, piano

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Three arias from *Rinaldo*, by G. F. Handel

“Furie Terribili”

Furie terribili,
circondatemi, seguitatemi
con faci orribili!

“Molto Voglio, Molto Spero”

Molto voglio, molto spero,
nulla devo dubitar.
Di mia forza all’alto impero
saprò il mondo assoggettar.

“Ah! crudel”

Ah! crudel, il pianto mio,
deh, ti mova per pietà.
O infedel al mio desio
proverai la crudeltà.

“Air de la Folie” from *Platée*, by Jean-Philippe Rameau (“Madness’s Song”)

Recitatif:

Formons les plus brilliant concerts.
Quand Jupiter porte les fers
De l’incomparable Platée,
Je veux que les transports
de son âme enchantée
S’expriment par mes chants divers.
Essayons du brilliant,
Donnons dans la saillie!

Aux langueurs d’Apollon Daphné se refusa.
L’amour sur son tombeau eteignit son flambeau,
La métamorphosa.
C’est ainsi que l’Amour
de tout temps s’est vengée.
Que l’amour est cruel
Quand il est outrage.

“Terrible Furies”

Terrible furies
Surrounding me, following me
With horrible faces!

“I Want Much, I Hope for Much”

I want much, I hope for much,
I must doubt nothing.
With my power I shall subjugate
The world to a mighty empire.

“Ah! Cruel One”

Ah! cruel one, my tears
may they move you to pity.
Oh unfaithful to my desire,
You will test my cruelty.

Recitative:

Let us make most brilliant music!
When Jupiter wears the irons
of the incomparable Platée,
I want the transports
of his enchanted soul
to be expressed in my various songs.
Let us try some brilliance,
Let us give in to this intrusion!

Daphné refused the langueurs of Apollo.
Love on her tomb extinguished his flame,
and transformed her.
This is how Love
of all time takes his revenge.
How Love is cruel
When outraged!

“Thy hand Belinda... When I am Laid in Earth” from *Dido and Aeneas* by Henry Purcell

Thy hand Belinda... darkness shades me.
On thy bosom let me rest.
More I would but death invades me.
Death is now a welcome guest.
When I am laid in earth may my wrongs create no trouble in thy breast.
Remember me, but ah, forget my fate.

Two arias from *Die Zauberflöte*, by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

“O Zittre Nicht”

O zittre nicht, mein liebe sohn.
Du bist unschuldig, weise, fromm.
Ein jüngling so wie du vermag am besten
dies tiefgetreubte Mutterherz zu trösten.
Zum Leiden bin ich auserkoren
denn meine Tochter fehlet mir.
Durch sie ging all' mein glück verloren,
ein Bösewicht entfloh mit ihr.
Noch seh' ich ihr Zittern mit bangem Erschüttern,
ihr ängstliches Beben, ihr schüchternes Streben!
Ich musste sie mir rauben sehen.
“Ach helft! ach helft” was alles was sie sprach;
allein vergebens was ihr Flehen,
denn meine Hilfe war zu schwach.
Du wirst sie zu befreien gehen,
du wirst der Tochter Retter sein!
Und werd' ich dich als Sieger sehen
So sei sie dann auf ewig dein!

“Der Hölle Rache”

Der Hölle Rache kocht in meinen Herzen,
Tod und Verzweiflung flammet um mich her!
Fühlt nicht durch dich
Sarastro Todesschmerzen
so bist du meine Tochter nimmermehr.
Verstossen sei auf ewig,
verlassen sei auf ewig,
zertrümmert sei'n auf ewig
alle Bande der Natur
wenn nicht durch dich
Sarastro wird erblassen!
Hört, Rachegötter!

“Oh tremble not”

Oh, tremble not, my dear son.
You are blameless, wise, pious.
A young man such as you is best able
to soothe this deeply troubled mother's heart.
I have been chosen for suffering
for my daughter is absent from me.
With her all my joy disappeared,
a villain fled with her.
Still I see her trembling with anxious tremors,
her fearful quivering, her timid struggle!
I had to see her be taken from me.
“Oh help! oh help” was all that she said;
but in vain was her plea,
for my help was too little.
You will go to free her,
you will be the daughter's saviour!
And when I see you victorious
then shall she be forever yours!

“The Wrath of Hell”

The wrath of hell burns in my heart,
death and destruction flame around me!
If Sarastro does not feel
the pain of death through you,
you will nevermore be my daughter.
Be cast out forever,
be abandoned forever,
and the bonds of nature that bind us
be destroyed forever
if Sarastro does not grow pale
by your hand!
Hear, Gods of vengeance!

Hört der Mutter Schwur!

Hear a mother's vow!

INTERMISSION

“No Word from Tom” from *the Rake's Progress*, by Igor Stravinsky

No word from Tom.

Has love no voice?

Can love not keep a Maytime vow in cities?

Fades it as the rose cut for a rich display?

Forgot. But no, to weep is not enough;

He needs my help.

Love hears, love knows,

Love answers him across the silent miles and goes.

Quietly night, o find him and caress,

and may you quiet find his heart,

although it be unkind,

nor may its beat confess,

although I weep it knows of loneliness.

Guide me, o moon, chastely when I depart,

and warmly be the same he watches

without grief or shame;

It cannot be thou art

a colder moon upon a colder heart.

My father! Can I desert him and his devotion

for a love who has deserted me?

No, my father has strength of purpose,

while Tom is weak, and needs the comfort of a helping hand.

O God, protect dear Tom, support my father, and strengthen my resolve.

Cabaletta

I go to him.

Love cannot falter, cannot desert;

though it be shunned,

or be forgotten,

though it be hurt,

if love be love,

it will not alter.

O should I see

my love in need

it shall not matter

what he may be.

I go to him.

Love cannot falter, cannot desert;

time cannot alter

a loving heart,

an ever-loving heart.

Selections from *Carmina Burana* by Carl Orff

17. "Stetit Puella"

Stetit puella
rufa tunica;
si quis eam tetigit,
tunica crepuit.
Eia.
Stetit puella
tamquam rosula,
facie splenduit,
os eius floruit.
Eia.

21. "In Trutina"

In trutina mentis dubia
fluctuant contraria
lascivus amor et pudicitia.
Sed eligo quod video,
collum iugo prebeo;
ad iugum tamen suave transeo.

23. "Dulcissime"

Dulcissime! Ah!
totam tibi subdo me!

"Dodo, mon tout petit" by Ian Cusson

Dodo, mon tout petit,
pendant que ta mère confit a la nuit d'hiver
tout ce qu'elle veut pour toi.
Pour toi je veux, mon petit,
les jambes agiles du chevreuil
pour te porter vite et loin à travers la prairie.
Pour toi je veux les ailes de l'aigle
pour fendre le vent,
escalader le ciel et largir l'horizon.
Pour toi les yeux d'un chat pour percer la nuit,
les oreilles d'un chien pour déchiffrer les bruissements,
les murmures.
Et je veux la vigueur de l'ours.
Mais pour toi mon petit,
je veux surtout un coeur d'homme
et la Sagesse infinie des étoiles.
Pendant que ta mère confit a la nuit d'hiver

17. "A girl stood"

A girl stood
in a red tunic;
if anyone touched it,
the tunic restled.
Eia!
A girl stood
like a little rose,
and her face was radiant,
and her mouth in bloom.
Eia!

21. "In the balance"

In the wavering balance of my feelings
set against each other
lascivious love and modesty.
But I choose what I see,
and submit my neck to the yoke;
I yield to the sweet yoke.

23. "Sweetest one"

Sweetest one! Ah!
I give myself to you totally!

"Sleep, my little one"

Sleep, my little one,
While your mother confides in the winter night
all she desires for you.
For you I want, little one,
the agile legs of the deer
to carry you fast and far across the prairie.
For you I want the wings of the eagle
to split the wind,
climb the sky and expand the horizon.
For you, the eyes of a cat to pierce the night,
the ears of a dog to decipher noises,
murmurs.
And I want the strength of the bear.
But for you my little one,
I want most of all a man's heart
and the infinite wisdom of the stars.
While your mother confides to the winter night

tout ce qu'elle veut pour toi,
dors, mon tout petit, dodo.

“Amour ranime mon courage” from *Roméo et Juliette* by Charles Gounod

Recitatif

Dieu! quell frisson court dans mes veines?
Si ce breuvage était sans pouvoir!
Craines vaines!
Je n'appartiendrai pas au Comte malgré moi!
Non, non!
Ce poignard sera le gardien de ma foi!
Viens!

Aria

Amour, ranime mon courage,
Et de mon coeur chasse l'effroi!
Hésiter, c'est te faire outrage,
Trembler est un manque de foi!
Verse!
Verse toi-même ce breuvage!
Ô Roméo je bois à toi!
Mais, si demain pourtant dans ce caveaux funèbres
Je m'éveillais avant son retour?
Dieu puissant!
Cette pensée horrible a glacé tout mon sang!
Que deviendrai-je en ces ténèbres
Dans se séjour de mort et de gémissements,
Que les siècles passés ont rempli d'ossements?
Où Tybalt, tout saignant encor de sa blessure,
Près de moi, dans la nuit obscure dormira!
Dieu!!! ma main rencontre sa main!
Quelle est cette ombre à la mort échappée?
C'est Tybalt! il m'appelle! il veut de mon chemin
Écarter mon époux! et sa fatale épée.
Non! fantômes! disparaissez!
Dissipe-toi, funeste rêve!
Que l'aube du bonheur se lève
Sur l'ombre des tourments passés!
Viens!
Amour, ranime mon courage...

all she wants for you,
sleep, my little one, sleep.

(“Love, strengthen my courage”)

Recitative

God! what shiver runs in my veins?
If this drink is without power!
Vain fears!
I will never belong to the Count against my will!
No!
This dagger will be the guardian of my faith.
Come!

Aria

Love, strengthen my courage,
and chase fear from my heart.
To hesitate is to outrage you,
to tremble is to lack faith!
Pour!
Pour yourself this drink.
O, Romeo, I drink to you!
But if tomorrow nevertheless in this funeral vault
I awake before his return?
Almighty God!
This horrible thought has frozen my blood.
What will become of me in this darkness
in this place of death and of moans,
that ages past has filled with bones?
Where Tybalt, still covered in blood from his wound,
sleeps close to me in the dark of night!
God!!! My hand meets his hand.
What is this shadow escaped from death?
It is Tybalt! he calls me! he wants to keep
me from my husband! and his deadly sword.
No! fantom, vanish!
Disappear, disastrous dream!
That the dawn of joy may rise
on the shadow of past torments!
Come!
Love, strengthen my courage...

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BIOGRAPHY

Anais Kelsey-Verdecchia is a singer and multi-instrumentalist based in Toronto, Canada. A versatile musician, she is sought after across many genres, from brass bands to opera to Argentinian folk music. She is at home in a variety of languages and styles, bringing her passion, dedication, and musicality to any project she joins. During the 2023-24 season she performed at several festivals in Ontario, including the TD Jazz Fest, Cultivate Festival, and the international Walk With Amal, among many others. Also a composer, Anais has had her pieces performed in recital and captured on recording. She is currently pursuing a Masters in Historical Performance.