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!

“Terrible Furies”
Terrible furies
Surrounding me, following me
With horrible faces!

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

“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”
Ah! cruel, il pianto mio,
der, ti mova per pietà.
O infedel al mio desio
proverai la crudeltà.

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

“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 brillant,
Donnons dans la saillie!

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!

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.

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 tiefgetreube Mutterherz zu trösten.
Zum Leiden bin ich auserkoren
denn meine Tochter fehlt 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 erlassen!
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,
herself in fear, 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.

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

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. “Dulcissime”
Dulcissime! Ah!
totam tibi subdo me!

23. “Sweetest one”
Sweetest one! Ah!
I give myself to you totally!

“The 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 bruisements,
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

“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, all she wants for you,
dors, mon tout petit, dodo.
sleep, my little one, sleep.

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

(“Love, strengthen my courage)

Recitatif

Dieu! quell frisson court dans mes veines?
God! what shiver runs in my veins?
Si ce breuvage était sans pouvoir!
If this drink is without power!
Craintes vaines!
Vain fears!
Je n’appartiendrai pas au Comte malgré moi!
I will never belong to the Count against my will!
Non, non!
No!
Ce poignard sera le gardien de ma foi!
This dagger will be the guardian of my faith.
Viens!
Come!

Aria

Amour, ranime mon courage,
Love, strengthen my courage,
Et de mon coeur chasse l’effroi!
and chase fear from my heart.
Hésiter, c’est te faire outrage,
to hesitate is to outrage you,
Trembler est un manque de foi!
to tremble is to lack faith!
Verse!
Pour!
Verse toi-même ce breuvage!
Pour yourself this drink.
Ô Roméo je bois à toi!
O, Romeo, I drink to you!
Mais, si demain pourtant dans ce caveaux funèbres
But if tomorrow nevertheless in this funeral vault
Je m’éveillais avant son retour?
I awake before his return?
Dieu puissant!
Almighty God!
Cette pensée horrible a glacé tout mon sang!
This horrible thought has frozen my blood.
Que deviendrai-je en ces ténèbres
What will become of me in this darkness
Dans se séjour de mort et de gémissements,
in this place of death and of moans,
Que les siècles passés ont rempli d’ossements?
that ages past has filled with bones?
Où Tybalt, tout saignant encor de sa blessure,
Where Tybalt, still covered in blood from his wound,
Près de moi, dans la nuit obscure dormira!
sleeps close to me in the dark of night!
Dieu!!! ma main rencontre sa main!
God!!! My hand meets his hand.
Quelle est cette ombre à la mort échappée?
What is this shadow escaped from death?
C’est Tybalt! il m’appelle! il veut de mon chemin
It is Tybalt! he calls me! he wants to keep
Écarter mon époux! et sa fatale épée.
me from my husband! and his deadly sword.
Non! fantômes! disparaissiez!
No! fantom, vanish!
Dissipe-toi, funeste rêve!
Disappear, disastrous dream!
Que l’aube du bonheur se lève
That the dawn of joy may rise
Sur l’ombre des tourments passés!
on the shadow of past torments!
Viens!
Come!
Amour, ranime mon courage…
Love, strengthen my courage…

The texts and translations that have been reproduced in this document may be protected by copyright and they are provided to you in accordance with the University of Toronto’s Fair Dealing Guidelines (http://uoft.me/copyfair) and/or exceptions granted to educational institutions in the Copyright Act (Canada). The University of Toronto takes its copyright obligations seriously; if you have any questions
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.