



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
FACULTY OF MUSIC

## Sasha Koukarina, Soprano

Ivan Jovanovic, Piano & Harpsichord

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Advanced Certificate in Performance.  
Sasha Koukarina is a student of Daniel Taylor and Mary Morrison.

Tuesday, April 30th, 2024 at 2:30 pm | Trinity-St. Paul's United Church, 427 Bloor St W

### PROGRAMME

Bid the virtues, bid the graces (Come Ye Sons of Art; 1694) Henry Purcell (1659-1695)  
Music for a While (Oedipus; 1692)

Après du feu l'on fait l'amour (1728) Marc-Antoine Charpentier (1643-1704)  
Ma bergère est tendre et fidèle (1689) Michel Lambert (1610-1696)  
Vos mépris chaque jour me causent mille alarmes (1689)

Sorrow, stay (Second Booke of Songes; 1600) John Dowland (1563-1626)  
Can she excuse my wrongs? (First Booke of Songes; 1597)  
Say Love, if ever Thou didst Find (Third Booke of Songes; 1603)

An Evening Hymn (Book 1 of Harmonia Sacra; 1688) Henry Purcell (1659-1695)  
Arr. Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

### INTERMISSION

Komm in mein Herzenshaus (Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott; 1730) JS Bach (1685-1750)  
Ich folge dir gleichfalls (Johannespassion, 1724)

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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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Sechs Lieder (Op. 48; 1884-1888)

I. Gruß

II. Dereinst, Gedanke mein

IV. Die verschwiegene Nachtigall

V. Zur Rosenzeit

VI. Ein Traum

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

Love's Philosophy (Op. 3; 1905)

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

## TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

### **Bid the Virtues, bid the Graces**

Nahum Tate

Bid the Virtues, bid the Graces  
To the sacred shrine repair,  
Round the altar take their places,  
Blessing with returns of pray'r  
Their great Defender's care  
While Maria's royal zeal  
Best instructs you how to pray  
Hourly from her own  
Conversing with th'Eternal Throne.

### **Auprès du feu**

Anon.

Auprès du feu l'on fait l'amour,  
Aussi bien que sur la fougère;  
N'attendez pas belle Bergère  
Que le printemps soit de retour,  
Pour choisir un Berger sincère:  
Auprès du feu l'on fait l'amour,  
Aussi bien que sur la fougère.

### **Ma bergère est tendre et fidelle**

Anon.

Ma Bergère est tendre et fidèle,  
Mais hélas ! Son amour n'égalé pas le mien :  
Elle aime son troupeau, sa houlette et son chien,  
Et je ne saurais aimer qu'elle.

### **Vos mépris chaque jour me causent mille alarmes**

Anon.

Vos mépris chaque jour me causent mille alarmes,  
Mais je chéris mon sort, bien qu'il soit rigoureux :  
Hélas ! si dans mes maux je trouve tant de charmes,  
Je mourrois de plaisir si j'estois plus heureux.

### **Music for a While**

John Dryden

Music for a while  
Shall all your cares beguile.  
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd  
And disdain'g to be pleas'd  
Till Alecto free the dead  
From their eternal bands,  
Till the snakes drop from her head,  
And the whip from out her hands.

Music for a while

Shall all your cares beguile.

### **By the fire**

(Translation by Sasha Koukarina)

By the fire we can make love,  
Just as well as by the ferns;  
Do not wait, fair Shepherdess,  
For Springtime to return,  
To choose a loyal Shepherd:  
By the fire we can make love,  
Just as well as by the ferns.

### **My Shepherdess is tender and faithful**

(Translation by Sasha Koukarina)

My shepherdess is tender and faithful,  
But alas! Her love does not equal mine:  
She loves her herd, her shepherding crook and her dog,  
And I can only love her.

### **Your contempt every day causes me a thousand alarms**

(Translation by Sasha Koukarina)

Your contempt every day causes me a thousand alarms,  
But still I cherish my fate, even though it is rigorous:  
Alas! If even in my ailments I find so many charms,  
I would *die* of pleasure if I was any happier.

**Sorrow, stay**

Anon.

Sorrow stay, lend true repentant tears,  
 To a woeful wretched wight,  
 Hence, despair with thy tormenting fears:  
 O do not my poor heart affright.  
 Pity, help now or never,  
 Mark me not to endless pain,  
 Alas I am condemned ever,  
 No hope, no help there doth remain,  
 But down, down, down, down I fall,  
 Down and arise I never shall.

**Can she excuse my wrongs?**

Anon.

Can she excuse my wrongs with Virtue's cloak?  
 Shall I call her good when she proves unkind?  
 Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?  
 Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?  
 No, no; where shadows do for bodies stand,  
 That may'st be abus'd if thy sight be dim.

Cold love is like to words written on sand,  
 Or to bubbles which on the water swim.  
 Wilt thou be thus abused still,  
 Seeing that she will right thee never?  
 If thou canst not o'ercome her will,  
 Thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

Was I so base, that I might not aspire  
 Unto those high joys which she holds from me?  
 As they are high, so high is my desire,  
 If she this deny, what can granted be?  
 If she will yield to that which reason is,  
 It is reason's will that love should be just.

Dear, make me happy still by granting this,  
 Or cut off delays if that I die must.  
 Better a thousand times to die  
 Than for to love thus still tormented:  
 Dear, but remember it was I  
 Who for thy sake did die contented.

**Say, love, if ever thou didst find**

Anon.

Say, love, if ever thou didst find  
 A woman with a constant mind?  
 None but one.  
 And what should that rare mirror be?  
 Some goddess or some queen is she;  
 She, she, she, and only she,  
 She only queen of love and beauty.

But could thy fiery poison'd dart  
 At no time touch her spotless heart,  
 Nor come near?  
 She is not subject to Love's bow;  
 Her eye commands, her heart saith no,  
 No, no, no, and only no;  
 One no another still doth follow.

To her then yield thy shafts and bow,  
 That can command affection so:  
 Love is free;  
 So are her thoughts that vanquish thee.  
 There is no queen of love but she,  
 She, she, she, and only she  
 She only queen of love and beauty.

## **Evening Hymn**

Bishop William Fuller

Now that the sun hath veil'd his light,  
And bid the world goodnight;  
To the soft bed my body I dispose,  
But where shall my soul repose?  
Dear God, even in thy arms,  
And can there be any so sweet security!  
Then to thy rest, O my soul!  
And singing, praise the mercy  
That prolongs thy days.

Hallelujah!

## **Komm in mein Herzenshaus**

Salomo Franck

Komm in mein Herzenshaus,  
Herr Jesu, mein Verlangen!

Treib Welt und Satan aus,  
Und lass dein Bild in mir erneuert  
prangen!  
Weg, schnöder Sündengraus!

## **Ich folge dir gleichfalls**

Anon.

Ich folge dir gleichfalls mit freudigen  
Schritten  
Und lasse dich nicht,  
Mein Leben, mein Licht.

Befördre den Lauf,  
Und höre nicht auf,  
Selbst an mir zu ziehen, zu schieben,  
zu bitten.

## **Come into my heart as your house**

(Translation by Michael Marissen and Daniel R. Melamed, [www.vmii.org/bwv-80-ein-feste-burg-ist-unser-gott](http://www.vmii.org/bwv-80-ein-feste-burg-ist-unser-gott))

Come into my heart as your house,  
Lord Jesus, my desire.

Drive world and Satan out,  
And let your image shine in me [who is] renewed.  
Away, sin, you odious horror!

## **I follow You likewise with happy steps**

(Translation by Pamela Dellal, [www.vmii.org/bwv-245-johannes-passion](http://www.vmii.org/bwv-245-johannes-passion))

I follow You likewise with happy steps  
and do not leave You,  
my Life, my Light.

Pursue your journey,  
and don't stop,  
continue to draw me on, to push me, to urge me.

## Sechs Lieder, Op. 48

### I. Gruss

Heinrich Heine

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt  
Liebliches Geläute.  
Klinge, kleines Frühlingslied,  
Kling hinaus ins Weite.  
Zieh hinaus, bis an das Haus,  
Wo die Veilchen sprießen.  
Wenn du eine Rose schaust,  
Sag, ich lass' sie grüßen.

### II. Dereinst, Gedanke mein

Emanuel Geibel

Dereinst,  
Gedanke mein  
Wirst ruhig sein.  
Läßt Liebesglut  
Dich still nicht werden:  
In kühler Erden  
Da schläfst du gut;  
Dort ohne Liebe  
Und ohne Pein  
Wirst ruhig sein.

Was du im Leben  
Nicht hast gefunden,  
Wenn es entschwunden  
Wird's dir gegeben.  
Dann ohne Wunden  
Und ohne Pein  
Wirst ruhig sein.

### IV. Die verschwiegene Nachtigall

Karl Joseph Simrock

Unter den Linden,  
An der Haide,  
Wo ich mit meinem Trauten saß,  
Da mögt ihr finden,  
Wie wir beide  
Die Blumen brachen und das Gras.  
Vor dem Wald mit süßem Schall,  
Tandaradei!  
Sang im Tal die Nachtigall.

### Greeting

(Translation by Richard Stokes,  
[www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))

A sweet sound of bells  
Peals gently through my soul.  
Ring out, little song of spring,  
Ring out far and wide.  
Ring out till you reach the house  
Where violets are blooming.  
And if you should see a rose,  
Send to her my greeting.

### One day, my thoughts

(Translation by Richard Stokes,  
[www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))

One day,  
My thoughts,  
You shall be at rest.  
Though love's ardour  
Gives you no peace,  
You shall sleep well  
In cool earth;  
There without love  
And without pain  
You shall be at rest.

What you did not  
Find in life  
Will be granted you  
When life is ended.  
Then, free from torment  
And free from pain,  
You shall be at rest.

### The Secretive Nightingale

(Translation by Richard Stokes,  
[www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))

Under the lime trees  
By the heath  
Where I sat with my beloved,  
There you may find  
How both of us  
Crushed the flowers and grass.  
Outside the wood, with a sweet sound,  
Tandaradei!  
The nightingale sang in the valley.

Ich kam gegangen  
Zu der Aue,  
Mein Liebster kam vor mir dahin.  
Ich ward empfangen  
Als hehre Fraue,  
Daß ich noch immer selig bin.  
Ob er mir auch Küsse bot?  
Tandaradei!  
Seht, wie ist mein Mund so rot!

Wie ich da ruhte,  
Wüßt' es einer,  
Behüte Gott, ich schämte mich.  
Wie mich der Gute  
Herzte, keiner  
Erfahre das als er und ich—  
Und ein kleines Vögelein,  
Tandaradei!  
Das wird wohl verschwiegen sein.

#### **V. Zur Rosenzeit**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,  
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;  
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,  
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

Jener Tage denk' ich trauernd,  
Als ich, Engel, an dir hing,  
Auf das erste Knöspschen lauernd  
Früh zu meinem Garten ging;

Alle Blüten, alle Früchte  
Noch zu deinen Füßen trug  
Und vor deinem Angesichte  
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,  
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;  
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,  
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

#### **VI. Ein Traum**

Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt

Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:  
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;  
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,  
Es war zur warmen Frühlingzeit:

I came walking  
To the meadow,  
My beloved arrived before me.  
I was received  
As a noble lady,  
Which still fills me with bliss.  
Did he offer me kisses?  
Tandaradei!  
See how red my mouth is!

If anyone knew  
How I lay there,  
God forbid, I'd be ashamed.  
How my darling hugged me,  
No one shall know  
But he and I—  
And a little bird,  
Tandaradei!  
Who certainly won't say a word.

#### **Time of Roses**

(Translation by Richard Stokes,  
[www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))

You fade, sweet roses,  
My love did not wear you;  
Ah! you bloom for one bereft of hope,  
Whose soul now breaks with grief!

Sorrowfully I think of those days,  
When I, my angel, set my heart on you,  
And waiting for the first little bud,  
Went early to my garden;

Laid all the blossoms, all the fruits  
At your very feet,  
With hope beating in my heart,  
When you looked on me.

You fade, sweet roses,  
My love did not wear you;  
Ah! you bloom for one bereft of hope,  
Whose soul now breaks with grief!

#### **A Dream**

(Translation by Richard Stokes,  
[www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))

I once dreamed a beautiful dream:  
A blonde maiden loved me,  
It was in the green woodland glade,  
It was in the warm springtime:

Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach schwoll,  
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut—  
Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,  
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

Und schöner noch als einst der Traum  
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit—  
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,  
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe sprang,  
Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her—  
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang  
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!

O frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum!  
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit—  
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,  
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!

The buds bloomed, the forest stream swelled,  
From the distant village came the sound of bells—  
We were so full of bliss,  
So lost in happiness.

And more beautiful yet than the dream,  
It happened in reality,  
It was in the green woodland glade,  
It was in the warm springtime:

The forest stream swelled, the buds bloomed,  
From the village came the sound of bells—  
I held you fast, I held you long,  
And now shall never let you go!

O woodland glade so green with spring!  
You shall live in me for evermore—  
There reality became a dream,  
There dream became reality!

### **Love's Philosophy**

Percy Bysshe Shelley

The fountains mingle with the River  
And the Rivers with the Ocean,  
The winds of Heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet emotion;  
Nothing in the world is single;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle.  
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high Heaven  
And the waves clasp one another;  
No sister-flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother;  
And the sunlight clasps the earth  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:  
What are all these kissings worth  
If thou kiss not me?

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