



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
FACULTY OF MUSIC

**Sarah Luedke, Mezzo-soprano**

Fourth Year Recital

**Jo Greenaway, Piano**

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance.  
Sarah Luedke is a student of Elizabeth McDonald.

Sunday, May 5, 2024 at 2:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

**PROGRAM**

Orphée et Eurydice (1762)  
Amour viens rendre à mon àme

Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714-1787)  
arr. Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Myrthen (Op. 25) (1840)  
I. Widmung  
II. Der Nußbaum  
IV. Lied der Suleika

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Si j'étais jardiner (1893)  
Berceuse (1895)  
L'été (1894)

Cécile Chaminade\* (1857-1944)

**INTERMISSION**

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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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Canzonetta Spagnuola (1821)

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

Siete Canciones populares Españolas (1914)

Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

III. Asturiana

IV. Jota

VI. Canción

Foolish Heart (from *One Touch of Venus* (1943)

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

My Ship (from *Lady in the Dark* (1941)

One Live to Live (from *Lady in the Dark* (1941)

*\*Fufills the BIPOC/Underrepresented Composers Repertoire Requirement*

*\*\*Canadian composer requirement was previously fulfilled.*

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### **Amour vien rendre à mon àme, French libretto by Pierre Louis Moline (1740-1820)**

*Translation by Sarah Luedke*

Amour viens rendre à mon àme  
La plus ardente flamme!  
Pour celle qui m'en flamme  
Je vais braver le trépas.  
Amour vien rendre à mon àme  
Ta plus ardente flamme!  
L'enfer en vain nous sépare,  
Les monstres du Tartare  
Ne m'épouvantent pas!  
Je sens croitre ma flamme  
Je vais braver le trépas.

Love, come and fill my soul  
With the most ardent flame!  
For the one who makes me burn  
For this love, I shall brave even death.  
Love, come and fill my soul  
With the most ardent flame!  
Though hell should stand in my way,  
The monsters of Tartarus  
Do not scare me!  
I feel my flame growing,  
I will brave death.

### **Widmung, poem by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)**

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,  
Du meine Wonn, o du mein Schmerz ,  
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,  
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,  
O du mein Grab, in das hinab  
Ich ewig meine Kummer gab!

You my soul, you my heart,  
You my rapture, O you my pain,  
You my world in which I live,  
My heaven you, to which I aspire,  
O you my grave, into which  
My grief forever I've consigned!

Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,  
Du bist von Himmel mir beschieden.  
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,  
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,  
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,  
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'eres Ich!

You are repose, you are peace,  
You are bestowed on me from heaven.  
Your love for me gives me my worth,  
Your eyes transfigure me in mine,  
You raise me lovingly above myself,  
My guardian angel, my better self!

### **Der Nußbaum, poetry by Julius Mosen (1803-1867)**

*Translation by Emily Ezaust*

Es grünet ein Nußbaum vor dem Haus,  
Duftig, Luftig  
Breitet er blättrig die Blätter aus.  
Viel liebliche Blüten stehen d'ran,  
Linde, Winde

A walnut tree stands greenly in front  
of the house,  
Fragrantly, and airy  
Spreading out its leafy branches.  
Many lovely blossoms does it bear;  
Gentle winds

Kommen, sie herzlich zu umfahn.

Come to caress them.

Es flüstern je swei zu zwei gepaart  
Neigen, Beugend  
Zierlich zum Kusse die Häuptchen zart.  
Sie flüstern von einem Mägdlein,  
Das dächte die Nächte, und Tagelang,  
Wusste ach! Selber nicht was.

They whisper, paired two by two,  
Gracefully inclining  
Their tender heads to kiss.  
They whisper of a maiden  
Who thinks day and night long,  
But alas! she herself does not know.

Sie flüstern, sie flüstern–  
wer mag verstehen so gar leise, Weis’?  
Flüstern von Bräut’gam und nächstem Jahr.  
Das Mägdli horchet, es rauscht im Baum;  
Sehnend, Wähnend  
Sinkt es lächelnd in Schlaf und Traum.

They whisper, they whisper–  
Who can understand such a soft song?  
They whisper of a bridegroom and of the  
coming year.  
The maiden listens, the tree rustles;

### **Lied der Suleika, poem Marianne von Willemer (1784-1860)**

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

Wie mit innigstem Behagen,  
Lied, empfind’ ich deinen Sinn!  
Liebevoll du scheinst zu sagen:  
Dass ich ihm zur Seite bin.

With what heartfelt contentment,  
O song, do I sense your meaning!  
Lovingly you seem to say:  
That I am at his side.

Dass er ewig mein gedenket,  
Seiner Liebe Seligkeit  
Immerdar der Fernen schenket,  
Die ein Leben ihm geweiht.

That he ever thinks of me,  
And ever bestows his love’s rapture  
On her who, far away,  
Dedicates her life to him.

Ja, mein Herz, es ist der Spiegel,  
Freund, worin du dich erblickt,  
Diese Brust, wo deine Siegel  
Kuss auf Kuss hereingedrückt.

For my heart, is the mirror,  
Friend, wherein you have seen yourself;  
And this the breast where your seal  
Kiss upon kiss is pressed in

Süßes Dichten, laute Wahrheit,  
Fesselt mich in Sympathie!  
Rein verkörpert Liebesklarheit  
Im Gewand der Poesie.

Your sweet verses, their unsullied truth  
Chain me in sympathy!  
Love’s pure embodied radiance  
In the garb of poetry!

**Si j'étais jardiner, poem Léon Roger-Miles (1859-1928)**

*Translation by Sarah Luedke*

Si j'étais jardiner des cieux  
Je te cueillerais des étoiles!  
Quels bijoux raviraient tes yeux  
Si j'étais jardiner des cieux!  
Dans la nuit pâle sous ses voiles  
Ton éclat serait radieux

If I were a gardener of the skies  
I would collect stars for you!  
What jewels would delight your eyes  
If I were a gardener of the skies!  
In the pale night under its sails  
Your glow would be radiant

Si j'étais jardiner d'amour  
Je te cueillerais des caresses  
Je te fêterais tout le jour  
Si j'étais jardiner d'amour!  
En leurs inédites tendresses  
Mes bouquets te feraient la cour.  
Si j'étais jardiner d'amour  
Je te cueillerais des caresses!

If I were a gardener of love  
I would collect your caresses  
I would celebrate you all day  
If I were a gardener of love  
In their unprecedented tenderness  
My bouquets would court you  
If I were a gardener of love  
I would collect your caresses!

Mais mon Jardin n'est que chansons  
Et tu peux y cueillir toi même.  
Dieu pour les nids fit les buissons  
Et mon Jardin n'est que chansons.  
Viens là rêver si ton Coeur m'aime  
Et mon Coeur aura des frissons.

But my garden is only songs  
And you can pick them yourself  
For the nests, God made bushes  
And my garden is only songs.  
Come here and dream if your heart loves me  
And my heart will have chills.

**Berceuse, poem by Edouard Guinand (1838-1909)**

*Translation by Michael P Rosewall*

Viens près de moi,  
Viens plus près encore;  
Mon amour t'appelle:  
Enfant, je t'adore!

Come here to me,  
Come even closer;  
My love is calling:  
Child, I adore you!

Au dehors souffle un vent glacé  
Qui, de sa dernière parure,  
Dépouille toute la nature,  
Au seuil d'un hiver trop pressé.

Out of doors, icy breezes swoon  
Who, from his latest adornment,  
Deprive all nature of its glory,  
To welcome winter's cold too soon.

Viens près de moi,  
Viens plus près encore;  
Mon amour t'appelle:  
Enfant, je t'adore!

Come here to me,  
Come even closer;  
My love is calling:  
Child, I adore you!

Le monde lutter avec ardeur  
Pour les hochets de sa folie,  
Sous le poids des ans l'homme plie  
Avant de songer au bonheur.

Viens près de moi,  
Viens plus près encore;  
Mon amour t'appelle:  
Enfant, je t'adore!

The world, beset with toil and woes,  
Laments with madness never ending,  
'Neath the weight of years each man bending,  
Alas, before true joy he knows.

Come here to me,  
Come even closer;  
My love is calling:  
Child, I adore you!

### **L'été, poem by Edouard Guinande (1838-1909)**

*Translation by Sarah Luedke*

Ah! chantez, chantez,  
Folle fauvette,  
Gaie alouette,  
Joyeux pinson, chantez, aimez!  
Parfum des roses,  
Fraîches écloses,  
Rendez nos bois, nos bois plus  
embaumés!  
Ah! chantez, aimez!

Soleil qui dore  
Les sycamores  
Remplis d'essains tout bruissants,  
Verse la joie,  
Que tout se noie  
Dans tes rayons resplendissants.  
Ah! chantez, aimez

Souffle, qui passes  
Dans les espaces  
Semant l'espoir d'un jour d'été.  
Que ton haleine  
Donne à la plaine  
Plus d'éclat et plus de beauté  
Ah! chantez, chantez!

Dans la prairie  
Calme et fleurie,  
Entendez-vous ces mots si doux.  
L'âme charmée,  
L'épouse aimée,  
Benit le ciel pres de l'époux!

Ah, sing! sing!  
Wild warbler,  
Cheerful lark,  
Happy finch, sing and love!  
Perfumed roses,  
Fresh and budding,  
Return to our woods, our balmy woods!  
Ah, sing and love!

The sun paints with gold  
The Sycamores,  
Full of movement and murmuring,  
Put forth the joy  
Let all drown  
Of the resplendent rays  
Ah, sing and love!

The breeze that passes  
Everywhere  
Sowing the spirit of the summer day  
That your breath  
Gives to the planes  
More sparkle and more beauty.  
Ah, sing, sing!

In the prairie  
Calm and blooming with flowers  
Have you heard such sweet words,  
The charmed soul,  
The beloved wife,  
Blessed by heavens next to her beloved  
Husband!

**Canzonetta Spagnuola, poet anonymous**

*Translation by Sarah Luedke*

En medio a mis colores, ay!  
Pintando estaba un dia, ay!  
Cuan do la musa mia, ay!  
Me vino a tormentar, ay!

Ay, con dolor pues deajo  
Obra siempre siempre dichosa  
Cual es de Lilla mia  
Las prendas celebrar, ay!

Memando que pintara, ay!  
Asunto sobre, humano, ay!  
Pero lo mando, en vano, ay!  
Solo pude sonar, ay!

Ay, con dolor pues deajo  
Obra siempre siempre dichosa  
Cual es de Lilla mia  
Las prendas celebrar, ay!

Mi alma reconoce, ay!  
La fuerza de la bella, ay!  
Mas mi perversa, e stella, ay!  
Menta ga ya el cantar, ay!

Ay, con dolor pues deajo  
Obra siempre siempre dichosa  
Cual es de Lilla mia  
Las prendas celebrar, ay!

Among my colours, ah!  
I was painting one day, ah!  
When my muse, ah!  
Came to torment me, ah!

Ah, with pain I leave then  
Acting always, always happy  
Which one is my Lilla  
The garments celebrate, ah!

She wanted me to paint her, ah!  
A task so human, ah!  
But she wanted it in vain, ah!  
The clothes to celebrate, ah!

Ah, with pain I leave then  
Acting always, always happy  
Which one is my Lilla  
The garments celebrate, ah!

My soul recognizes, ah!  
The force of beauty, ah!  
But her wicked destiny, ah!  
Prevents her from singing, ah!

Ah, with pain I leave then  
Acting always, always happy  
Which one is my Lilla  
The garments celebrate, ah!

**Asturiana, poet anonymous**

*Translation by Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard Stokes*

Por ver si me consolaba,  
Arrimeme a un pino verde,  
Por verme llorar, lloraba.  
Y el pino como era verde,  
Por verme llorar, lloraba!

To see if it might console me,  
I drew near a green pine.  
To see me weep, it wept.  
And the pine, since it was green,  
Wept to see me weeping!

**Jota, poet anonymous**

*Translation by Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard Stokes*

Dicen que no nos queremos,  
Porque no nos ven hablar.  
A tu corazón y al mio  
Se lo pueden preguntar.

They say we're not in love,  
Since they never see us talk.  
Let them ask  
Your heart and mine!

Ya me despido de ti,  
De tu casa y tu Ventana.  
Y aunque no quiera tu madre.  
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.

I must leave you now,  
Your house and your window,  
And though your mother disapprove,  
Goodbye, sweet love, till tomorrow.

**Canción, poet anonymous**

*Translation by Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard Stokes*

Por traidores, tus ojos,  
Voy a enterrarlos.  
No sabes lo que cuesta  
"del aire."  
Niña, el mirarlos  
"Madre, a la orilla."

Since your eyes are treacherous,  
I'm going to bury them.  
You know not what it costs,  
"del aire."  
Dearest, to gaze into them  
"Mother, a la orilla."

Dicen que no me quieres,  
Ya me has querido.  
Váyase lo Ganado,  
"del aire."  
Por lo perdido,  
"Madre, a la orilla."

They say you do not love me,  
But you loved me once.  
Make the best of it  
"del aire."  
And cut your losses,  
"Mother, a la orilla."

**Foolish Heart, lyrics by Ogden Nash (1902 – 1971)**

Love shouldn't be serious, should it?  
You meet, perhaps you kiss, you start  
I fancied that I understood it  
I forgot my foolish heart.  
Love can't be illogical, can it?  
You kiss, perhaps you smile, your part  
It happens the way that you plan it  
If you hush your foolish heart.

Poor foolish heart  
Crying for one who ignore you



Poor foolish heart  
Flying from one who adore you.  
Ah, love used to touch me so lightly  
Why will my heart betray me so?  
I would dance with a new lover nightly  
But my foolish heart says no.

### **My Ship, lyrics by Ira Gershwin (1896 – 1983)**

My ship has sails that are made of silk,  
The decks are trimmed with gold,  
And of jam and spice there's a paradise in the hold.

My ship's a glow with a million pearls  
And rubies fill each bin,  
The sun sits high in a sapphire sky  
When my ship comes in.

I can wait the years, till it appears  
One fine day one spring  
But the pearls and such, they won't mean much  
If there's missing just one thing.

I do not care if that day arrives,  
That dream need never be,  
If the ship I sing doesn't also bring  
My own true love to me,  
If the ship I sing doesn't also bring  
My own true love to me.

### **One life to live, lyrics by Ira Gershwin (1896 – 1983)**

There are many minds in circulation,  
Believing in reincarnation.  
In me you see one who doesn't agree.  
Challenging possible affronts,  
I believe I'll only live once  
And I want to make the most of it.  
If there's a party I want to be the host it;  
If there's a haunted house I want to be the ghost of it;  
If I'm in town I want to make the most of it.

I say to me ev'ry morning,  
You've only one life to live,

So why be done in?  
Let's let the sun in  
And gloom can jump in the riv'!

No use to beat on the doldrums.  
Let's be imaginative.  
Each day is numbered,  
No good when slumbered,  
With only one life to live.

Why let the goblins upset you?  
One smile and see how they run.  
And what does worrying net you?  
Nothing! The thing is to have fun!

All this may sound kind of hackneyed.  
But it's the best I can give.  
Soon comes December,  
So please remember,  
You've only one life to live,  
Just one life to live.

I say to me ev'ry morning,  
You've only one life to live,  
So why be done in?  
Let's let the sun in  
And gloom can jump in the riv'!

What you collect at the grindstone  
Becomes a millstone in time.  
This is my thesis:  
Why go to pieces?  
Step out while you're in your prime.

You may say I'm an escapist  
But I would rather by far  
Be that than be a red tapeist.  
Lead me, speed me straight to the bar

Just laugh at old man repression  
And send him into obliv'  
Then you're the winner  
I'm off to dinner.  
I've only one life to live,  
Just one life to live.

