



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Christian Matta, Tenor

Fourth Year Recital

Helen Becqué, piano

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance.
Christian Matta is a student of Mark Daboll

Tuesday, April 30, 2024 at 2:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAM

Die schöne Müllerin (Op. 25, D. 795) selections

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

III. Halt!

VI. Der Neugierige

XXV. Eifersucht und Stolz

Chanson Grises selections

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

I. Chanson d'automne

V. L'heure exquise

VI. Paysage triste

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.

Isaac Greentree	Richard Hundley (1931-2018)
Let Beauty Awake (From Songs of Travel)	Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
Waterbird (1988)	Richard Hundley
Silent Noon (From The House of Life)	Ralph Vaughan Williams
The Astronomers	Richard Hundley

INTERMISSION

Lungi, lungi è amor da me**	Giovanni Battista Fasolo (1598-1664)
Benedictus (From Missa Te Deum Laudamus)**	Lorenzo Perosi (1872-1956)
Serenata**	Pietro Mascagni (1863-1945)

Creek Bistro Specials (2005)* David L. McIntyre (b. 1950)

- I. Gorgonzola Custard
- II. Spinach and Bacon Salad
- III. Calamari

- IV. Halibut Cheeks
- V. Grilled Trout
- VI. Jim Beam Ribeye

- VII. Clafoutis
- VIII. Gingerbread
- IX. Madeleines

**Fulfills the Canadian Repertoire Requirement*

***Fulfills the BIPOC/Underrepresented Composers Repertoire Requirement*

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Die Schöne Müllerin

Text by Wilhelm Müller

III. Halt!

Eine Mühle seh' ich blinken
Aus den Erlen heraus,
Durch Rauschen und Singen
Bricht Rädergebraus.

Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,
Süßer Mühlengesang!
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!
Und die Fenster, wie blank!

Und die Sonne, wie helle
Vom Himmel sie scheint!
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
War es also gemeint?

VI. Der Neugierige

Ich frage keine Blume,
Ich frage keinen Stern,
Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,
Was ich erfür' so gern.

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,
Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,
Ob mich mein Herz belog.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Wie bist du heut' so stumm!
Will ja nur Eines wissen,
Ein Wörtchen um und um.

The fair maid of the mill

Translations: ©Richard Wigmore

III. Stop!

I see a mill gleaming
amid the alders;
the roar of mill-wheels
cuts through the babbling and singing.

Welcome, welcome,
sweet song of the mill!
How inviting the house looks,
how sparkling its windows!

And how brightly the sun
shines from the sky.
Now, dear little brook,
is this what you meant?

VI. The Inquisitive One

I ask no flower,
I ask no star;
none of them can tell me
what I would so dearly like to hear.

For I am no gardener,
and the stars are too high;
I will ask my little brook
if my heart has lied to me.

O brook of my love,
how silent you are today!
I wish to know just one thing,
one small word, over and over again.

Ja, heisst das eine Wörtchen,
Das andre heisset Nein,
Die beiden Wörtchen schliessen
Die ganze Welt mir ein.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Was bist du wunderlich!
Will's ja nicht weiter sagen,
Sag', Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

XXV. Eifersucht und Stolz

Wohin so schnell, so kraus und wild,
mein lieber Bach?
Eilst du voll Zorn dem frechen Bruder
Jäger nach?
Kehr' um, kehr' um, und schilt erst deine
Müllerin
Für ihren leichten, losen, kleinen
Flattersinn.

Sahst du sie gestern Abend nicht am
Tore stehn,
Mit langem Halse nach der grossen
Strasse sehn?

Wenn von dem Fang der Jäger lustig
zieht nach Haus,
Da steckt kein sittsam Kind den Kopf
zum Fenster 'naus.
Geh', Bächlein, hin und sag' ihr das,
doch sag' ihr nicht,
Hörst du, kein Wort, von meinem
traurigen Gesicht;
Sag' ihr: Er schnitzt bei mir sich eine
Pfeif' aus Rohr,
Und bläst den Kindern schöne Tänz'
und Lieder vor.

One word is 'yes',
the other is 'no';
these two words contain for me
the whole world.

O brook of my love,
how strange you are.
I will tell no one else:
say, brook, does she love me?

XXV. Jealousy and Pride

Whither so fast, so ruffled and fierce, my
beloved brook?
Do you hurry full of anger after our
insolent huntsman friend?
Turn back, and first reproach your maid
of the mill
for her frivolous, wanton inconstancy.

Did you not see her standing by the gate
last night,
craning her neck as she looked towards
the high road?

When the huntsman returns home
merrily after the kill
a nice girl does not put her head out of
the window.
Go, brook, and tell her this; but breathe
not a word –
do you hear? – about my unhappy face;
tell her: he has cut himself a reed pipe
on my banks,
and is piping pretty songs and dances
for the children.

Chanson Grises

Text by Paul Verlaine

I. Chanson d'Automne

Les sanglots longs Des violons
De l'automne
Blessent mon coeur D'une langueur
Monotone.

Tout suffocant Et blême, quand
Sonne l'heure,
Je me souviens Des jours anciens
Et je pleure;

Et je m'en vais Au vent mauvais
Qui m'emporte
Deçà, delà,
Pareil à la Feuille morte.

V. L'heure exquise

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaînement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.

Gray Songs

Translations: © Richard Stokes

I. Autumn Song

With long sobs the violins
Of autumn
Wound my heart With languorous
Monotony.

All choking and pale, when
The hour sounds,
I remember Departed days
And I weep;

And I go Where ill winds blow,
Buffeted
To and fro,
Like a Dead leaf.

V. The exquisite hour

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines...

Exquisite hour.

VI. Paysage Triste

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière
embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée,
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures
réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage
blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes
feuillées, -
Tes espérances noyées.

Isaac Greentree

Text by James Purdy

In springtime comes the gentle rain,
Soothing honey sweet breeze and
sheltering sun.

Beneath these trees rising to the skies,
The planter of them, Isaac Greentree
lies.
The time shall come when the trees
shall fall
And Isaac Greentree rise above them
all.

VI. Sad landscape

Translation: © Peter Low

The shadow of the trees in the misty
river
fades and dies like smoke;
while above, among the real
branches,
the doves are lamenting.

Oh traveler, how well this pale
landscape
mirrored you pallid self!
And how sadly, in the high foliage, your
hopes were weeping,
your hopes that are drowned.

Let Beauty Awake

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

Let Beauty awake in the morn from
beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the
brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the
slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender
friend,
To render again and receive!

Waterbird

Anonymous

Waterbird, waterbird
gently afloat,
know you my yearning
for places remote?

Waterbird, waterbird
under the sea,
keep you a kingdom
for sleepers like me?

Silent Noon

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Your hands lie open in the long fresh
grass, -
The finger-points look through like rosy
blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture
gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and
amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can
pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver
edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the
hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hourglass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the
dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from
the sky: -
So this winged hour is dropt to us from
above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless
dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate
hour
When twofold silence was the song of
love.

Astronomers

Anonymous

Susan Campbell 1863-1910
Brian Campbell 1862-1909

Astronomers
We have loved the stars too deeply
To be afraid of the night.

Lungi, lungi é amor da me

Anonymous

Lungi, lungi é amor da me
Da che fui tradito già
Da te donna senza fé.
Vanne pur, superba, va
Dov'è amor con l'arco altero, Ch'ogni cor
fa prigioniero.
Più non amo, non bramo ahimè
D'amar donna ch'è senza fé.

La cagion tu sai perché,
Da te lungi il piè rivolsi, Donna rea,
senza mercé,
E dai lacci il cor disciolsi
E sprezzai d'amor il regno
Per seguir l'ira e lo sdegno.
Più non amo, non bramo ahimè
D'amar donna ch'è senza fé.

Benedictus

Bible

Benedictus qui venit, In nomine domini.
Benedictus In nomine domini
Hosanna in excelsis.

Serenata

Olindo Guerrini

Come col capo sotto l'ala bianca
dormon le palombelle innamorate,
Così tu adagi la persona stanca
sotto le coltri molli e ricamate.

La testa bionda sul guancial riposa
lieta de' sogni suoi color di rosa
e tra le larve care al tuo sorriso
una ne passa che ti sfiora il viso.

Passa e ti dice che bruciar le vene,
che sanguinare il cor per te mi sento.
Passa e ti dice che ti voglio bene,
che sei la mia dolcezza e il mio
tormento.

Far, far is love from me

Translation: Christian Matta

Love is far from me
Since I was betrayed already
By you faithless women
Go then, haughty-one, go
Where love is with his proud bow,
I no longer love, I no longer desire,
alas,
To love the faithless woman.

You know the reason why,
I turned my steps away from you,
Cruel, pitiless woman,
I have loosened the bonds of my heart
And I scorned the kingdom of love
In order to follow anger and disdain.
I no longer love, I no longer desire, alas,
To love the faithless woman.

Blessed

Blessed is he who comes, in the name of God.
Blessed in the name of God
Hosanna in the highest

Serenade

Translation: © Farrel Cleary

Amorous doves sleep,
heads buried in their white wings.
You are like that, easing your tiredness
under the embroidered quilt.

Your blond head rests on the pillow;
Enjoying rose-coloured dreams.
As you smile, a passing fairy
brushes your face.

It passes, and tells you my blood is
burning in my veins,
And my heart bleeds for you.
As it passes, it tells you that I love you,
That you are my sweetness and my torment.

Bianca tra un nimbo di capelli biondi
lieta sorridi ai sogni tuoi giocondi.
Ah, non destarti, o fior del Paradiso,
ch'io vengo in sogno per baciarti in viso!

White, in a cloud of blond hair,
Ah, don't wake up, my flower of paradise,
because I am coming
to kiss you in your dreams.

Creek Bistro Specials

I. Gorgonzola Custard

Gorgonzola custard with fresh fruit,
Candied walnuts and crostini's (for two)

II. Spinach and Bacon Salad

Spinach, and bacon salad
With mushrooms, red onions,
Oranges and carmelized pecans
With hot bacon dressing

III. Calamari

Calamari, lightly battered,
Served with fresh tomato
and fennel salsa!

IV. Halibut Cheeks

Halibut cheeks
With bubble 'n squeak
Halibut cheeks with bubble 'n squeak
and pommery mustard sauce

V. Grilled Trout

Grilled Saskatchewan steelhead trout
With white wine dill beurre blanc
And julienne vegetables.

VI. Jim Beam Ribeye

Jim beam grilled ribeye, grilled ribeye,
Jim beam, jimmy, jimmy jim beam,
With maple glazed mushrooms,
Roasted, whole white,
Onion and stilton mash

VII. Clafoutis

Traditional French countryside
Fresh cherries soaked in kirsch dessert,
Served, warm, with whipped cream
Clafoutis

VIII. Gingerbread

Gingerbread served warm,
gingerbread served warm
in a pool of sweet cream
with wine-poached pears.

IX. Madeleines

Madeleines.
Baked at your order,
With hints of lemon and orange zest,
Kept warm in a basket.
Madeleines