

Sabina Rzazade, piano
Master Recital I

Colin Ainsworth, voice
Aysel Taghi-Zada, violin
Michael Wong, cello

This collaborative piano recital is in partial fulfilment of the Master of Music in Performance degree requirements. Sabina Rzazade is a student of Steven Philcox.

Wednesday, May 1, 2024 at 7:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAM

Please withhold applause until the end of each group of songs/movements

Andante maestoso (*Pas de deux*)

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)
arr. Mikhail Pletnev (b.1957)

Concert suite from the ballet *The Nutcracker*

Three Songs

Frank Bridge (1879-1941)

- I. Far, far from each other
- II. Where is it that our soul doth go?
- III. Music, when soft voices die

Selection of Five Songs for Voice and Piano:

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

- I. A Dream, Op. 8, No. 5
- II. In the Silence of the Secret Night, Op. 4, No. 3
- III. The Storm, Op. 34, No. 3
- IV. Lilacs, Op. 21, No. 5
- V. Spring Waters, Op. 14, No. 11

INTERMISSION

Sonata No. 1 in D Minor for Violin & Piano, Op. 75

Camille Saint Saëns (1835-1921)

- I. Allegro agitato (attacca) - Adagio
- II. Allegretto moderato (attacca) - Allegro molto

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Three songs

Matthew Arnold (1822-1888)

1. Far, far from each other

Far, far from each other
Our spirits have grown
And what heart knows another?
Ah! who knows his own?

Blow, ye winds! lift me with you
I come to the wild.
Fold closely, O Nature!
Thine arms round thy child.

Ah, calm me! restore me
And dry up my tears
On thy high mountain platforms,
Where Morn first appears,

2. Where is it that our soul doth go?

One thing I'd know : when we have perished,
Where is it that our soul doth go?
Where is the fire that is extinguished?
Where is the wind but now did blow?

3. Music, when soft voices die

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;

A Dream, Op. 8, No. 5

Сон
Fyodor Kuzmych Teternikov

И у меня был край родной;
Прекрасен он!
Там ель качалась надо мной...
Но то был сон!
Семья друзей жива была.
Со всех сторон
Звучали мне любви слова...
Но то был сон!

A Dream
Translation by Philip Ross Bullock

I too had a native land,
Which was so beautiful!
A fir tree swayed over me there...
But that was a dream!
A clan of friends still lived then,
Surrounding me on all sides
And speaking words of love to me...
But that was a dream!

In the Silence of the Secret Night, Op. 4, No. 3

О, долго буду я, в молчаньи ночи тайной
Afanasy Afanasyevich Fet

О, долго буду я, в молчаньи ночи тайной,
Коварный лепет твой, улыбку, взор, взор
случайный,
Перстам послушную волос, волос твоих
густую прядь
Из мыслей изгонять и снова призывать;

In the silence of the secret night
Translation by Philip Ross Bullock

Oh, long will I, in the silence of the mysterious
night,
Chase from my thoughts and then call up again
Your artful chatter, your smile, your casual
glance,

Шептать и поправлять былые выраженья
Речей моих с тобой, исполненных смущенья,
И в опьянении, наперекор уму,
Заветным именем будить ночную тьму.
Заветным именем будить ночную тьму.
О, долго буду я, в молчаньи ночи тайной,
Заветным именем будить ночную тьму.

The thick tresses of your hair, so pliant in my
fingers;
Breathing fitfully, alone, unseen by anybody
else,
Burning with the glow of vexation and of shame,
I shall seek out the slightest hint of mystery
In the words you uttered;
I shall whisper and improve upon the past
expressions
Of things I once said to you, things full of
bashfulness,
And intoxicated, against all reason,
I shall wake night's darkness with your
cherished name.

The Storm, Op. 34, No. 3

Буря
Aleksandr Sergeyeovich Pushkin

Ты видел деву на скале
В одежде белой, над волнами
Когда, бушуя в бурной мгле
Играло море с берегами
Когда луч молний озарял
Её всечасно блеском алым
И ветер бился и летал
С её летучим покрывалом!
Прекрасно море в бурной мгле
И небо в блестях, без лазури;
Но верь мне: дева на скале
Прекрасней волн, небес и бури

Storm
Translation by Kyle Gee

You saw a woman on the cliff,
dressed in white, above the waves,
when they were loudly splashing in the
darkness.
The sea played with the shore,
as a bolt of lightning shone on
her every moment in brilliant scarlet,
and the wind fought and flew
with her flying veil!
How wonderful is the sea in the darkness,
with skies that shine without blue;
But believe me: The woman on the cliff
is more beautiful than waves, skies, and storms.

Lilacs, Op. 21, No. 5

Сирень
Ekaterina Andreyena Beketova

По утру, на заре,
По росистой траве
Я пойду свежим утром дышать;
И в душистую тень,
Где теснится сирень,
Я пойду свое счастье искать...

В жизни счастье одно
Мне найти суждено,
И то счастье в сирени живет;

Lilacs
Translation by Philip Ross Bullock

In the morning, at dawn,
Through the dew-clad grass,
I shall walk, breathing in the freshness of
morning;
And to the fragrant shade,
Where lilacs cluster,
I shall go in search of happiness...

In life there is but one happiness
That I am fated to find,

На зеленых ветвях,
На душистых кистях
Мое бедное счастье цветет.

And that happiness dwells in the lilacs;
On their green branches,
In their fragrant clusters
My poor happiness blooms...

Spring Waters, Op. 14, No. 11

Весенние воды
Fyodor Ivanovich Tsyutchev

Еще в полях белеет снег,
А воды уж весной шумят,
Бегут и будят сонный брег
Бегут и блещут и гласят.

Они гласят во все концы:
«Весна идет! Весна идет!
Мы молодой весны гонцы,
Она нас выслала вперед.

Весна идет! Весна идет!»
И тихих, теплых майских дней
Румяный, светлый хоровод
Толпится весело за ней.

Spring Waters
Translation by Philip Ross Bullock

The fields are still white with snow,
But the streams already herald spring –
They run and stir the sleepy banks,
They run, and glitter, and proclaim...

They proclaim in every direction:
'Spring is coming, spring is coming!
We are the messengers of youthful spring,
Who has sent us on ahead.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
And the quiet, warm days of May,
Like some rosy, radiant round-dance,
Rush gaily in its wake!..'

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.

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