



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

William Salinas-Crosby, tenor

Fourth-Year Recital: *My Beloved is Mine*

Mélisande Sinsoulier, piano

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance.
William Salinas-Crosby is a student of Mark Daboll.

Tuesday, April 16, 2024 at 12:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAMME

Please withhold applause until the end of each group of songs.

Panis Vivus (from *Litaniae de venerabili altaris Sacramento*, K. 243)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Six Mélodies (1997-2001) (Selections)

David Bontemps (b. 1978)*^

Aube

Petit matin

Secret

Tes yeux sont des adieux

Que tal?

Cinco canciones negras (Selections)

Xavier Montsalvatge (1912-2002)

I. Cuba dentro de un piano

IV. Canción de cuna para dormir un negrito

V. Canto negro

INTERMISSION

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.

Vier Lieder, Op. 2

Arnold Schönberg (1874-1951)

- I. Erwartung
- II. Jesus bettelt: *“Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm”*
- III. Erhebung
- IV. Waldsonne

Trois Mélodies de 1886, Op. 19

Erik Satie (1866-1925)

- I. Les anges
- II. Élégie
- III. Sylvie

Canticle I: *“My beloved is mine and I am his”*, Op. 40

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

** Fulfills the Canadian Repertoire Requirement.*

^ N.B. BIPOC/Underrepresented Composers Repertoire Requirement previously fulfilled.

PROGRAMME NOTES

It is a great pleasure to welcome you to my fourth-year recital entitled: My Beloved is Mine. This programme explores themes of love, memory, identity, and spirituality. This program showcases compositions spanning from Mozart to the vibrant rhythms of the Caribbean in Haiti and Cuba, from the passionate chromaticism of Schönberg to Satie's minimalist melancholy, and Britten's aching lyricism. These works serve as a testament to our shared humanity and spiritual essence. The selection and preparation of this repertoire have been a labour of love and would not have been possible without the patience, guidance, and trust of my coach and musical partner Mélisande Sinsoulier.

We hope you enjoy this afternoon's performance.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank my incredible teacher Mark Daboll for the many years of support and guidance. Thank you to my mentors and professors, Steven Philcox, Mia Bach, Monica Whicher, and Nathalie Paulin for their encouragement and generosity. Thank you to my family and loving partner Clément, for endless love and support. Thank you Kate Z. and Katie K. for being the kindest, most genuine friends in the world. Special shoutout to my choir family at Kingsway Lambton United Church. And many thanks to my esteemed classmates for sharing their beautiful voices and countless joyful memories. I cherish every one of you and I am proud to call you my friends.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

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Aria from *Litaniae de venerabili altaris Sacramento*, K. 243

Panis Vivus

Anonymous text

Panis vivus, que de coelo descendisti,
miserere nobis.

Deus absconditus et Salvator,
frumentum electorum,
miserere nobis.

Vinum germinans virgines,
miserere nobis.

Panis pinguis et deliciae regum,
miserere nobis.

Juge sacrificium, oblatio munda,
miserere nobis.

Agnus absque macula,
miserere nobis.

Mensa purissima, angelorum esca,
miserere nobis.

Manna absconditum,
miserere nobis.

Memoria mirabilium Dei,
panis supersubstantialis,
miserere nobis.

Living Bread

Translation by Pamela Dellal

Living bread, who from heaven descended,
have mercy on us.

Hidden God and Savior,
grain of the elect,
have mercy on us.

Vine sprouting forth virgins,
have mercy on us.

Wholesome Bread and delicacy of kings,
have mercy on us.

Perpetual sacrifice, clean oblation,
have mercy on us.

Lamb without spot,
have mercy on us.

Most pure feast, food of the angels,
have mercy on us.

Hidden manna,
have mercy on us.

Memory of God's wonders,
supersubstantial bread,
have mercy on us.

Selections from *Six Mélodies*

Aube

Poetry by Marie-Ange Jolicoeur (1947-1976)

À quelle aube nouvelle bue
dans le creux de la nue

Oubli, oubli

Ô inconnu

à cet instant où tout s'est tu.

Dawn

Translations by William Salinas-Crosby

To what new dawn drank
in the hollow of the clouds

Forget, forget

Oh stranger

at that moment when everything fell silent.

Petit matin

Mille bras de silence
sur les libellules bleues
et tandis qu'il pleut encore
dans la transparence du jour.

Secret

Voudrais-tu que je te dise à l'oreille
que la lune cette nuit a posé
dans le creux du manguier un oeuf tout bleu

Voudrais-tu que je te dise pour toi seul
que hier soir à minuit la mer a éclaté
en sanglots sans pareil

Que les étoiles ont dansé la contredanse
sur un tapis de velours noir.

Tes yeux sont des adieux

Tes yeux sont des adieux
et l'air triste du couchant.

Tes mains ne savent rien
car trop lasses sans voir passent.

Le temps tu t'en souviens
plus jamais ne revient dans nos vies qu'il étreint.

Que tal?

Pour te dire mes adieux
Ma plus belle orchidée in larmes de rosée

Regarde je baisse les yeux
Pour ne voir pas ces mots où danse le mensonge
Et pour garder en moi l'écho de mes bleus songes.

Si l'on savait combien ils ont de charmes secrets
ces mots que l'on retient.
Et l'on ne dit encore et tout ce qui revient
tout juste du décor.

Je tissai l'avenir de tous mes souvenirs
sur la pointe des pieds tel un sanglot de notes
mon rêve s'est envolé.
Ferme, doucement la porte.

Early morning

A thousand arms of silence
on the blue dragonflies
and while it is still raining
in the transparency of the day.

Secret

Would you like me to tell you in your ear
that tonight the moon laid a blue egg
in the hollow of the mango tree

Would you like me to tell you alone
that at midnight yesterday the sea burst
in unequalled sobs

That the stars danced the contredanse
on a carpet of black velvet.

Your eyes are farewells

Your eyes are your farewells
And the sad sunset air.

Your hands know nothing
For they are too weary to see.

The time you remember
That once embraced our lives will never return

What's up?

You tell me your farewell
My prettiest orchid in tears of dew

I lower my eyes
To not see the words where lies dance
And to keep within me the echo of my blue dreams

If only we knew how many charming secrets
The words that we withhold have.
And there's no telling what's coming back
just from the scenery.

I have woven the future of all my memories
on the tips of my toes like a sob of notes
my dream is gone.
Gently, close the door

Selections from *Cinco canciones negras*

Cuba Dentro de un Piano

By Rafael Alberti (1902-1999)

Cuando mi madre llevaba un sorbete de
fresa por sombrero
y el humo de los barco aún era humo de
habanero.

Mulata vuelta bajera...
Cádiz se adormecía entre fandangos y
habaneras
y un lorito al piano quería hacer de
tenor.

*...dime dónde está la flor
que el hombre tanto venera.*

 Mi tío Antonio volvía con aire de
 insurrecto.

La Cabaña y el Príncipe sonaban por los patios
de El Puerto.
(Ya no brilla la Perla azul del mar de las Antillas.
Ya se apagó, se nos ha muerto.)

Me encontré con la bella Trinidad...

 Cuba se había perdido y ahora era de
 verdad.

Era verdad,
no era mentira.
Un cañonero huído llegó cantándolo en
guajira.

La Habana ya se perdió.

Tuvo la culpa el dinero...

 Calló,
cayó el cañonero.

 Pero después, pero ¡ah! después
fué cuando al Sí lo hicieron
YES.

Canción de cuna para dormir un negrito

By Ildefonso Pereda Valdés (1899-1996)

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,
tan chiquitito,
el negrito
que no quiere dormir.
Cabeza de coco,
grano de café,
con lindas motitas,

Cuba in a Piano

Translation by Richard Stokes

When my mother wore strawberry sherbert
for a hat
and the smoke from the boats was still
Havana smoke.

Mulata fallen low...
Cadiz was falling asleep to Fandango and
habanera
and a little parrot at the piano tried to sing
tenor.

*...tell me, where is the flower
that a man can really respect.*

 My uncle Anthony would come home
 in his rebellious way.

The Cabaña and El Príncipe resounded in the patios
of the port.
(But the blue pearl of the Caribbean shines no more.
Extinguished. For us no more.)

I met beautiful Trinidad...

 Cuba was lost, this time it was
 true.

True
and not a lie.
A gunner on the run arrived, sang Cuban
songs about it all.

Havana was lost

and money was to blame...

 The gunner went silent,
fell,

 But later, ah, later
they changed Sí to
YES.

Lullaby for a little black boy

Translation by Richard Stokes

Lullay, lullay, lullay,
tiny little child,
little black boy,
who won't go to sleep.
Head like a coconut,
head like a coffee bean,
with pretty freckles

con ojos grandotes
como dos ventanas
que miran al mar.

Cierra los ojitos,
negrito asustado;
el mandinga blanco
te puede comer.
¡Ya no eres esclavo!

Y si duermes mucho,
el señor de casa
promete comprar
traje con botones
para ser un 'groom'.

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,
duérmete, negrito,
cabeza de coco,
grano de café.

Canto Negro

By Nicolás Guillén (1902-1989)

¡Yambambó, yambambé!

Repica el congo solongo,
repica el negro bien negro.
congo solongo del Songo
baila yambó sobre un pie.

Mamatomba,
serembé cuserembá,

El negro canta y se ajuma.
el negro se ajuma y canta.
el negro canta y se va.

Acuemem e serembó
aé, yambó, aé.

Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba,
tamba del negro que tumba,
tamba del negro, caramba,
caramba, que el negro tumba!

¡Yambá, yambó, yambambé!

and wide eyes
like two windows
looking out to sea.

Close your tiny eyes,
frightened little boy,
or the white devil
will eat you up.
You're no longer a slave!

And if you sleep soundly,
the master of the house
promises to buy
a suit with buttons
to make you a 'groom'.

Lullay, lullay, lullay,
sleep, little black boy,
head like a coconut,
head like a coffee bean.

Black Song

Transition by Jacqueline Cockburn

Yambambó, yambambé!

The congo solongo is ringing,
the black man, the real black man is ringing;
congo solongo from the Songo
is dancing the yambó on one foot.

Mamatomba,
Serembe cuserembá.

The black man sings and gets drunk,
the black man gets drunk and sings,
the black man sings and goes away.

Acuemem e serembó
aé, yambó aé.

Bam, bam, bam, bam,
bam of the black man who tumbles;
drum of the black man, wow,
wow, how the black man's tumbling!

¡Yambá, yambó, yambambé!

Vier Lieder, Op. 2

Erwartung

Richard Dehmel (1863-1920)

Aus dem meergrünen Teiche
neben der roten Villa
unter der toten Eiche
scheint der Mond.

Wo ihr dunkles Abbild
durch das Wasser greift,
steht ein Mann und streift
einen Ring von seiner Hand.

Drei Opale blinken;
durch die bleichen Steine
schwimmen rot und grüne
funken und versinken.

Und er küßt sie, und
seine Augen leuchten
wie der meergrüne Grund:
ein Fenster tut sich auf.

Aus der roten Villa
neben der toten Eiche
winkt ihm eine bleiche
Frauenhand.

Jesus bittet:

“Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm”

Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm;
jeder Morgen soll dich mahnen,
daß du mir die Haare küßttest.
Schenk mir deinen seidenen Schwamm;
jeden Abend will ich ahnen,
wem du dich im Bade rüstest,
o Maria!

Schenk mir Alles, was du hast;
meine Seele ist nicht eitel,
stolz empfang ich deinen Segen.
Schenk mir deine schwerste Last:
willst du nicht auf meinen Scheitel
auch dein Herz, dein Herz noch legen –
Magdalena?

Expectation

Translations by Richard Stokes

From the sea-green pond
near the red villa
beneath the dead oak
the moon is shining.

Where her dark image
gleams through the water,
a man stands, and draws
a ring from his hand.

Three opals glimmer;
among the pale stones
float red and green sparks
and sink.

And he kisses her,
and his eyes gleam
like the sea-green depths:
a window opens.

From the red villa
near the dead oak,
a woman's pale hand
waves to him.

Jesus begs:

“Give me your golden comb”

Give me your golden comb;
every morning shall remind you
that you kissed my hair.
Give me your silken sponge;
every evening I want to sense
for whom you prepared yourself in the bath,
oh, Maria!

Give me everything you have;
my soul is not vain,
proudly I receive your blessing.
Give me your heavy burden:
will you not lay on my head
your heart too, your heart –
Magdalena?

Erhebung

Gib mir deine Hand,
nur den Finger, dann
seh ich diesen ganzen Erdkreis
als mein Eigen an!

O, wie blüht mein Land!
Sieh dir's doch nur an,
daß es mit uns über die Wolken
in die Sonne kann!

Waldsonne

Johannes Schlaf (1862-1941)

In die braunen, rauschenden Nächte
Flittert ein Licht herein,
Grüngolden ein Schein.

Blumen blinken auf und Gräser
Und die singenden, springenden Waldwässerlein,
Und Erinnerungen.

Die längst verklungenen:
Golden erwachen sie wieder,
All deine fröhlichen Lieder.

Und ich sehe deine goldenen Haare glänzen,
Und ich sehe deine goldenen Augen glänzen
Aus den grünen, raunenden Nächten.

Und mir ist, ich läge neben dir auf dem Rasen
Und hörte dich wieder auf der glitzeblanken Syrinx
In die blauen Himmelslüfte blasen.

In die braunen, wühlenden Nächte
Flittert ein Licht,
Ein goldener Schein.

Exaltation

Give me your hand,
only a finger, then
I shall see this whole round earth
as my own!

Oh, how my country blossoms!
Just look at me,
that I may go with you above the clouds
into the sun!

Forest sun

Into the brown rustling nights
There flutters a light,
A green-golden gleam.

Glinting flowers gaze up
And the singing, leaping forest brooklets,
And memories.

The long silent ones:
Golden, they awaken again,
All your joyous songs.

And I see your golden hair glitter,
And I see your golden eyes gleam
Out of the green murmuring nights.

And I feel as though I were lying on the lawn by your
side And heard you once more blow on your brightly
glinting pipes into the blue air of heaven.

Into the brown, turbulent nights
There flutters a light,
A golden gleam.

Trois Mélodies de 1886, Op. 19

Les anges

J. P. Contamine de Latour (1867-1926)

Vêtus de blancs, dans l'azur clair,
Laisant déployer leurs longs voiles,
Les anges planent dans l'éther,
Lys flottants parmi les étoiles.

Les luths frissonnent sous leurs doigts,
Luths à la divine harmonie.
Comme un encens montent leurs voix,
Calmes, sous la voûte infinie.

En bas, gronde le flot amer;
La nuit partout étend ses voiles,
Les anges planent dans l'éther,
Lys flottants parmi les étoiles.

Élégie

J'ai vu décliner comme un songe,
Cruel mensonge,
Tout mon bonheur.
Au lieu de la douce espérance,
J'ai la souffrance Et la douleur.

Autrefois ma folle jeunesse
Chantait sans cesse
L'hymne d'amour.
Mais la chimère caressée
S'est effacée
En un seul jour

J'ai dû souffrir mon long martyre,
Sans le maudire,
Sans soupiner.
Le seul remède sur la terre
À ma misère
Est de pleurer.

The Angels

Translations by William Salinas-Crosby

Clothed in white, in the clear azure,
Let their long veils unfurl,
The angels hover in the ether,
Floating lilies among the stars.

Lutes quiver beneath their fingers,
Lutes with a heavenly harmony,
Like incense their voices rise
Calmly up to the boundless vault.

Below – the thunder of briny waves,
Night on all sides spreads its veils.
Angels hover in the clear heavens:
Lilies floating among the stars.

Elegy

I saw it fade like a dream,
A cruel lie,
All my happiness.
Instead of sweet hope,
I have suffering And pain.

Once my wild youth
Sang unceasingly
The hymn of love.
But the cherished fantasy
Faded away
In a single day.

I have had to suffer my long martyrdom,
Without cursing it,
Without sighing.
The only remedy on earth
For my misery
Is to weep.

Sylvie

Elle est si belle, ma Sylvie,
Que les anges en sont jaloux.
L'amour sur sa lèvre ravie
Laissa son baiser le plus doux.

Ses yeux sont de grandes étoiles,
Sa bouche est faite de rubis,
Son âme est un zénith sans voiles,
Et son coeur est mon paradis.

Ses cheveux sont noirs comme l'ombre,
Sa voix plus douce que le miel,
Sa tristesse est une pénombre
Et son sourire un arc-en-ciel.

Sylvie

She's so beautiful, my Sylvie,
That the angels are jealous.
Love on her delighted lip
Left its sweetest kiss.

Her eyes are big stars,
Her mouth is made of rubies,
Her soul is a cloudless sky,
And her heart is my paradise.

Her hair is as black as shadow,
Her voice sweeter than honey,
Her sadness is an eclipse
And her smile a rainbow.

Canticle I, Op. 40

"My beloved is mine and I am his"

Francis Quarles (1592-1644)

Ev'n like two little bank-divided brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nooks,
Meet both at length at silver-breasted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoin:
So I my best-beloved's am; so he is mine.

Ev'n so we met; and after long pursuit,
Ev'n so we joyn'd; we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax and he was flames of fire:
Our firm-united souls did more than twine;
So I my best-beloved's am; so he is mine.

If all those glitt'ring Monarchs that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin:
The world's but theirs; but my beloved's mine.

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can bow
My least desires unto the least remove;
He's firmly mine by oath; I his by vow;
He's mine by faith; and I am his by love;
He's mine by water; I am his by wine,
Thus I my best-beloved's am; thus he is mine.

He is my Altar; I, his Holy Place;
I am his guest; and he, my living food;
I'm his by penitence; he mine by grace;
I'm his by purchase; he is mine, by blood;
He's my supporting elm; and I his vine;
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he is mine.

He gives me wealth; I give him all my vows:
I give him songs; he gives me length of days;
With wreaths of grace he crowns my longing brows,
And I his temples with a crown of Praise,
Which he accepts: an everlasting sign,
That I my best-beloved's am; that he is mine.