

## Texts and Translations

*Serenade*: Fourth Year Recital

### **Daria Tereshchenko, Mezzo-Soprano**

David Eliakis, Piano

Constantin Moeller, Flute

Satchi Kanashiro, Violin

April 19th, 2024 at 4:30

Walter Hall

### **PROGRAMME**

Armatae face et anguibus (Juditha triumphans devicta Holofernus barbarie) Antonio Vivaldi

(1679-1741)

O leggiadri occhi belli

Anonymous

Ständchen (*D 957*)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Ständchen (*Op. 17 No. 2*)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Ständchen (*Op. 106 No. 1*)

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Von ewiger Liebe (*Op. 43 No. 1*)

Deux poèmes de Louis Aragon

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

C

Fêtes galantes

### **INTERMISSION**

The Lost Mistress

Jordan Abramson (b. 2002)\*

Confession Nocturne (*Le Récital des Anges*)

Ian Cusson (b.1981)\*

The Cloths of Heaven

Thomas Dunhill (1877-1946)

Six Romances Op. 4

О, нет, молю, не уходи! (Oh no, I beg, do not leave!)

Sergei Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

Не пой, красавица, при мне (Do not sing to me, my beauty)

Je te veux

Erik Satie (1866-1925)

*\*Fulfills Canadian Repertoire Requirement*

*N.B BIPOC/Underrepresented Composers/Poets Repertoire Requirement Fulfilled*

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance.

Daria Tereshchenko is a student of Nathalie Paulin.

## Texts and Translations

### **Armatae Face et Anguibus – Giacomo Cassetti**

Armatae face et anguibus

A caeco regno squallido

Furoris sociae barbari

Furiae venite ad nos.

Morte, flagello, stragibus

Vindictam tanti funeris

Irata nostra pectora

Duces docete nos.

Armed with your torches and your serpents,

from your dark foul realm,

ye companions of cruel frenzy,

O Furies, come to us.

With your whips, with death and slaughter,

to avenge such a death

enrage our breasts

and lead us.

(Text sourced from lyricstranslate.com, translated by Daria Tereshchenko)

### **O leggiadri occhi belli – Anon.**

O leggiadri occhi belli, occhi miei cari,

vivi raggi del ciel, sereni e chiari,

poichè tanto bramate di vedermi languire,

di vedermi morire,

occhi belli che adoro, mirate ch'io moro.

O serene mie luci, o luci amate,

tanto crude al mio amor quanto spietate,

poichè tanto godete della fiamma ch'io sento

del mio grave tormento

deh miratemi un poco e gioite al mio foco.

Oh lovely eyes, my beloved eyes,

living rays from heaven, so bright and clear,

since you desire so much to see me languish,

to see me die,

lovely eyes that I adore, see how I die.

Oh bright lights, oh beloved lights,

so cruel and merciless to my love,

since you so enjoy the fire that I feel

from my severe affliction,

oh look at me a little and rejoice in my fire.

(Translation by Camilla Bugge from [lieder.net](http://lieder.net))

### **Ständchen - Ludwig Rellstab**

Leise flehen meine Lieder durch die Nacht zu Dir;

In den stillen Hain hernieder,

Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen

in des Mondes Licht;

Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen

Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?

Ach! sie flehen dich,

Softly my songs fly through the night to you;

down into the silent grove,

beloved, come to me!

Slender treetops whisper and rustle

in the moonlight;

my darling, do not fear

that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.

Do you not hear the nightingales call?

Ah, they are imploring you;

## **Texts and Translations**

Mit der Töne süßen Klagen flehen sie für mich.  
Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,  
Kennen Liebesschmerz,  
Rühren mit den Silbertönen  
Jedes weiche Herz.

Lass auch Dir die Brust bewegen, Liebchen, höre mich!  
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen!  
Komm', beglücke mich!

with their sweet songs they implore you for me.  
They understand the heart's yearning,  
they know the pain of love,  
with their silvery notes  
they touch every tender heart.

Let your heart, too, be moved, beloved, hear me!  
Trembling, I await you!  
Come, make me happy!

(Translation by Richard Stokes from oxfordsong.org)

### **Ständchen – Adolf Friedrich von Schack**

Mach auf, mach auf! Doch leise, mein Kind,  
Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken!  
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind  
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken;  
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts sich regt,  
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt!  
Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,  
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,  
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,  
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen!  
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach  
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.  
Sitz nieder! Hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll  
Unter den Lindenbäumen.  
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll  
Von unseren Küssen träumen  
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,  
Hoch glühn von den Woneschauern der Nacht

Open up, open up! But softly, my child,  
So that no one's roused from slumber!  
The brook hardly murmurs, the breeze hardly moves  
A leaf on the bushes and hedges;  
Gently, my love, so nothing shall stir,  
Gently with your hand as you lift the latch!  
With steps as light as the steps of elves,  
As they hop their way over flowers,  
Flit out into the moonlit night,  
Slip out to me in the garden!  
The flowers are fragrant in sleep  
By the rippling brook, only love is awake.  
Sit down! Dusk falls mysteriously here  
Beneath the linden trees.  
The nightingale above us  
Shall dream of our kisses  
And the rose, when it wakes at dawn,  
Shall glow from our night's rapture.

(Translation by Richard Stokes from oxfordsong.org)

### **Ständchen – Franz Kugler**

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,  
So recht für verliebte Leut;  
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,

The moon shines over the mountain,  
Just right for the people in love;  
A fountain purls in the garden,

## Texts and Translations

Sonst Stille weit und breit.  
Neben der Mauer, im Schatten,  
Da stehn der Studenten drei  
Mit Flöt' und Geig' und Zither,  
Und singen und spielen dabei.  
Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten  
Sacht in den Traum hinein,  
Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten  
Und lispelt: „Vergiß nicht mein!“

### **Von ewiger Lieber – August Heinrich Hoffmann**

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!  
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.  
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,  
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.  
Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,  
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,  
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,  
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:  
„Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,  
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,  
Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,  
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.  
Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,  
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.“  
Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:  
„Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!  
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,  
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.  
Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,  
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?  
Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,

Otherwise silence far and wide.  
By the wall in the shadows,  
Three students stand  
With flute and fiddle and zither,  
And sing and play.  
The sound steals softly into the dreams  
Of the loveliest of girls,  
She sees her fair-headed lover  
And whispers “Remember me.”  
(Translation by Richard Stokes from oxfordsong.org)

Dark, how dark in forest and field!  
Evening already, and the world is silent.  
Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,  
And even the lark is silent now too.  
Out of the village there comes a lad,  
Escorting his sweetheart home,  
He leads her past the willow-copse,  
Talking so much and of so many things:  
'If you suffer sorrow and suffer shame,  
Shame for what others think of me,  
Then let our love be severed as swiftly,  
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.  
Let us depart in rain and depart in wind,  
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.'  
The girl speaks, the girl says:  
'Our love cannot be severed!  
Steel is strong, and so is iron,  
Our love is even stronger still:  
Iron and steel can both be reforged,  
But our love, who shall change it?  
Iron and steel can be melted down,

## Texts and Translations

Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!“

Our love must endure for ever!’

(Translation by Richard Stokes from oxfordsong.org)

### C – Louis Aragon

J’ai traversé les ponts de Cé

I have crossed the bridges of Cé

C’est là que tout a commencé

It is there that everything began

Une chanson des temps passés

A song of bygone days

Parle d’un chevalier blessé

Tells of a knight who injured lay

D’une rose sur la chaussée

Of a rose upon the carriage-way

Et d’un corsage délacé

And a bodice with an unlaced stay

Du château d’un duc insensé

And the castle of an insane duke

Et des cignes dans les fossés

And swans in castle moats

De la prairie où vient danser

And of the meadow where

Une éternelle fiancée

An eternal fiancée comes to dance

Et j’ai bu comme un lait glacé

And I have drunk the long lay

Le long lai des gloires faussées

Of false glories like icy milk

La Loire emporte mes pensées

The Loire bears my thoughts away

Avec les voitures versées

With the overturned jeeps

Et les armes désamorçées et les larmes mal effacées

And the unprimed arms and the ill-dried tears

Ô ma France ô ma délaissée

O my France O my forsaken one

J’ai traversé les ponts de Cé

I have crossed the bridges of Cé

(Translation by Richard Stokes from oxfordsong.org)

### Fêtes galantes – Louis Aragon

On voit des marquis sur des bicyclettes

You see fops on cycles

On voit des marlous en cheval-jupon

You see pimps in kilts

On voit des morveux avec des voilettes

You see whipper-snappers with veils

On voit les pompiers brûler les pompons

You see firemen burning their pompoms

On voit des mots jetés à la voirie

You see words hurled on the garbage heap

On voit des mots élevés au pavois

You see words praised to the skies

On voit les pieds des enfants de Marie

You see the feet of orphan children

On voit le dos des diseuses à voix

You see the backs of cabaret singers

On voit des voitures à gazogène

You see cars run on gazogene

On voit aussi des voutures à bras

You see handcarts too

On voit des lascars que les longs nez gênent

You see sly fellows hindered by long noses

## **Texts and Translations**

On voit des coïons de dix-huit carats

On voit ici ce que l'on voit ailleurs

On voit des demoiselles dévoyées

On voit des voyous On voit des voyeurs

On voit sous les ponts passer des noyés

On voit chômer les marchands de chaussures

On voit mourir d'ennui les mireurs d'œufs

On voit périlcliter les valeurs sûres

Et fuir la vie à la six-quatre-deux

You see unmitigated idiots

You see here what you see everywhere

You see girls who are led astray

You see guttersnipes you see Peeping Toms

You see drowned corpses float beneath bridges

You see out-of-work shoemakers

You see egg-candlers bored to death

You see securities tumble

And life rushing pell-mell by.

(Translation by Richard Stokes from [oxfordsong.org](http://oxfordsong.org))

### **The Lost Mistress - Robert Browning**

All's over, then: does truth sound bitter

As one at first believes?

Hark, 'tis the sparrows' good-night twitter

About your cottage eaves!

And the leaf-buds on the vine are woolly,

I noticed that, today;

One day more bursts them open fully

– You know the red turns grey.

Tomorrow we meet the same then, dearest?

May I take your hand in mine?

Mere friends are we, – well, friends the merest

Keep much that I resign:

For each glance of the eye so bright and black,

Though I keep with heart's endeavor, –

Your voice, when you wish the snowdrops back,

Though it stay in my soul for ever! –

Yet I will but say what mere friends say,

Or only a thought stronger;

I will hold your hand but as long as all may,

Or so very little longer!

(Text from [poetryfoundation.org](http://poetryfoundation.org))

## **Texts and Translations**

### **Confession Nocturne – Émile Nelligan**

Prêtre, je suis hanté, c'est la nuit dans la ville,  
Mon âme est le donjon des mortels péchés noirs,  
Il pleut une tristesse horrible aux promenoirs  
Et personne ne vient de la plèbe servile.  
Tout est calme et tout dort. La solitaire Ville  
S'aggrave de l'horreur vaste des vieux manoirs.  
Prêtre, je suis hanté, c'est la nuit dans la ville;  
Mon âme est le donjon des mortels péchés noirs.  
En le parc hivernal, sous la bise incivile,  
Lucifer rôde et va raillant mes désespoirs.  
Très fous ! Le suicide aiguise ses coups !  
Pour se pendre, il fait bon sous cet arbre tranquille  
Prêtre, je suis hanté, c'est la nuit dans la ville!

Priest, I am haunted, it's night in the city  
my soul is a box of mortal black sins,  
horrible sadness rains onto the sidewalk  
and no one comes along.  
All is quiet, all is asleep, vast solitude  
sickens itself on a gasp of old mansions.  
Priest, I am haunted, it's night in the city,  
my soul is a box of mortal black sins.  
In the park in winter in a nasty wind,  
comes Lucifer jeering at my broken heart,  
mad heart! Look at the suicide grinding his blade,  
look there's a good calm hanging tree –  
Priest, pray for me, it's night in the city!

(Translation by Anne Carson from lyricstranslate.com)

### **The Cloths of Heaven – William Butler Yeats**

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths  
Enwrought with golden and silver light  
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths  
Of night and light and the half-light,  
I would spread the cloths under your feet:  
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;  
I have spread my dreams under your feet;  
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

(Text from poetryfoundation.org)

### **O, no, I beg, do not leave! - Dimitri Merezhkovsky**

О, нет, молю, не уходи!  
Вся боль ничто перед разлукой,  
Я слишком счастлив  
Этой мукой,  
Сильней прижми меня к груди,  
Скажи люблю.  
Пришёл я вновь,  
Больной, измученный и бледный.

O, no, I beg you, do not leave!  
All my pains are nothing compared to separation  
I am only too fortunate  
with that torment,  
Press me tightly to your bosom  
and say you love me.  
I came anew  
full of pain, pale and exhausted.

## **Texts and Translations**

Смотри, какой я слабый, бедный,  
Как мне нужна твоя любовь...  
Мучений новых впереди  
Я жду как ласку, как поцелуя,  
И об одном молю, тоскуя:  
О, будь со мной, не уходи!

See how poor and weak I am,  
how I need your love...  
The new torments ahead  
I await like a caress or kiss,  
and again I beg you in anguish:  
O stay with me, do not leave!

(Translation by Anton Bepalov from [lieder.net](http://lieder.net))

### **Do not sing to me, my beauty – Alexander Pushkin**

Не пой, красавица, при мне  
Ты песен Грузии печальной;  
Напоминают мне оне  
Другую жизнь и берег дальний.  
Увы, напоминают мне  
Твои жестокие напевы  
И степь, и ночь, и при луне  
Черты далекой, бедной девы!  
Я призрак милый, роковой,  
Тебя увидев, забываю;  
Но ты поёшь, и предо мной  
Его я вновь воображаю.  
Не пой, красавица, при мне  
Ты песен Грузии печальной;  
Напоминают мне оне  
Другую жизнь и берег дальний.

Do not sing, my beauty, to me  
your sad songs of Georgia;  
they remind me  
of that other life and distant shore.  
Alas, They remind me,  
your cruel melodies,  
of the steppe, the night and moonlit  
features of a poor, distant maiden!  
That sweet and fateful apparition  
I forget when you appear;  
but you sing, and before me  
I picture that image anew.  
Do not sing, my beauty, to me  
your sad songs of Georgia;  
they remind me  
of that other life and distant shore.

(Translation by Anton Bepalov from [lieder.net](http://lieder.net))

### **Je te veux – Henry Racory**

J'ai compris ta détresse, cher amoureux,  
Et je cède à tes vœux: fais de moi ta maîtresse.  
Loin de nous la sagesse, plus de tristesse,  
J'aspire à l'instant précieux  
Où nous serons heureux:  
Je te veux.  
Je n'ai pas de regrets, et je n'ai qu'une envie:  
Près de toi, là, tout près, vivre toute ma vie.  
Que mon cœur soit le tien et ta lèvre la mienne,

I've understood your distress, dear lover,  
And yield to your desires: make of me your mistress.  
Let's throw discretion and sadness to the winds.  
I long for the precious moment  
When we shall be happy:  
I want you.  
I've no regrets and only one desire:  
Close, very close by you to live my whole life long.  
Let my heart be yours and your lips mine,



## **Texts and Translations**

Que ton corps soit le mien,	Let your body be mine
Et que toute ma chair soit tienne.	And all my flesh yours.
Oui, je vois dans tes yeux la divine promesse	Yes, I see in your eyes the exquisite promise
Que ton cœur amoureux vient chercher ma caresse.	That your loving heart is seeking my caress.
Enlacés pour toujours, brûlés des mêmes flammes,	Entwined for ever, consumed by the same desire,
Dans des rêves d'amours,	In dreams of love
Nous échangerons nos deux âmes.	We'll exchange our souls.

(Translation by Richard Stokes from [oxfordsong.org](http://oxfordsong.org))