



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Ching Yu (Tracy) Wong, Soprano

Third Year Recital

Helen Becqué, piano

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance.
Ching Yu (Tracy) Wong is a student of Mark Daboll.

Sunday, April 28th, 2024 at 12:30 pm | Geiger Torel, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAM

Will There Really Be A Morning? (1996)

Lori Laitman (b.1955)

Jasminenstrauch
Die Blume der Ergebung
Er ist's
Mein schöner Stern
Ihre Stimme

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Betracht dies Herz (from *Grabmusik*, K42/35a)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Chanson d'avril

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

Automne

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

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.

Will There Really Be A Morning? (1999)

André Previn (1929-2019)

Trois Mélodies (selections)

Mel Bonis (1858-1937)

- I. Viola
- III. Songe

La Danza

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

Will There Really Be A Morning? (1970)

Richard Hundley (1931-2018)

PROGRAM NOTES

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Will There Really Be A Morning?

Text by Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

Will there really be a "Morning"?
Is there such a thing as "Day"?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Man from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

Jasminenstrauch

Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1886)

Grün ist der Jasminenstrauch
Abends eingeschlafen,
Als ihn mit des Morgens Hauch
Sonnerlichter traf,
Ist er schneeweiss aufgewacht:
„Wie geschah mir in der Nacht?“
Seht, so geht es Bäumen,
Die im Frühling träumen!

The Jasmine Bush

Translation by Richard Stokes

The green jasmine bush
fell asleep last night,
When woken by the morning breeze
And sunlight,
It was snowy white:
"What happened to me overnight?"
That, you see, is the fate of trees,
Who dream in spring!

Die Blume der Ergebung

Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1886)

Ich bin die Blum im Garten,
Und muss in Stille warten,
Wann und in welcher Weise
Du trittst in meine Kreise.

Kommst du ein Strahl der Sonne,
So werd' ich deine Wonne
Den Busen still entfalten
Und deinen Blick behalten.

Kommst du als Tau und Regen,
So wird' ich deinen Segen
In Liebesschalen fassen,
Ihn nicht versiegen lassen.

Und fährest du gelinde
Hin über mich im Winde,
So werd' ich dir mich neigen,
Sprechend: Ich bin dein eigen.

Er ist's

Text by Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.

Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, ein Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen!

The Flower of Submission

I am the flower in the garden,
And must wait in silence,
To see when and in what way
You come to me

If you come as a ray of sunlight
I shall silently open my heart
To the bliss of your warmth,
And cherish your gaze.

If you come as dew and rain,
I shall preserve your blessings
In chalices of love,
And not let it dry up.

And if you gently brush
Over me in the wind,
I shall bow to you,
Saying: I am yours alone.

Spring is here

Spring lets its blue ribbon
Flutter in the breeze again;
Sweet, memorable scents
Drift promisingly across the land.

The violets are already dreaming,
Wanting to come out soon.
Listen, the sound of a harp!
Spring, yes it's you!
It's you that I've heard!

Mein schöner Stern!

Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1886)

Mein schöner Stern! Ich bitte dich,
O lasse du dein heitres Licht
Nicht trüben durch den Dampf in mir,
Vielmehr den Dampf in mir zu Licht,
Mein schöner Stern, verklären hilf!

Mein schöner Stern!
Ich bitte dich,
Nicht senk' herab zur Erde dich,
Weil du mich noch hier unten siehst,
Heb' auf vielmehr zum Himmel mich,
Mein schöner Stern, wo du schon bist!

Ihre Stimme

Text by August von Platen (1796-1835)

Lass tief in dir mich lesen,
Verhehl' auch dies mir nicht
Was für ein Zauberwesen
Aus deiner Stimme spricht!

So viele Worte dringen
Ans Ohr uns ohne Plan
Und während sie verklingen
Ist alles abgetan!

Doch drängt auch nur von ferne
Dein Ton zu mir sich her,
Belausch' ich ihn so gerne,
Vergess' ich ihn so schwer.

Ich bebe dann, entglimme
Von allzurascher Glut:
Mein Herz und deine Stimme
Versteh'n sich gar zu gut!

My Beautiful Star!

My beautiful star! I beg you,
O do not let your serene light
Be tarnished by the mists in me,
Rather help transform
the mists in me into light,
My beautiful star!

My beautiful star!
I beg you,
Not to descend to earth,
Because you still see me down here,
Rather lift me up to Heaven,
My beautiful star,
where you already are!

Her voice

Let me read the truth deep within you;
Do not conceal from me
What magic being
Speaks from your voice!

So many words
Reach our ears without a purpose;
They are forgotten
Even before they die away.

But even from a distance
Your tones find their way to me;
I listen to them with delight,
It's impossible to forget them.

Then I tremble, kindled
With sudden fire:
My heart and your voice
Understand each other too well!

Betracht dies Herz

Betracht dies Herz und frage mich,
Wer hat die Kron' gebunden,
Von wem sind diese Wunden?
Sie ist von mir und doch für mich.
Sieh, wie es Blut und Wasser weint,
Hör, was die Zähren sagen,
die letzten Tropfen fragen,
Ob es mit dir nicht redlich meint.
Er gib dich, hartes Herz,
Zerfließ in Reu und Schmerz.

Chanson d'avril

Text by Louis Bouilhet (1821-1869)

Lève-toi! Lève-toi! Le printemps vient
de naître!
Là-bas, sur les vallons, flotte un réseau
vermeil!
Tout frissonne au jardin, tout chante et
ta fenêtre,
Comme un regard joyeux, est pleine de
soleil!

Du côté des lilas aux touffes violettes,
Mouches et papillons bruissent à la
fois;
Et le muguet sauvage, ébranlant ses
clochettes,
A réveillé l'amour endormi dans le bois!

Puisqu'Avril a semé ses marguerites
Blanches,
Laisse ta mante lourde et ton manchon
frileux,
Déjà l'oiseau t'appelle, et tes soeurs les
pervenches
te souriront dans l'herbe en voyant tes
yeux bleus!

Consider this heart

Consider this heart and ask yourself:
Who made this crown,
Who inflicted these wounds?
It happened because of me, yet for me.
See how it cries tears of blood and
water,
Listen to what the tears are saying,
Ask the last drop
Whether you are being honest.
Give in, hard heart,
Dissolve into penitence and grief.

Song of April

Get up! Get up! Spring has just been
born!
Over those valleys a rosy mist is
floating,
Everything in the garden trembles and
sings;
Your window is full of sunshine,
Like a joyful gaze.

Next to the lilacs grow tufts of violets,
Butterflies and bees flutter and hum
together,
And the wild lily-of-the-valley, shaking its
bells,
Has awakened love who was sleeping in
the woods.

Now that April has scattered its white
daisies,
Leave aside your heavy cloak and cosy
muff,
The bird is already calling you, and your
periwinkle sisters
Will smile at you in the grass when they
see those blue eyes!

Viens, parton! Au matin, la source est plus limpide;
Lève-toi! Viens, partons! N'attendons pas du jour les brûlantes chaleurs;
Je veux mouiller mes pieds dans la rosée humide,
Et te parler d'amour sous les poiriers en fleurs.

Automne

Text by Armand Silvestre (1837-1901)

Automne au ciel brumeux, aux
Horizons navrants,
Aux rapides couchants, aux aurores pâlies,
Je regarde couler, comme l'eau du torrent,
Tes jours faits de mélancolie.

Sur l'aile des regrets mes esprits
Emportés,
Comme s'il se pouvait que notre âge renaisse!
Parcourent, en rêvant, les coteaux enchantés
Où jadis sourit ma jeunesse.

Je sans, au clair soleil du souvenir vainqueur
Refleurir en bouquet les roses déliées
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes, qu'en mon Coeur,
Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!

Come, let's go! The spring is clearer in the morning;
Get up! Come, let's go! Let us not wait for the burning heat of the day;
I want to wet my feet in the moist dew and talk to you of love under the blossoming pear-trees.

Autumn

Autumn of misty skies and heartbreaking horizons,
Of rapid sunsets and pale dawns,
I watch your days flow by like torrents,
Filled with melancholy.

My spirits, carried away on the wings of regret,
-As if our time could round again!-
Roam in reverie the enchanted hills,
Where my youth once smiled.

In the bright sun of triumphant memory,
I feel the scattered roses reblooming in bouquets;
And tears rise to my eyes, that in my heart
At twenty had been forgotten!

Will There Really be A Morning?

Text by Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

Will there really be a "Morning"?
Is there such a thing as "Day"?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Man from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

Viola

Text by Maurice Bouchor (1855-1929)

Viola, ton sourire et tes yeux
caressants
Où le ciel curieux et ravi se reflète;
Ton sourire et tes yeux, ma fraîche
violette,
Chantent l'inaltérable amour que je
pressens.

O toi que j'entrevis à peine, ton sourire
Me parle de tendresse et d'immortalité;
Je veux t'aimer, je t'aime, et me voici
hanté
Par tes yeux où le ciel émerveillé se
mire.

J'évoque en ce moment tes cheveux
blonds et fins,
Tes yeux, ta joue en fleur que je n'ai
point baisée,
Ton sourire et, dans la lumière irisée,

J'abandonne mon âme à des songes
divins.

Viola

Translation by Noelle Mcurtry

Viola, your smile and your gentle eyes
Are reflected in the intriguing and
rapturous sky;
Your smile and your eyes, my sweet
violet,
Sing of the unchangeable love that I
foresee.

O you that I barely glimpse, your smile
Speaks to me of tenderness and
immortality;
I want to love you, I love you, and here I
am haunted
By your eyes, where the sky, enthralled,
gazes at itself.

I recall in this moment your blond, fine
hair,
Your eyes, your flushed cheek that I did
not kiss,
Your smile and, in the iridescent light,

I abandon my soul to divine dreams.

Songe

Text by Maurice Bouchor (1855-1929)

Guidé par de beaux yeux candides
Dans ma barque féerique aux reflets
d'argent fin
Vers l'amour je voudrais faire voile
sans fin
Sur des rêves bleus et splendides.

Vers l'amour dont le souffle frais
Berce des champs de fleurs dans une
île enchantée,
Et qui, pour apaiser mon âme
tourmentée,
M'ouvrira de saintes forêts.

Et plus tard quand, loin de la terre,
O Viola! Guéris des brûlantes
langueurs,
Nous irons caresser les songes de nos
coeurs
Dans l'île heureuse du mystère?

Dans le libre ciel des Esprits
Quand nous aurons quitté la nature
Mortelle,
Ne goûterons-nous pas une paix
éternelle?
Rêveusement tu me souris.

Dream

Translation by Noelle McMurtry

Guided by beautiful, innocent eyes,
In my magical boat with flashes of fine
silver
Towards Love, I would like to sail
endlessly
On blue and splendid dreams.

Towards Love, whose fresh breath
Cradles the fields of flowers on an
enchanted island,
And who, to comfort my tormented soul,
Reveals to me its holy forests.

And later when, far from Earth,
Oh Viola! Healed by blazing languor,
Will we caress the dreams of our hearts
on the happy island of mystery?

In the liberated heaven of the Spirits,
When we abandon our mortal form,
Will we not enjoy an eternal peace?
Dreamily, you smile at me.

La Danza

Text by Carlo Pepoli (1796-1881)

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
Mamma mia, si salterà!
L'ora è bella per danzare,
chi è in amor non mancherà

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, si salterà!

Presto in danza a tondo, a tondo,
donne mie venite qua,
Un garzon bello e giocondo
a ciascuna toccherà,
Finché in ciel brilla una stella
e la luna splenderà.
Il più bel con la più bella
tutta notte danzerà.

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia, si salterà.
Frinche, frinche, frinche,
frinche, frinche, frinche,
mamma mia, si salterà.

La la ra la ra...

Salta, salta, gira, gira,
ogni coppia a cerchio va,
già s'avanza, si ritira
e all'assalto tornerà.

Già s'avanza, si ritira
e all'assalto tornerà!

Serra, serra, colla bionda,
colla bruna và quà e là
colla rossa va a seconda,
colla smorta fermo sta.
Viva il ballo a tondo, a tondo,
sono un Re, sono un Pascià,
è il più bel piacer del mondo

la più cara voluttà.

The Dance

Now the moon is over the ocean;
Mamma mia, we're going to leap!
The hour is beautiful for dancing,
Anyone in love will not miss it.

Now the moon is over the ocean,
Mamma mia, we're going to leap!

Soon we'll be dancing, round and round,
my ladies, come here,
A beautiful and playful lad
will have a turn with everyone.
As long as in heaven sparkles a star,
And the moonbeams will shine
The most beautiful boy and girl
Will dance all night.

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
Now the moon is over the ocean;
Mamma mia, mamma mia,
Mamma mia, we're going to leap!
Faster, faster, faster,
Faster, faster, faster,
Mamma mia, we're going to leap!

La la ra la ra...

Hopping, jumping, turning, spinning,
Every couple have a turn,
Now advancing, now receding,
And returns to the excitement.

Now advancing, now receding,
And returns to the excitement.

Dance, dance with blonde,
With the brunette of here and there
With the redhead follow along,
With the pale one, keep still.
Long live dancing, round and round!
I am a king, I am a lord,
It is the world's greatest pleasure

The most beautiful delight!
Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia, si salterà.
Frinche, frinche, frinche,
frinche, frinche, frinche,
mamma mia, si salterà.

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
Now the moon is over the ocean;
Mamma mia, mamma mia,
Mamma mia, we're going to leap!
Faster, faster, faster,
Faster, faster, faster,
Mamma mia, we're going to leap!

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