



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Taline Yeremian, Mezzo-Soprano

Through the Looking Glass: A Graduating Recital

Suzy Smith, piano

Ruby Jackson, viola

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor's in Music degree in Performance.
Taline Yeremian is a student of Monica Whicher.

Monday, April 22, 2024 at 4:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAM

Svegliatevi nel core (*Giulio Cesare, HWV 17*)

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Nueve Canciones (Selections)

Gisela Hernández (1912-1971)*

Huerto de marzo
Remansillo
Sólo por el rocío

Trois chansons de Bilitis

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

La flûte de Pan
La Chevelure
Le tombeau des Naïades

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.

Dormendo stai con le braccia inarcate
Amorosi miei giorni

Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

բո՛ւ ՅԻՇԱՏԱԿԴ ԱՅՍ ԳԻՇԵՐ (Recollections)(Op. 15, No. 103)

Hagop Manoukian (1833-1897)*

INTERMISSION

Zwei Gesänge (Op.91)

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Gestillte Sehnsucht
Geistliches Wiegenlied

Ruby Jackson, viola

The House of Life (Selections)

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Love-Sight
Silent Noon

Far, far from each other (Three Songs, H.76)

Frank Bridge (1879-1941)

Ruby Jackson, viola

Fair House of Joy (Op. 12, No. 7)

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

*Fulfills the BIPOC/Underrepresented Composers Repertoire Requirement
N.B Canadian Repertoire Requirement previously fulfilled.

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Svegliatevi nel core, by George Frideric Handel; text, Nicola Francesco Haym (1678-1729)

Svegliatevi nel core
furie d'un alma offesa
a far d'un traditor
aspra vendetta!

Awaken in my heart
The wrath of an offended soul
So I may wreak upon a traitor
my bitter vengeance!

L'ombra del genitore
Accorre a mia difesa
E dice: a te il rigor
Figlio si aspetta.

The ghost of my father
Hastens to my defence
Saying, "From you, my son
Ferocity is expected".

*Translation © Andrew Schneider,
provided via The LiederNet Archive
(www.lieder.net)*

Huerto de Marzo, by Gisela Hernandez; text, Federico García Lorca

All Translations © Patricia Caicedo, provided via "Latin American and Iberian Art Songs by Women, Vol. 2".

Mi manzano tiene ya sombra y pájaros.
Ay! Qué brinco da mi sueño de la luna al viento!
Mi manzano da a lo verde sus brazos.
Desde marzo, cómo veo la frente blanca de enero!
Mi manzana... (viento bajo)
Mi manzano... (cielo alto)

My apple tree already has shade and birds
Ah! What a jump my dream gives from the moon to the wind!
My apple tree gives to the green its arms
Since March, how I see the white forehead of January!
My apply tree... (low wind)
My apple tree... (high sky)

Remansillo by Gisela Hernandez; text, Federico García Lorca

Me miré en tus ojos pensando en tu
alma.
Adelfa blanca.
Me miré en tus ojos pensando en tu
boca.
Adelfa roja.
Me miré en tus ojos.
¡Pero estabas muerta!
Adelfa negra.

I looked myself in your eyes thinking of your
soul.
White oleander
I looked myself in your eyes thinking of your
mouth
Red oleander.
I looked myself in your eyes.
But you were dead!
Black oleander.

Sólo por el Rocío, by Gisela Hernandez; text, Federico García Lorca (1898-1936),

Y aunque no me quisieras te querria
por tu mirar sombrío
como quiere la alondra al nuevo día
sólo por el rocío

Even if you don't love me, I would love you
for your gloomy look,
how the lark wants the new day,
just for the dew

**La flute de Pan, by Claude Debussy; text, Pierre Louÿs (1870-1925), All
Translations © Richard Stokes, provided via Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordsong.org)**

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il ma donné une
syrinx
faite de roseaux bien taillés, unis avec la
blanche cire
qui douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux;
mais je suis un peu tremblante.
Il en joue après moi, si doucement que je
l'entends à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire, tant nous
sommes près l'un de l'autre;
mais nos chansons veulent se répondre,
et tour à tour nos bouches s'unissent sur la flute.

Il est tard; voici le chant de grenouilles vertes
qui commence avec la nuit.
Ma mère ne croira jamais que je suis restée si
longtemps à chercher ma ceinture perdue.

For Hyacinthus day, he gave me a syrinx
made of carefully cut reeds, bonded with
white wax which tastes sweet to my lips like
honey.

He teaches me to play, as I sit on his lap;
but I am a little fearful.
He plays it after me, so gently that I scarcely
hear him.

We have nothing to say, so close we are
one to another;
but our songs try to answer each other,
and our mouths join in turn on the flute.

It is late; here is the song of the green frogs
that
begins with the night.
My mother will never believe I stayed out
so long to look for my lost sash.

La chevelure, by Claude Debussy; text, Pierre Louÿs

Il m'a dit: «Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé. J'avais ta
chevelure
autour de mon cou.
J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir
autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.

«Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens; et
nous
étions liés pour toujours ainsi,
par la même chevelure la bouche sur la
bouche, ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent
qu'une racine.

«Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos
membres
étaient confondus, que je devenais toi-même
ou que tu entrais en moi comme mon songe.»

Quand il eut achevé, il mit doucement ses
mains sur
mes épaules,
et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre, que je
baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

He said to me: 'Last night I dreamed. I had
your
tresses around my neck.
I had your hair like a black necklace all
round my nape and over my breast.

'I caressed it and it was mine; and we
were united thus for ever
by the same tresses, mouth on mouth,
just as two laurels often share one root.

'And gradually it seemed to me, so
intertwined
were our limbs, that I was becoming you,
or you were entering into me like a dream.'

When he had finished, he gently set his
hands on
my shoulders
and gazed at me so tenderly that I lowered
my eyes with a shiver.

Le tombeau de Naiades, by Claude Debussy; text, Pierre Louÿs

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais;
mes cheveux devant ma bouche se
fleurissaient de petits glaçons,
et mes sandales étaient lourdes de neige
fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: «Que cherches-tu?»
«Je suis la trace du satyre.
Ses petits pas fourchus alternent comme des
trous dans un manteau blanc.»
Il me dit: «Les satyres sont morts.

«Les satyres et les nymphes aussi.
Depuis trente ans il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi
terrible.
La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc.
Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau.»

Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace de la
source où jadis riaient les naïades.
Il prenait de grands morceaux froids,
et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle,
il regardait au travers.

Along the frost-bound wood I walked;
my hair across my mouth, blossomed with
tiny icicles,
and my sandals were heavy with muddy,
packed snow.

He said to me: 'What do you seek?'
'I follow the satyr's track.
His little cloven hoof-marks alternate like
holes in a white cloak.'
He said to me: 'The satyrs are dead.

'The satyrs and the nymphs too.
For thirty years there has not been so harsh
a winter.
The tracks you see are those of a goat.
But let us stay here, where their tomb is.'

And with the iron head of his hoe he broke
the ice of the spring, where the naiads used
to laugh. He picked up some huge cold
fragments, and, raising them to the pale sky,
gazed through them.

Dormendo stai con le braccia inarcate by Stefano Donaudy; text, Alberto Donaudy (1880-1941)

Dormendo stai con le braccia inarcate,
quasi una rosa in desio de sbocciar;
e non ascolti le liete brigate
che van cantando le lor maggiolate...
Niuna parola ti dice questo sospirar
di mia viola?
Tempo è venuto di goder maggio!
Questo è il messaggio d'ogni liuto...
Ah! Odi il mio canto?
Che fai dunque lì ancor ascosa?
Fresca e odorosa, t'aspetta amor!

Se vieni meco per esta contrada,
diran che accanto sbocciato m'è un fior
e ch'io l'adduco così per istrada
a bere un sorso di fresca rugiada,

You are sleeping with your arms bent,
Like a rose in desire to bloom;
And you do not hear the merry companies
Who go singing their May songs.
Doesn't this breath from my violet (sigh from my
viola) say any word to you?
The time has come to enjoy May!
This is the message of every lute...
Ah! Do you hear my song?
What are you there then, still hidden?
Fresh and fragrant, love is waiting for you!

If you come with me through this countryside,
They will say that next to me is a blooming
flower
And that I am leading it thus along the way

mentre I garzoni ci seguiranno
sospirando lor canzoni.
Tempo è venuto di goder maggio!
Questo è il messaggio d'ogni liuto...
Ah! Odi il mio canto?
Che fai dunque lì ancor ascosa?
Fresca e odorosa, t'aspetta amor!

To drink a drop of fresh dew,
While the lads follow us
Sighing their songs.
The time has come to enjoy May!
This is the message of every lute...
Ah! Do you hear my song?
What are you there then, still hidden?
Fresh and fragrant, love is waiting for you!

*Translation © Gretchen Armacost, provided via
The LiederNet Archive (www.lieder.net)*

Amorosi miei giorni by Stefano Donaudy; text, Alberto Donaudy

Amorosi miei giorni,
chi vi potrà mai più scordar,
or che di tutti beni adorni,
da te pace al mio core
e profumo ai pensieri?
Poter così, finchè la vita avanza,
non temer più gli affanni
d'una vita d'inganni,
sol con questa speranza:
che un suo sguardo sia tutto il mio
splendor
e un suo sorriso sia tutto il mio tesoro!

My amorous days,
Who could ever forget you,
Now that, adorned with all the blessings
You give peace to my heart
and perfume to my thoughts?
To be able, so, as life advances,
To fear no longer the anxieties
Of a life of deceptions,
With this hope alone:
That one look of his may be all my splendor
And one smile of his may be all my treasure!

Chi di me più beato,
se accanto a sè così non ha
un dolce e caro oggetto amato,
sì che ancor no può dire
di saper cos'è amore?
Ah, ch'io così, finchè la vita avanza,
più non tema gli affanni
d'una vita d'inganni,
sol con questa speranza:
che un suo sguardo sia tutto il mio
splendor
e un suo sorriso sia tutto il mio tesoro!

Who more blessed than I,
If she does not thus have beside her
A sweet and dear beloved object,
So that she cannot yet say
She knows what love is?
Ah, may I so, as life advances,
Fear no longer the anxieties
Of a life of deceptions,
With this hope alone:
That one look of his may be all my splendor
And one smile of his may be all my treasure!

*Translation © Gretchen Armacost, provided via
The LiederNet Archive (www.lieder.net)*

ՔՈՒ ՀԻՇԱՏԱԿԴ ԱՅՍ ԳԻՇԵՐ (Recollections), by Hagop Manoukian

Քու յիշատակդ այս գիշեր
զիս լալուչափ կը յուզէ
Կարձես մեկնած էր սըրտես
եւ գաղտնաբար այս գիշեր

Your memory tonight will make me cry.

You have gone out from my heart,
secretly and on a whim tonight.

Ետ կը դառնայ իր հին տեղն
ու հին գրգռան կ'ուզէ
կը սեղմուի գրրկիս մեջ
կը բարձրանայ կուրծքս ի վեր:

He turns back to the old place, to get that
old feeling back
I will squeeze him in my arms and bring
him above my chest.

Քու պատկերըդ աչքիս մեջ,
եւ քու ձայնըդ ականջիս.
կը թրրթրման այս գիշեր
երակներուս մեջ կարձես.

Your memory in my eyes
and your voice in my ears.
It flutters in my veins tonight,
And lives in my dreams.

Քաղցրահոտ չունչդ է լեցած
որ կ'ըզզըլիս է կ'որ ըզզիս.
մինչ երեսես ալ կ'անցնին,
կարձես մատներըդ անտես

Your sweet scent is all around,
And starts on the surface.
It always passes my face,
You think your fingers are neglected.

Ետ կը դառնան մի առմի,
մեր հին ժամերն անկորուստ
կարաւանին հետ աստեղց
անոնք կուզան վերըստին.
հոգիս փարախ նէ բացւող,
ընդ դեմ իր քաղցրը հոտին:

One by one, our old times will return
without loss
With the wind they will come again, they
will come back to me.
The window of my soul opens against the
sweet smell.

Հիշատակովդ այս գիշեր.
կ'ըզ գամ այնչափ զիս հարուստ.
այնչափ բարի երջանիկ
որ գը թուրթեամբմը անհուն

With your memory tonight, I will feel
intimately rich
So kind my dear,
that price is bottomless.

Կը մըտածեմ զայն բաժնել
երկրի բոլոր խեղ ճերուս.

I think of saying something out loud
For the whole world to hear.

Translation by Taline Yeremian

**Gestillte Sehnsucht (Zwei Gesänge, Op. 91, No. 1), by Johannes Brahms, text;
Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)**

In goldnen Abendschein getaucht,
Wie feierlich die Wälder stehn!
In leise Stimmen der Vöglein hauchet
Des Abendwindes leises Wehn.
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.

Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh!
Du Sehnen, das die Brust beweget,
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?
Beim Lispeln der Winde, der Vögelein,
Ihr sehnenenden Wünsche, wann schlaft ihr
ein?

Ach, wenn nicht mehr in goldne Fernen
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen
Mit sehnedem Blick mein Auge weilt;
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.

Bathed in golden evening light,
How solemnly the forests stand!
The evening winds mingle softly
With the soft voices of the birds.
What do the winds, the birds whisper?
They whisper the world to sleep.

But you, my desires, ever stirring
In my heart without respite!
You, my longing, that agitates my breast –
When will you rest, when will you sleep?
The winds and the birds whisper,
But when will you, yearning desires,
slumber?

Ah! when my spirit no longer hastens
On wings of dreams into golden distances,
When my eyes no longer dwell yearningly
On eternally remote stars;
Then shall the winds, the birds whisper
My life – and my longing – to sleep.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, provided via
Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordsong.org)*

**Geistliches Wiegenlied (Zwei Gesänge, Op. 91, No. 2), by Johannes Brahms, text;
Emanuel Geibel (1815-1884)**

Die ihr schwebet
Um diese Palmen
In Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heil'gen Engel,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

You who hover
Around these palms
In night and wind,
You holy angels,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem
Im Windesbrausen,
Wie mögt ihr heute
So zornig sausen!
O rauscht nicht also!
Schweiget, neiget
Euch leis' und lind;
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Your palms of Bethlehem
In the raging wind,
Why do you bluster
So angrily today!
O roar not so!
Be still, lean
Calmly and gently over us;
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

Der Himmelsknabe
Duldet Beschwerde,
Ach, wie so müd' er ward
Vom Leid der Erde.
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm
Leise gesänftigt
Die Qual zerrinnt,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

The heavenly babe
Suffers distress,
Oh, how weary He has grown
With the sorrows of this world.
Ah, now that in sleep
His pains
Are gently eased,
Silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

Grimmige Kälte
Sauset hernieder,
Womit nur deck' ich
Des Kindleins Glieder!
O all ihr Engel,
Die ihr geflügelt
Wandelt im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein kind.

Fierce cold
Blows down on us,
With what shall I cover
My little child's limbs?
O all you angels,
Who wing your way
On the winds,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, provided
via Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordsong.org)*

Love Sight (The House of Life), by Ralph Vaughan Williams, text; Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee made known?

Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone)
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love - my love! if I no more should see Thyself,
nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The groundwhirl of the perished leaves of Hope
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

Silent Noon (The House of Life), by Ralph Vaughan Williams, text; 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 hour glass.

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.

Far, far from each other (Three Songs), by Frank Bridge, text; Matthew Arnold (1822-1888)

Far, far from each other
Our spirits have flown.
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, where morn first appears.

Fair House of Joy, by Roger Quilter, text; anon

Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:

Yet when this thought doth come
'Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight!
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.

Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.