



Enquan (Frank) Yu, tenor

Fourth Year Recital: *Songs and Stories Across the World*

Narmina Afandiyeva, piano

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance.
Enquan (Frank) Yu is a student of Dr. Darryl Edwards.

Monday, April 22, 2024 at 7:30pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queens Park

PROGRAMME

山中 In the Mountains 陈田鹤 Tianhe Chen* (1911-1955)
春风秋月何时了 Autumn Moon and Spring Blooms, When'll You Stop 王龙 Long Wang* (b.1992)
关雎 Crying Ospreys 赵季平 Jiping Zhao* (b.1945)

Dear Theo Ben Moore (b.1960)
VI. Already Broken
V. Souvenir

Core' ngrato Salvatore Cardillo (1874-1947)
Mattinata Ruggero Leoncavallo (1857-1919)

INTERMISSION

Messe de St. Anne Justin Lapierre (b.1998)
Sanctus

Die Schuldigkeit des estern Gebots KV 35 Wolfgang A. Mozart (1756-1791)
In Sorrow Must I Witness Buddhist Oratorio Libretto written by Rachel Lewis

Sechs Lieder, op. 13 Clara Wieck Schumann (1819-1896)

1, Ihr Bildnis
Dichterliebe, op. 48 Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
14. Allnächtlich im Traume
15. Aus alten Märchen winkt es
16. Die alten, bösen Lieder

Das Land des Lächelns Franz Lehár (1870-1948)
Dein is mein ganzes Herz

N.B. Canadian Repertoire Requirement previously fulfilled.

**Fulfills the BIPOC and Historically Overlooked Composers Requirement.*

Text and Translations

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山中

徐志摩 Zhimo Xu (1897-1931)

庭院是一片静，
听市谣围抱，
织成一地松影-
看当头月好！

不知今夜山中，
是何等光景：
想也有月，有松，
有更深的静。

我想攀附月色，
化一阵清风，
吹醒群松春醉，
去山中浮动；

吹下一阵新碧，
掉在你床前；
轻柔如同叹息-
不惊你安眠！

In the Mountains

Translation by 陈世骧 Harold Acton

The courtyard is an oasis of quiet
Surrounded by the clamour of the town;
Shadows of pines are woven on the ground,
Bright and beautiful is the full moon.

Nobody knows in the mountains of tonight
What scenery there will be:
Pine-trees perhaps, and moonlight,
And deeper quiet.

O, to swim in the waves of the moon,
To become a gust of ethereal wind
And frolic in deep mountains
And rouse the spring-intoxicated pines!

I would puff a fresh green needle
Towards your window, so it would alight
Gently, like a tender sigh—
Your tranquil slumber not to stir.

春花秋月何时了

李煜 Yu Li (937 AD - 978 AD)

春花秋月何时了，
往事知多少？
小楼昨夜又东风，
故国不堪回首月明中。

雕栏玉砌应犹在，
只是朱颜改。
问君能有几多愁，
恰似一江春水向东流

**Spring Flower and Autumn Moon
(To the Tune of Yumeiren)**

Translation by 裘小龙 Xiaolong Qiu

When will the endless cycle of the spring
flower and the autumn moon come to an
end?
How much remembrance of the things past
does a heart know?
Last night, in the attic revisited by the
eastern wind, it was unbearable to look
toward home in the fair moonlight.

The carved rails and the marble steps must
remain unchanged, but not her beauty.
How much sorrow do I have?
It is like the spring flood of a long river
flowing east!

关雎

Anonymous from 诗经 *Classic Poetry*, Qin
Dynasty Anthology

关关雎鸠，
在河之洲。
窈窕淑女，
君子好逑。

参差荇菜，
左右流之。
窈窕淑女，
寤寐求之。

求之不得，
寤寐思服。
悠哉悠哉，
辗转反侧。

参差荇菜，
左右采之。
窈窕淑女，
琴瑟友之。

参差荇菜，
左右毛之。
窈窕淑女，
钟鼓乐之。

Crying Ospreys

Translation by 杨宪益 Xianyi Yang and 戴
乃迭 Naidie Dai

Merrily the ospreys cry,
On the islet in the stream.
Gentle and graceful is the girl,
A fit wife for the gentleman.

Short and long the floating water plants,
Left and right you may pluck them.
Gentle and graceful is the girl,
Awake he longs for her and in his dreams.

When the courtship has failed,
Awake he thinks of her and in his dreams.
Filled with sorrowful thoughts,
He tosses about unable to sleep.

Short and long the floating water plants,
Left and right you may gather them.
Gentle and graceful is the girl,
He'd like to wed her, the *qin and se* (1)
playing.

Short and long the floating water plants,
Left and right you may collect them.
Gentle and graceful is the girl,
He'd like to marry her, bells and drums
beating.

Dear Theo

Already Broken

“At times I feel already...broken, and what will come of it I do not know...my deepest hope remains the same, as you well know, brother, that I might be a lighter burden in your life... but I can see a time that’s just on the horizon, a time when you might show my pictures with no shame.” (summer 1887) “It’s true I’m often sick and troubled, but there is harmony inside of me. For in the poorest little hut I see a picture, and I believe that very soon you will be proud to show my work; you will be satisfied...you will have something for your sacrifices, brother.” (July 1882)

Souvenir

“I must leave a souvenir, a souvenir that I might offer in the shape of something true, the shape of drawings and of pictures. I must leave a souvenir, a souvenir that might remain to say to those who care to see, to those with eyes who care to see that this man felt deeply... I know I’ll never do what I intended. Success requires a nature unlike mine. My strength has been depleted far too quickly, but for others, Theo, there is a chance. There is a chance for something more... If only you had been there when I saw the red vineyard, all red like red wine... There is a chance for something more. A souvenir that might remain to say to those who care to see that here was someone who felt deeply, brother, dear brother, dear Theo.” (adapted from letters of August 1883, November 1888 and September 1889)

"The texts are based on or adapted from the first English translation of letters written by Vincent van Gogh to his brother Theo entitled *The Letters of Vincent van Gogh* (Constable, 1927). A majority of the letters in the collection were translated by Van Gogh’s sister-in-law, Johanna van Gogh-Bonger, who died in 1925." -Ben Moore

Core'ngrato

Richard Cordiferro (1875-1940)

Catari, Catari,
pecchè me dici
sti parole amare;
pecchè me parle
e 'o core me turmiente, Catari?
Nun te scurdà
ca t'aggio date 'o core,
Catari, nun te scurdà!
Catari, Catari, che vene
a dicere stu parlà
ca me dà spaseme?
Tu nun'nce pienze a stu dolore mio,
tu nun'nce pienze,
tu nun te ne cure.
Core, core 'ngrato,
t'aie pigliato 'a vita mia,
tutt'è passato e
nun'nce pienze cchiù!

Catari, Catari
tu nun o saie ca 'nfino int' 'a na chiesa
io so' trasuto e aggio priato a Dio,
Catari
e ll'aggio ditto pure a 'o cunfessore
I' sto' a suffrì pe chella lla!
Sto a suffrì, sto a suffrì
nun se po credere
sto' a suffrì tutte li strazie
e 'o cunfessore ch'e' persona santa
m'ha ditto: figlio mio, lassala sta', lassala
sta'!

Ungrateful Heart

Translation by Nicholas Cornforth

Ungrateful heart
Catarina, Catarina,
why do say
such bitter words;
Why do you speak
and torment my heart, Catarina?
Do not forget
I gave you my heart,
Catarina do not forget!
Catarina, Catarina, what meaning
Do your words hold,
Words that leave me shuddering?
You do not think of the pain I feel,
You do not think,
You do not care.
Ungrateful, ungrateful heart
You have taken my life,
All has passed
And I am in your thoughts no more!

Catarina, Catarina
You do not know that I even went into a
church and prayed to God,
Catarina
I confessed to a priest
That I was suffering for you!
I was suffering, I was suffering
Suffering beyond words
I was suffering every punishment and pain
And the priest, a saintly man
Turned to me and said: my son, let her go,
let her go!

Mattinata

Ruggiero Leoncavallo (1857-1919)

L'Aurora, di bianco vestita,
Già l'uscio dischiude al gran sol,
Di già con le rose sue dita
Carezza de' fiori lo stuol!
Commosso da un fremito arcano
Intorno il creato già par,
E tu non ti desti, ed invano
Mi sto qui dolente a cantar:
Metti anche tu la veste bianca
e schiudi l'uscio al tuo cantor!
Ove non sei la luce manca,
Ove tu sei nasce l'amor!

Messe de Saint Anne

Sanctus

Saint! Saint! Saint, le Seigneur, Dieu de
l'univers!
Le ciel et la terre sont remplis de ta gloire.
Hosanna au plus haut des cieux.
Béni soit celui qui vient au nom du
Seigneur.
Hosanna au plus haut des cieux.

Die Schuldigkeit des estern Gebots KV 35

English Buddhist Oratorio Libretto by Rachel Lewis , 2024

In Sorrow Must I Witness

In sorrow must I witness
The awful paths foretold
For those who, heedless, witless,
Their greed do not withhold.
If heedfulness is lost
By storms they will be tossed.
Unless they guard their mind--
So prone to idle fretting,
All wisdom oft forgetting--
Their fate will be unkind.

Morning

Translation by Antonio Giuliano

The dawn, dressed in white,
has already opened the door to the sun,
and with pink fingers
caresses the myriads with flowers.
A mysterious trembling seems
to disturb all nature,
yet you will not get up, and vainly
I stand here sadly and sing.
Dress yourself, too, in white
and open the door to your serenader!
Where you are not, all is dark,
where you are, love is born! etc.

Sanctus

Holy, Holy, Holy. Lord, God of power and
might.
Heaven and earth are full of your glory.
Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is he who comes in the name of the
Lord.
Hosana in the highest.

Sechs Lieder, op. 13

1. Ihr Bildnis

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab!

Her Picture

Translation by Richard Stokes

I stood darkly dreaming
And stared at her picture,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.

About her lips
A wondrous smile played,
And as with sad tears,
Her eyes gleamed.

And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

Dichterliebe, op. 48

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)
Translation by Richard Stokes

13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floss noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du verliessest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wär'st mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Tränenfl

I wept in my dream

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt you lay in your grave.
I woke, and tears
Still flowed down my cheeks.

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt that you were leaving me.
I woke, and wept on
Long and bitterly.

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt you loved me still.
I woke, and still
My tears stream.

14. Allnächtlich im Traume seh ich dich,

Allnächtlich im Traume seh ich dich,
Und sehe dich freundlich grüßen,
Und laut aufweinend stürz ich mich
Zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehst mich an wehmütiglich,
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perlentränenröpfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort,
Und gibst mir den Strauß von Zypressen,
Ich wache auf, und der Strauß ist fort,
Und das Wort hab ich vergessen.

Nightly in my dreams

Nightly in my dreams I see you,
And see your friendly greeting,
And weeping loud, I hurl myself
Down at your sweet feet.

Wistfully you look at me,
Shaking your fair little head;
Stealing from your eyes
Flow little tears of pearl.

You whisper me a soft word
And hand me a wreath of cypress.
I wake, the wreath is gone,
And I cannot remember the word.

15. Aus alten Märchen

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Hervor mit weisser Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen blühen
Im gold'nen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen,
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodei'n,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmetter'n drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein.
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt' ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

From Fairy Tales of Old

A white hand beckons
From fairy tales of old,
Where there are sounds and songs
Of a magic land;

Where brightly coloured flowers
Bloom in the golden twilight,
And glow sweet and fragrant
With a bride-like face;

And green trees
Sing primeval melodies,
Mysterious breezes murmur,
And birds too join in warbling;

And misty shapes rise up
From the very ground,
And dance airy dances
In a strange throng;

And blue sparks blaze
On every leaf and twig,
And red fires race
Madly round and round;

And loud springs gush
From wild marble cliffs.
And strangely in the streams
Reflections shine on and on.

Ah, could I but reach that land,
And there make glad my heart,
And be relieved of all pain,
And be blissful and free!

Ah, that land of delight,
I see it often in my dreams,
But with the morning sun
It melts away like mere foam.

16. Die alten, bösen Lieder

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
Die Träume bös' und arg,
Die lasst uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen grossen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht was;
Der Sarg muss sein noch grösser,
Wie's Heidelberger Fass.

Und holt eine Totenbahre
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muss sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
Und senken ins Meer hinab;
Denn solchem grossen Sarge
Gebührt ein grosses Grab.

Wisst ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So gross und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

The bad old songs

The bad old songs,
The bad and bitter dreams,
Let us now bury them.
Fetch me a large coffin.

I have much to put in it,
Though what, I won't yet say;
The coffin must be even larger
Than the vat at Heidelberg.

And fetch a bier
Made of firm thick timber:
And it must be even longer
Than the bridge at Mainz.

And fetch for me twelve giants;
They must be even stronger
Than Saint Christopher the Strong
In Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.

They shall bear the coffin away,
And sink it deep into the sea;
For such a large coffin
Deserves a large grave.

Do you know why the coffin
Must be so large and heavy?
I'd like to bury there my love
And my sorrow too.

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz

from *Das Land des Lächelns*
Fritz Löhner-Beda (1883-1942)
Ludwig Herzer (1872-1939)

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz!
Wo du nicht bist, kann ich nicht sein.
So, wie die Blume welkt,
Wenn sie nicht küsst der Sonnenschein!
Dein ist mein schönstes Lied,
Weil es allein aus der Liebe erblüht.
Sag mir noch einmal, mein einzig Lieb,
Oh sag noch einmal mir:
Ich hab dich lieb!

Wohin ich immer gehe,
Ich fühle deine Nähe.
Ich möchte deinen Atem trinken
Und betend dir zu Füßen sinken,
Dir, dir allein! Wie wunderbar
Ist dein leuchtendes Haar!
Traumschön und sehnsuchtsbang
Ist dein strahlender Blick.
Hör ich der Stimme Klang,
Ist es so wie Musik.

All of My Heart is Yours

All of my heart is yours
Where you are not, I cannot be.
Just like a flower withers
If it's not kissed by the sunshine!
Yours is my finest song
Because it blossoms from love alone.
Tell me one more time, my only love,
Oh, one more time say to me:
"I love you!"

Wherever I may go,
I feel your presence.
I want to drink your breath
And fall to your feet praying
Just for you alone! How wonderful
Is your brilliant hair!
Beautiful like a dream and anxiously
wistful
Is the bright glance of your eyes.
When I hear your voice
It sounds like music to me.