



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Brooke Zarubin, soprano

Nature and Nurture; A Third Year Recital

Suzy Smith, piano

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance.
Brooke Zarubin is a student of Monica Whicher.

Wednesday, April 17, 2024 at 4:30 pm | Geiger Torel, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAM

Alma grande e nobil core (K. 578)

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Conversation Piece
Loon Cry, Night Call (*Evocations*)

Harry Somers (1925-1999)*

Blue Heron Near the Old Mill Bridge (2000)

Gary Kulesha (b. 1954)*

Sonntag (*5 Lieder, Op. 47, no. 3*)
Da unten im Tale (*49 Deutsche Volkslieder, WoO 33, no. 6*)
Liebestreu (*Sechs Gesänge, Op. 3, no. 1*)
Lerchengesang (*4 Gesänge, Op. 70, no. 2*)

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

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.

Chanson triste
Au pays où se fait la guerre

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

L'attente

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

A Lucky Child (from *At the Statue of Venus*, 2005)

Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

****Fulfills the Canadian Repertoire Requirement.***

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

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Alma grande e nobil core

Music by W.A. Mozart, text by Giuseppe Palomba (1769-1825)

Alma grande e nobil core
Le tue pari ognor disprezza.
Sono dama al fasto avvezza
E so farmi rispettar.

A great soul and noble heart
Always scorns those like you.
I am a lady accustomed to splendour
And I will be respected.

Va', favella, a quell'ingrato,
Gli dirai che fida io sono.
Ma non merita perdono,
Sì mi voglio vendicar,

Go, speak to that ingrate,
and tell how faithful I am.
But he does not deserve pardon,
Yes I want revenge.

Ingrato non merita perdono,
Sì mi voglio vendicar.

That ingrate does not deserve pardon,
Yes I want revenge.

Conversation Piece

Music by Harry Somers, text by Michael Fram* (unknown)

What swans say when they speak together
Twining at dusk their tall white necks
Turning to double headed swans
Stillness in motion on the river.

What roots say when they touch the earth,
What moss to bark, what bark to branch,
What branch to leaves, what leaves to air,
Touching as darkness on the river.

What we in silence by the river
In darkness say as beams of light
Pick out white monograms of swans
In utter clarity of silence speaking.

Evocations: Loon Cry, Night Call
Music and text by Harry Somers* (1925-1999)

Loon, loon, crah
Night cah cah cah
Mist wreath of night
Darkness womb of night.
Above infinity points of light
Water stillness night sounds
Loon, loon, crah

Blue Heron Near the Old Mill Bridge
Music by Gary Kulesha, text by Raymond Souster* (1921-2012)

This Blue Heron
Effortlessly managing
One graceful occurrence
After another

First stepping so stiffly
So carefully
Over the slime slippery rocks
Of the river

With me and a father
And his young son
His only audience
Watching from the river bank

Still frozen in admiration
Yet unnerving him enough
To suddenly flap both sail wings
Even longer than his slender beak

Once, twice, three times we count
Before he glides down ten yards
Farther up stream
Skimming in for a touch down

As smooth and short
As summer.

Sonntag (5 Lieder, Op. 47, no. 3)

Music by Johannes Brahms, text by Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862)

So hab' ich doch die ganze Woche
Mein feines Liebchen nicht geseh'n,

For the whole week
I have not seen my fine sweetheart,

Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl vor der Türe steh'n:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott,
ich wär' heute bei ihr!

I saw her on a Sunday
Standing right before the door:
The extremely beautiful young girl,
The extremely beautiful little heart,
Would to God, Would to God,
I were with her today!

So will mir doch die ganze Woche
Das Lachen nicht vergeh'n,

So for my whole week
My laughter never leaves,

Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl in die Kirche geh'n:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott,
ich wär' heute bei ihr!

I saw her on a Sunday
Going right into the church:
The extremely beautiful young girl,
The extremely beautiful little heart,
Would to God, Would to God,
I were with her today!

Da unten im Tale (49 Deutsche Volkslieder, WoO 33, no. 6)

Music by Johannes Brahms, text anon.

Da unten im Tale
Läuft's Wasser so trüb,
Und i kann dir's net sagen,
I hab' di so lieb.

Down in the valley there
Water flows so sadly,
And I can't tell you that,
I love you so.

Sprichst allweil von Liebe,
Sprichst allweil von Treu',
Und a bissele Falschheit
Is auch wohl dabei.

You always speak of love,
You always speak of loyalty,
But a bit of falsehood
Is always there too.

Und wenn i dir's zehnmal sag,
Daß i di lieb
Und du willst nit verstehn,
Muß i halt weitergehn.

And if I tell you ten times,
That I love you
And you do not want to understand,
I must move on.

Für die Zeit, wo du gliebt mi hast,
Dank i dir schön,
Und i wünsch, daß dir's anderswo
Besser mag gehn.

For the time that you have loved me,
I thank you dearly,
And I wish that elsewhere
Things go better for you.

Liebestreu (Sechs Gesänge, Op. 3, no. 1)

Music by Johannes Brahms, text by Robert Reinick (1805-1852)

“O versenk', o versenk' dein Leid,
mein Kind, in die See, in die tiefe See!”
Ein Stein wohl bleibt auf des Meeres Grund
mein Leid kommt stets in die Höh'.

Oh sink, oh sink your sorrow,
my child, in the sea, in the deep sea!
A stone stays well on the seabed
my sorrow always comes to the surface.

“Und die Lieb', die du im Herzen trägst,
brich sie ab, brich sie ab, mein Kind!”
Ob die Blum' auch stirbt, wenn man sie bricht,
treue Lieb' nicht so geschwind.

And the love, that you carry in your heart,
Destroy it, destroy it, my child!
If the flower also dies, when one breaks it,
True love is not so swift.

“Und die Treu', und die Treu',
's war nur ein Wort, in den Wind damit hinaus”
O Mutter und splittert der Fels auch im Wind
Meine Treue, die hält ihn aus.

And your loyalty, and your loyalty,
It is only a word, into the wind with it!
Oh mother even if the rock chips in the wind
My loyalty, withstands it.

Lerchengesang (4 Gesänge, Op. 70, no. 2)

Music by Johannes Brahms, text by Karl August Candidus (1817-1872)

Ätherische ferne Stimmen,
Der Lerchen himmlische Grüße,
Wie regt ihr mir so süße
Die Brust, ihr lieblichen Stimmen!

Ethereal distant voices,
The heavenly greetings of the larks,
How sweetly you move
My heart, you lovely voices!

Ich schließe leis mein Auge,
Da ziehn Erinnerungen
In sanften Dämmerungen
Durchweht vom Frühlingshauche.

I gently close my eyes,
There pass memories
Of soft twilights
Pervaded with the breath of spring.

Chanson triste

Music by Henri Duparc, text by Jean Lahor (1840-1909)

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.
J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;
Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai.

Au pays où se fait la guerre

Music by Henri Duparc, text by Théophile Gautier (1811-1872)

Au pays où se fait la guerre
Mon bel ami s'en est allé;
Il semble à mon cœur désolé
Qu'il ne reste que moi sur terre.
En partant, au baiser d'adieu,
Il m'a pris mon âme à ma bouche...
Qui le tient si longtemps, mon Dieu?
Voilà le soleil qui se couche,

[REFRAIN]: Et moi, toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.
Les pigeons sur le toit roucoulent,
Roucoulent amoureusement.
Avec un son triste et charmant;
Les eaux sous les grands saules coulent.

Je me sens tout près de pleurer,
Mon cœur comme un lys plein s'épanche,
Et je n'ose plus espérer,
Voici briller la lune blanche.

[REFRAIN]

Quelqu'un monte à grand pas la rampe:
serait-ce lui, mon doux amant?
Ce n'est pas lui, mais seulement

In your heart moonlight lies dormant,
A sweet moonlight of summer,
And to escape life's troubles
I will drown in your brightness.
I will forget the past pain,
My love, when you rock
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving tranquility of your arms.

You will lay my anxious head,
Oh! sometimes in your lap,
And you will utter to it a ballad
That will appear to speak of us;
And in your eyes so full of sadness,
From your eyes I will then drink
So many kisses and much tenderness
That perhaps I will heal.

To the country where war is waged
My beautiful love has departed;
It seems to my desolate heart
That I alone remain on earth.
When leaving, at our kiss farewell,
He took my soul from my mouth...
Who holds him back so long, my God?
There the sun is setting,

And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.
The pigeons on the roof are cooing,
Cooing lovingly.
With a sad and charming sound;
The waters under the large willows flow.

I feel near crying,
My heart, like a full lily, overflows,
And I no longer dare to hope,
Here the white moon is shining.

Someone quickly climbs the ramp:
Would this be him, my sweet lover?
It isn't him, but only

Mon petit page avec ma lampe.

My small page with my lamp.

Vents du soir, volez, dites-lui
Qu'il est ma pensée et mon rêve,
Toute ma joie et mon ennui.
Voici que l'aurore se lève,

Evening winds, fly, tell him
That he is my thoughts and my dream,
All my joy and my boredom.
Here the dawn is rising,

[REFRAIN]

L'attente

Music by Camille Saint-Saëns, text by Victor Hugo (1802-1885)

Monte, écureuil, monte au grand chêne,
Sur la branche des cieux prochaine,
Qui plie et tremble comme un jonc.
Cigogne, aux vieilles tours fidèle,
Oh! vole! et monte à tire-d'aile
De l'église à la citadelle,
Du haut clocher au grand donjon.

Climb, squirrel, climb the large oak,
To the branch next to the sky,
that bends and trembles like a reed.
Stork, faithful to the ancient towers,
Oh! Fly! And climb on a wing
From the church to the citadel,
From highest steeple to largest keep.

Vieil aigle, monte de ton aire
À la montagne centenaire
Que blanchit l'hiver éternel;
Et toi qu'en ta couche inquiète
Jamais l'aube ne vit muette,
Monte, monte, vive alouette,
Vive alouette, monte au ciel!

Old eagle, climb from your eyrie
On the age-old mountains
Whited by eternal winter;
And you in your bed never worry
the dawn is not silent,
Climb, climb, lively lark,
Lively lark, climb to the sky

Et maintenant, du haut de l'arbre,
Des flèches de la tour de marbre,
Du grand mont, du ciel enflammé,
À l'horizon, parmi la brume,
Voyez-vous flotter une plume,
Et courir un cheval qui fume,
Et revenir ma bien-aimé?

And now, from the top of the tree,
From the spires of the marble tower,
From the great mountain, from the flaming sky,
On the horizon, among the mist,
Can you see a floating feather,
And a horse running with steam,
to return my beloved?

A Lucky Child (from 'At the Statue of Venus')
Music by Jake Heggie, text by Terrence McNally (1938-2020)

At night we dream of love,
of loving and being loved
like when we were children;
if we were lucky, as I was.
I knew my parents loved me
and I loved them.
I felt safe and protected.
I knew that morning would always come.
And I knew I was loved.
Oh God, I was a lucky, lucky child.

Sunday night dinners over at Grandma's,
we'd all be together;
playing piano, singing along,
not in tune or too much in measure.
Wrestling with cousins,
the stories we'd share,
the night Randall kissed me.

Then, pretending to sleep
in the car riding home
with my father and mother;
wanting to hear the secrets they'd share.
But mostly, just wanting to be
carried upstairs in my father's arms,
then he'd kiss me and say:
"Good night, my little pumpkin.
Sleep soundly, my little love.
Angel from heaven. Star from above."
And I'd sleep.

That love is what I'm seeking,
to feel again
I am safe and protected,
to wake each morning
filled with hope,
and to know I am loved.
Oh God, I was a lucky, lucky child.