



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
FACULTY OF MUSIC

**Ainsley deBoer, Voice**

*L'amour fleurit dans la forêt: A Third Year Recital*

**Joel Goodfellow, Piano**

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance.  
Ainsley deBoer is a student of Nathalie Paulin.

Thursday, April 18, 2024 at 7:30 pm | Geiger Torel, 80 Queen's Park

**PROGRAM**

Bless'd the Day ( <i>from Solomon, HWV 67</i> )	G. F. Handel (1685-1759)
Nachtviolen ( <i>D. 752</i> )	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Auf dem wasser zu singen ( <i>D.774</i> )	
Am Meer ( <i>from Schwanengesang, D. 957, no.12</i> )	
Selections from <i>Ariettes Oubliées, L.60</i>	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
I. C'est lextase langoureuse	
I. _Green	
II. _Spleen	
Zij Sluimert ( <i>Vier sonetten, no. 4</i> )	Alphons Diepenbrock (1862-1921)
De Vlieg Eulalie ( <i>Sol 7 liederen</i> )	Tom Sol (b.1959)

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*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.*

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**L'AMOUR FLEURIT DANS LA FORÊT:  
TEXTS, TRANSLATIONS AND PROGRAM NOTES**

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**Bless'd the Day (*Solomon*)**

**G. F. Handel (1685-1759)**

Handel's 18<sup>th</sup> century oratorio *Solomon* tells the story of one of Israel's greatest kings and the celebration of his wisdom. In the first Act of this Oratorio, Solomon is overjoyed with the completion of the Temple of Jerusalem with Zadok, his high priest. Along with this celebration, Solomon relishes in the joys of marriage with his Queen and he promises to build a grand palace made of Lebanese cedar and gold in her honour. The Queen responds with this beautiful aria to return her husband's affection and love.

**Bless'd the Day**

Text: Anonymous

Bless'd the day when first my eyes  
Saw the wisest of the wise!  
Bless'd the day when I was led  
To ascend the nuptial bed!

But completely bless'd the day,  
On my bosom as he lay,  
When he call'd my charms divine,  
Vowing to be only mine.

**Nachtviolen**

**Franz Schubert (1797-1828)**

This piece describes the simple love that the author has for a melancholy violet. Johann Mayrhofer uses the text to let us into a world in which the poet is trying to capture the love of this solemn little flower. However, it leaves listeners wondering, is this piece really just about a flower? Or does it act as a symbol for a different kind of love in the author's heart?

**Nachtviolen**

Text: Johann Mayrhofer

Nachtviolen, Nachtviolen,  
Dunkle Augen, seelenvolle,  
Selig ist es, sich versenken  
In dem samtne Blau.

Grüne Blätter streben freudig,  
Euch zu hellen,  
euch zu schmücken;  
Doch ihr blicket  
ernst und schweigend  
In die laue Frühlingsluft.

Mit erhabnen Wehmutsstrahlen  
Trafet ihr mein  
treues Herz,  
Und nun blüht  
in stummen Nächten,  
Fort die heilige Verbindung.

**Dame's Violets**

Translation: Richard Wigmore

Dame's violets,  
dark, soulful eyes,  
it is blissful to immerse myself  
in your velvety blue.

Green leaves strive joyously  
to brighten you,  
to adorn you;  
but you gaze,  
solemn and silent,  
into the mild spring air.

With sublime shafts of melancholy  
you have pierced my  
faithful heart,  
and now,  
in silent nights,  
our sacred union blossoms

**Auf dem wasser zu singen****Franz Schubert (1797-1828)**

“Auf dem wasser zu singen” or “To be sung on water” establishes itself as just that from the first bar of music, with its rocking, wavelike accompaniment. This rocking motif persists throughout the piece to remind listeners where the setting is as it is being sung. The text acts as a reflection of the passing of time ovetop of these musical waves.

### **Auf dem Wasser zu singen**

Text: Graf zu Stolberg-Stolberg

Mitten im Schimmer  
der spiegelnden Wellen  
Gleitet, wie Schwäne,  
der wankende Kahn;  
Ach, auf der Freude sanft  
schimmernden Wellen  
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der  
Kahn;  
Denn von dem Himmel  
herab auf die Wellen  
Tanzet das Abendrot rund  
um den Kahn.

Über den Wipfeln  
des westlichen Haines  
Winket uns freundlich  
der rötliche Schein;  
Unter den Zweigen  
des östlichen Haines  
Säuselt der Kalmus  
im rötlichen Schein;  
Freude des Himmels und  
Ruhe des Haines  
Atmet die Seel' im  
errötenden Schein.

Ach,  
es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel  
Mir auf den wiegenden  
Wellen die Zeit.  
Morgen entschwinde mit  
schimmerndem Flügel  
Wieder wie gestern  
und heute die Zeit,  
Bis ich auf höherem  
strahlendem Flügel  
Selber entschwinde  
der wechselnden Zeit.

### **To be sung on the water**

Translation: Richard Wigmore

Amid the shimmer  
of the mirroring waves  
the rocking boat glides,  
swan-like,  
on gently shimmering  
waves of joy.  
The soul, too, glides like a  
boat.  
For from the sky  
the setting sun  
dances upon the waves  
around the boat.

Above the tree-tops  
of the western grove  
the red glow beckons  
kindly to us;  
beneath the branches  
of the eastern grove  
the reeds whisper  
in the red glow.  
The soul breathes  
the joy of heaven,  
the peace of the grove, in the  
reddening glow.

Alas,  
with dewy wings  
time vanishes from me on the  
rocking waves.  
Tomorrow let time again vanish  
with shimmering wings,  
as it did yesterday  
and today,  
until, on higher,  
more radiant wings,  
I myself vanish from  
the flux of time.

## Am Meer

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

This text by Heinrich Heine describes a love turned sour through the passage of time. Schubert's setting of this text compliments this well as you can clearly hear different accompaniment textures throughout the piece in a sort of back and forth. This element displays the contrasts in text, leading to an eventual bitter ending.

### Am Meer

Text: Heinrich Heine

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus  
Im letzten Abendscheine;  
Wir sassen am einsamen  
Fischerhaus,  
Wir sassen stumm und alleine.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll,  
Die Möwe flog hin und wieder;  
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll  
Fielen die Tränen nieder.

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand,  
Und bin aufs Knie gesunken;  
Ich hab' von deiner weissen Hand  
Die Tränen fortgetrunken.

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich mein  
Leib,  
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen; –  
Mich hat das unglücksel'ge Weib  
Vergiftet mit ihren Tränen.

### By the sea

Translation: Richard Wigmore

The sea glittered far and wide  
in the sun's dying rays;  
we sat by the fisherman's  
lonely house;  
we sat silent and alone.

The mist rose, the waters swelled,  
a seagull flew to and fro.  
from your loving eyes  
the tears fell.

I saw them fall on your hand.  
I sank upon my knee;  
from your white hand  
I drank away the tears.

Since that hour my body is  
consumed  
and my soul dies of longing.  
That unhappy woman  
has poisoned me with her tears.

## Selections from *Ariettes Oubliées*

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

*Ariettes Oubliées* or *Forgotten Songs* is a song cycle that was written based on the poetry of Paul Verlaine. Verlaine's poetry had a profound influence on Debussy's music as his description of events through nature brought out an ability to create unique musical colors through the score. Where Verlaine is able to affectively capture a moment perfectly in time with words, Debussy the equal ability to bring the story off the page with musical elements such as intervals and rhythm, to help set the scene.

**C'est l'extase langoureuse**

Text: Paul Verlaine

C'est l'extase langoureuse,  
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,  
C'est tous les frissons des bois  
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,  
C'est, vers les ramures grises,  
Le chœur des petites voix.

Ô le frêle et frais murmure!  
Cela gazouille et susurre,  
Cela ressemble au cri doux  
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...  
Tu dirais,  
sous l'eau qui vire,  
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente  
En cette plainte dormante  
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?  
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,  
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne  
Par ce tiède soir,  
tout bas?

**Green**

Text: Paul Verlaine

Voici des fruits, des fleurs,  
des feuilles et des branches  
Et puis voici mon cœur  
qui ne bat que pour vous.  
Ne le déchirez pas  
avec vos deux mains blanches  
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux  
l'humble présent soit doux.

**It is languorous rapture**

Translation: Richard Stokes

It is languorous rapture,  
It is amorous fatigue,  
It is all the tremors of the forest  
In the breezes' embrace,  
It is, around the grey branches,  
The choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!  
The warbling and whispering,  
It is like the soft cry  
The ruffled grass gives out ...  
You may take it  
for the muffled sound  
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

This soul which grieves  
In this subdued lament,  
It is ours, is it not?  
Mine, and yours too,  
Breathing out our humble hymn  
On this warm evening,  
soft and low?

**Green**

Translation: Richard Stokes

Here are flowers, branches,  
fruit, and fronds,  
And here too is my heart  
that beats just for you.  
Do not tear it  
with your two white hands  
And may the humble gift  
please your lovely eyes.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée  
Que le vent du matin vient  
glacer à mon front.  
Souffrez que ma fatigue  
à vos pieds reposée  
Rêve des chers instants qui la  
délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein  
laissez rouler ma tête  
Toute sonore encore  
de vos derniers baisers;  
Laissez-la s'apaiser  
de la bonne tempête,  
Et que je dorme un peu  
puisque vous reposez.

### **Spleen**

Text: Paul Verlaine

Les roses étaient toutes rouges  
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.

Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,  
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,  
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.

Je crains toujours  
,—ce qu'est d'attendre!—  
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

Du houx à la feuille vernie  
Et du luisant buis je suis las,

Et de la campagne infinie  
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!

I come all covered still with the dew  
Frozen to my brow  
by the morning breeze.  
Let my fatigue,  
finding rest at your feet,  
Dream of dear moments that will  
soothe it.

On your young breast  
let me cradle my head  
Still ringing  
with your recent kisses;  
After love's sweet tumult  
grant it peace,  
And let me sleep a while,  
since you rest.

### **Spleen**

Translation: Richard Stokes

All the roses were red  
And the ivy was all black.

Dear, at your slightest move,  
All my despair revives.

The sky was too blue, too tender,  
The sea too green, the air too mild.

I always fear  
—oh to wait and wonder!—  
One of your agonizing departures.

I am weary of the glossy holly,  
Of the gleaming box-tree too,

And the boundless countryside  
And everything, alas, but you!

## Zij Sluimert

Alphons Diepenbrock (1862-1921)

This Diepenbrock piece uses a beautiful accompaniment with thoughtful musical interludes to tell a wonderfully constructed story about a man and the one he loves. At first, we see that he speaks with admiration of this woman, yet there is a dark cloud that emerges as the story progresses and we see worry of things to come start to creep into this loving story

### Zij Sluimert

Text: Jacques Fabrice Herman Perk

Zij rust in 't malsche mos, en houdt  
gebogen  
Dien arm, dien mos en lokken beide  
streelen, -  
Een spreij van groene schaduw, zacht  
bewogen,  
Daalt uit de zilverloovers der aabeelen;

Zij ademt zuchten, en zij lacht, als  
togen  
Er droomen door heur ziel, die vroolijk  
spelen;  
O, zoete hoop! Straks opent zij heure  
oogen,  
Straks zal de hemel nieuwe heemlen  
telen:

Slaap zacht! Ik zie den donkren nacht  
genaken,  
Dat gij Uw oog voor eeuwig houdt  
geloken, -  
Dan sluimert gij, maar kunt niet meer  
ontwaken:

Dan zal de zode,  
die gij dekt, ú dekken,  
Dan zal geen zonnestraal uw lippen  
strooken,  
Geen lied van `t woud  
u uit dien sluimer wekken.

### She Slumbers

Translation: Rianne Stam ©

She lounges on the soft moss, and  
holds curved  
that arm, that both moss and locks  
caress, -  
A cover of green shade, gently  
moving,  
descends from the poplars' silvery  
foliage;

She breathes sighs, and laughs, as if  
dreams coursed through her soul,  
playing cheerfully;  
O, sweet hope! Soon she will open  
her eyes,  
soon heaven will give rise to new  
heavens:

Sleep well! I see the dark night  
emerging,  
when thou shalt keep thine eyes  
forever closed, -  
Then thou shalt slumber, but canst  
not wake again:

Then will the turf, that thou now  
coverst, cover thee,  
then no ray of sunlight will caress thy  
lips,  
no song of the forest wake thee from  
thy slumbers.



## De Vlieg Eulalie

Tom Sol (b.1959)

This text, by Annie M. G. Schmidt, was originally written as a children's story in Holland that was later adapted into this lively piece by Tom Sol. Although the accompaniment is not too complex, there are shocking twists as this story unfolds and we learn more about "The Fly Eulalie" and a bluebottle that has eyes only for her.

### De Vlieg Eulalie

Text: Annie M. G. Schmidt

Er woonde dichtbij Overschie  
Een vlieg, die heette Eulalie  
Ze was de mooiste vlieg  
van 't land  
Zo nuffig en zo elegant  
Ze stond een poos  
op haar balkon  
En zoemde zachtjes in de zon

En onder haar, in 't lover, zat  
Een bromvlieg op een eikenblad  
Een hele mooie groen en blauwe  
Die toch zo graag met haar wou  
trouwen  
Hij voelde zich heel erg alleen  
En bromde  
zachtjes voor zich heen:  
"Eulalie, Eulalie  
Ik ben zo blij dat ik je zie  
Kom toch bij mij, een, twee, drie  
Eulalie, Eulalie"

Maar Eulalie kwam niet zo spoedig  
Want Eulalie was zo hoogmoedig  
Omdat ze zondag in de stad  
Een Frans toerist gestoken had

Ze zong: "Tralala la, hei hei  
Traala hei hei  
Traala, ik heb Frans bloed in mij"  
Ze vond de bromvlieg  
te gewoon  
Hij bromde dus op zachte toon:

### The Fly Eulalie

Translation: Ainsley deBoer

Near the town Overschie, there lived a  
fly named Eulalie  
She was the most beautiful fly  
in the country  
So prim and so elegant  
She stood for a while  
on her balcony  
And buzzed softly in the sun

And below her, in the leaves  
A bluebottle sat on an oak leaf  
A beautiful green and blue fly  
Who wished  
to marry her  
He felt very alone  
And hummed  
softly to himself:  
"Eulalie, Eulalie  
I'm so glad to see you  
Come my way, one, two, three  
Eulalie, Eulalie"

But Eulalie did not come,  
For Eulalie was so boastful  
Because on Sunday in town  
she stabbed a French tourist

She sang: "Tralala la, hei hei  
Traala hei hei  
Traala, I have French blood in me"  
She thought the bluebottle  
was too ordinary  
So he hummed in a soft tone:

"Eulalie, Eulalie  
Ik ben zo blij dat ik je zie  
Kom toch bij mij, een, twee, drie  
Eulalie, Eulalie, Eulalie"

Maar Eulalie, op haar balkon  
Stond maar te zoemen in de zon  
Zij was zo trots en ijdel, ach!  
Dat zij niet eens die zwaluw zag

De zwaluw heeft haar ingepikt  
En in een oogwenk  
doorgeslikt  
En weg, was Eulalie de vlieg  
En nu, als ik mij niet bedrieg  
Zit nog de bromvlieg in de blad're  
En snikt:  
"Zij had Frans bloed in d'aderen"

"Mijn Eulalie is opgevreten  
En ach, ik kan haar niet vergeten  
Aa-aaaaaa-Aahaa-oe-aaaaaaa!!  
Eulalie, Eulalie  
Dat ik jou nu nooit meer zie  
In de buurt van Overschie  
Eulalie, Eulalie... Eulalie!"  
Eulalie!!!!

"Eulalie, Eulalie  
I'm so glad to see you  
Come my way, one, two, three  
Eulalie, Eulalie, Eulalie"

But Eulalie, sitting on her balcony  
Was just buzzing in the sun  
She was so proud and vain, ah!  
That she didn't even see that swallow

The swallow snatched her up  
And swallowed her  
in the blink of an eye  
And gone, was Eulalie the fly  
And now, if I'm not mistaken  
The bluebottle still sits in the leaves  
And sobs:  
"She had French blood in her veins"

"My Eulalie has been eaten up  
And oh, I can't forget her  
Aa-aaaaaaaa-Aahaa-oe-aaaaaaaaa!!!  
Eulalie, Eulalie  
That I will now never see  
Near Overschie  
Eulalie, Eulalie.... Eulalie!"  
Eulalie!!!!

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