



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
FACULTY OF MUSIC

**Sofia Bolonna, voice**

Fourth Year Recital

**Suzy Smith, piano**

**Ron Demeda, bandura**

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance.  
Sofia Bolonna is a student of Wendy Nielsen.

Monday, April 20, 2026 at 4:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

**PROGRAM**

6 Original Canzonettas, Book 1 and 2 (selections)

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

She never told her love, Hob. XXVla:34 (1795)

A Pastoral Song, Hob. XXVla:27 (1794)

Fidelity, Hob. XXVI:30 (1794)

La Regata Veneziana (1835)

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

1. Anzoleta avanti la regata

2. Anzoleta co passa la regata

3. Anzoleta dopo la regata

Drei Gesänge Op. 18 (1924)

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

I. "In meine innige Nacht"

II. "Tu ab den Schmerz"

III. Versuchung

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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.*

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](http://indigenous.utoronto.ca) to learn more.

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## INTERMISSION

Deux mélodies dédiées a monsieur Jean Ronald LaFond (2001)\*

David Bontemps (b. 1978)

I. Tes yeux sont des adieux

II. Que tal?

“Tout à perdre...” Deux poèmes de Paul Éluard, No.1 (1973)\*

Noël Ferdinand Lionel Daunais (1901-1982)

“Chanson d’amour” Cinq poèmes d’Éloi de Grandmont, No.4 (1974)\*

Noël Ferdinand Lionel Daunais

The Wind Rests in the Grove (1870’s)

Mykola Lysenko (1842-1912)

arr. for bandura: Ron Demeda

The Dnieper River Rages (1860’s)

Mykola Lysenko

arr. for bandura: Ron Demeda

The Raven Caws (1921)

Kyrylo Stetsenko (1882-1922)

*\* Fulfills the Canadian Repertoire Requirement*

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

## PROGRAM NOTES

Welcome to my Fourth Year Recital that I have also named “The Voices of People.” It is my hope and dream to continue into the world of opera and perform to many audiences across Canada and potentially the world! As a mezzo-soprano I am well aware of the fact that my voice type tends to be cast for roles that encompass both genders. Most are probably well aware of roles such as *Cherubino* and *Siebel* that within their stories are young boys but on stage are played by women with mezzo voices. I am absolutely delighted to attempt to act as a young, love-struck lad any day but am equally interested in expressing my femininity in an array of female characters. This recital is me capitalizing on the traditional casting of the mezzo voice and honouring the perspectives of both female and male characters. The repertoire selected is meant to reflect the thoughts of my intended personas and each set is its own small story arc. The selections in the first three sets are from the perspective of female characters I have labeled “The Faithful Maiden,” “The Supportive Beloved,” and “The Passing Soul.” After intermission I will take on the perspective of male characters that I have given labels such as “The Wistful Gentleman” and “The Old Storyteller.” Feel free to read further in the program notes to gain some insight into my take of each individual or simply enjoy the journey as I tell stories through the voices of these five different people.

As I am allowed to include an additional instrument as part of this recital, it only felt natural to include the sound of a Ukrainian national instrument – the bandura. The fifth set “The Old Storyteller” is based on a historic group of Ukrainian travelling bards that are called Kobzari. Typically described as elderly and blind, these individuals would travel from village to village with nothing than their trusty instrument, the kobza, and a young boy as their guide and companion. Hence, the label “Kobzar” derives from their instrument name “kobza.” The bandura is the modern relative of the kobza, one that was made larger, expanded upon with additional strings and is primarily played by sighted people. Enjoy the bright and elegant sound of the bandura as I try to evoke a bardic tradition once integral to Ukrainian society.

## THE CHARACTERS

### *The Faithful Maiden*

In a small village lives a young adolescent girl consumed with worry. Her beloved Lubin, has just hours ago departed on a journey with his merchant father to deliver goods across the land. Both she and Lubin were absolutely enamoured with each other, but neither built up the courage to confess before his parting. Thus, she ponders the moment forever lost. She would have promised to await his return. On a lovely Sunday morning, her mother tries to look out for her and urges the girl to be cheerful and enjoy her blissful youth with friends! Alas, life just isn't the same without Lubin. She remains troubled over his fate so in a moment of determination she vows to remain faithful and await his imminent return.

### *The Supportive Beloved*

In the hustle and bustle of Venetian festivities a race is taking place. Anzoleta is determined that her boyfriend Momolo must be the victorious gondolier that day. She seems more eager to win than he is and understandably so, his and, by extension, her reputation are on the line here! He must become the talk of the town and she, of course, must become known as related to the very best. She kindly, but sternly, encourages him before the race. Then, throughout the race Anzoleta anxiously watches everything unfold from her balcony and ... victory is his! She rushes him with all the kisses and love in the world.

### *The Passing Soul*

A woman struck with sickness, for what feels like eternity, recognizes she is entering the last night of her life. In a delirious state she personifies death to a dream and feels a sense of relief at this encounter. But, she realizes she cannot pass into the afterlife just yet, not leaving her caretaker - her dearest sister - behind. She bestows a blessing upon her sister telling fear to leave and for peace to enter the heart. She wishes for her young and beautiful sister to overcome grief for her selflessness will return to her in kind. Now, all that is left is to bring her own saddened and jealous soul to rest. She acknowledges the eternal gratitude and attachment she feels for her sister and the simultaneous agony at leaving this world so soon. Stricken with terror, upon understanding she is soon to pass, she cries out for her sister's comfort one last time and with her sister's words of love she dies.

### *The Wistful Gentleman*

It was just another good day but, as the young man told his sweetheart the usual goodbye the air already carried a sliver of sadness. Unfortunately, their love continued to wane and after slowly drifting further and further apart they went their separate ways, seemingly peacefully. Yet... her eyes, her hands, and the many things he loved about her remain in his soul, refusing to let him move on. Alas, life goes on, and he moves on, eventually.

In the hazy, dimly lit bar with a glass of whiskey the sweet notes of the piano prompt the now older gentleman to recall the joyful, young love he once had - the love he lost. ... He has not moved on.

### *The Old Storyteller*

An old Kobzar, an elderly bard, has stopped at yet another village in his endless journey. He travels to sing his songs, tell his stories, and recall all sorts of adventures to the young and old who care to listen. He begins to speak of nature: the travelling, weary wind and the sights that it witnesses on its way. He then speaks of the mighty Dnieper River and the storms that rage on its glorious banks. Then, in the form of a sad story, he speaks of the livelihoods of the protectors of Ukraine - the Kozaks. The unfortunate fate befalling many has become slavery on foreign land, leaving them only with hope - hope to return to their homeland and brothers in arms one day. The peace of this village and others is protected by the sacrifices of these warriors.

## **TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS**

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She never told her love  
(From *Twelfth Night*)  
*William Shakespeare*

She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek...;  
She sat, like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief.

Pastoral Song (My mother bids me bind my hair)  
*Anne Hunter*

My mother bids me bind my hair  
With bands of rosy hue,  
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,  
And lace my bodice blue.

For why, she cries, sit still and weep,  
While others dance and play?  
Alas! I scarce can go or creep,  
While Lubin is away.  
'Tis sad to think the days are gone,  
When those we love were near;  
I sit upon this mossy stone,  
And sigh when none can hear.

And while I spin my flaxen thread,  
And sing my simple lay,  
The village seems asleep, or dead,  
Now Lubin is away.

Fidelity  
*Anne Hunter*

While hollow burst the rushing winds,  
And heavy beats the show'r,  
This anxious, aching bosom finds  
No comfort in its pow'r.

For ah, my love, it little knows  
What thy hard fate may be,  
What bitter storm of fortune blows,  
What tempests trouble thee.

A wayward fate hath spun the thread  
On which our days depend,  
And darkling in the checker'd shade,  
She draws it to an end.

But whatsoe'er may be our doom,  
The lot is cast for me,  
For in the world or in the tomb,  
My heart is fix'd on thee.

Anzoleta avanti la regata  
*Count Carlo Pepoli*

Là su la machina xe la bandiera,  
varda, la vedistu, vala a ciapar.  
Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,  
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar.

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.

Va, voga d'anema la gondoleta  
nè el primo premio te pol mancar,  
va là, recordite la to Anzoleta  
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar,  
cori a svolar.

Anzoleta co passa la regata  
*Count Carlo Pepoli*

I xe qua, vardeli,  
povereti i ghe da drento,  
ah contrario tira el vento,  
i gha l'acqua in so favor.

El mio Momolo dov'elo?  
Ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.  
Ah! che smania! me confondo,  
a tremar me sento el cuor.

Su coraggio, voga,  
prima d'esser al paletto  
se ti voghi, ghe scometo,  
tutti indrio ti lassarà.

Caro, par che el svola,  
el li magna tutti quanti,  
meza barca l'è andà avanti,  
ah capisso, el m'a vardà.

Anzoleta before the race  
*Translation by Sofia Bolonna*

There on the "machina" is the flag,  
look, you can see it, go for it.  
Return with it this evening,  
or else run away and hide.

Once at the stern, Momolo, don't gawp.

Go, row the gondola with you whole soul,  
then you cannot help but be first.  
Go there, think of your Anzoleta  
watching you from this balcony.

Once at the stern, Momolo, don't gawp,  
once in the stern, Momolo, fly!

Anzoleta during the race  
*Translation by Sofia Bolonna*

Here they are, look at them,  
The poor things, they're nearly giving in,  
Ah, the wind is against them,  
But the tide is in their favour.

My Momolo, where is he?  
Ah, I see him, he's in second place.  
Ah! the excitement! It's confusing me,  
I can feel my heart racing.

Courage, keep going, row,  
You must be first to the finish line,  
If you keep rowing, I'll lay a bet  
You'll leave everyone behind.

Dearest, it seems like he's flying,  
And he's passing all of them,  
He's half a boat length ahead,  
Ah, I understand – he's seen me.

Anzoleta dopo la regata  
*Count Carlo Pepoli*

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,  
caro Momolo, de cuor;  
qua destrachite che xe ora  
de sugarte sto sudor.

Ah t'ò visto co passando  
su mi l'ocio ti a butà  
e godito respirando:  
un bel premio el ciaparà...

Sì un bel premio in sta bandiera  
che xe rossa de color;  
gha parlà Venezia intiera,  
la t'a dito vincitor.

Ciapa un baso, benedeto,  
a vogar nissun te pol,  
de casada, de tragheto  
ti xe el megio barcarol.

"In meine innige nacht"  
*Hans Kaltneker*

In meine innige Nacht  
Geh' ich ein.  
Wirst du schwebender Traum  
Um meine Stirne sein?

Wirst du heilig und still  
Auf meinen Kissen ruh'n,  
Wenn ich weine, wirst du's  
Mit mir tun?

Taut meinen Lippen dein Mund  
Lächeln mild,  
Tief auf Sternengrund  
Lieg' ich gestillt.

Rührt mich das Sterben an  
Um Mitternacht,  
Denke, ich sei vom Tod  
In's Leben erwacht.

Anzoleta after the race  
*Translation by Sofia Bolonna*

Take a kiss, and another,  
dear Momolo, from my heart;  
Here, to your right, at the time  
to dry your sweat.

Ah, I saw when you were passing  
you threw a glance my way  
and I said with a breath:  
he will get the beautiful prize...

Yes this flag is a nice prize,  
red in colour;  
all of Venice will talk, of which  
you are said to be the winner.

Take a kiss, blessed,  
rower like no other,  
Among all of the ferrymen,  
You are the best gondolier.

Into my intimate night  
*Translation by Sofia Bolonna*

Into my intimate night  
I enter.  
Will you, floating dream,  
be around my forehead?

Will you, holy and silent,  
rest on my pillows,  
if I weep, will you  
weep with me?

Your mouth thaws my lips,  
smiling gently,  
deep upon the starry ground,  
I lie satisfied.

Death stirs me  
at midnight,  
I think, I am awakened  
from death into life.

Denke, ich spiele fromm  
Mit Gottes Getier.  
Denk', ich bin nun weit  
Und du bei mir.

I think, I play piously  
with God's creatures.  
I think, I am now far away  
and you with me.

“Tu ab den Schmerz”  
*Hans Kaltneker*

Away with the pain  
*Translation by Sofia Bolonna*

Tu ab den Schmerz, entflieh, Verlangen!  
Sommer umblüht meiner süßen  
Schwester Haupt.  
Selig die Seele, die ohne Bangen  
An den guten, den ewigen Winter glaubt.

Away with the pain, flee, longing!  
Summer blooms around my sweet sister's  
head.  
Blessed is the soul who, without fear,  
believes in the good, the eternal winter.

Tu auf dein Herz, zieh' ein, o Friede!  
Schwebende Sonne küßt meiner  
Schwester Gesicht.  
Selig, der mit dem letzten Liede  
Um die Schläfen des Todes blühende  
Kränze flicht!

Open your heart, come in, o peace!  
The floating sun kisses my sister's face.  
Blessed is he who, with his last song,  
weaves blooming wreaths around death's  
temples!

Versuchung  
*Hans Kaltneker*

Temptation  
*Translation by Sofia Bolonna*

Du reine Frau aus Licht und Elfenbein,  
Du helle Schwester mir am trüben Bette,  
Du meines Blutes letzte Zufluchtsstätte,  
Du Seelenberge, tief und kühl und rein.

You pure woman of light and ivory,  
You bright sister of mine on my murky  
bed,  
You my blood's last refuge,  
You mountains of soul, deep and cool and  
pure.

Wie wenn dein Schoß mich einst geboren  
hätte,  
Kehrt stets mein Herz in deiner Liebe ein!  
Dich, süße Heil'ge kann kein Wunsch  
entweihn,  
Doch mich, dein Kind, aus wehem Feuer  
rette!

As if your womb had once bore me,  
My heart always returns to your love!  
You, sweet saint, no wish can desecrate,  
But rescue me, your child, from the woeful  
fire!

Ich höre nachts die wilden Reiter jagen,  
Heiß keucht ihr Atem mir in's Angesicht -  
Nein, hilf mir nicht! Laß mich auch dies  
ertragen

At night I hear the wild riders hunting,  
Their hot breath panting in my face -  
No, help me not! Let me endure this as  
well,

Um dich, die mich erhebt, wenn sie mich  
bricht.  
Ich kenn' das Wort, dem alle Nächte  
tagen:  
"Ich will! Ich liebe dich!" - Sieh', es ward  
Licht!

For you, one who lifts me up if she breaks  
me.  
I know that word, that dawns all of the  
nights:  
"I will! I love you!"—See, there was light!

Tes yeux sont des adieux  
*Marie-Ange Jolicoeur*

Your eyes are farewells  
*Translation by Sofia Bolonna*

Tes yeux sont des adieux et l'air triste du  
couchant.  
Tes mains ne savent rien car trop lasses  
sans voir passent.  
Le temps tu t'en souviens plus jamais ne  
revient dans nos vies qu'il étreint.

Your eyes are farewells, and the sad air of  
the sunset.  
Your hands know nothing, because too  
weary are they to see anything pass.  
Time, that you remember, will never again  
return to embrace our lives.

Que tal?  
*Marie-Ange Jolicoeur*

How are you?  
*Translation by Sofia Bolonna*

Pour te dire mes adieux  
Ma plus belle orchidée  
En larmes de rosée.  
Regarde je baisse les yeux  
Pour ne pas voir ces mots où danse le  
mensonge  
Et pour garder en moi l'écho de mes bleus  
songes.  
Si l'on savait combien ils ont de charmes  
secrets ces mots que l'on retient.  
Et l'on ne dit encore et tout ce qui revient  
tout juste du décor.  
Je tissai l'avenir de tout mes souvenirs sur  
la pointe des pieds tel un sanglot de notes  
mon rêve s'est envolé.  
Ferme, doucement la porte.

To tell you farewell,  
My most beautiful orchid,  
In tears of dew.  
Look, I lower my eyes,  
So as not to see these words where the  
lies are dancing,  
And to keep within me the echo of my blue  
dreams.  
If only we knew how many secret charms  
are in these words that we hold back.  
And again we don't speak of all that has  
just returned from the scene.  
I wove the future of all my memories on  
tiptoe, like a sob of notes; my dream has  
vanished.  
Gently close the door.

Tout à perdre...  
*Paul Éluard*

J'ai fermé les yeux pour ne plus rien voir  
J'ai fermé les yeux pour pleurer  
De ne plus te voir.

Où sont tes mains et les mains des  
caresses  
Où sont tes yeux les quatre volontés du  
jour  
Toi, tout à perdre tu n'es plus là  
Pour éblouir la mémoire des nuits.

Tout à perdre je me vois vivre.

Chanson d'amour  
*Éloi de Grandmont*

Dans le temps, j'attendais ma belle  
Au coin des rues, le cœur battant.  
Dans le temps, j'attendais ma belle,  
L'écolière que j'aimais tant.

J'ai conquis l'amour de ma belle  
Dans un grand bois, le cœur battant.  
J'ai conquis l'amour de ma belle,  
La coquette que j'aimais tant.

J'ai perdu les yeux de ma belle,  
Avec des cris, le cœur battant.  
J'ai perdu les yeux de ma belle  
Sans penser que je l'aimais tant.

Et j'ai pleuré, pleuré ma belle  
De longues nuits, le cœur battant.  
J'ai pleuré l'amour de ma belle,  
Ce soir encore, je l'aime tant.

Everything to lose...  
*Translated by Sofia Bolonna*

I closed my eyes so I couldn't see  
anything anymore  
I closed my eyes to cry from no longer  
seeing you.

Where are your hands and the hands of  
caresses?  
Where are your eyes, the four wills of the  
day?  
You, my everything to lose, you are no  
longer there,  
To dazzle the memory of the nights.

With everything to lose, I see myself living.

Song of Love  
*Translated by Sofia Bolonna*

Once upon a time, I awaited my beloved  
On street corners, with a pounding heart.  
Once upon a time, I awaited my beloved,  
The schoolgirl I loved so much.

I won my sweetheart's love  
In the deep woods, with a pounding heart.  
I won my sweetheart's love,  
The flirtatious girl I loved so much.

I lost the eyes of my beloved,  
With screams, my heart was pounding.  
I lost the eyes of my beloved,  
Without realizing I loved her so much.

And I wept, and wept for my sweetheart  
In the long nights, my heart is pounding.  
I wept for my sweetheart's love,  
Even tonight, I love her so much.

Вітер в гаї не гуляє  
*Тарас Шевченко (Taras Shevchenko)*

Вітер в гаї не гуляє -  
Вночі спочиває,  
Прокинеться - тихесенько  
В осоки питає:  
“Хто се, хто се по сім боці  
Чеше косу? Хто се?...  
Хто се, хто се по сім боці  
Рве на собі коси?...  
Хто се, хто се?” - тихесенько  
Спитає-повіє  
Та й задріма, поки неба  
Край зачервоніє.

Реве та стогне  
*Тарас Шевченко (Taras Shevchenko)*

Реве та стогне Дніпр широкий,  
Сердитий вітер завива,  
Додолу верби гне високі,  
Горами хвилю підійма.  
І блідий місяць на ту пору  
Із хмари де-де виглядав,  
Неначе човен в синім морі  
То виринав то потопав.  
Ще треті півні не співали,  
Ніхто ніде не гомонів,  
Сичі в гаю перекликались,  
Та ясень раз у раз скрипів.

Кряче ворон  
*Євген Кротевич (Yevhen Krotevych)*

Кряче ворон чорний, кряче,  
На могилі завиває.  
Україна стогне, плаче,  
Слізьми дрібними ридає.

Гей! Ви милі козаченьки!  
Слави доброї шукали,  
Не довелось погуляти  
У невільники попали...

The Wind Rests in the Grove  
*Translation by Watson Kirkconnell*

Within the grove the wind's at rest;  
It does not stir the hedge;  
Only at times it barely breathes  
And gently asks the sedge:  
“Who is it, who, upon this bank,  
That combs her lovely hair?  
Who is it, who, across the stream,  
That tears her tresses there?  
Who is it, who?” it gently asks  
With breath but barely drawn;  
Then falls a-drowsing till the sky  
Grows rosy with the dawn.

The Dnieper River Rages  
*Translation by Watson Kirkconnell*

The mighty Dnieper roars and groans,  
The angry tempest, howling, bends  
Tall poplars to the very stones  
And down the stream great billows sends.  
The pale moon at the hour of night  
Kept peering from a cloudy bank  
And like a ship on waters bright  
In misty waves it rose and sank.  
No cock's crow with the darkness strove  
Or hailed a sky with dawning streaked;  
The owls were hooting in the grove,  
The ash-tree without ceasing creaked.

A Raven Caws  
*Translation by Uliana Pasiecznyk & Maxim Tarnawsky*

The black raven caws and caws,  
It wails on the grave mound.  
Ukraine groans and cries,  
With fine tears she wails.

Oh, you handsome Kozaks  
You sought fame and fortune,  
But you did not find delight  
And you ended up as captives.

Ваші білії рученьки  
У кайдани закували,  
Силу й славу вашу добру  
Злії турки запсували.

Не достало, браття, волі  
Ворогам своїм помститись...  
Довелося у кайданах  
Вік гіркий, тяжкий прожити.

Стогнуть, тужать козаченьки,  
Неньку рідну споминають,  
Споминають братів милих,  
Що у Січі там гуляють.

Кряче ворон чорний, кряче,  
Пугач сивий завиває.  
Україна стогне, плаче,  
Слізьми дрібними ридає.

Your white hands  
Were put in chains,  
Your strength and your glory  
Were spoiled by the evil Turks.

There wasn't enough freedom  
To seek revenge from your enemies,  
In chains you were bound  
For the rest of your lives.

The Kozaks groan and yearn,  
Recalling their native land,  
Recalling their brother Kozaks  
Who are carousing at the \*Sich.

The black raven caws and caws,  
The grey owl screeches.  
Ukraine groans and cries  
With fine tears she wails.

*\*The central Kozak fortress*