



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Victoria Chan, Soprano

Fourth Year Recital

Dr. Trevor Chartrand, Piano

Niki Tang, Clarinet

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance.
Victoria Chan is a student of Prof. Lorna Macdonald.

Wednesday, April 22nd, 2026 at 7:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAM

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen (1828)

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

月光光 Cantonese Lullaby of the Bright Moon*

Arr. 陳思里 Sili Chen
(Unknown)

梧桐樹 The Sycamore Tree* (1995)

奚其明 Qiming Xi
(b. 1941)

INTERMISSION

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.

The Red Red Heart (2017)

- I. The Beginning
- II. Naked in the City Streets
- III. My Mother's Hands
- V. A Red Red Heart

John Greer
(b. 1954)

L'inconstante (2003)
La Princesse au Petit Pois (2018)
Je t'aime (2007)

Isabelle Aboulker
(b. 1938)

**Fulfills the BIPOC/Underrepresented Composers Repertoire Requirement*

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

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Der Hirt auf dem Felsen (The Shepherd on the Rock)

Music by Franz Schubert (1797 - 1828), text by Wilhelm Müller (1794 - 1827) and Karl August Varnhagen von Ense (1785 - 1858)

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',
Und singe,

When I stand on the highest rock,
Look down into the deep valley
And sing,

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
Der Klüfte.

From far away in the deep dark valley
The echo from the ravines
Rises up.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.

The further my voice carries,
The clearer it echoes back to me
From below.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.

My sweetheart lives so far from me,
Therefore, I long so to be with her
Over there.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.

Deep grief consumes me,
My joy has fled,
All earthly hope has vanished,
I am so lonely here.

So sehndend klang im Wald das Lied,
So sehndend klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

The song rang out so longingly through the woods,
Rang out so longingly through the night,
That is draws hearts to heaven
With wondrous power.

Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud',
Nun mach' ich mich fertig
Zum Wandern bereit.

Spring is coming,
Spring, my joy,
I shall now make ready
to journey.

Translation by Richard Stokes via Oxford International Song Festival.

月光光 (Cantonese Lullaby of the Bright Moon)

Music arranged by 陳思里 Sili Chen, Unknown Text

月光光 照地堂	Bright Moon, shining on the ground.
蝦仔你乖乖瞓落床	Little Shrimp (beloved), be good and go to sleep on your bed.
聽朝阿媽要趕插秧咯	Tomorrow morning, Mother needs to plant rice seedlings quickly,
阿爺睇牛去上山崗 啊...	Grandpa will watch the cows go up to the hill, Ah ...
蝦仔你快高長大咯	Little Shrimp, you will grow tall and big soon,
幫手阿爺去睇牛羊	So, you can help your grandpa watch the cows and sheep.
蝦仔你快高長大咯	Little Shrimp, you will grow tall and big soon,
划艇撒網就更在行 啊...	So, you will get better at rowing the boat out to cast the net, Ah ...

月光光 照地堂	Bright Moon, shining on the ground.
蝦仔你乖乖瞓落床	Little Shrimp, be good and go to sleep on your bed.
五穀豐收堆滿倉咯	The granaries are overflowing with grains!
老老嫩嫩喜洋洋 啊...	Everyone, young and old, is delighted. Ah ...
蝦仔你快啲瞓埋眼	Little Shrimp, you'll quickly close your eyes,
一覺瞓到大天光	And sleep well until the sun rises.

Translation by Victoria Chan.

梧桐樹 (The Sycamore Tree)

Music by 奚其明 Qiming Xi (b. 1941), text by 楊展業 Zhanye Yang (b.1951)

遠方吹來一陣秋風	A distant autumn wind blows
趕走了熟悉的樹葉	Chasing away the familiar leaves.
從此再也沒有溫存的綠蔭	From now on, there will be no more tender green shade.
哦 聽不見 哦 聽不見	Oh, I can't hear, oh I can't hear
林中的寧靜 寧靜	The stillness of the forest, the stillness.
噢...我童年的梧桐樹	Oh ... The sycamore tree of my childhood!
噢...我心中的梧桐樹	Oh ... The sycamore tree in my heart!

遠方吹來一陣秋風	A distant autumn wind blows,
掛起了滿樹的果實	It hangs heavy with fruit.
只等到播種時節來臨	Only waiting for the sowing season
哦 遍地是 哦 遍地是	Oh everywhere, oh everywhere
生命的精靈 精靈	The spirits of life, spirits of life.
噢...我青春的梧桐樹	Oh... the sycamore tree of my youth!
噢...我心中的梧桐樹	Oh... the sycamore tree in my heart!

Translation by Victoria Chan.

The Red Red Heart

Music by John Greer (1954), text by Marianne Bindig

I. The Beginning

The first breath is slapped into my body.
I gasp lighting storms frenzy,
At the highest frequency
Diamond shoes cutting into ice
and sparks like white fire,
Fire of full moons of marble.
And there, on the farther shore,
'Midst sun and wind and wave
I saw Christ dancing on the water.
He was bright, sharp, stabbing pains
Pains of death, pains of birth,
Their movements across the water,
Across my body still as stone, ecstatic
Christ like fire, Christ like ice,
elements capricious their wilderness complete.
Vocabularies change, evolve, are rendered obsolete.
Marble, diamonds, ice and moon
Clashing white, flashing clear,
Christ on the water, dancing for my spirit.

II. Naked in the City Streets

How can a love be so timeless
And a heart be so full of fear?
How is it that I take wine with you every evening
And yet every morning I wake alone?
I no longer know the state of myself;
Everything within me, even the best parts,
Has become an abstraction.
I put a wall between us and mortared it with words,
But the ocean and my memory conspired against me
And I was left naked on the city streets with people pointing
And crying out after me:
"There goes the girl with an undying love!
We know her by the shape, by the red red heart she carries
In a cloth slung around her neck."
I am defined by strangers,
What I most crave I most fear,
And my shape depends upon the charity of others.

III. My Mother's Hands

Will you remember, little child,
The young hands of your mother?

When a lonesome midlife night,
Will you recall their smooth and delicate beauty,
Their strength and competence
as they guarded you from falling
And your toy from being tossed?
Because I did not pay close enough attention to detail,
I have forgotten my mother's young hands
I remember only the wear, the lines,
The clarity of the skin.
My mother has the hands that never rest.
Why was I so sure? So unvigilant?
Naive enough to believe
That things never change
That mothers do not grow old?
Will you remember little child,
The young hands of your mother?

V. A Red Red Heart

When finally I see you,
My dear and ancient friend,
I shall cast off the mantle of my Catholicism
And embrace you with an open heart,
A heart full of love
And memories as tall as our shadows after dinner,
A naked heart, an unabashed and unrelenting heart,
A red, red heart,
A light by the altar that never goes out
Your Christly heart
A red red heart.

L'inconstante (The Inconstant One)

Music by Isabelle Aboulker (b.1938), text by Charles Cros (1842-1888)

Sidonie a plus d'un amant,
C'est une chose bien connue
Qu'elle avoue, elle, fièrement.
Sidonie a plus d'un amant
Parce que, pour elle, être nue
Est son plus charmant vêtement.
C'est une chose bien connue,
Sidonie a plus d'un amant.
Elle en prend à ses cheveux blonds
Comme, à sa toile, l'araignée
Prend les mouches et les frelons.
Elle en prend à ses cheveux blonds.
Vers sa prunelle ensoleillée,

Sidonie has more than one lover,
That is a well-known fact
Which she, proudly, admits.
Sidonie has more than one lover
Because nakedness, for her,
Is her most charming apparel.
That is a well-known fact,
Sidonie has more than one lover.
She captures them with her blonde locks,
Like a spider with its web
Captures flies and hornets.
She captures them with her blonde locks.
They fly, poor butterflies,

Ils volent, pauvres papillons,
Comme, à sa toile l'araignée,
Elle en prend à ses cheveux blonds.

Elle en attrape avec les dents
Quand le rire entrouvre sa bouche
Et dévore les imprudents.
Elle en attrape avec les dents.
Elle les mène par le nez
Comme fait, dit-on, le crotale
Des oiseaux qu'elle a fascinés.
Elle les mène par le nez.

Sidonie a plus d'un amant,
Qu'on le lui reproche ou l'en loue
Elle s'en moque également.
Sidonie a plus d'un amant.
Aussi, jusqu'à ce qu'on la cloue
Au sapin de l'enterrement
Qu'on le lui reproche ou l'en loue,
Sidonie aura plus d'un amant.

To her sunny eyes.
As though in a spider's web,
She captures them with her blonde locks.

She captures them with her teeth
When her lips open in laughter
And she devours the imprudent ones.
She captures them with her teeth.
She leads them by their nose,
Like the rattlesnake, it's said,
Mesmerizes the birds he hunts.
She leads them by their nose.

Sidonie has more than one lover,
Whether you reproach or you praise her,
She makes fun of you.
Sidonie has more than one lover.
Thus, until they nail her down
In her coffin of fir,
Whether you reproach or you praise her,
Sidonie will have more than one lover.

Translation by Richard Stokes via Oxford International Song Festival.

La Princesse au Petit Pois (The Princess and the Pea)

Music by Isabelle Aboulker (b. 1938), text by Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1875)

Il était autrefois un prince
Qui cherchait une vraie princesse
Les princesses ne manquaient pas
Mais il y avait toujours quelque chose
Qui ne lui plaisait pas
Et le Prince était triste
Ah... ah.

Un soir que la pluie tombait à torrent,
Que l'orage grondait
Une jeune fille frappa à la porte ruisselante,
tremblante
Et d'un aspect si misérable que personne
Personne ne pouvait croire
Que c'était une vraie princesse,
Comme elle l'affirmait

Let me tell you a prince's story
He was searching for one true princess
He always had princesses there
But there was always something or other
For which he did not care
And the prince was unhappy
Ah ... ah.

One night, when it was raining in torrents
And the storm thundered loudly.
A young girl came knocking; she knocked on the
portal. She was streaming and trembling:
So woebegone was her appearance
That just no one could imagine that
This girl was a real, true princess,
As she herself affirmed

Malgré l'eau qui ruisselait d'elle,
Le prince la trouva très belle
Mais comment croire qu'elle était
La princesse qu'elle disait.

Though with rainwater she was streaming
The prince was smitten by her beauty:
But how could anybody guess
that she truly was a princess?

C'est alors que la Reine Mère
L'invita à passer la nuit
Et sans mot dire déposa
sous quatre matelas un petit pois

At this moment, the wise Queen Mother
Asked her if she would stay the night.
Never a word, but secretly beneath four
mattresses, she put a pea

Ah ... ah
Quelle nuit ... quelle nuit... j'ai passé!
À peine si ... à peine si ...
J'ai fermé les yeux de toute la nuit!
Il m'a semblé dormir sur un tas de cailloux

Ah... ah
What a night... What a night... I have passed!
I can't have slept ... I can't have slept a single
wink in all that wretched night!
It seemed as if I had slept on a heap of stones.

À cette réponse, chacun reconnut
Qu'il s'agissait bien d'une princesse
Et qu'un petit pois
Ne peut se deviner à travers quatre matelas
Alors le prince la prit pour femme
Quant au petit pois?
Le petit pois, on le laissa
Ah ha... sous les quatre matelas!

On hearing this comment, they all recognized
That this girl was certainly a princess
And a single pea can never be detected
underneath four mattresses.
And so His Highness married the princess
And as for the pea?
As for the pea, they left it there
Ah ha ... under the four mattresses!

Translation by Timothy Adès.

Je t'aime (I Love You)
Music and text by Isabelle Aboulker (b. 1938)

Ah je t'aime!
Mon amant me délaisse
Il ne veut plus de moi!
Je me jette à ses genoux, je pleure, je défaille!
Je me jette à ses genoux mais il reste
de marbre
Mon amant ne veut plus de moi!
Pourtant je l'aime! Que je l'aime!
Je l'aime, je l'aime tant!
Mmm que je t'aime! T'aime...
Quand même... je t'aime!

Ah, I love you!
My beloved has rejected me,
He wants no more of me.
I throw myself at him, I cry out, I go crazy!
I throw myself at him, but he is made
of marble
My beloved wants no more of me!
Yet, I love him! How I love him!
I love him, I love him so much!
Mmm, I love you! Love you...
Still ... I love you!

Translation by Julia Kogan.