



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Emma MacNeil, soprano

MMus Recital 2

Ivan Jovanovic, piano and harpsichord

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Master of Music in Historical Performance.
Emma MacNeil is a student of Jean MacPhail.

Sunday, April 5, 2026 at 6:00 pm | Trinity St. Paul's, 427 Bloor St W

PROGRAM

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen, BWV 51 (1730)

J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

- I. Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen!
- II. Wir betenzu dem Tempel an
- III. Höchster, mache deine Güte

Giulio Cesare in Egitto, HWV 17 (1724)

G.F. Handel (1685-1759)

Se pietà di me non senti

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.

Misera, dove son!... Ah! non son io che parlo, K. 369 (1781)

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

INTERMISSION

Chansons; Madame Vasnier (1884)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Musique, CD 054

Regret, CD 059

Coquetterie posthume, CD 050

Romance, CD 053

La mort d'Ophélie, H 92 (1842)

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Hamlet (1868)

Ambroise Thomas (1811-1896)

Et maintenant, écoutez ma chanson!

Street Scene (1946)

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

What Good Would the Moon Be

BIOGRAPHY

Tonight's recital marks the culmination of Emma MacNeil's Master of Music in Historical Performance at the University of Toronto, where she studies under Jean Macphail and Daniel Taylor. Praised for her "purity of tone" (*Ludwig van Toronto*) and "compelling stage presence" (*Opera Ramblings*), Emma is a graduate of Queen's University (BMus) and The Glenn Gould School of The Royal Conservatory of Music, where she completed an Artist Diploma in Opera studying with soprano Stephanie Bogle. Recent roles include Sister Constance in *Dialogues des Carmélites*, Cleopatra in Handel's *Julius Caesar*, and Controller in Jonathan Dove's *Flight*. Emma is so excited to share this music with you tonight and extends heartfelt thanks to everyone who has supported her along the way.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen!

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen!
Was der Himmel und die Welt
an Geschöpfen in sich hält,
müssen dessen Ruhm erhöhen,
und wir wollen unserm Gott
gleichfalls itzt ein Opfer bringen,
dass er uns in Kreuz und Not
allezeit hat beigestanden.

Wir beten zu dem Tempel an

Wir beten zu dem Tempel an,
da Gottes Ehre wohnt,
da dessen Treu,
so täglich neu,
mit lauter Segen lohnet.
Wir preisen, was er an uns hat getan.
Muss gleich der schwache Mund
von seinen Wundern lallen,
so kann ein schlechtes Lob
ihm dennoch wohlgefallen.

Höchster, mache deine Güte

Höchster, mache deine Güte
ferner alle Morgen neu.
So soll vor die Vätertreu
auch ein dankbares Gemüte
durch ein frommes Leben weisen,
dass wir deine Kinder heißen.

Se pietà di me non senti

Nicola Haym (1678-1729)

Se pietà di me non senti,
giusto ciel, io morirò.
Tu da' pace a' miei tormenti,
o quest'alma spirerò.

Misera, dove son! – Ah non son'io che parlo

Pietro A.D.B. Trapassi (1698-1782)

Raise a shout to God in all lands!

Raise a shout to God in all lands!
All created things that heaven
And earth contains
Must exalt his glory;
And we want, now,
Likewise to bring an offering to our God,
Because he has stood with us
In cross-bearing and need at all times.

We worship at the temple

We worship at the temple
Where God's honor dwells,
Where his faithfulness,
Thus daily new,
Rewards with pure blessing.
We praise what he has done for us.
Even though my feeble mouth
must babble about his wonders,
A simple acclamation
can nonetheless please him well.

Most High, render your goodness

Most High, render your goodness
Henceforth new every morning.
Thus, for the faithfulness of the Father,
A thankful disposition, too,
Should show, through a pious life,
That we are called your children.

If I cannot feel your pity

If I cannot feel your pity,
then, good Lord, I will de cease.
Put an end to what torments me,
or my last breath I'll release.

Unhappy one, where am I! – Ah no! It is not I who speaks

Misera, dove son! L'aure del Tebro
Son queste ch'io respiro?
Per le strade m'aggio
Di Tebe e d'Argo? O dalle greche sponde,

Di tragedie feconde,
Le domestiche furie
Vennero a questi lidi,
Della prole di Cadmo, e degli Atridi?
Là, d'un monarca ingiusto
L'ingrata crudeltà m'empie d'orrore,
D'un padre traditore
Qua la colpa m'agghiaccia:
E lo sposo innocente ho sempre in faccia.

Oh immagini funeste!
Oh memorie! Oh martire!
Ed io parlo, infelice, ed io respiro?

Ah! non son'io che parlo,
È il barbaro dolore
Che mi divide il core,
Che delirar mi fa.
Non cura il ciel tiranno
L'affanno, in cui mi vedo:
Un fulmine gli chiedo,
E un fulmine non ha.

Musique

Paul Bourget (1852-1935)

La lune se levait, pure, mais plus glacée
Que le souvenir de quelque amour
passée.

Les étoiles, au fond du ciel silencieux,
Brillaient, mais d'un éclat changeant,
comme des yeux
Où flotte une pensée insaisissable à l'âme.

Et le violon, tendre et doux, comme une
femme
Dont la voix s'affaiblit dans l'ardente
langueur,
Chantait: "Encore un soir perdu pour le
bonheur."

Unhappy one, where am I! Are those the airs
of Tiber that I breathe?

Do I go through the streets
Of Thebes and Argos? Or from the Grecian
shores,

Of fecund tragedies.
The domestic furies
Have come to these shores
The offspring of Cadmus or the Atridi?
There, the ungrateful cruelty
Of an unjust monarch,
Of a traitorous father fills me with horror
The guilt chills me
And the innocent husband I have always
before my eyes.

Oh fatal images!
Oh memories! Oh torture!
And I, unhappy one, speak, and breathe?

Ah no! It is not I who speaks,
It is the cruel pain
That rends my heart,
That makes me delirious.
Heaven does not heed the anguish
Which I see in myself:
I ask heaven for death,
But it does not strike me with lightning.

Music

The moon was rising, fresh but more frozen
Than the recollection of a love long past.

The stars, silent at the back of the sky,
Glittered, but with an unpredictable radiance,
like a pair of eyes
In which floats the elusive idea of the soul.

And the violin, tender and gentle, like a
woman
Whose voice grows weaker in burning
lassitude,
Sang out: "One more night lost to pleasure."

Regret

Paul Bourget (1852-1935)

Devant le ciel d'été, tiède et calmé,
Je me souviens de toi comme d'un songe,
Et mon regret fidèle aime et prolonge
Les heures où j'étais aimé.

Les astres brilleront dans la nuit noire;
Le soleil brillera dans le jour clair;
Quelque chose de toi flotte dans l'air,
Qui me pénètre la mémoire.

Quelque chose de toi qui fut à moi:
Car j'ai possédé tout de ta pensée,
Et mon âme, trahie et délaissée,
Est encor tout entière à toi.

Coquetterie posthume

Théophile Gautier (1811-1872)

Quand je mourrai, que l'on me mette,
Avant que de clouer mon cercueil,
Un peu de rouge à la pommette,
Un peu de noir au bord de l'œil.

Car je veux, dans ma bière close,
Comme le soir de son aveu,
Rester éternellement rose
Avec du khol sous mon œil bleu.

Posez-moi sans jaune immortelle,
Sans coussin de larmes brodé,
Sur mon oreiller de dentelle
De ma chevelure inondé.

Cet oreiller, dans les nuits folles,
A vu dormir nos fronts unis,
Et sous le drap noir des gondoles
Compté nos baisers infinis.

Entre mes mains de cire pâle,
Que la prière réunit,
Tournez ce chapelet d'opale
Par le pape à Rome béni.

Regret

Beneath the summer sky, warm and calm,
I remember you as in a dream,
And my faithful regret loves and prolongs
The hours when I was loved.

The stars will shine in the black night;
The sun will shine in the bright day;
Something of you hovers in the air,
Penetrating my memory.

Something of you that was mine:
For I once filled all your thoughts,
And my soul, betrayed and abandoned,
Is still entirely yours.

Posthumous flirtation

When I die, before my coffin is
nailed shut, let a little rouge
be dabbed on my cheeks,
a touch of black around my eyes.

For in my closed coffin I want to be
as I was when he made me his vows,
to blush with pink for ever more,
with kohl beneath my blue eyes.

Without yellow immortelles,
without a tear-embroidered cushion,
lay me on my lace pillow,
engulfed in my own tresses.

This pillow, on nights of passion,
saw us asleep, brow to brow,
and counted our endless kisses
beneath the gondola's black sheet.

Between my pale waxen hands
joined in prayer,
rotate this opal rosary,
blessed by the Pope in Rome.

Je l'égrènerai dans la couche
D'où nul encor ne s'est levé.
Sa bouche en a dit sur ma bouche
Chaque Pater et chaque Ave.

Quand je mourrai, que l'on me mette,
Avant que de clouer mon cercueil,
Un peu de rouge à la pommette
Un peu de noir au bord de l'œil.

Romance

Paul Bourget (1852-1935)

Silence ineffable de l'heure
Où le cœur aimant sur un cœur
Se laisse en aller et s'endort,
Sur un cœur aimant qui l'adore!

Musique tendre des paroles,
Comme un sanglot de rossignols,
Si tendre qu'on voudrait mourir,
Sur la bouche qui les soupire!

L'ivresse ardente de la vie
Fait défaillir l'amant ravi,
Et l'on n'entend battre qu'un cœur,
Musique et silence de l'heure!

La mort d'Ophélie

Ernest Legouvé (1807-1903)

Après d'un torrent, Ophélie
Cueillait, tout en suivant le bord,
Dans sa douce et tendre folie,
Des pervenches, des boutons d'or,
Des iris aux couleurs d'opale,
Et de ces fleurs d'un rose pâle,
Qu'on appelle des doigts de mort.

Puis élevant sur ses mains blanches
Les riants trésors du matin,
Elle les suspendait aux branches,
Aux branches d'un saule voisin.
Mais, trop faible, le rameau plie,
Se brise, et la pauvre Ophélie
Tombe, sa guirlande à la main.

I shall tell the beads on the couch
from which no one has yet risen;
his mouth against my mouth
has said each Pater and each Ave.

When I die, before my coffin is
nailed shut, let a little rouge
be dabbed on my cheeks,
a touch of black around my eyes.

Romance

Ineffable silence of the hour
When the loving heart abandons itself
And sleeps on a loving heart
Which adores it!

Tender music of the words,
Like a sobbing nightingale,
So tender one would wish to die
On the mouth that sighs them!

Ardent intoxication of life
Makes the enraptured lover swoon,
And one hears the beating of a single heart,
Music, and the silence of the hour!

The death of Ophelia

Beside a brook, Ophelia
Gathered along the water's bank,
In her sweet and gentle madness,
Periwinkles, crow-flowers,
Opal-tinted irises,
And those pale purples
Called dead men's fingers.

Then, raising up in her white hands
The morning's laughing trophies,
She hung them on the branches,
The branches of a nearby willow.
But the bough, too fragile, bends,
Breaks, and poor Ophelia
Falls, the garland in her hand.

Quelques instants sa robe enflée
La tint encor sur le courant,
Et comme une voile gonflée,
Elle flottait toujours chantant,
Chantant quelque vieille ballade,
Chantant ainsi qu'une naïade
Née au milieu de ce torrent.

Mais cette étrange mélodie
Passa, rapide comme un son.
Par les flots la robe alourdie
Bientôt dans l'abîme profond;
Entraîna la pauvre insensée,
Laisant à peine commencée
Sa mélodieuse chanson.

Et Maintenant, écoutez ma chanson

Michel Carré (1821-1872)
Jules Barbier (1825-1901)

Et Maintenant, écoutez ma chanson:
Pâle et blonde,
dort sous l'eau profonde
la Willis au regard de feu!
Dieu garde l'amant qui s'attarde,
dans la nuit, au bord du lac bleu!

Heureuse l'épouse
aux bras de l'époux
Mon âme est jalouse
d'un bonheur si doux!

La sirène passe et vous entraîne
sous l'azur du lac endormi
L'air se voile, adieu, blanche étoile!
Adieu ciel! Adieu doux ami!

Heureuse l'épouse
aux bras de l'époux!
Mon âme est jalouse
d'un bonheur si doux!

Ah! ah! cher époux!
Ah! cher amant! Ah! ah!
Doux aveu! Ah! tendre serment!

Her dress, spread wide,
Bore her on the water awhile,
And like an outstretched sail
She floated, still singing,
Singing some ancient lay,
Singing like a water-sprite
Born amidst the waves.

But this strange melody died,
Fleeting as a snatch of sound.
Her garment, heavy with water,
Soon into the depths
Dragged the poor distracted girl,
Leaving her melodious lay
Hardly yet begun.

And now, listen to my song

And now, listen to my song:
Pale and fair,
she sleeps beneath the deep waters,
the Willis with eyes of flame!
May God guard the one who lingers,
in the night, by the blue Lake!

Happy wife
In the arms of the husband!
My soul is jealous
of such a sweet happiness

The siren passes by and drags you
beneath the blue water of the sleeping lake.
The airs mists over, farewell white star!
Farewell, sky, farewell sweet friend!

Happy wife
in the arms of the husband!
My soul is jealous
of such sweet happiness!

Ah! Ah! dear husband!
Ah! dear lover! Ah! Ah!
Sweet confession! Ah! Tender promise!

Bonheur supreme!
Ah! cruel! Je t'aime!
Cruel, tu vois mes pleurs! Ah!
Pour toi je meurs! Ah! ah! ah! je meurs!

Supreme happiness!
Ah! cruel! I love you!
Cruel, you see my tears! Ah!
For you I die! I die!

What Good Would the Moon Be?

Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

What good would the moon be
Unless the right one shared its beams?
What good would dreams come true be
If love wasn't in those dreams?

And a primrose path
What would be the fun
Of walking down a path like that
Without the right one?

What good would the night be
Without the right lips whispering low?
Kiss me, oh darling kiss me
While evening stars still glow

No, it won't be a primrose path for me
No, it won't be diamonds and gold
But maybe it will be
Someone who'll love me
Someone who'll love just me
To have and to hold