



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Giovanni Rabbito, Tenor

Fourth Year Recital: *Chiaroschuro*

Narmina Afandiyeva, Piano

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance.
Giovanni Rabbito is a student of Darryl Edwards.

Sunday, September 27, 2026 at 4:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAM

Waft her, angels, through the skies (*Jephtha*, HWV. 70)

George F. Handel (1685-1759)

Adelaide (*Op. 46*)

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Nacht und Träume (*D. 827*)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Morgen (*Op. 27, No.4*)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

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 Wendat Nation, 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.

Nocturne (*FWV. 85*)

César Franck (1822-1890)

Amour d'antan (*4 Mélodies Op. 8*)

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Mai (*IRH. 46*)

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

INTERMISSION

山中 "In the Mountains"

陳田鶴 Chen Tianhe (1911-1955)**

桥 "Bridge"

陆在易 Lu Zaiyi (b. 1943)**

Young Man from Canada

John Beckwith (1927-2022)*

1. Tighinn do America
3. Young Man from Canada (Cariboo)
5. Le Roulier

Una Furtiva Lagrima (*L'Elisir D'amore*)

Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Torna a Surriento

Ernesto De Curtis (1875-1937)

Soliloquy

John W. Work (1901-1967)

* Fulfills the Canadian Repertoire Requirement.

** Fulfills the BIPOC/Underrepresented Composers Repertoire Requirement.

PROGRAM NOTES

For my fourth year recital, I wanted to cultivate a theme based around the light and dark we experience in our every day lives. As well as this, I really wanted to pay homage to my, difficult yet rewarding, singing journey. Therefore, I have decided to title my final recital “*Chiaroscuro*”.

I strongly believe that there is balance to most experiences we all share on this Earth and, although at times it may be difficult, even in the darkest of times, there will always be a light for those who look for it.

Throughout these song selections, you will find both literal interpretations of light and dark as well as some more abstract and poetic voices which narrate an internal conflict between our own light and dark thoughts, emotions, or desires.

Recently, I have had to wrestle with my own experiences of the light and the dark. In February of last year, I unfortunately lost someone very close to my heart, this being my grandfather (or as I referred to him; my “Nonno”). My Nonno was an extremely kind and gentle soul who took great care of me throughout my life. Losing him was one of the hardest experiences for me and my family. It is hard to see the light in situations such as these, and yet, I cannot help but to reminisce on all of our wonderful times together whether it be him picking me up from school, or us watching all of our cheesy films that we loved so much. It is in these moments of remembrance that I find the balance between my own, internal feelings of light and the darkness. And so, I would like to dedicate this recital and the final two songs in particular (*Torna a Surriento* and *Soliloquy* to my forever beloved grandfather, my Nonno Tony.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

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Waft her, angels, through the skies

Jephtha:

Deeper, and deeper still, thy goodness, child,
Pierceth a father's bleeding heart, and checks
The cruel sentence on my falt'ring tongue.
Oh, let me whisper it to the raging winds,
Or howling deserts; for the ears of men
It is too shocking. Yet have I not vow'd?
And can I think the great Jehovah sleeps,
Like Chemosh and such fabled deities?
Ah no; Heav'n heard my thoughts, and wrote them down;
It must be so. 'Tis this that racks my brain,
And pours into my breast a thousand pangs
That lash me into madness. Horrid thought!
My only daughter, so dear a child,
Doom'd by a father! Yes, the vow is past,
And Gilead hath triumph'd o'er his foes.
Therefore, tomorrow's dawn... I can no more.

Waft her, angels, through the skies,
Far above yon azure plain,
Glorious there, like you, to rise,
There, like you, for ever reign.
Waft her. . . *da capo*

Librettist: Rev. Thomas Morell

Adelaide

Einsam wandelt dein Freund im
Frühlingsgarten,
Mild vom lieblichen Zauberlicht
umflossen,
Das durch wankende
Blütenzweige zittert,
Adelaide!

In der spiegelnden Flut, im Schnee der
Alpen,
In des sinkenden Tages Goldgewölken,
Im Gefilde der Sterne strahlt dein Bildnis,
Adelaide!

Adelaide

Alone wanders your friend in the
Spring garden,
Bathed gently by the lovely,
magical light
That trembles through swaying,
blossoming branches,
Adelaide!

In the reflective stream, in the snow of the
Alps,
In the waning day's golden clouds,
In the field of stars, shines your image,
Adelaide!

Abendlüftchen im zarten Laube flüstern,
Silberglöckchen des Mais im Grase
säuseln,
Wellen rauschen, und Nachtigallen flöten:
Adelaide.

Evening breezes whispering in the tender
leaves,
Silvery May bells rustle in the grass,
Waves crash and nightingales sing:
Adelaide!

Einst, o Wunder! entblüht, auf meinem
Grabe,
Eine Blume der Asche meines Herzens;
Deutlich schimmert auf jedem
Purpurblättchen:
Adelaide.

One day, o wonder! upon my grave,
blooms forth
A flower from the ashes of my heart;
And clearly shimmering on every purple
leaf:
Adelaide!

Credited Poet: Friedrich von Matthisson

Translation by Giovanni Rabbito

Nacht und Träume

Night and Dreams

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, holde Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Holy night, you sink down;
dreams, too, float down,
like your moonlight through the room,
through the people's silent hearts.
They listen with pleasure,
and cry out when day awakes:
come back, lovely night!
Sweet dreams, return again!

Credited Poet: Matthäus Casimir von Collin

Translation by Giovanni Rabbito

Morgen

Morning

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder
scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen
werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder
einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde ...

And tomorrow the sun will
shine again,
and on the path I will
take,
it will unite us again, we happy
ones,
upon this sun-breathing earth...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten,
wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam
niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen

And to the shore, the wide shore with
blue waves,
we will descend
quietly and slowly;
we will look mutely into

schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes
Schweigen ...

Credited Poet: John Henry Mackay

each other's eyes
and the silence of happiness will settle
upon us.

Translation by Emily Ezust

Nocturne

Ô fraîche Nuit,
Nuit transparente,
Mystère sans obscurité,
La vie est noire et dévorante
Ô fraîche Nuit,
Nuit transparente.
Donne-moi ta placidité.

Ô belle Nuit.
Nuit étoilée.
Vers moi tes regards sont baissées.
Éclaire mon âme troublée,
Ô belle Nuit,
Nuit étoilée,
Mets ton sourire en mes pensers.

Ô sainte Nuit,
Nuit taciturne,
Pleine de paix et de douceur.
Mon cœur bouillonne comme une urne.
Ô sainte Nuit,
Nuit taciturne,
Fais le silence dans mon cœur.

Ô grande Nuit,
Nuit solennelle,
En qui tout est délicieux,
Prends mon être entier sous ton aile.
Ô grande Nuit,
Nuit solennelle,
Verse le sommeil en mes yeux.

*Credited Poet: Louis de Boussés de
Fourcaud*

Nocturne

O fresh Night,
transparent night,
mystery without darkness,
life is black and devouring,
O fresh Night,
transparent Night.
Give me your placidity.

O beautiful night.
Starry Night.
Towards me your looks are lowered.
Illuminate my troubled soul,
o beautiful Night,
starry Night,
put your smile in my thoughts.

O Holy Night,
taciturn Night,
full of peace and sweetness.
My heart seethes like an urn.
O holy Night,
taciturn night,
make silence in my heart.

O great Night,
solemn Night,
in which everything is delicious,
take my whole being under your wing.
O great Night,
solemn Night,
pour sleep into my eyes.

Translation by Amy Pfrimmer

Amour d'antan

Mon amour d'antan, vous souvenez-vous?
Nos cœurs ont fleuri tout comme deux
roses
Au vent printanier des baisers si doux.
Vous souvenez-vous de ces vieilles
choses?

Voyez-vous toujours en vos songes d'or
Les horizons bleus, la mer
soleilleuse
Qui baisant vos pieds, lentement s'endort?
En vos songes d'or peut-être oublieuse?

Au rayon pâli des avrils passés
Sentez-vous s'ouvrir la fleur
de vos rêves,
Bouquet d'odorants et de frais pensers?
Beaux avrils passés là-bas, sur les grèves!

Credited Poet: Maurice Bouchor

Mai

Depuis un mois, chère exilée,
Loin de mes yeux tu t'en allas,
Et j'ai vu fleurir des lilas
Avec ma peine inconsolée.

Seul, je fuis ce ciel clair et beau
Dont l'ardent effluve me trouble,
Car l'horreur de l'exil se double
De la splendeur du renouveau.

En vain le soleil a souri,
Au printemps je ferme ma porte,
Et veux seulement qu'on m'apporte
Un rameau de lilas fleuri;

Car l'amour dont mon âme est pleine
Y trouve, parmi ses douleurs
Ton regard dans ces chères fleurs
Et dans leur parfum ton haleine.

Credited Poet: François Coppée

Love of former days

Do you, my former love, remember?
Our hearts blossomed like two
roses
in the springtime wind of kisses so sweet.
Do you remember those bygone
things?

Do you still see in your golden dreams
the blue horizons, and the
sunlit sea
slowly falling asleep as it kissed your feet?
Perhaps forgetfully, in your golden dreams?

In the pale rays of Aprils past,
do you feel the flower
of your dreams opening
as a bouquet of fragrant fresh thoughts?
Beautiful Aprils spent there on the beaches!

Translation by Peter Low

May

For the past month, dear exiled one,
Far from my eyes you departed,
And I have seen the lilacs bloom
With inconsolable grief.

Alone, I flee this clear and beautiful sky
Whose passionate scent troubles me,
For the horror of the exile is doubled
By the splendor of renewal.

In vain the sun smiled,
For I close my door in spring,
And want only for one to bring me
A branch of flowering lilacs;

For Love, with which my soul is full,
There finds amidst its sorrows
Your gaze within these dear flowers,
And in their scent, your breath!

Translation by Giovanni Rabbito

山中

庭院是一片静，
听市谣围抱，
织成一地松影——
看当头月好！

不知今夜山中，
是何等光景：
想也有月，有松，
有更深的静。

我想攀附月色，
化一阵清风，
吹醒群松春醉，
去山中浮动；

吹下一针新碧，
掉在你窗前；
轻柔如同叹息——
不惊你安眠！

Credited Poet: 徐志摩 *Zhimo Xu*

In the Mountains

The courtyard is an oasis of quiet
Surrounded by the clamour of the town;
Shadows of pines are woven on the
ground, Bright and beauteous is the full
moon.

Nobody knows in the mountains of tonight
What scenery there will be:
Pine-trees perhaps, and moonlight,
And deeper quiet.

O, to swim in the waves of the moon,
To become a gust of ethereal wind
And frolic in deep mountains
And rouse the spring-intoxicated pines!

I would puff a fresh green needle
Towards your window, so it would alight
Gently, like a tender sigh—
Your tranquil slumber not to stir.

Translation by 陈世骧 *Harold Acton*

桥

水乡的小桥姿态多
石板缝里长藤罗
三步两桥连水港啊
条条玉带映碧波
姑娘挑藕桥头歇
老汉送粮桥下过
离家千年也恋水乡啊
愿做人间桥一座
离家千年也恋水乡啊
愿做人间桥一座

Credited Poet:
于之 *Zhi Yu*

Bridge

The bridges of the water town have so many different shapes,
between the stone bricks there are green vines.
Within three steps you find two bridges.
The reflections of them are on the streams across the town.
The young lady who carries the lotus root is resting on the bridge,
the old man who sends bags of grains is passing under the
bridge.
Even if I left my home for a thousand years,
I would still love my water town,
If I left my home for a thousand years,
I would wish to be a bridge in this world.

Translation by
方颖 *Ying Fang*

Tighinn Do America

Mi an toiseach na luinge,
'S neo-shocrach mo shuidhe,
'S mi coimhead an t-sruith tha tighinn
oirnn.
Chi mi thall ud fo m'shùilean,
A' mhuc mhara 's i brùchdail,
Sruithean geala 'gan sputadh bho sròin.

Anns na doireachan dubha
Far nach goireadh a' chuthag
Ach coille gun uibhean gun eoin.
Dh'fhagh mi deidh Mhac a'Phearsoin,
Leam bu mhiann bhi'gad fhaicinn;
'S gu'm bu bhinn leam fhein facail do
bheoil.

Tha thusa dìreach mar b'àbhaist,
Air do sgriob ris an Laraig,
'S mise dìreadh ri barr an tuinn mhòir.
Ach Aonghuis a charaid,
'S mi nach di-chuimhnich t'fharraid,
'S nach iarradh an dealachdainn bèo.

Credited Poet: Allan MacDonald

Young Man from Canada

I'm a young man from Canada,
Some six foot in my shoes.
I left my home for the Cariboo
On the first exciting news.
In New York City I met a gent,
Introduced himself to me;
Says I, "I come from Canada,
So you can't come over me!"

With seventy-five upon my back
I came the Douglas way.
And at an easy-going pace
Made thirty mile a day.
I landed here without a dime
In eighteen-sixty-three,
But I'd been raised in Canada—

Coming to America

At the bow of the vessel
In a seat that's unsteady
I am watching the surge coming
on us.
And out yonder under my gaze
A big whale in a hurry
Who is spouting white streams from his nose.

In the dark forests
There'll be no cuckoo calling,
Only woods with no eggs and no birds.
Leaving behind MacPherson,
I'd like to be seeing you,
And it would be sweet for me to hear a word
from your mouth.

You are going as usual
On the trip to the Laraig
While I'm climbing on top of huge waves.
But Angus, my friend,
I won't forget your talking
And wouldn't want such parting while I'm alive.

*Translation based on Fergusson advised by
Stephanie Conn*

On Williams Creek they called me green
And "Johnny-come-late-lee"—
Says I, "I come from Canada;
I ain't from the Old Countree!"

In just two weeks I got a "div,"
Which drove away all care—
I went over to the "Wake Up"
And had a bully square.
Oh I danced all night till broad daylight
And a gal smiled sweet on me.
Says I, "I come from Canada
And I'm on the marry-ee."

Now all young men who are in love,
And sure I am there's some:

'Twas nothin' new t'me.

In best of homespun I was clad
So I was warmly dressed;
The wool it grew near Montreal
At a place in Canada West.

Don't count your chicks before they're hatched,
For they may never come.

Oh when I asked that gal to wed,
She only laughed at me:
She said, "You may come from Canada,
But you can't come over me!"

Poetry from Cariboo Gold Rush song (1865)

Le Roulier

Je venons de tirer au sort
Pour n'point êtr' militaire.
Mais l'coquin d'sort m'a donné tort:
Je somm's pris pour la guerre.
Moi, qui n'battions qu'du
blé jadis,
Maint'nant j'allons battr' des enn'mis.

Adieu père et mèr' que j'aimons,
Adieu, sèchez vos larmes.
Puisque la loi veut que je servions
Dans le métier des armes,
Je deviendrons p'tit maréchal,
Ou général, ou caporal.
Laisse là tes afflictions,
Rose, ma bonne amie;
J't'aim'rons toujours, et quand je
s'rons
Dans l'corps d'la cavalerie,
À ma jument j'donn'rons, ma foi,
Ton nom pour m'souvenir de toi.

N'importe où j's'rons, si j'somm's
vivant,
J't'enverrais d'mes écritures.
Si je m'taisons, c'est différent:
Ce s'ra d'mauvais augure:
C'est que je s'rons mort, et, dans
c'cas,
V'là pourquoi c'que j't'écrirons pas.

The Wagoner

Just now I drew my lot,
Figuring to avoid army service.
But luck, that rogue, has betrayed me;
I must go to war.
I, who never struck anything but the grain in
the field,
Must now strike at the enemy.

Farewell, father and mother whom I love,
Farewell, dry your tears.
Since the law says I must serve
In the profession of arms,
I may turn out to be a wee field marshall,
Or a general—or a corporal.
Put aside your worries,
Rose, my good little sweetheart;
I will always love you, and when I get
to join
The cavalry troop,
By heaven, I'll call my mare
By your name, as a reminder of you.

No matter where I am, if I'm still
alive,
I'll send you my letters.
If I'm silent, that's different;
That will be a bad sign:
It will mean I'm dead, and in
that case
You'll see why I don't write.

Credited Poet: Louis-Charles Letellier Translation by John Beckwith

Una furtiva lagrima

Una furtiva lagrima
negli occhi suoi spuntò:
Quelle festose giovani
invidiar sembrò.

Che più cercando io vo?
Che più cercando io vo?
M'ama! Sì, m'ama,
lo vedo, lo vedo.

Un solo istante i palpiti
del suo bel cor sentir!
I miei sospir confondere
per poco a' suoi sospir!
I palpiti, i palpiti sentir,
confondere i miei co' suoi sospir.

Cielo, si può morir;
di più non chiedo, non chiedo.
Ah, cielo! Si può! Si può morir!
Di più non chiedo, non chiedo.
(Si può morir! Si può morir d'amor.)

Librettist: Felice Romani

Torna a Surriento

Vide 'o mare quant'è bello!
Spira tantu sentimento,
Comme tu a chi tiene mente,
Ca scetato 'o faje sunnà.

Guarda, guà chistu ciardino;
Siente, siè 'sti sciure 'arancio:
'Nu profumo accussì fino
Dinto 'o core se ne va.

E tu dice: "Io parto, addio!"
T'alluntane da 'stu core.
Da 'sta terra de ll'ammore
Tiene 'o core 'e nun turnà?

A secret tear

A secret tear
welled up in her eyes
Those festive young women
she seems to envy.

What more do I seek?
What more do I seek?
She loves me! Yes, she loves me,
I can see it, I see it.

To feel, if for a single instant, the beating
of her beautiful heart!
To mingle my sighs
for a brief moment with hers!
The heartbeats, to feel the heartbeats,
To confuse my sighs with hers.

Heaven, one can die;
I ask for nothing more, nothing more,
Ah, Heaven! It's possible! One can die!
I ask for nothing more, nothing more.
(One can die! One can die of love.)

Translation by Giovanni Rabbito

Return to Sorrento

Look at the sea, how beautiful it is!
It stirs up such emotion,
Like you, whomever has you in their mind,
Makes them dream even while awake.

Look here, at this garden;
Smell these orange blossoms:
Such a fine (delicate) perfume
It goes straight into the heart.

And you say: "I'm leaving, goodbye!"
You go away from this heart,
From this land of love
Do you have the heart to never return?

Ma nun me lassà,
Nun darne 'stu turmiento!
Torna a Surriento,
Famme campà!

But don't leave me,
Don't give me this torment!
Return to Sorrento,
Let me live!

Vide 'o mare de Surriento,
Che tesoro tene 'nfunno:
Chi ha girato tutt' 'o munno,
Nun ll'ha visto comm'a ccà!

Look at the sea of Sorrento,
That which holds treasures in the deep:
Whoever has travelled the whole world,
Has never seen anything like here!

Guarda attuorno, 'sti sirene
Ca te guardano 'ncantate
E te vonno tantu bbene,
Te vulessero vasà!

Look around, at these Sirens
They look at you, enchanted,
And they love you so much,
They long to kiss you!

E tu dice: "Io parto, addio!"
T'alluntane da 'stu core.
Da 'sta terra de ll'ammore
Tiene 'o core 'e nun turnà?

And you say: "I'm leaving, goodbye!"
You go away from this heart,
From this land of love
Do you have the heart to never return?

Ma nun me lassà,
Nun darne 'stu turmiento!
Torna a Surriento,
Famme campà!

But don't leave me,
Don't give me this torment!
Return to Sorrento,
Let me live!

Credited Poet: Giambattista De Curtis Translation by Giovanni Rabbito

Soliloquy

If death be only half as sweet as life, I will not fear, I'll shed no tear,
Nor will I ask my friends to weep;
But quietly go, like melting snow upon a mountain's steep gray height.
Or wafted gently on a breeze I'll drift among the trees
Like lovers' laughter echoing down a lane.
Or I will follow, willingly, the soft spring rain around the river's bend.
If death be only half as sweet as life, I will not fear to go.
I love life so! I love life so!

Credited Poet: Myrtle Vorst Sheppard

~ FIN ~