

The Celebrating Our Humanity concert is made possible in part by a generous gift from Roy and Marjorie Linden.

Voice Studies at the University of Toronto presents:
Celebrating our Humanity: The Road Home

Narmina Efendiyeva, pianist

Friday, March 1st, 2024, at 7:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAM

Sandughash (Сандугаш)

Kazakh Folk Song
Arr. Onlegen B. Daldenbaev (Онлеген Б. Далденбаев)
Sofia Radenko, mezzo-soprano (1st-year Mus Bac)

Óró mo Bháidín

Irish Traditional
Arr. Shirley Starke
Katie Kirkpatrick, soprano (4th-year Performance)

秋風詞 (Song of the Autumn Wind)

趙思越 Siyue Zhao (b. 1985)
Tracy Wong, soprano (3rd-year Performance)

Canciones clásicas españolas, Vol. 1

V. Del cabello más sutil

VI. Con amores, la mi madre

Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)
Trinity Turino, mezzo-soprano (1st-year Performance)

山中 (In the Mountain)

Chen Tianhe (1911-1955)
Jeanne Tsui, mezzo-soprano (1st-year Mus Bac)

Triste

Eduardo Fabini (1882-1950)
Belén Fazio, soprano (3rd-year Music Education)

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.

La Steaua
 Tudor Ciortea (1903-1982)
 Emma Puscalau, soprano (1st-year Performance)

Doa
 Binsar Sitompul (1923-1991)
 Jaidyn McFadden, soprano (4th-year Performance)

Маргаритки (Daisies, *6 Romances, Op. 38 no. 3*)
 Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)
 Chiara Urban, soprano (4th-year Composition)

Сомнение (Doubt)
 Mikhail Glinka (1804-1857)
 Elizabeth Gilerovitch, soprano (2nd-year Performance)

关雎 (Crying Ospreys)
 赵季平 Jiping Zhao (b.1945)
 Arr. 李聪 Cong Li
 Enquan (Frank) Yu, tenor (4th-year Performance)

Granada
 Agustín Lara (1897-1970)
 William Salinas-Crosby, tenor (4th-year Performance)

Lugar Secreto
 Gabriela Rocha (b. 1994)
 Christine D' Clario (b. 1982)
 Maren Richardson, soprano (4th-year Performance)

Balada Ton Esthiseon Ke Paresthiseon
 Manos Hatzidakis (1925-1994)
 Dimitra Kahrimanidis, mezzo-soprano (4th-year Music Education); Stelios Hois, piano; Jordan Iordanous, bouzouki

A Night to Remember
 Laufey (b. 1999)
 Beabadoobee (b. 2000)
 Dorothea Unwin, mezzo-soprano (4th-year Comprehensive); Christine Suh, mezzo-soprano, Thomas Carli, percussion;
 Cédric Thériault, guitar; Jude Littlefield Buschlen, bass

UPCOMING EVENTS:

Side-by-Side Concert: Winter Bach II: Acclaimed faculty and students perform works by the master, including the Concerto for Oboe and Violin, The Second Orchestral Suite in B Minor, and Cantata TBD. Mark Fewer, violin; Sarah Jeffrey, oboe; Monica Whicher, soprano.

Mar. 4, 7:30 pm | Walter Hall

Text and Translations

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Сандугаш

Kazakh Folk Song

Салкеуде, сандуғаштай сайралтұрған,
Меруерт тас Самарқандта жайнап тұрғанай.
Ағалар, топтан тандап бір сұлуал,
Тасындай диірменнін ойнап тұрғанай.
Аай ойнап тұрғанай.

Сал кеуде сандуғаштай сайрап тұрған,
Меруерт-тас Самарқанда жайнап тұрған.
Ағалар топтан тандап бір сұлу ал,
Тасындай диірменнін ойнап тұрған.

Конғаны ауылымның тастак төбе,
Бір сәлем сағынғаннан айттым неге,
Бірге өскен кішкентайдан, беу, карағым,
Жүргені өзімсініп, қандай неме?

Би болмас белін жалпак бұғанменен,
Ағармас заты кара жуғанменен.
Кейбіреу көзін жұмып, құр шұлғиды,
Сопылық келген бе екен жұмғанменен.

Sandughash

<<Synopsis>>

Sandughash, the pearl of Samarkand,
the most beautiful woman of all the bridal houses
that will take your breath away.
I've been going there since childhood, without
even thinking, saying greetings as I go. There is
no dancing, but every thing will be purified
(meaning the soul), and shine so that some
people will close their eyes. In this purification I
recognize God's truth.

Óró mo Bháidín

Irish Traditional

Óró mo bháidín ag snámh ar an chuan
Óró mo bháidín
Faighimís na maidí agus téimis chun siúl,
Óró mo bháidín

Óró mo churraichín ó
Óró mo bháidín

Crochfaidh mé seolta is gabhfaidh mé siar
Óró mo bháidín
'S go hOíche Fhéile Eoin ní thiocfaidh mé aniar
Óró mo bháidín

Nach lúfar í ag iomramh soir agus siar,
Óró mo bháidín
A sárú ní bhfaighidh tú ó Arainn go Cliar,
Óró mo bháidín

*Oh my little boat as she glides in the bay
Oh my little boat
Let's get the sticks and we'll row on
Oh my little boat*

*Oh my little curragh
Oh my little boat*

*I will raise the sails and I will go west
Oh my little boat
And until St. John's night I will not return
Oh my little boat*

*She is nimble rowing east and west
Oh my little boat
You will not find a breach from Árainn to Cliar
Oh my little boat*

秋風詞

李白 *Li Bai (701-762)*

秋風清,秋月明,
落葉聚還散,寒鴉棲復驚。
相思相見知何日?
此時此夜難為情!
入我相思門,知我相思苦,
長相思兮長相憶,
短相思兮無窮極,
早知如此絆人心,
何如當初莫相識。

Song of the Autumn Wind

Fresh autumn breeze, bright autumn moon.

*Wherever the winds travel, fallen leaves
gather and scatter, startling the crows who
tremble in the sullen wake of the passing
winds.*

*When will we meet again? It is impossible to
tell.*

*If you enter the gates of my longing,
you will understand the depth of my pain.*

*Endless longing brings lasting memories
that could never be cleaved apart.
yearning sears and burns each fleeting
instant
and has no end in sight.*

*If I had known from the start
that my feelings for you
would be as excruciating and entangling
as this chilly autumn breeze,
I'd rather that we never meet at all.*

Del cabello más sutil*Spanish Traditional*

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.
Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.

Con amores, la mi madre*Juan de Anchieta (1462-1523)*

Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormí;
Así dormida soñaba
Lo que el corazón velaba,
Que el amor me consolaba
Con más bien que merecí.

Adormecióme el favor
Que amor me dió con amor;
Dió descanso a mi dolor
La fe con que le serví
Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormí!

Of the Softest Hair

*Of the softest hair
which you have in your braid,
I wish to make a chain
so that I may bring you to my side.
A jug in your home,
Little one, I would like to be.
So that I may kiss you
Each time you take a drink*

Due to your Love, Mother

*Due to your love, mother,
With loving, I fell asleep;
While sleeping, I dreamed
What was in my waking heart,
That love consoled me
More than I deserved.*

*I was lulled to sleep through the favor
Of your love given to me lovingly;
I was allowed to relax from my pain
Through faith which supports me
Due to your love, mother,
With loving, I fell asleep!*

山中
徐志摩

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，
有更深曲静。

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！

Triste
Elias Regules (1861-1929)

Yo también puedo tener
de afectos el alma llena,
Que donde vive una pena
puede brotar un placer.
Pues en todo hay, a mi ver,
Dulzura con esplendor:
El tigre tiene su amor,
Su cariño la paloma,
La rosa brinda su aroma
Y hasta el cardo tiene flor.

In the Mountains
Xu Zhimo (1897-1931)

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

Sad

*I, too, can have a soul-full
of all manner of affections,
For wheresoever trouble lies,
pleasure may likewise sprout.
In my sight, in everything
there is sweetness and splendour.
The tiger has his love,
the dove her affection,
the rose provides her perfumed aroma,
and even the lowly thistle has flowers.*

La Steaua

Mihai Eminescu (1850-1889)

La steaua care a răsărit E-o cale atât de lungă,
Că mii de ani i-au trebuit Luminii să ne-ajungă.

Poate de mult s-a stins în drum În depărtări
albastre
Iar raza ei abia acum Luci vederii noastre.
Icoana stelei ce-a murit Încet pe cer se suie:

Era pe când nu s-a zărit, Azi o vedem, și nu e.

Tot astfel când al nostru dor Pieri în noaptea
adâncă,
Lumina stinsului amor Ne urmărește încă.

Doa

Binsar Sitompul (1923-1991)

Di malam sunyi seperti ini aku sendiri
Alam membisu hening menyepi bagai bersemedi
Tuhan Mahakasih
Lihatlah hambaMu
Berilah sentiasa Terangmu
Kurnia RahmatMu nikmat hidup
Untuk ummatMu
PerlindunganMu
Kauberikan selalu
Segala puji dan syukur bagiMu
Yang Mahaagung
Di Malam sunyi seperti ini aku berdiri
Panjatkan syukur berbareng puji pada Illahi
S'moga berk'nan ya Tuhan.
Amin.

To The Star

*To the star that has risen, it is such a long path,
That it took thousands of years for its light to
reach us.*

*Perhaps much of it has extinguished in its path of
the distant blue,
But now the rays scarcely illumine our sight.
The starry icon that has died climbs slowly
toward heaven:*

*It existed when it could not be seen, today we
see it and it no longer exists.*

*All the others when you lose our longing in the
deep night,
The light of extinguished love follows us still.*

Prayer

*On a silent night such as this, I am alone
Nature's silent solitude is like meditation
God Almighty*

Behold your servant

Give your light always

Gift your mercy and enjoyment of life

For your people

Your protection

You always give

All praise and gratitude for you

That the Almighty

On a silent night such as this, I am standing

Saying both my gratitude and praise for God

I hope God is pleased.

Amen.

Маргаритки

Igor Severyanin (1887 - 1941)

О, посмотри, как много маргариток
И там, и тут,
Они цветут, их много, их избыток.
Они цветут.
Их лепестки трехгранные,
как крылья,
Как белый шелк.
В них лета мощ!
В них радость изобилья
В них светлый полк.
Готовь, земля, цветам из рос напиток,
Дай сок стеблю...
О, девушки,
О, звезды маргариток,
Я вас люблю!

Сомнение

Nestor Kukolnik (1809–1868)

Уймись, волнения страсти!
Засни, безнадежное сердце!
Я плачу, я страдаю, -
Душа утомилась в разлуке;
Я страдаю, я плачу, -
Не выплакать горя в слезах.
Напрасно надежду мне счастье гадают,
Не верю, не верю обетам коварным!
Разлука уносит любовь.
Как сон неотступный и грозный,
Мне снится соперник счастливый,
И тайно и злобно
Кипящая ревность пылает,
И тайно и злобно Оружия ищет рука.
Напрасно измену мне ревность гадают,
Не верю, не верю коварным наветам.
Я счастлив, ты снова моя.
Минует печальное время, -
Мы снова обнимем друг друга,
И страстно и жарко забьется воскресшее
сердце, И страстно и жарко с устами сольются
уста.

Daisies

*Oh, look, how many daisies
Are scattered here and there,
They're blooming, there are many,
They are abundant!
They're blooming,
Their triangular petals,
Are like wings,
Of white silk.
In them is the power of summer!
In them is the joy of abundance
In them is a bright army.
Prepare, oh earth,
For flowers a potion of dew!
Give juice to the stem...
Oh, maidens,
Oh, stars of daisies,
I love you!*

Doubt

*Be stopped, restlessness of passion!
Fall asleep, hopeless heart!
I weep, I suffer,
The soul is tired of separation;
I suffer, I weep,
Not to sob the grief into tears.
In vain hope to me happiness looks,
I do not believe, I do not believe insidious vows!
Separation takes away love.
Like a sleep persistent and terrible,
I dream of my happy rival,
And secretly and maliciously
boiling jealousy blazes,
And secretly and maliciously
my hand searches for a weapon.
In vain jealousy brings treason to me,
I do not believe, I do not believe the insidious
slander.
I am happy: you are mine again.
Sadly the time passes,
we again embrace/hug each other,
And passionately and hotly my happy heart
throbs again,
And passionately and hotly our lips melt together.*

关雎
诗经

关关雎鸠，
在河之洲。
窈窕淑女，
君子好逑。

参差荇菜，
左右流之。
窈窕淑女，
寤寐求之。

求之不得，
寤寐思服。
悠哉悠哉，
辗转反侧。

参差荇菜，
左右采之。
窈窕淑女，
琴瑟友之。

参差荇菜，
左右毛之。
窈窕淑女，
钟鼓乐之。

Lugar Secreto

Gabriela Rocha, Christine D' Clario

Eres lo que más anhelo
Mi aliento eres tú
En Tus brazos está mi lugar
Estoy aquí, estoy aquí.

Padre amo tu presencia
Tu sonrisa es vida en mí
Seguroa en tu mano estoy
Confío en ti, confío en ti.

Quiero ir más profundo
Llévame más cerca
Dende te encuentro
En el lugar secreto
A tus pies me rindo
Pues toda tu gloria
Quiero ver
Solo quiero poderte ver

Crying Ospreys

From The Book of Odes and Hymns

*Merrily the ospreys cry,
On the islet in the stream.
Gentle and graceful is the girl,
A fit wife for the gentleman.*

*Short and long the floating water plants,
Left and right you may pluck them.
Gentle and graceful is the girl,
Awake he longs for her and in his dreams.*

*When the courtship has failed,
Awake he thinks of her and in his dreams.
Filled with sorrowful thoughts,
He tosses about unable to sleep.*

*Short and long the floating water plants,
Left and right you may gather them.
Gentle and graceful is the girl,
He'd like to wed her, the qin and se playing.*

*Short and long the floating water plants,
Left and right you may collect them.
Gentle and graceful is the girl,
He'd like to marry her, bells and drums beating.*

Secret Place

*You are what I crave the most.
My breath is you.
In your arms is my place.
I'm here, I'm here*

*Father, I love Your presence.
Your smile is life in me.
Safe in your hand, I'm
I trust you, I trust you.*

*I want to go deeper.
Take me closer, where I find you.
In the secret place
At your feet, I give up.
At your feet I surrender
Well all your glory
I want to see
Well, all your glory, I want to see*

Envuélveme en tu gloria y poder
Pues tu majestad es real
Y tu voz resuena en mi ser

Granada

Agustín Lara (1897-1970)

Granada tierra soñada por mí,
mi cantar se vuelve gitano
cuando es para ti.

Mi cantar, hecho de fantasía,
mi cantar, flor de melancolía,
que yo te vengo a dar.

Granada, tierra ensangrentada
en tardes de toros,
mujer que conserva el embrujo
de los ojos moros.

Te sueño rebelde y gitana,
cubierta de flores
y beso tu boca de grana,
jugosa manzana
que me habla de amores.

Granada, manola cantada
en coplas preciosas,
no tengo otra cosa que darte
que un ramo de rosas.

De rosas, de suave fragancia
que le dieran marco a la virgen morena.

Granada, tu tierra está llena
de lindas mujeres,
de sangre y de sol.

*Wrap me in Your glory and power
Well, Your majesty is real.
And your voice resonates in my being.*

Granada

*Granada, land of my dreams,
mine becomes a gypsy song
when I sing to you.*

*My singing, made of fantasy,
my song, melancholy flower,
that I come to give you.*

*Granada, land covered in blood
from the bullfighting afternoons,
women who preserve the spell
of Moorish eyes.*

*A dream-land, a rebel, a gypsy,
covered with flowers,
and I kiss your scarlet mouth,
juicy apple
that tells me about love affairs.*

*Granada, beauty sung
in precious ballads,
I have nothing else to give you
but a bouquet of roses.*

*Of roses, of soft fragrance
That surrounds the dark virgin.*

*Granada, your soil is full
of beautiful woman,
blood and sunshine.*

**Η μπαλάντα των αισθήσεων και των
παραισθήσεων**
Άρης Δαβαράκης

Σαν παλιό σινεμά
και σαν τη Χαλιμά
που μιλάει με τα παιδιά,
σου κρύβω την αλήθεια
κι αφήνω από τα στήθια μου να βγουν
παραμύθια για κείνους π' αγαπούν:

Για στιγμές μυστικές
για λάμπεις μαγικές
γι' αγκαλιές ερωτικές
για νύχτες φωτεινές

Σαν παλιό σινεμά
και σαν τη Χαλιμά
που μιλάει με τα παιδιά,
σου κρύβω την αλήθεια
κι αφήνω από τα στήθια μου να βγουν
παραμύθια για κείνους π' αγαπούν:

Για στιγμές μυστικές
για λάμπεις μαγικές
γι' αγκαλιές ερωτικές
για νύχτες φωτεινές

Σ' αγκαλιάζω στο σκοτάδι
σε τυλίγω μ' ένα χάδι

Τώρα είμαι γυμνός
νιώθω σαν θεός
φωτεινός δυνατός,
μπορείς να μ' αγαπήσεις
μπορείς να μου φωτίσεις μια στιγμή
το κορμί μου είναι μόνο αφορμή:

Για στιγμές μυστικές
για λάμπεις μαγικές
γι' αγκαλιές ερωτικές
για νύχτες φωτεινές

Ballad of sensations and illusions
Aris Davarakis (b. 1953)

*Like an old cinema
and like Halima
who talks to children
I'm hiding the truth from you
and I let it out of my chest
fairy tales for those who love:*

*For secret moments,
for magical sparkles
for romantic hugs
for bright nights*

*Like an old cinema
and like Halima
who talks to children
I'm hiding the truth from you
and I let it out of my chest
fairy tales for those who love:*

*For secret moments,
for magical sparkles
for romantic hugs
for bright nights*

*I'm holding you in the darkness
wrapped in a touch*

*Naked I stand upright
I feel like a god
very strong, very bright
now you can love me
you can enlighten me for a moment
my body is only the occasion:*

*For secret moments,
for magical sparkles
for romantic hugs
for bright nights*

A Night to Remember

Beabadoobee, Laufey, Jacob Bugden

Swore I'd seen you before
Watched you walk through the door
Somethin' in your eye
Reminded me of somebody I used to know

You touch my back
I took your hand
Somethin' from your touch felt shockingly familiar
And I'd swore I'd seen you before

Oh, I swore I'd seen you before

Underneath the sheets
You enchanted me
And whispered sweet nothings in my ear
I shivered beneath you
All wrapped up in embers
It was a night to remember

Then I walked away
You asked me to stay
Now you're thinkin' of what could've been
But you've become someone I've seen before

I swore I'd seen you before

Underneath the sheets
You enchanted me
And whispered sweet nothings in my ear
I shivered beneath you
All wrapped up in embers
It was a night, enchanting night
To remember