



University of Toronto Faculty of Music presents:

**2023 John R. Stratton Visitor in Music: Dr. Patricia Caicedo, soprano
Thursday at Noon: A Recital of Music celebrating Hispanic Heritage Month**

Moderated by Dr. Patricia Caicedo, featuring singers from the Faculty of Music, and pianists Jialiang Zhu and Yolanda Tapia.

Thursday, October 12, 2023 12:10 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

The Thursdays at Noon series is made possible in part by the Jay Telfer Forum Endowment Fund.

PROGRAM

Cançó de mar

Lluïsa Casagemas (1863-1942)
Gabriel Klassen, baritone; Jialiang Zhu, pianist

Huiracocha

Clotilde Arias (1901-1959)
Mia Robles, soprano; Jialiang Zhu, pianist

Canto de nodriza

Irma Urteaga (1929-2022)
William Salinas-Crosby, tenor; Jialiang Zhu, pianist

Collirem els estels (*Signat l'amic del cor*)

Nico Gutierrez (b. 1993)
Dasha Tereshchenko, mezzo-soprano; Jialiang Zhu, pianist

Rere la nit (*Tensho*)

Anna Cazurra (b.1965)
Madeleine Luntley, soprano; Jialiang Zhu, pianist

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.

Sólo por el rocío

Gisela Hernández (1912-1971)
Taline Yeremian, mezzo-soprano; Yolanda Tapia, pianist

El cel

Anna Cazurra (b. 1965)
Alannah Beuparlant, soprano; Yolanda Tapia, pianist

Por amor de uns olhos

Antônio Carlos dos Reis Rayol (1855-1905)
Rayleigh Becker, tenor; Yolanda Tapia, pianist

Aves y ensueños

Jaime León Ferro (1921-2015)
Katie Kirkpatrick, soprano; Yolanda Tapia, pianist

Desprisa tierra, desprisa!

Gisela Hernández (1912-1971)
Skylar Cameron, soprano; Yolanda Tapia, pianist

Tengo ansias de quererte

Ernestina Lecuona (1882-1951)
Matthew Black, baritone; Yolanda Tapia, pianist

El tiempo es fiero (*Dos canciones mediterráneas*)

Mariela Rodríguez (b. 1986)
Jaidyn McFadden, soprano; Jialiang Zhu, pianist

Para vivir

Patricia Caicedo (b. 1969)
Maren Richardson, soprano; Jialiang Zhu, pianist

Letra para cantar al son del arpa

Jaime León Ferro (1921-2015)
Nikan Ingabire Kanate, soprano; Jialiang Zhu, pianist

Text and Translations

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Cançó de Mar

Josquín María de Nadal Ferrer, 1883-1972

Tot cantant cançons d'amor
en la platja delitosa,
escoltant la veu del mar
i el murmuri de les ones.

Singing love songs
on the delicious beach
listening to the voice of the sea
and the murmur of the waves

Tot cantant cansos d'amor
la donzella s'adormia
entre somnis divinals
on reinava la poesia.

Singing love songs
the maid fell asleep
between divine dreams
where poetry reigned.

En la platja delitosa
és dolcíssim somnar
quan el cor tranquil reposa
dintre un pit immaculat.

on the delicious beach
it's sweet to dream
when the calm heart rests
inside an immaculate chest.

Escoltant la veu del mar
que per ell sospiro i canto
i els secrets que porta'l vent
a la sorra i a les aigües,

Listening to the voice of the sea,
that for the ocean I sigh and sing,
and the secrets that the wind carries
to the sand and the waters,

i el murmuri de les ones
que pensar fan en lo etern,
i el perfume que porta a estones
algun oreig mariner.

and the murmur of the waves
that makes me think of eternity
and the perfume that at times
brings the sea breeze.

Tot cantant cançons d'amour
en la platja delitosa,
oh! Què bell es reposar
escoltant la veu del mar
i el murmuri de les ones!

Singing love songs
on the delicious beach,
oh! How beautiful to rest
listening to the voice of the sea
and the murmur of the waves!

Huiracocha

Clotilde Arias, 1901-1959

¡Huiracocha! ¡Huiracocha!
Dios del Inca y Dios mio,
De mis padres la bonanza,
de mis hijos la esperanza.
Ya tus tierras no florecen
y tus templos enmudecen,
y en mi alma hay un vacío.
Huiracocha, padre mio

En las mañanas frías
de vastas serranías,
yo voy tocando mi quena.
Los Andes solitarios,
los Andes milenarios,
saben que canto mi pena.

Mis palacios derruidos
hablan de mi vieja gloria,
cuando el Sol tu emblema santo
entretejía mi historia.
Ya no entona sus canciones,
la dulce Ñusta sagrada,
ya no liba el Inca altivo
de noble copa dorada.

¿Donde estas que no me escuchas?
¡Y no sabes de mis luchas!
¡Wiracocha!

Wiraqucha! Wiraqucha!
God of the Inca, and of me,
From my parents prosperity,
from my children hope.
No longer do your lands flower,
and your temples are silent,
and in my soul is an empty space.
Wiraqucha, my father.

In the cold mornings
of vast mountain ranges,
I go playing my Andean flute.
The lonely Andes,
the ancient Andes,
know I sing of my pain.

My demolished palaces
speak of my old glory,
when the Sun your sacred emblem
weaved my story.
No longer sings her songs,
the sweet and sacred Incan princess,
no longer ritualizes the imperial Inca
from the noble golden chalice.

Where are you that you don't hear me?
And you don't know of my struggles!
Wiraqucha!

Canto de Nodriza

Eva Frias

Oye mi suave canto de nodriza
cálido espacio azul que leve asoma
me abro de terciopelo para darte
este fluir de rios y de aromas

Refleja tus pupilas en las mias
mientras bebes del cáliz de mi pecho
reconoce mi piel entre las pieles
en la suave fatiga de tus sueños

Búscame, con las manos y la boca
búscame en la raíz de tu semilla,
soy la savia del brote que alimenta
la rosa bermellón de tu mejilla

Listen to my soft nursery song
warm blue space that slightly appears
I open like velvet to give you
the flow of rivers and aromas

Reflect your pupils in mine
while you drink from the chalice of my breast
recognize my skin between us
In the soft fatigue of your dreams

Search for me with your hands and mouth
search for me at the root of your seed,
I am the sap of the bud that nourishes
the vermilion rose of your cheek

Collirem els estels

Carles Duarte i Montserrat, b. 1959

Collirem els estels,
els desarem al fons de la mirada,
entre les pàgines d'un dia sense fi,
on romandran dins nostre.

Caminarem entre els arbres
de la nit,
pressentirem, mentre el batec
s'adorm,
l'univers en cada gest, en cada
pas, construint-nos.

We will take the stars,
we will keep them behind our gaze,
between the pages of a day without end
and they will remain in us.

While the heartbeat falls
asleep,
we will intuit the
universe in every gesture, in every step
building us.

Rere la nit

Carles Duarte i Montserrat, b. 1959

Rere la nit, enllà del precipici de les
ombres,
S'enlaria el foc, el sol com una flama;
Sents l'horitzó que va emergint dins teu
L'aire que s'encen el cim que atenyis

Behind the night, beyond the precipice of
the shadows,
The fire rises, the sun like a flame;
You feel the horizon that is emerging
within you, the air that lights up, the summit you
reach

Sólo Por el Rocío

Federico García Lorca, b. 1898-1936

Y aunque no me quisieras te querría,
por tu mirar sombrío,
como quiere la alondra al nuevo día,
sólo por el rocío.

Even if you didn't love me, I would love you
for your gloomy look
how the lark wants the new day
just for the dew.

El Cel

Carles Duarte i Montserrat, b. 1959

El cel, l'espiral incansable dels blaus,
El ulls badats a l'infinit,
El rostre que somriu i el seu misteri
Respirar el món, reneixer.

The sky, tireless spiral of the blues,
The eyes open to infinity,
The face that smiles at the mystery
To breathe the world, to rebirth.

Por amor de uns olhos

Antônio Francisco Leal Lobo, 1870-1916

Olhos de santa, tristes, cismadores,

Saintly eyes, sad, contemplative,

Feitos de luz, de dor, de harmonia.

Made of light, of pain, of harmony

Olhos onde perpasso melodia dos sonhos bons,
dos virginais amores.

Eyes where the melody of sweet dreams of virginal
love flits by.

Olhos aonde s'evola melodia dos sonhos bons,
dos divinais amores.

Eyes where the melody of good dreams of divine love
flies away.

Olhos benditos, lânguidos, chorosos,abertos
sempre para o bem.

Blessed, languid, weeping eyes, always open for
goodness alone.

Somente d'onde s'evola blandiciosamente
turbilhão de beijos caridosos

From whence flies out a whirlwind of passionate
kisses.

Aves y Ensueños

Jesús Casas, 1865-1951

Se van las tardes del azul verano
Se van con ellas raudas golondrinas.

The afternoons of the blue summer are leaving and
with them the swift swallows.

Se van las horas del bullicio diáfano
De alegre sol y diáfana neblina.

The hours of delicate bustle, of the happy sun and
the delicate mist are leaving.

Se van los sueños del amore temprano
Poniente sol alumbrá nuestras ruinas.

The dreams of early love are leaving, the setting sun
lights our ruins.

No torna el gozo el corazón humano
ni su alero de ayer las golondrinas
Mustio desmaya cuanto fue risueño

The human heart does not return to nor do
yesterday's birds return to their eaves.
Everything that was smiling withers and faints.

A qué horizonte os dirigis temprano?
Veloces aves, ilusión de un sueño.

What horizon are you headed to so early?
Swift birds, hope of a dream.

Os va siguiendo el corazón las huellas
Adios las tardes del azul verano
eloces aves ilusiones bellas.

My heart is following your trail.
Farewell, afternoons of blue summer
Swift birds, beautiful hopes.

¡Deprisa tierra, deprisa!

Juan Ramon Jimenez, 1881-1958

Deprisa, tierra, deprisa;
deprisa, deprisa, sol;
descomponed el sistema
que me espera a mí el amor.

Hurry, earth, hurry;
hurry, hurry, sun;
break down the system,
what love awaits me.

¿Qué importa que el universo
se trastorne, tierra, sol?
Todo es humo, sólo es gloria
que me espera a mí el amor.

What does it matter if the universe
goes mad, earth, sun?
It's all smoke, it's only glory
what love awaits me!

¡A la nieve con la espiga!
¡Anda, tierra; vuela, sol!
¡Abreviadme la esperanza,
que me espera a mí el amor!

To the snow with the spike!
Go earth; fly sun!
Abbreviate my hope
what loves awaits me!

Tengo Ansias de Quererte

Ernestina Lecuina, 1882-1951

En mi nave de esperanzas
hace tiempo estoy pasando
Los tormentos que mis ansias
dentro de ellas van formando
Y en el mar de pensamientos
sin que el ancla queda echar
Danzan los celos que siento
por no poderte encontrar
Siento ansias de quererte
de besarte con fervor
Tengo ansias de tenerte
tengo ansias de quererte
como estatua de mi amor
Que tus labios al besarme
lleven fuego en su expresión
Para que pueda saciar
mi más ardiente pasión

In my ship of Hopes
I've been suffering for a long time
the torments of my desires
that grow fast
And in the sea of thoughts
without being able to drop the anchor,
My jealousy dances
for not being able to find you
I long to love you,
to kiss you with fervor
I long to have you
I long to love you
as a statue of my love
That your lips when kissing me
Carry fire inside
So that I can quench
my deepest passion

Para Vivir

Raúl Gustavo Aguirre, 1927-1983

Para vivir,
yo busqué un sitio oscuro.
Para vivir.

Para vivir,
practiqué el mimetismo.
Para vivir.

To live,
I looked for a dark place.
To live

To live,
I practiced mimicry.
To live.

Me compuse mil caras,
mil caras inocentes,
mil caras complacientes.
Para vivir.

Mil caras diferentes,
mi amor, mi buen amor,
mi amor que sólo tienes
la cara del amor.

Yo cavaba la tierra,
callaba, me escondía,
borré todas mis huellas,
me deshice de todo,
mi amor, para vivir.

Para vivir,
yo busqué un sitio puro.
Para vivir.

Para vivir,
sólo había este abismo,
mi amor, para vivir.

I made a thousand faces,
a thousand innocent faces,
a thousand complacent faces
To live.

A thousand different faces
my love, my good love,
my love,
you who only have the face of love.

I dug the earth,
kept quiet, hid
I erased all my tracks,
I got rid of everything,
my love, to live

To live,
I looked for a pure place.
To live.

To live,
there was only this abyss,
my love, To live.

El tiempo es fiero y nos alcanza

Santiago Montobbio, b. 1966

El tiempo es fiero y nos alcanza
Siempre va detrás del alma
Su sombra se deshace en la nada
En sus pasos estamos encerrados

Pasos que da siempre sobre un muro
O un precipicio
Por la soledad poblado
Somos tiempo somos soledad
Somos un engaño sobre el alma
El alma perdura en el arte que la labra

Time is fierce and it reaches us
It always goes after the soul
It's shadow melts into nothing
In it's steps we are locked

Steps that it always takes on a wall or a
precipice.
Populated by loneliness.
We are time, we are loneliness.
We are a deception on the soul.
The soul endures in the art that works on it.

Letra Para Cantar Al Son del Arpa

Eduardo Carranza 1913-1945

Del lado del arpa ya vamos amor
Pradera dormida velada de lluvia, orilla del mar.

Un ala de música, un ala visible, un ángel la
oculta.
Una margarita lleva entre sus labios,
El viento del arpa. La luna del arpa cantando en
voz baja, borda su pañuelo.

Árboles azules del lado del arpa.
Y entre sus ramas desnuda la luz.
Se abre otra rosa al lado del arpa

Hacia allá sonrientes los niños dormidos.
Y mira hacia allá por sobre la tarde
La absorta doncella.

Hacia ese lado vuelan las palomas,
De lado del arpa está el desenlace
Del cuento olvidado.

Y esperan los sueños un pecho dormido.
La palabra amor que tu me decías
Aquella sonrisa parecida a un beso
Vien para siempre del lado del arpa
En aire de música, igual que un cielo.

Hacia el fin del aire, hacia el azulado
Comienzo del ángel, del alba del alma
Vaya más amor hacia otro lado del arpa.

By the side of the harp we are going, my love.
Sleeping meadow veiled in rain, down by the seashore.

A wing of music, a visible wing, an angel hides it.
The wound of the harp carries a daisy between its lips.
The moon of the harp, singing quietly, embroiders the
handkerchief.

Blue trees by the side of the harp.
Among their branches the light sheds its robe.
Another rose opens by the side of the harp

Over there where the sleeping children are smiling.
There the maiden in reverie the evening surveys.

And thither fly doves,
By the side of the harp is the ending
of the forgotten story.

And the dreams wait for a sleeping breast.
The world love that you spoke to me
The smile like a kiss
Live forever by the side of the harp
In an air of music, just like the sky.

Towards the end of the air, towards the blue
Beginning of an angel, from the dawn of a soul
Let more love go forth towards the other side of the
harp.

Named for a great collector of vocal music and historical recorded sound, the John R. Stratton Visitor in Music brings distinguished specialists in the field of voice, opera, and collaborative piano to the Faculty of Music. We are grateful to Stephen Clarke, trustee of the Stratton Estate for his generous support of the Faculty of Music.

A multifaceted artist-scholar, Patricia Caicedo is one of the leading interpreters of the Iberian and Latin American Art Song Repertoire, having sung worldwide to public and critical acclaim. Singing in Spanish, Portuguese, Catalan, Quechua, Ladino, and Nahuatl, she draws listeners into a world of beauty, poetry, and warmth. She has recorded eleven CDs of Latin American & Iberian Art songs, and published numerous academic articles, books and editions of scores.



Internationally recognized as a leading expert in the study and performance of the Iberian and Latin American art song, Caicedo often serves as artist-in-residence at leading universities in the US and Europe.

She is the founder and director of the Barcelona Festival of Song®, a 10-day Summer Course & performance series on the history and interpretation of the Latin American and Spanish Vocal repertoire.

Patricia holds a Ph.D. in musicology from the Universidad Complutense de Madrid and a Medical Doctor's degree from the Escuela Colombiana de Medicina.

UPCOMING EVENTS:

John R. Stratton Visitor in Music: Lecture by Dr. Patricia Caicedo, soprano: *We are what we listen to: the impact of music on individual and social health*

Oct. 12, 5:30 pm | Walter Hall

Tuesday Noon Series: Third Year Singers in Performance

Oct. 17, 12:10 pm | Walter Hall

Student Composer Concert

Oct. 17, 7:30 pm | Walter Hall

Choirs in Concert: MacMillan Singers with Concreamus Chamber Choir and instrumental ensemble perform movements from Craig Hella Johnson's evocative oratorio *Considering Matthew Shepard*.

Oct. 21, 7:30 pm | Grace Church on-the-Hill, 300 Lonsdale Road, Toronto

Choirs in Concert: Chamber Choir, Soprano-Alto Chorus and Tenor-Bass Chorus with St. Mary Secondary School Chorus

Oct. 22, 2:30 pm | Grace Church on-the-Hill, 300 Lonsdale Road, Toronto