



**Winners' Recital with baritone Jamal Al Titi and pianist Indra Egan**  
**Jim and Charlotte Norcop Prize in Song and Gwendolyn Williams Koldofsky Prize in Accompanying**

Thursday, March 16, 2023 - 12:10 pm  
Walter Hall

**PROGRAMME**

Loveliest of Trees	George Butterworth (1885-1916)
Silent Noon	Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
The Year's at the Spring	Amy Beach (1867-1944)
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai Die Lotosblume Sonnenuntergang Frühling und Liebe Vergessen Marie	Robert Franz (1815-1892)
I canti della sera I. L'assaiolo canta II. Alba di luna sul bosco III. Tristezza crepuscolare IV. L'incontro	Francesco Santoliquido (1883-1971)
Der Mond kommt still gegangen	Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
Нежность ( <i>Tenderness</i> )	Alexandra Pachmutova (1929)
Cantique	Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)
Не пой, красавица, при мне ( <i>Do Not Sing, My Beauty</i> ) Весенние воды ( <i>Spring Waters</i> )	Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)
Очи черные ( <i>Dark Eyes</i> )	Russian Folk Song

Born in Belarus, baritone **Jamal Al Titi** now makes his home in Canada and is poised to graduate with a Bachelor of Music from University of Toronto where he studies with Professor Wendy Nielsen. He is the winner of the Jim and Charlotte Norcop prize for 2022/2023, the Faculty of Music's most prestigious vocal prize. In addition, he was a 2022 National Finalist for L'Atelier Lyrique de L'Opéra de Montreal. Along with his love of art song, Jamal performs in opera and has been featured numerous times with Brott Opera Festival in his adopted hometown of Hamilton. His roles have included Masetto in *Don Giovanni*, Schaunard in *La Bohème* and Casacada in *The Merry Widow*. Jamal began his studies at the Hamilton Conservatory for the Arts with Roland Fix and also counts bass Alain Coulombe among his mentors.

Pianist and vocal coach **Indra Egan** is in the final year of her Masters of Collaborative Piano at the University of Toronto under the mentorship of Steven Philcox. Hailing from Northern BC, Indra received her B.Mus. in Piano Performance at the University of Manitoba as a student of David Moroz and Laura Loewen, followed by post-bacc studies in jazz piano with Will Bonness. Indra's versatility and dynamic approach to music-making make her a sought-after collaborator; she has worked across Canada in many styles and genres. Indra is passionate about giving back through art, and raised \$15,000 for various Canadian medical charities by organizing and performing in 8 annual "Indra and Friends" benefit concerts. She has also organized and performed in three epilepsy awareness concerts; the most recent, "Unshakeable" (2021), was released online, raised funds for Epilepsy Canada, and featured over 100 performers, including Indra's collaboration with Canadian coloratura soprano Tracy Dahl.

#### **JIM AND CHARLOTTE NORCOP PRIZE IN SONG**

The annual prize was established in 2009 and is awarded to the singer at the Faculty of Music showing the most promise in performance of the song literature. Past winners have been Leslie Ann Bradley, Geoffrey Sirett, Aviva Fortunata Wilks, Andrew Haji, Charles Sy, Jennifer Krabbe, Emily D'Angelo, Joel Allison, Simona Genga, Korin Thomas-Smith, Alex Hetherington and Maeve Palmer.

#### **GWENDOLYN WILLIAMS KOLDOFSKY PRIZE IN ACCOMPANYING**

The annual prize was established in 2011 and is awarded to the collaborative pianist at the Faculty of Music showing the most promise in performance of the song literature. Past winners include Susan Black, Narmina Afandiyeva, Ivan Jovanovic, Lara Dodds-Eden, Sonya Sim, Mélisande Sinsoulier, Jialiang Zhu, Joy Lee, Dakota Scott-Digout and Joel Goodfellow.

Gwendolyn Williams was born November 1, 1906 in Bowmanville, Ontario. She studied piano in Toronto with Viggo Kihl. At 17, she went to London where she studied piano with Tobias Matthay and ensemble playing and accompanying with Harold Craxton. Later, she spent several months in Paris studying French repertoire with Marguerite Hasselmans. When she was 20, she returned to Canada and was plunged almost immediately into an accompanying career when the great Canadian soprano, Jeanne Dusseau asked Mrs. Koldofsky to play for her. One musical engagement led to another at an exhilarating pace. A year after her return to Canada, she met and married the violinist Adolph Koldofsky. For the next quarter century, she accompanied all of her husband's solo recitals and played every form of chamber music with him on concert stages around the world. In 1945, the couple moved to Los Angeles, where Mrs. Koldofsky was engaged to teach accompanying at the School of Music of the University of Southern California. She taught accompanying, song literature and chamber music at USC from 1947 to 1988. She was also a longtime member of the faculty of the Santa Barbara Music Academy of the West, where she served as director of vocal accompanying from 1951 to 1989. She judged competitions, lectured and taught master classes for accompanists, singers and ensembles throughout the United States and Canada. Among her many students were mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne, pianist Martin Katz and soprano Carol Neblett. For more than 40 years, Koldofsky appeared as an accompanist throughout the world, working with such distinguished artists as Rose Bampton, Suzanne Danco, Herta Glaz, Mack Harrell, Marilyn Horne, Jan Pearce, Hermann Prey, Peter Schreier, Martial Singher and Eleanor Steber. She assisted Lotte Lehmann on many tours during the latter's last eight years of performing and for 11 years was Lehmann's accompanist and coach-assistant at the Music Academy of the West. Gwendolyn Williams Koldofsky died November 12, 1998 in Santa Barbara at the age of 92.

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### **Loveliest of Trees, poem by Alfred Edward Housman (1859 -1936)**

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now  
Is hung with bloom along the bough,  
And stands about the woodland ride  
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,  
Twenty will not come again,  
And take from seventy springs a score,  
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom  
Fifty springs are little room,  
About the woodlands I will go  
To see the cherry hung with snow.

### **Silent Noon, poem by Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828- 1882)**

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, -  
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:  
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms  
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,  
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge  
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.  
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragon-fly  
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: -  
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.  
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,  
This close-companioned inarticulate hour  
When twofold silence was the song of love.

### **The Year's at the Spring, poem by Robert Browning (1812-1889)**

The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world!

### **Im wunderschönen Monat Mai, poem by Heinrich Heine (1797 – 1856)**

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Knospen sprangen,  
Da ist in meinem Herzen  
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

In the wondrous month of May,  
When all the buds burst into bloom,  
Then in my heart  
Love began to burgeon.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Vögel sangen,  
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden  
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

In the wondrous month of May,  
When all the birds were singing,  
Then I confessed to her  
My longing and desire.

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

### **Die Lotosblume, poem by Emanuel von Geibel (1815 – 1884)**

Die stille Lotosblume  
Steigt aus dem blauen See,  
Die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,  
Der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

The quiet lotus blossom  
sprouts from the pond so blue,  
its leaves all glimmer and sparkle,  
its bud is white as snow.

Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel  
All' seinen gold'nen Schein,  
Gießt alle seine Strahlen  
In ihren Schoß hinein.

The moon pours down from heaven  
all of its golden shine,  
pours all its golden moonbeams  
into her blossom heart.

Im Wasser um die Blume  
Kreiset ein weißer Schwan  
Er singt so süß, so leise  
Und schaut die Blume an.

In water 'round the blossom  
circles the whitest swan  
it sings so sweet, so softly  
and gazes on the bloom.

Er singt so süß, so leise  
Und will im Singen vergehn.  
O Blume, weiße Blume,  
Kannst du das Lied verstehn?

It sings so sweet, so softly  
and would but perish in song.  
O blossom, whitest blossom,  
can you conceive the song?

*Translation by David Kenneth Smith*

**Sonnenuntergang (Sunset), poem by Nikolaus Lenau (1802 – 1850)**

Sonnenuntergang;  
Schwarze Wolken zieh'n,  
O wie schwül und bang  
Alle Winde flieh'n!

Durch den Himmel wild  
Jagen Blitze bleich;  
Ihr vergänglich Bild  
Wandelt durch den Teich.

Wie Gewitter klar  
Mein' ich Dich zu seh'n,  
Und dein langes Haar  
Frei im Sturme weh'n!

Sunset,  
darkling clouds appear,  
oh, how heavy and fearfully  
all the wind flees.

Through the heavens fierce  
Chase lightning bright  
Its ephemeral image  
Walks through the pond

Like a thunderstorm clear  
see your image flow,  
and your lofty hair  
wave free in the storm!

*Translation by Walter A. Aue*

**Frühling und Liebe (Spring and Love), poem by Hoffmann von Fallersleben (1798 - 1874)**

Im Rosenbusch die Liebe schlief,  
Der Frühling kam, der Frühling rief;  
Die Liebe hört's, die Lieb' erwacht,  
Schaut aus der Knosp' hervor und lacht,  
Und denkt, zu zeitig möcht's halt sein  
Und schläft drum ruhig wieder ein.

Der Frühling aber läßt nicht nach,  
Er küßt sie jeden Morgen wach,  
Er kos't mit ihr von früh bis spat,  
Bis sie ihr Herz geöffnet hat  
Und seine heiße Sehnsucht stillt,  
Und jeden Sonnenblick vergilt.

In rosebush the love slept,  
Spring came, spring rang  
Love hears its voice and awakes  
Peeps from a bud and laughs  
And thinks: time has not yet come  
And calmly falls asleep once more

But spring does not wait long  
Each morn with kisses wakens her  
Caresses her from early to late  
Till to her heart he's found his way  
And his hot longing satisfies  
And every sunny gleam repays

*Translation by Jamal Al Titi*

### **Vergessen (Forgotten), poem by Karl Wilhelm Osterwald (1820 - 1887)**

O banger Traum, was flatterst du  
Mit schwarzen Flügeln um mein Haupt?  
Du hast mir, du, die ganze Ruh  
Aus meinem Herzen wild geraubt.

Ich träum', ich steh an Baches Rand,  
Die Trauerweide hängt herein,  
Die Quelle schwand, verdorrt im Sand  
Sind all die blauen Vergißnichtmein.

Vergessen, ach! vergessen sein  
Vom liebsten Herzen in der Welt,  
Das ist allein die schwerste Pein,  
Die auf ein Menschenherze fällt.

Oh anxious dream, why do you flutter  
With black wings around my head?  
You have, you, all rest  
From my wild heart stolen.

I dream, I stand at the creek's edge,  
The weeping willow hangs there,  
The spring dwindled away, dried up in the sand  
Are all of the blue forget-me-nots.

Forgetting, ah! to be forgotten  
From the dearest heart in the world,  
That is alone the hardest pain  
Which upon a human heart falls.

*Translation by Garrett Medlock*

### **Marie, poem by Rudolph von Gottschall (1823 - 1909)**

Marie, am Fenster sitztest du,  
Du liebes, süßes Kind  
Und siehst dem Spiel der Blüten zu,  
Verweht im Abendwind.

Der Wanderer, der vorüber geht,  
Er lüftet fromm den Hut.  
Du bist ja selbst, wie ein Gebet,  
So fromm, so schön, so gut.

Die Blumenaugen seh'n empor  
Zu deiner Augen Licht!  
Die schönste Blum' im Fensterflor  
Ist doch dein Angesicht.

Ihr Abendglocken, grüßet sie  
Mit süßer Melodie!  
O brech' der Sturm die Blumen nie,  
Und nie dein Herz, Marie!

Marie, you sit at the window,  
You simple child of the townfolk,  
And watch the playing of the blossoms,  
Scattered by the evening wind.

The burgher who walks by,  
He lifts his hat devoutly.  
For, like a prayer, you are yourself  
So saintly, so lovely, so good.

The eyes of the flowers look up  
To the light of your eyes!  
But the loveliest blossom in the  
Flowery profusion round the window is your  
face.

Ye evening bells, greet her  
With sweet melodies!  
Oh may the storm never break the flowers,  
And never break your heart, Marie!

*Translation by Sharon Krebs*

## I Canti della Sera, poems by Francesco Santoliquido (1883 – 1971)

### 1. L'assiolo canta (The Horned Owl Sings)

Vieni! Sul bosco splende serena  
la notte dell'estate e l'assiolo canta.  
Vieni, ti volgio dir quel che non dissi mai.  
E sul sentiero fioriscono le stelle, magici fiori.  
Inoltriamoci insieme e là nel folto ti dirò  
perchè piansi una triste sera che non c'eri.  
Inoltriamoci insieme. Un mistero c'invita,  
Odi: l'assiolo canta.

O come! The summer night shines so serene  
above the woods and the homed owl sings.  
So come, I wish to tell you what I've never said before.  
Above our path the stars are blooming, like magic flowers.  
We'll enter together and there in the thicket I'll tell you  
why I cried one sad twilight when you were gone.  
So let's enter together. A mystery invites us-  
O hear: the homed owl sings.

*Translation by Edward Lein*

### 2. Alba di luna sul bosco (Moonrise Over the Woods)

Guarda, la luna nasce tutta rossa  
come una fiamma congelata nel cielo,  
Lo stagno la riflette e l'acqua mossa dal vento  
par rabbrivire al gelo.  
Che pace immensa! Il bosco addormentato,  
si riflette nello stagno.  
Quanto silenzio intorno!  
Dimmi: È un tramonto o un'alba per l'amor?

Look, the moon appears all red  
like a frozen flame in the heavens,  
reflected on the pond where the water shimmers in the wind  
as if shivering from the cold.  
Such immense peace, the sleeping wood,  
itself reflected in the pool.  
Such great silence surrounds us!  
Tell me: Is this the twilight or the dawning of love?

*Translation by Edward Lein*

### 3. Tristezza crepuscolare (Twilight Gloom)

È la sera.  
Dalla terra bagnata sale l'odore delle foglie morte.  
È l'ora delle campane,  
è l'ora in cui respiro  
il vano profumo d'un amore passato.  
E sogno e piango.  
È la sera.  
È la sera, una sera piena di campane,  
una sera piena di profumi,  
una sera piena di ricordi e di tristezze morte.  
Piangete, piangete campane della sera,  
empite tutto il cielo di malinconia.  
Ah! Piangete ancor...  
Questa è l'ora dei ricordi,  
è l'ora in cui l'antica fiamma s'accende  
nel cuore disperatamente e lo brucia.  
Campane.  
Odore di foglie morte  
Tristezze dissepolte!

It's the evening.  
Out of the damp earth rises the smell of dead leaves.  
It's the hour of pealing bells,  
it's a time to breathe  
the faded perfume of a bygone love.  
And I dream and I weep.  
It's the evening.  
It's the evening, an evening full of bells,  
an evening full of perfumes,  
an evening full of memories and death's own sadness.  
Weep. O weep you bells of the evening,  
fill the vastness of heaven with melancholy.  
Ah! Weep again...  
This is the hour of remembrance,  
it's the time when the old flame engulfs  
my desperate heart and ignites it.  
Pealing bells.  
The smell of dead leaves.  
Sorrows unearthed!

*Translation by Edward Lein*

#### 4. L'incontro (The Encounter)

Non mi ricordo più quando noi c'incontrammo  
la prima volta ma fu certo una lontana sera  
tutta soffusa di pallide tristezze lungo un benigno mar!  
A noi giungevano di lontano suoni di campane e di greggi  
ed una pace strana ci veniva dal mare.  
Questo rammento!  
Cosa dicemmo quel giorno, lo rammentate?  
Io non ricordo più.  
Ma che importa?  
Oggi mi fiorisce in cuore  
la dolcezza appassita di quell'ora lontana.  
E m'è dolce stringere nella mia  
la vostra mano bianca  
e parlarvi d'amor,  
anch'oggi vengono di lontano  
suoni di campane e di greggi  
e anch'oggi il mar come allora ci sorride lontano.  
Ma oggi forse m'amate un poco,  
non sorridete più.  
Ah! La vostra mano trema.  
Se oggi le belle labbra voi mi darete  
non scorderemo più questa dolce ora d'amor!

I no longer remember when it was that we met,  
but surely the first time was a bygone dusk  
perfused with faded sadness along a friendly sea!  
The sounds of bells and birds came to us from afar  
and a strange peace washed over us from the sea.  
I do remember that!  
Do you remember what I said that day?  
I no longer recall.  
But who cares?  
Today my heart blooms  
with sweet passion from that time long past.  
It's so sweet for me to clasp  
your white hand in mine  
and speak to you of love,  
for today, just as then, there comes from afar  
the sounds of bells and birds,  
with the sea, just as then, smiling at us in the distance.  
But maybe today you love me a little—  
you're not smiling now...  
Ah! Your hand trembles.  
If you'll give me your beautiful lips today  
we will never forget this sweet moment of love!

*Translation by Edward Lein*

#### Der Mond kommt still gegangen, poem by Emanuel Geibel (1815- 1884)

Der Mond kommt still gegangen  
Mit seinem gold'nen Schein.  
Da schläft in holdem Prangen  
Die müde Erde ein.  
Und auf den Lüften schwanken  
Aus manchem treuen Sinn  
Viel tausend Liebesgedanken  
Über die Schläfer hin.  
Und drunten im Tale, da funkeln  
Die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;  
Ich aber blicke im Dunklen  
Still in die Welt hinaus.

The moon rises silently  
With its golden glow.  
The weary earth then falls asleep  
In beauty and splendour.  
Many thousand loving thoughts  
From many faithful minds  
Sway on the breezes  
Over those who slumber.  
And down in the valley  
The windows sparkle of my beloved's house;  
But I in the darkness gaze  
Silently out into the world.

*Translation by Richard Stokes*



**Нежность (Tenderness), poem by Sergei Grebennikov (1920-1988) and Nikolai Dobronravov (b.1928)**

Опустела без тебя Земля:  
Как мне несколько часов прожить?  
Так же падает в садах листва,  
И куда-то все спешат такси,  
Только пусто на Земле одной  
Без тебя, а ты,  
Ты летишь, и тебе  
Дарят звёзды  
Свою нежность

Так же пусто было на Земле,  
И когда летал Экзюпери,  
Так же падала листва в садах,  
И придумать не могла Земля.  
Как прожить ей без него, пока  
Он летал, летал,  
И все звёзды ему  
Отдавали  
Свою нежность

Without you, the earth is empty now.  
How am I to live these next few hours?  
In the gardens, leaves float through the air,  
Taxis always in a rush somewhere.  
It's just empty on the earth, alone,  
Without you.  
And you, you fly on,  
And the stars reach out to you their  
tenderness.

It was just as empty on the earth,  
As Exupéry flew West, or North.  
Just as now, the air held falling leaves,  
And the earth simply could not conceive:  
How was she to live without him, while  
He flew on,  
Flew on, and the stars  
Shone down, reaching out to him their  
tenderness

*Translation by Jamal Al Titi*

**Cantique, poem by Maurice Maeterlinck (1862-1949)**

A toute âme qui pleure  
A tout péché qui passe  
J'ouvre au sein des étoiles  
mes mains pleines de grâces

Il n'est péché qui vive  
Quand l'amour a parlé  
Il n'est âme qui meure  
Quand l'amour a pleuré

Et si l'amour s'égare  
Aux sentiers d'icibas  
Ses larmes me retrouvent  
Et ne s'égarent pas

To all weeping souls  
to all sin to pass  
I open in the midst of the stars  
my hands full of grace

No sin lives  
where love speaks  
No soul dies  
where love weeps

And if love gets lost  
on the paths of the earth  
Its tears will find me  
and not go astray

*Translation by Hélène Lindqvist*

**Не пой, красавица, при мне (Oh do not sing to me), poem by Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837)**

Не пой, красавица, при мне  
Ты песен Грузии печальной:  
Напоминают мне оне  
Другую жизнь и берег дальный.

Увы! Напоминают мне  
Твои жестокие напевы  
И степь, и ночь — и при луне  
Черты далёкой, бедной девы.

Я призрак милый, роковой,  
Тебя увидев, забываю;  
Но ты поешь — и предо мной  
Его я вновь воображаю

Не пой, красавица, при мне  
Ты песен Грузии печальной:  
Напоминают мне оне  
Другую жизнь и берег дальный.

Oh, do not sing to me, my beauty  
The songs of sorrowful Georgia  
They remind me  
The other life and a remote shore

Alas! They remind me,  
Your cruel songs  
That steppe, that night, and under moonlight  
The features of forgotten poor girl.

That ghost, dear and fatal,  
I forget when I see you.  
But you sing – and in front of me  
I imagine him again

Oh, do not sing to me, my beauty  
The songs of sorrowful Georgia  
They remind me  
The other life and a remote shore  
*Translation by Anastasia Witts*

**Весенние воды (Spring Waters), poem by Fyodor Tyutchev (1803-1873)**

Ещё в полях белеет снег,  
А воды уж весной шумят --  
Бегут и будят сонный брег,  
Бегут, и блещут, и гласят...

Они гласят во все концы:  
«Весна идёт, весна идёт!  
Мы молодой весны гонцы,  
Она нас выслала вперёд.

Весна идёт, весна идёт,  
И тихих, тёплых майских дней  
Румяный, светлый хоровод  
Толпится весело за ней!...»

The fields are covered still with snow,  
But Spring has swollen all the streams.  
They run and sparkle as they go,  
And wake the shores from drowsy dreams.

They call out loudly on their way:  
“Spring’s coming on! Spring’s coming on!  
We bring the message here today,  
That’s why we meet you on the run!

Spring’s coming on! Spring’s coming on!  
And soon the lovely days of May  
Will follow happily along  
And dance a merry roundelay!”  
*Translation by Malcolm Gain*

## Очи чёрные (Dark eyes), lyrics by Eugene Grebyonka (1812-1848)

Очи чёрные, очи жгучие,  
Очи страстные и прекрасные,  
Как люблю я вас, как боюсь я вас,  
Знать увидел вас я не в добрый час.

Dark eyes, burning eyes  
Frightful and beautiful eyes  
I love you so, I fear you so  
For sure I've seen you at a sinister hour

Ох, не даром вы глубины темней,  
Вижу траур в вас по душе моей.  
Вижу пламя в вас я победное,  
Сожжено на нём сердце бедное.

Oh, not for nothing are you darker than the deep!  
I see mourning for my soul in you,  
I see a triumphant flame in you.  
A poor heart immolated in it.

Не встречал бы вас, не страдал бы так,  
Я бы прожил жизнь улыбаясь,  
Вы сгубили меня очи черные  
Унесли на век моё счастье.

Without meeting you, I wouldn't be suffering so  
I would have lived my life smiling  
You have ruined me, dark eyes  
You have taken my happiness forever away

Ох, не даром вы глубины темней,  
Вижу траур в вас по душе моей.  
Вы сгубили меня очи черные  
Унесли на век моё счастье.

Oh, not for nothing are you darker than the deep!  
I see mourning for my soul in you,  
You have ruined me, dark eyes  
You have taken my happiness forever away.

*Translation by Jamal Al Titi*