

Doctoral Recital
UBC Old Auditorium | April 17, 2022 | 4:00 p.m.

Magdalena How, soprano

With Derek Stanyer, piano

È strano... Ah! Fors'è lui... Sempre libera
from *La Traviata*

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Sechs einfache Lieder

Erich Wolfgang Korngold
(1897-1957)

- i. Schneeglöckchen
- ii. Nachtwanderer
- iii. Ständchen
- iv. Liebesbriefchen
- v. Das Heldengrab am Pruth
- vi. Sommer

~ intermission ~

Chansons pour les oiseaux

Louis Beydts
(1895-1953)

- i. La colombe poignardée
- ii. Le petit pigeon bleu
- iii. L'oiseau bleu
- iv. Le petit serin en cage

Seven Tableaux from the Song of Songs, 1-6

Srul Irving Glick
(1934-2002)

- i. O, Let Him Kiss Me
- ii. I am Dark but Lovely
- iii. King Solomon's Wedding Procession
- iv. How Beautiful You Are, My Love
- v. The Little Foxes
- vi. He Took Me to the Wine Garden

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Doctorate of Musical Arts degree with a major in Opera Performance.

*We gratefully acknowledge that we are gathered together for this performance on the traditional,
ancestral, and unceded territory of the x^wməθk^wəy'əm (Musqueam) people.*



“È strano... Ah! Fors’è lui...Sempre libera” from *La Traviata* (1853)

Composed by Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901) | Libretto by Francesco Maria Piave (1810-1876)

In this beloved aria from Verdi’s opera *La Traviata*, Parisian courtesan Violetta considers her feelings for Alfredo. Knowing she herself is dying of consumption, she is torn between the possibility of a life of true love that Alfredo offers and the chance to live and die on her own terms, surrounded by pleasures.

È strano! è strano! In core scolpiti ho quegli accenti! Sarà per me sventura un serio amore? Che risolvi, o turbata anima mia? Null'uomo ancora t'accendeva. O gioia ch'io non conobbi, essere amata amando! E sdegnarla poss'io per l'aride follie del viver mio?	It's strange... it's strange! His words have been written on my heart! Would it be so unfortunate for me, to have a real love? What do you think, o my troubled soul? No other man has ignited you like this. O joy that I've never known, To love and be loved! And will I be able to scorn this for the barren pleasures of my life?
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Ah, fors'è lui che l'anima solinga ne' tumulti Godea sovente pingere de' suoi colori occulti! Lui che modesto e vigile all'egre soglie ascese, E nuova febbre accese destandomi all'amor.	Ah, perhaps he is the one that my soul, alone in the crowd, So often delighted to paint with its hidden colours! He who is so modest yet vigilant at my threshold, Ignited a new fever in me that grew into love.
--	--

A quell'amor ch'è palpito dell'universo intero, Misterioso, altero, croce e delizia al cor!	To this love that is the heartbeat of the entire world, Mysterious, lofty, the torment and delight of my heart!
--	--

Follie! follie delirio vano è questo! Povera donna, sola, abbandonata in questo popoloso deserto che appellano Parigi, Che spero or più? Che far degg'io! Gioire, Di voluttà nei vortici perire.	It's folly! This is a vain, delirious madness! Poor woman, alone, abandoned in this populated desert they call Paris, What hope do I have now? What should I do? Rejoice! In the vortexes of pleasure I will perish.
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Sempre libera degg'io folleggiar di gioia in gioia, Vo' che scorra il viver mio pei sentieri del piacer, Nasca il giorno, o il giorno muoia, Sempre lieta ne' ritrovi a dilette sempre nuovi Dee volare il mio pensier.	Forever free, I must flit from joy to joy, I want my life to flow along the paths of pleasure, As the day dawns, or as the day dies, To be forever happy, to always find new delights, My thoughts must fly.
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Chansons pour les oiseaux (1950)

Composed by Louis Beydts (1895-1953) | Poems by Paul Fort (1872-1960)

This cycle of mélodies by French composer Louis Beydts to poems by Symbolist poet Paul Fort are linked by the inclusion of birds as important figures in the poetry. It begins with the pensive and prayerful “La colombe poignardée” and continues the biblical references with “Le petit pigeon bleu.” “L’oiseau bleu” uses a Cubist approach, naming female figures from mythology and history to create an amalgamation of love (the blue bird). Finally, “Le petit siren en cage” tells the story of a canary who, seeking to be freed from its cage, winds up being eaten by the meowing cat!

1. La colombe poignardée (The Stabbed Dove)

Si Dieu n'avait pas fait le soleil et les mondes,
Il n'y aurait pas eu les douleurs, ni ma blonde.
Pas de coups, de sang rouge et ni ma bien-aimée...
Il n'y aurait sur terre colombe poignardée.

If God had not made the sun and the worlds,
There would be no pain, nor my beloved.
No beatings, no red blood, and nor my beloved...
No peaceful doves would be stabbed on Earth.

Si Dieu n'avait pas fait la lune et les orages,
Il n'y aurait pas eu de pleurs aux doux visages,
Ni de couteau farouche et ni ma bien-aimée.
Il n'y aurait sur terre colombe poignardée.

If God had not made the moon and the storms,
There would be no tears falling from sweet faces,
No fierce knives, and nor would there be my beloved.
No peaceful doves would be stabbed on Earth.

Si Dieu n'avait pas fait les jours après le jour,
Il n'y aurait pas eu d'amour, ni mon amour!
Il n'y aurait sur terre colombe poignardée.
Et ni, Seigneur! ma bien-aimée.

If God had not made day after day,
There would be no love, nor my love!
No peaceful doves would be stabbed on Earth.
And neither, God, would there be my beloved!

2. Le petit pigeon bleu (The Little Blue Pigeon)

Je voudrais être petit pigeon bleu
Sur le toit de ta chaumière
Pour t’écouter remuer les assiettes
et mettre des pommes de pin au feu.

I would like to be a little blue pigeon
On the roof of your cottage
To listen to you stirring your pots
And placing pinecones on the fire.

J’écouterais aussi la belle histoire
Que tes enfants écoutent chaque soir.
C’est toi qui la contes, je serais heureux
Tout comme un ange écoutant le bon Dieu.

I would also listen to the beautiful story
That your children hear each evening.
If you are the one telling it, I will be happy
Just like an angel listening to the good Lord.

Oui la belle histoire du paradis,
Quand les oiseaux s’aimaient entre eux,
Les arbres aussi, les poissons aussi,
Les chênes, les carpes, les hochequeues,
Les pins parasols, les écureuils,

Yes, the beautiful story of paradise,
When the birds loved each other,
The trees too, the fishes too,
The oaks, the carps, the wagtails,
The umbrella pines, the squirrels,

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Les zéphyr, les roseaux, les roses,
Les arcs-en-ciel sur les eaux, les gouttes de rosée
et deux personnes.

Sur le toit de ta chaumière,
Je voudrais être petit pigeon bleu.
J'écouterai entre les pailles, heureux,
Tout comme un ange écoutant le bon Dieu!

3. L'oiseau bleu (The Blue Bird)

Aliénor, Eléonor, Genièvre, Ilse, Nausicaa, Viviane,
Eve, Blancheflor, Urgèle et Gwendoloéna,
Carotte, Céphise, Amalthée, Rosalys, Rosalinde rose,
Eunice, Eione, Galatée, sylphes, nymphes, apotheose!
Muses, Musette, Mélusine, Musidora, Muse adorée,
Germaine Tourangelle, Ondine, Calliope, Cléo dorée,
Vénus Anadyomède, Irène, Roxane, Io.
Reines, impératrices, fées, voix heureuses d'être fées,
Nourdjebane, Badoulboudour,
la Sulamite et la Sultane,
Yseut, Isoline, Peau d'Ane,
Amour!

4. Le petit siren en cage (The little siren in a cage)

Il était un p'tit jaune tout habillé de gris, canari,
Qui demandait l'aumône aux chats et aux souris,
canari, toto canaro, canari.
Compère, Mistigri, le lairras-tu souffrir?

Le chat d'la Mère Michel, canari,
ses moustaches comme un grill, canari,
A fait la courte échelle aux rats et aux souris,
canari, toto canaro, canari!
Ah! Père Mistigri, me lairras-tu mourir?

Tu t'en iras au ciel, canari,
croqué par les souris, canari,
les rats (c'est rationnel) te croqueront bien aussi,
canari, toto canaro, canari.
Et Mistigri chéri croquera le tout, miaou!

Le chaton, qui l'eut cru? C'est le père Lustucru,
ce vieux monstre malotru, qui l'a croqué tout cru!

The zephyrs, the reeds, the roses,
The rainbows on the waters, the dew drops,
And two people.

On the roof of your cottage,
I would like to be a little blue pigeon.
I'd listen, nestled among the straw, and be happy,
Just like an angel listening to the good Lord!

Alienor, Eleanor, Ginevra, Elsa, Nausicaa, Vivian,
Eve, Blanchflower, Urgel and Gwendolyn,
Carrot, Cephise, Amalthea, Rosalie, pink Rosalind,
Eunice, Iona, Galatea, sylphs, nymphs, the apotheosis!
Muses, Musette, Melusine, Musidora, adored Muse,
Germaine Tourangelle, Ondine, Calliope, gilded Cleo,
Venus Anadyomene, Irene, Roxanne, Io.
Queens, empresses, fairies, voices happy to be fairies!
Nourdjebane, Badoulboudour,
The Shulamite and the Sultana,
Yseut, Isoline, and Peau d'Ane,
Love!

He was a little yellow, all dressed in gray, canary,
Who begged alms from cats and mice,
Canary, toto canary-o, canary,
Comrade, Mister Kitty, will you leave him to suffer?

Mother Michel's cat, canary,
His whiskers like a grill, canary,
Climbed the short ladder to the rats and mice,
Canary, toto canary-o, canary,
Ah! Mister Kitty, will you leave me to die?

You will head off to heaven, canary,
Crunched by the mice, canary,
The rats (it's rational) will crunch you up as well,
Canary, toto canary-o, canary,
And dear Mister Kitty will eat you all up, meow!

That kitty, who'd have thought? It's Father Lustucru,
That monstrous old lout, who ate you up raw!

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Sechs Einfache Lieder, op. 9 (1913-16)

Composed by Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

Erich Korngold is primarily remembered as a film composer, and his talent in that realm can be seen in the sweeping and evocative pieces in his *Sechs Einfache Lieder* (Six Simple Songs). Despite the name, these pieces are deceptively tricky, yet each creates a rich musical atmosphere perfectly suited to the poetry. Korngold composed these songs separately over the course of several years, finally publishing them together as his first published song cycle in 1916.

1. Schneeglöckchen (Snowdrop) – poem by Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

'S war doch wie ein leises Singen
In dem Garten heute nacht,
Wie wenn laue Lüfte gingen:
'Süße Glöcklein, nun erwacht,
Denn die warme Zeit wir bringen,
Eh's noch Jemand hat gedacht,' –

It was like there was soft singing
In the garden tonight
As if soft breezes were going:
“Sweet little droplets, wake up now,
For we bring the time of warmth,
Before anyone could guess.”

'S war kein Singen, 's war ein Küssen,
Rührt die stillen Glöcklein sacht,
Daß sie alle tönen müssen
Von der künft'gen bunten Pracht.
Ach, sie konnten's nicht erwarten,
Aber weiß vom letzten Schnee
War noch immer Feld und Garten,
Und sie sanken um vor Weh.

It was not singing; it was a kiss,
That gently stirred the silent little bells,
Urging them all to resound
For the colourful splendour to come.
Ah, they could not wait,
But the fields and gardens were
Still white from the last snow,
And they sank down in woe.

So schon manche Dichter streckten
Sangesmüde sich hinab,
Und der Frühling, den sie weckten,
Rauschet über ihrem Grab.

Already many poets have stretched too far,
Now tired of singing for change,
And the Spring, when it awakes,
Rustles over their graves.

2. Nachtwanderer (Night Traveller) – poem by Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Er reitet nachts auf einem braunen Roß,
Er reitet vorüber an manchem Schloß:
Schlaf droben, mein Kind, bis der Tag erscheint,
Die finstre Nacht ist des Menschen Feind!

He rides in the night on a brown steed,
He rides past many castles:
Sleep, my child, until the day arises,
The dark night is Man's enemy!

Er reitet vorüber an einem Teich,
Da stehet ein schönes Mädchen bleich
Und singt, ihr Hemdlein flattert im Wind:
Vorüber, vorüber, mir graut vor dem Kind!

He rides past a pond,
Where a beautiful pale maiden stands
And sings, her little shirt fluttering in the wind,
Go on, go on, I dread that child!

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Er reitet vorüber an einem Fluß,
Da ruft ihm der Wassermann seinen Gruß,
Taucht wieder unter dann mit Gesaus,
Und stille wird's über dem kühlen Haus.

He rides past a river,
Where the water sprite calls a greeting to him,
Then dives back under with a swish,
And silence falls over his cold domain.

Wann Tag und Nacht im verworrenen Streit,
Schon Hähne krähen im Dorfe weit,
Da schauert sein Roß und wühlet hinab,
Scharret ihm schnaubend sein eigenes Grab.

When day and night are locked in strife,
And roosters are already crowing in the distant village,
Then his horse shudders down and digs,
Snorting, he digs his own rider's grave.

3. Ständchen (Serenade) – poem by Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Auf die Dächer zwischen blassen
Wolken scheint der Mond herfür,
Ein Student dort auf den Gassen
Singt vor seiner Liebsten Tür.

On the roofs, between the pale clouds
The moon shines down,
A student on the streets
Sings in front of his beloved's door.

Und die Brunnen rauschen wieder
Durch die stille Einsamkeit,
Und der Wald vom Berge nieder,
Wie in alter, schöner Zeit.

And the fountains murmur again
Through the quiet solitude,
In the woods on the mountain
As it was in the good old days.

So in meinen jungen Tagen
Hab ich manche Sommernacht
Auch die Laute hier geschlagen
Und manch lust'ges Lied erdacht.

Like it was in my younger days,
When on a summer's night I would come
To play my lute here as well,
And think of merry songs.

Aber von der stillen Schwelle
Trugen sie mein Lieb zur Ruh,
Und du, fröhlicher Geselle,
Singe, sing nur immer zu!

But from the silent threshold
They carried my love to rest,
And you, happy fellow,
Sing on, just sing on!

4. Liebesbriefchen (Little Love Letter) – poem by Eugen Honold (1862-1906)

Fern von dir denk' ich dein, Kindelein.
Einsam bin ich, doch mir blieb treue Lieb'.
Was ich denk', bist nur, Herzensruh.

Far from you I think of you, my dear child.
I am lonely, but I stay faithful, my true love.
I think only of you, my heart's peace.

Sehe stets hold und licht dein Gesicht.
Und in mir immer zu tönest du.
Bist's allein, die Welt mir erhellt.
Ich bin dein, Liebchen fein, denke mein!

I always see, lovely and bright, your face.
And in me, all the time, I hear your voice.
It is only you, who brightens the world for me.
I am yours, my beautiful darling, think of me!

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5. Das Heldengrab am Pruth (The Hero's Grave on the Pruth) – poem by Heinrich Kipper (1875-1959)

Ich hab ein kleines Gärtchen
im Buchenland am Pruth,
betaut von Perlentropfen,
umstrahlt von Sonnenglut.
Und bin in meinem Gärtchen im Traume wie bei Tag
und trink den Duft der Blumen
und lausch dem Vogelschlag.

I have a small garden
in Bukovina on the Pruth River
Covered in pearly dewdrops,
surrounded by the sun's glow.
And in dreams I am in my garden as I was every day
And I drink in the scent of flowers
and listen to the birdsong.

Wenn auch der Tau erstarret,
der Herbst die Blümlein bricht,
die Nachtigall enteilet, der Lenz entflieht mir nicht.
Es schmückt mein kleines Gärtchen
im Buchenland am Pruth,
mit welchem Laub die Liebe dem Helden,
dem Helden der drinn ruht.

Even when the dew freezes
and the autumn kills the little flowers,
The nightingale flees, but the spring doesn't leave me.
It adorns my little garden
in Bukovina on the Pruth River,
With withered leaves it covers with love the hero,
the hero who rests within.

6. Sommer (Summer) – poem by Siegfried Trebitsch (1869-1956)

Unter spärlich grünen Blättern,
unter Blumen, unter Blüten
hör' ich fern die Amsel schmettern
und die kleinen Drossel wüten.

Among sparse green leaves,
Among flowers, among blossoms,
I can hear the blackbirds calling in the distance,
And the raging cry of the little thrushes.

Auch ein Klingen fein und leise,
schneller Tage schneller Grüße,
eine wehe Sommerweise,
schwer von einer letzten Süße.

And also the quiet and delicate sound
Of quickly passing days and greetings,
A woeful summer tune,
Heavy with a final sweetness.

Und ein glühendes Verbrennen
schwebt auf heißen Windeswellen,
taumelnd glaub' ich zu erkennen
ungeschriener Schreie Gellen.

And a burning glow
Floats on hot waves of wind,
Staggering, I think I recognize
The call of unuttered screams.

Und ich sitze still und bebe,
fühle meine Stunden rinnen,
und ich halte still und lebe,
während Träume mich umspinnen

And I sit still and tremble,
Feeling my time run out,
And I stay still and live,
While dreams wrap around me.

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Seven Tableaux from the Song of Songs, movements 1-6 (1992)

Composed by Srul Irving Glick (1934-2002)

Canadian composer Srul Irving Glick is perhaps best known for his song cycles, including *I never saw another butterfly* (composed to children's poems from Terezin). Proud of his Jewish heritage, many of Glick's pieces feature traditional Hebraic musical elements, and the Seven Tableaux from the Song of Songs is no exception. According to Glick, the texts are "freely rendered and elaborated" from the Song of Songs, but nevertheless capture the essence of the passages with their beautiful harmonies and stunning piano interludes.

I. O, Let Him Kiss Me

(Song of Songs 1:1-3)

O, let him kiss me,
For his love is sweeter than wine.
The sound of his sweet name
Echoes silently in my heart.
The presence of his scent
Lingers in my soul.
How surpassingly wonderful is love!

II. I am Dark but Lovely

(Song of Songs 1:5-6)

I am dark but lovely, O daughters of Jerusalem.
As the tents of Kedar, as the tapestries of Solomon.
Yes, I am dark, but do not look down upon me
Because the sun has scorched my skin.
My mother's sons were displeased with me
And sent me to watch over their vineyards
While I was forced to neglect my own.

III. King Solomon's Wedding Procession

(Song of Songs 2:6, 9-11)

Who is that coming up from the desert
Like columns of smoke,
In clouds of myrrh and frankincense?
Come out you daughters of Jerusalem and see King Solomon
On his royal palanquin, with pillars of silver and
Roof of gold, with seat of purple fashioned with love.
Come out, come out you daughters of Jerusalem
And gaze upon Solomon
Crowned by his mother on his joyous wedding day.

IV. How Beautiful You Are My Love

(Song of Songs 1:16-17)

How beautiful you are my love.
How pleasant to be with you.
Our couch is a leafy bower,
Our beams are of cedar,
Our panels are of cypresses and
Our ceiling is silver lined clouds.
O, how beautiful you are my love!

V. The Little Foxes

(Song of Songs 2:15)

Catch for us the little foxes
The little foxes that raid our vineyards,
When the vines are in blossom.

VI. He Took Me to the Wine Garden

(Song of Songs 2:4-7)

He took me to the wine garden and
Gazed upon me with love.
He refreshed me with raisin cakes and apples
For I was faint with love.
His left hand was under my head,
His right arm was around me,
I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem
Not to wake or rouse us
Until our love has been fulfilled.

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