

University of British Columbia School of Music
6361 Memorial Road, Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z2 | music.ubc.ca

Third-year Student Recital at Barnett Hall

March, 9th, 2024

7:00 p.m.

Naomi Barasch, Voice

Lied der Delphine

Zwei Szenen aus dem Schauspiel 'Lacrimas'

Franz Schubert

(1797-1828)

Christian Wilhelm von Schütz

(1776-1847)

Ach, was soll ich beginnen
Vor Liebe?
Ach, wie sie innig durchdringet
Mein Innres!

Ah, how shall I begin,
for love?
Ah, how profoundly it penetrates
my inmost being!

Siehe, Jüngling, das Kleinste
Vom Scheitel
Bis zur Sohl' ist dir einzig
Geweiht.

See, young man, the smallest part of me,
from my head
to the soles of my feet,
is dedicated to you alone.

O Blumen! Blumen! verwelket,
Euch pfl eget
Nur, bis sie Lieb' erkennt,
Die Seele.

O flowers, fade!
The soul
tends you
only until it knows love.

Nichts will ich tun, wissen and haben,
Gedanken
Der Liebe, die mächtig mich fassen,
Nur tragen.

I wish to do nothing, know nothing;
all I wish is to cherish
thoughts of love,
which has held me in its power.

Immer sinn' ich, was ich aus Inbrust
Wohl könnte tun,
Doch zu sehr hält mich Liebe im Druck,
Nichts lässt sie zu.

I forever reflect on what else I might do
in my ardour,
but love holds me too tightly in its grasp,
it permits me nothing.

Jetzt, da ich liebe, möcht' ich erst leben,
Und sterbe.
Jetzt, da ich liebe, möcht' ich hell brennen,
Und welke.

Wozu auch Blumen reihen und wässern?
Entblättert!
So sieht, wie Liebe mich entkräftet,
Sein Spähen.
Der Rose Wange will bleichen,
Auch meine.
Ihr Schmuck zerfällt, wie verschleimen
Die Kleider.

Ach Jüngling, da du mich erfreuest
Mit Treue,
Wie kann mich mit Schmerz so bestreuen
Die Freude?

Now that I am in love I desire first to burn,
then to die.
Now that I am in love I desire to burn
brightly, then to wither.

What is the good of planting rows of
flowers and watering them? They are
stripped of their leaves! Thus he sees
how love weakens me.
The rose's cheek will fade,
and so, too, will mine.
Her lustre is ruined, as clothes
grow threadbare.

Ah, young man, if you bring me joy
with your devotion,
how can that joy fill me
with such pain?
(Translation by Richard Wigmore)

Apparition
Quatre chansons de jeunesse

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)
Stéphane Mallarmé
(1842-1898)

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des
fleurs Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l'azur des
corolles.
C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur qui l'a cueilli.
J'errais donc, l'œil rivé sur le pavé vieilli,
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue

The moon grew sad. Weeping seraphim,
dreaming, bows in hand, in the calm of hazy
flowers, drew from dying violes
white sobs that glided over the
corollas' blue.
—It was the blessed day of your first kiss.
My dreaming, glad to torment me,
grew skilfully drunk on the perfumed sadness
that—without regret or bitter after-taste—
the harvest of a Dream leaves in the reaper's
heart. And so I wandered, my eyes fixed on the
old paving stones, when with sun-flecked hair, in
the street and in the evening, you appeared

We gratefully acknowledge that we are gathered together for this performance on the traditional, ancestral, and unceded territory of the x̱w̱məθḵw̱əy̱əm (Musqueam) people.



Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal
fermées
Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.

laughing before me and I thought I glimpsed the
fairy with her cap of light who long ago crossed
my lovely spoilt child's slumbers,
always allowing from her half-closed hands
white bouquets of scented flowers to snow.
(Translation by Richard Stokes)

Four Dickinson Songs

- i. Will There Really Be A Morning?
- ii. I'm Nobody
- iii. She Died
- iv. If I...

Lori Laitman
(b. 1955)
Emily Dickinson
(1830-1886)

Will there really be a "Morning"?
Is there such a thing as "Day"?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

She died -- this was the way she died.
And when her breath was done
Took up her simple wardrobe
And started for the sun.
Her little figure at the gate
The Angels must have spied,
Since I could never find her
Upon the mortal side.

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

If I can stop one Heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain
If I can ease one Life the Aching
Or cool one Pain

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Man from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the Place called "Morning" lies!

Or help one fainting Robin
Unto his Nest again
I shall not live in Vain.

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you -- Nobody -- Too?
Then there's a pair of us!
Don't tell! They'd advertise -- you know!

How dreary -- to be -- Somebody!
How public -- like a Frog --
To tell one's name -- the livelong June --
To an admiring Bog!

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On the Steps of the Palace
Into the Woods

Stephen Sondheim
(1930-2021)
James Lapine
(b. 1949)

He's a very smart prince
He's a prince who prepares
Knowing this time I'd run from him
He spread pitch on the stairs
I was caught unawares
And I thought: Well, he cares—

This is more than just malice
Better stop and take stock
While you're standing here stuck
On the steps of the palace

You think, what do you want?
You think, make a decision!
Why not stay and be caught?
You think, well, it's a thought
What would be his response?
But then what if he knew
Who you were when you know
That you're not what he thinks
That he wants?

And then what if you are
What a prince would envision?
Although how can you know
Who you are till you know
What you want, which you don't?

So then which do you pick:
While you're safe, out of sight

And yourself, but where everything's wrong?
Or where everything's right
And you know that you'll never belong?
And whichever you pick
Do it quick
'Cause you're starting to stick
To the steps of the palace

It's your first big decision
The choice isn't easy to make
To arrive at a ball
Is exciting and all—
Once you're there, though, it's scary

And it's fun to deceive
When you know you can leave
But you have to be wary

There's a lot that's at stake
But you've stalled long enough
'Cause you're still standing stuck
In the stuff on the steps...

Better run along home
And avoid the collision
Even though they don't care
You'll be better off there
Where there's nothing to choose
So there's nothing to lose
So you pry up your shoes

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Then from out of the blue
And without any guide
You know what your decision is
Which is not to decide
You'll just leave him a clue
For example, a shoe
And then see what he'll do

Now it's he and not you
Who is stuck with a shoe
In a stew
In the goo
And you've learned something, too
Something you never knew
On the steps of the palace!

Eccomi in lieta vesta... Oh! quante volte
I Capuleti I Montecchi

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)
Felice Romani
(1788-1865)

Eccomi in lieta vesta...eccomi adorna...
Come vittima all'ara. Oh! almen potessi
Qual vittima cader dell'ara al piede!
O nuzia ali tede,
Abborrite cosi, cosi fatali,
Siate, ah! siate per me faci ferali.
Ardo...una vampa, un foco
Tutta mi strugge.
Un refrigerio ai venti io chiedo invano.
Ove sei tu, Romeo?
In qual terra t'aggiri?
Dove, dove inviarti i miei sospiri?

Behold me decked out
like a victim on the altar. Oh if only I could
fall like a victim at the foot of the altar!
Oh nuptial torches,
so hated, so fateful,
ah! would that you were the tapes of my doom.
I burn, a blaze, a fire
all my torment.
In vain I call on the winds to cool me.
Where are you Romeo?
In what lands do you wander
Where, where shall I send my sighs?

Oh! quante volte,
Oh! quante ti chiedo
Al ciel piangendo
Con quale ardor t'attendo,
E inganno il mio desir!
Raggio del tuo sembiante
Parmi il brillar del giorno :
L'aura che spira intorno
Mi sembra un tuo sospir.

Oh! How much time,
Oh! How often I beg you!
the sky weeps
with the passion of my waiting
And delude my desires!
To me the light of day
ah! is like the flash of your presence
ah! the air that winds around
is my longings.
(Translation by Tina Gray)

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Derek Stanyer, Piano

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Bachelor of Music degree with a major in Voice Performance.

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