



THE
GLENN GOULD
SCHOOL

From the studio of Jean MacPhail

GRACE HWANG

VOICE

Year 1
Artist Diploma Program

Thursday, May 5th 2005
7:00pm

Music by:

MOZART, POULENC, BARBER, CLARA SCHUMANN & TURINA

Featuring special guest:
Steven Philcox, *piano*

REMENYI HOUSE OF MUSIC

210 Bloor Street West
Recital Hall, second floor

ADMISSION: FREE

PROGRAMME:

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756-1791)

Voi avete un cor fedele (K. 217)

FRANCIS POULENC (1899-1963)

La Courte Paille:

- i. Le sommeil
- ii. Quelle aventure!
- iii. La reine de coeur
- iv. Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu
- v. Les anges musiciens
- vi. Le carafon
- vii. Lune d'Avril

SAMUEL BARBER (1910-1981)

Monks and Raisins

With Rue my Heart is Laden

Sleep Now

Sure on this Shining Night

-Intermission-

CLARA WIECK SCHUMANN (1816-1896)

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen

Liebst du um Schönheit

Warum willst du and're fragen

Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort

Sie liebten sich beide

Auf einem grünen Hugel

JOAQUIN TURINA (1882-1949)

Poema en forma de canciones:

- i. Dedicatoria (piano solo)
- ii. Nunca olvida...
- iii. Cantares
- iv. Los dos miedos
- v. Las locas por amor



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WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756-1791)

Voi avete un cor fedele (K. 217)

Text: Carlo Goldoni / Anonymous

Voi avete un cor fedele,
Come amante appassionato;
Ma mio sposo dichiarato,
Che farete? Cangerete?
Dite, allora che sarà?
Manterrete fedeltà?

Ah! non credo.
Già prevedo,
Mi potreste corbellar.
Non ancora,
Non per ora,
Non mi vuò di voi fidar.

You have a faithful heart

You have the faithful heart,
Of an impassioned lover;
But once my avowed husband,
What will you do? Will you change?
Speak: what will happen then?
Will you abide faithful?

Ah! I don't believe it.
Already I foresee,
You are capable of mocking me.
Not yet,
Not now,
Would I put my trust in you.

FRANCIS POULENC (1899-1963)

La Courte Paille:

Text: Maurice Carême

i. Le sommeil

Le sommeil est en voyage.
Mon Dieu! où est-il parti?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit;
Il pleure dans son lit-cage,
Il pleure depuis midi.

Où le sommeil a-t-il mis
Son sable et ses rêves sages?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit,
Il se tourne tout en nage,
Il sanglote dans son lit.

Ah! reviens, reviens, sommeil,
Sur ton beau cheval de course!
Dans le ciel noir, la Grande Ourse
A enterré le soleil
Et rallumé ses abeilles.

Si l'enfant ne dort pas bien,
Il ne dira pas bonjour,
Il ne dira rien demain
À ses doigts, au lait, au pain
Qui l'accueillent dans le jour.

The Short Straw:

i. The sleep

Sleep has gone off on a journey.
My God! Where can it have got to?
I have rocked my little one in vain,
He is crying in his cot,
He has been crying ever since noon.

Where has the sleep put
Its sand and gentle dreams?
I have rocked my little one in vain,
He tosses and turns perspiring,
He sobs in his bed.

Ah! Come back, come back, sleep,
On your fine race-horse!
In the dark sky, the Great Bear
Has buried the sun
And rekindled his bees.

If the baby does not sleep well,
He will not say good day,
He will have nothing to say
To his fingers, to the milk, to the bread
That greet him in the morning.

ii. Quelle aventure!

Une puce, dans sa voiture,
Tirait un petit éléphant
En regardant les devantures
Où scintillaient les diamants.

--Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Quelle aventure!
Qui va me croire, sil m'entend?

L'éléphanteau, d'un air absent,
Suçait un pot de confiture
Mais la puce n'en avait cure,
Elle tirait en souriant.

--Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Que cela dure!
Et je vais me croire dément?

Soudain, le long d'une clôture,
La puce fondit dans le vent,
Et je vis le jeune éléphant
Se sauver en fendant les murs.

--Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! La chose est sûre!
Mais comment le dire à maman?

iii. La reine de coeur

Mollement accoudée
À ses vitres de lune,
La reine vous salue
D'une fleur d'amandier.

C'est la reine de coeur,
Elle peut, s'il lui plaît,
Vous mener en secret
Vers d'étranges demeures.

Où il n'est plus de portes,
De salles ni de tours
Et où les jeunes mortes
Viennent parler d'amour.

La reine vous salue,
Hâtez vous de la suivre
Dans son château de givre
Aux doux vitraux de lune.

iv. Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
Le chat a mis ses bottes,
Il va de porte en porte

ii. What goings-on!

A flea, in its carriage,
was pulling a little elephant along
gazing at the shop windows
Where diamonds were sparkling.

--My God! My God! What goings-on!
Who will believe me if they listen to me?

The little elephant was absent-mindedly
Sucking a pot of jam.
But the flea took no notice,
And went on pulling with a smile.

--My God! My God! If this goes on
I shall really think I am mad?

Suddenly, along by a fence,
The flea blew away in the wind,
And I saw the young elephant
Make off, breaking through the walls.

--My God! My God! It is perfectly true,
But how shall I tell Mummy?

iii. The queen of hearts

Gently leaning on her elbow
At her moon windows,
The queen waves to you
With a flower of the almond tree.

She is the queen of hearts,
She can, if she wishes,
Lead you in secret
To strange dwellings.

Where there are no more doors,
No rooms nor towers,
And where the young dead
Come to speak of love.

The queen waves to you,
Hasten to follow her
Into her castle of hoar-frost
With the lovely moon windows.

iv. Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, be!
The cat has put on his boots,
He goes from door to door

Jouer, danser, chanter.

Pou, chou, genou, hibou.
Tu dois apprendre à lire,
À compter, à écrire,
Lui crie-t-on de partout.

Mais ricketikketau,
Le chat de s'esclaffer,
En rentrant au château:
Il est le Chat botté!

v. Les anges musiciens

Sur les fils de la pluie,
Les anges du jeudi
Jouent longtemps de la harpe.

Et sous leurs doigts, Mozart
Tinte, délicieux,
En gouttes de joie bleue.

Car c'est toujours Mozart
Que reprennent sans fin
Les anges musiciens,

Qui, au long du jeudi,
Font chanter sur la harpe
La douceur de la pluie.

vi. Le carafon

« Pourquoi, se plaignait la carafe,
N'aurais-je pas un carafon?
Au zoo, madame la Girafe
N'a-t-elle pas un girafon? »
Un sorcier qui passait par là,
À cheval sur un phonographe,
Enregistra la belle voix
De soprano de la carafe
Et la fit entendre à Merlin.
« Fort bien, dit celui-ci, fort bien! »
Il frappa trois fois dans ses mains
Et la dame de la maison
Se demande encore pourquoi
Elle trouva, ce matin-là
Un joli petit carafon
Blotti tout contre la carafe
Ainsi qu'au zoo, le girafon
Pose son cou fragile et long
Sur le flanc clair de la girafe.

vii. Lune d'Avril

Playing, dancing, singing.

Pou, chou, genou, hibou.
“You must learn to read,
to count, to write,
they cry to him on all sides.

But ricketikketau,
The chat bursts out laughing,
As he goes back to the castle:
He is Puss in Boots!

The angel musicians

On the threads of rain
The Thursday angels
Play all day upon the harp.

And beneath their fingers, Mozart
Tinkles, deliciously,
In drops of blue joy.

For it is always Mozart
That is repeated endlessly
By the angel musicians,

Who, all day Thursday,
Sing on their harps
The sweetness of rain.

vi. The baby carafe

“Why, complained the carafe,
Should I not have a baby carafe?
At the zoo, Madame the giraffe
Has she not a baby giraffe?”
A sorcerer who happened to be passing by
Astride by a phonograph,
Recorded the lovely soprano voice
Of the carafe
And let Merlin hear it.
“Very good, said he, very good.”
He clapped his hands three times
And the lady of the house
Still asks herself why
She found that very morning
A pretty little baby carafe
Nestling close to the carafe
Just as in the zoo, the baby giraffe
Rests its long, fragile neck
Against the pale flank of the giraffe.

vii. April moon

Lune,
Belle lune, lune d'Avril,
Faites-moi voir en mon dormant
Le pêcher au coeur de safran,
Le poisson qui rit du grésil,
L'oiseau qui, lointain comme un cor,
Doucement réveille les morts
Et surtout, surtout le pays
Où il fait joie, où il fait clair,
Où soleilux de primevères,
On a brisé tous les fusils.
Belle lune, lune d'avril,
Lune.

Moon,
Beautiful moon, April moon,
Let me see in my dreams
The peach tree with saffron heart,
The fish who laughs at the sleet,
The bird who, distant like a hunting horn,
Softly awakens the dead
And especially, especially the country
Where there is joy, where there is light,
Where sunny with primroses,
All the guns have been destroyed.
Beautiful moon, April moon,
Moon.

SAMUEL BARBER (1910-1981)

Monks and raisins

Text: José Garcia Villa

I have observed pink monks eating blue raisins.
And I have observed blue monks eating pink raisins.
Studiously I have observed.
Now, this is the way a pink monk eats a blue raisin:
Pink is he and it is blue and the pink
Swallows the blue.
I swear this is true.
And the way a blue monk eats a pink raisin is this:
Blue is he and it is pink and the blue
Swallows the pink.
And this also is truth.
Indeed I have observed and myself partaken
Of blue and pink raisins.
But my joy was different.
My joy was to see the blue and the pink counterpointing.

With rue my heart is laden

Text: A. E. Housman

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a light-foot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The light-foot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

Sleep now

Text: James Joyce

Sleep now, O sleep now,
O you unquiet heart!
A voice crying "Sleep now"
Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter
Is heard at the door.
O sleep, for the winter
Is crying "Sleep no more."

My kiss will give peace now
And quiet to your heart –
Sleep on in peace now,
O you unquiet heart!

Sure on this shining night

Text: James Agee

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
wandering far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

- INTERMISSION -

CLARA WIECK SCHUMANN (1816-1896)

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen

Text: Friedrich Rückert

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
ihm schlug bekloffen mein Herz entgegen.
Wie konnt' ich ahnen, daß seine Bahnen
sich einen sollten meinen Wegen.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
er hat genommen mein Herz verwegen.
Nahm er das meine? Nahm ich das seine?
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
Nun ist gekommen des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter, ich seh' es heiter,
denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.

Liebst du um Schönheit

Text: Friedrich Rückert

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe der Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe.
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

Warum willst du and're fragen

Text: Friedrich Rückert

Warum willst du and're fragen,
Die's nicht meinen treu mit dir?
Glaube nicht, als was dir sagen
Diese beiden Augen hier!

He came in storm and rain

He came in storm and rain,
my anxious heart beat against his.
how could I have known, that his path
should unite itself with mine?

He came in storm and rain,
he boldly stole my heart.
Did he steal mine? Did I steal his?
Both came together.

He came in storm and rain,
Now has come the blessing of spring.
My love travels abroad, I watch with cheer,
for he remains mine, on any road.

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair!

If you love for youth,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the spring,
It is young every year!

If you love for treasure,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the mermaid,
She has many clear pearls!

If you love for love,
Oh yes, do love me!
Love me ever,
I'll love you evermore!

Why will you question others

Why will you question others,
Who are not faithful to you?
Believe nothing but what
Both these eyes say!

Glaube nicht dem fremden Leuten,
Glaube nicht dem eignen Wahn;
Nicht mein Tun auch sollst du deuten,
Sondern sieh die Augen an!

Schweigt die Lippe deinen Fragen,
Oder zeugt sie gegen mich?
Was auch meine Lippen sagen,
Sieh mein Aug', ich liebe dich!

Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort

Text: Hermann Rollett

Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort,
verborg'nes Quellenrauschen,
o Wald, o Wald, geweihter Ort,
laß mich des Lebens reinstes Wort,
in Zweig und Blatt belauschen!

Und schreit' ich in den Wald hinaus,
da grüßen mich die Bäume,
du liebes, freies Gotteshaus,
du schließest mich mit Sturmgebraus
In deine kühlen Räume!

Was leise mich umschwebt, umklingt,
ich will es treu bewahren,
und was mir tief zum Herzen dringt,
will ich, vom Geist der Lieb' beschwingt,
in Liedern offenbaren!

Sie liebten sich beide

Text: Heinrich Heine

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner
wollt' es dem andern gestehn;
sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.

Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich
nur noch zuweilen im Traum;
sie waren längst gestorben
und wußten es selber kaum.

Auf einem grünen Hügel

Text: Hermann Rollett

Auf einem grünen Hügel,
da steht ein Röslein hell,
und wenn ich rot, rot Röslein seh',

Believe not strange people,
Believe not peculiar fancies;
Even my actions you shouldn't interpret,
But look in these eyes!

Will lips silence your questions,
Or turn them against me?
Whatever my lips may say,
See my eyes: I love you!

Soft, secret whispers here and there

Soft, secret whispers here and there,
and springs with hidden murmurs,
o wood, o wood, o sacred spot,
o let me hear life's purest word
in ev'ry twig and leaflet!

And striding out into the wood,
I'm greeted by the saplings,
the dear and open house of God,
Embracing me with roaring storm
In your refreshing spaces!

What ever soars and sings 'round me,
I will preserve it truly,
what ever pierces deep my heart,
I will, by Love's own spirit borne,
by singing songs reveal it.

They once loved each other

They once loved each other, but neither
would to the other confess;
they saw each other as hostile,
yet wanted to perish from love.

They finally parted and sometimes sighted
the other in dreams;
they had been dead so long now
and hardly known it themselves.

Upon a green, green hillock

Upon a green, green hillock,
there grows a lovely rose,
and when a red, red rose I see,

so rot wie lauter Liebe,
möcht' weinen ich zur Stell'!

Auf einem grünen Hügel,
da stehn zwei Blümlein blau,
und wenn ich blau, blau Blümlein seh',
so blau, wie blaue Äuglein,
durch Tränen ich sie schau'!

Auf einem grünen Hügel,
da singt ein Vögelein;
mir ist's, als säng's: Wer niemals Leid,
recht großes Leid erfahren,
wird nie recht glücklich sein.

as red as purest love is,
I'd weep upon the spot!

Upon a green, green hillock,
there grow two flowers blue,
and when two blue, blue flow'rs I see,
as blue as small blue eyes are,
I see them through my tears!

Upon a green, green hillock,
there sings a little bird,
I think it sings: Who never grieves
or deepest sorrow suffers,
will never happy be.

JOAQUIN TURINA (1882-1949)

Poema en forma de canciones:

Text: Ramón María de las Mercedes de Campoamor y Campoosorio

ii. Nunca olvida...

Ya que este mundo abandono
antes de dar cuenta a Dios,
aquí para entre los dos
mi confesión te diré.

Con toda el alma perdono
hasta a los que siempre he odiado.
A ti que tanto te he amado
nunca te perdonaré!

iii. Cantares

Más cerca de mí te siento
Cuanto más huyo de tí
Pues tu imagen es en mí
Sombra de mi pensamiento.

Vuélvemelo a decir
Pues embelesado ayer
Te escuchaba sin oír
Y te miraba sin ver.

iv. Los dos miedos

Al comenzar la noche de aquel día
Ella lejos de mí,
¿Por qué te acercas tanto? Me decía,
Tengo miedo de ti.

Y después que la noche hubo pasado

Poem in the form of songs:

ii. Never forget...

Since I am leaving this world,
and before I give my account to the lord,
here, between the two of us,
I will confess to you.

With all my soul I forgive those
whom I have always hated.
You, whom I have deeply loved,
I will never forgive!

iii. The Songs

Flee as I may your embraces
closer forever I'm caught;
my ev'ry dream, ev'ry thought
your haunting vision retraces.

Speak more to me,
for yesterday, as I was enraptured,
I heard you without listening,
I saw you without looking.

iv. The two fears

With the onset of that night,
she, remote from me, said:
Why do you come so close to me?
I am afraid of you.

And after the night had passed,

Dijo, cerca de mí:
¿Por qué te alejas tanto de mi lado?
¡Tengo miedo sin ti!

v. Las locas por amor

Te amaré diosa Venus si prefieres
que te ame mucho tiempo y con cordura
y respondió la diosa de Citeres:
Prefiero como todas las mujeres
que me amen poco tiempo y con locura.
Te amaré diosa Venus, te amaré.

she, close to me, said:
Why do you move away from me?
I am afraid without you!

v. The extremes of love

I will love you, Divine Venus, if you desire
that I love you eternally and with discretion.
The goddess of Cythera replied to me:
I prefer, as all women do,
that you love me for a short time and passionately.
I will love you, Divine Venus, I will love you.