



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Thursdays at Noon presents Laureates: Norcop & Koldofsky Prize Winners' Recital
Jim and Charlotte Norcop Prize in Song - Gwendolyn Williams Koldofsky Prize in Accompanying

Nicole Percifield, *mezzo soprano*, Minira Najafzade, *pianist*

Thursday, March 21, 2024 at 12:10 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park, Toronto

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

PROGRAM

Furie son dell'alma mia gelosia (*Partenope*)

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Die Sonne scheint nicht mehr

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Das verlassene Mägdlein

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Liebe mir im Busen zündet' einen Brand

Hugo Wolf

Salamander

Johannes Brahms

La vie antérieure

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

L'invitation au voyage

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.

Four Strong Winds

Ian Tyson (1933-2022)
arr. Peter Tiefenbach (b. 1960)

Sari Gelin

Traditional
arr. Peter Tiefenbach

Sea Pictures, op. 37

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

Sabbath Morning at Sea
Where Corals Lie
The Swimmer

BIOGRAPHY

Mezzo-soprano **Nicole Percifield** has featured in concert performances with New Haven Symphony (*Messiah*), Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra (D. Scarlatti's *Salve Regina* and Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*), and the Minnesota Orchestra. This past season she performed Beethoven's *Mass in C* with the UTSO under conductors Uri Mayer and Jamie Hillman. A graduate of Yale Opera, Percifield has worked with Minnesota Opera (*Salome*, *Faust*), Santa Fe Opera (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), Central City Opera (*Werther*, *Cendrillon*), the Banff Centre, and Opera Theatre of St. Louis (*Ghosts of Versailles*), and was a finalist at the Metropolitan Opera New England Regionals. She recently featured on CBC's *Tapestry*, presenting Gavin Fraser's work, *Shared Isolation*. A student of Wendy Nielsen, Percifield is currently pursuing her doctorate at the University of Toronto, where she is a recipient of the Joseph-Armand CGS Doctoral Scholarship. She can be heard singing the roles of Cathleen (*Riders to the Sea*), and Hostess (*At the Boar's Head*), recorded live at the Beethoven Festival in Warsaw. The International Classical Music Awards nominated the recording for Best Opera Album, 2017.

Comfortable both as a solo and collaborative musician, **Minira Najafzade** is an Azerbaijani pianist currently pursuing her Master's Degree in Collaborative Piano at the University of Toronto with Professor Steven Philcox. She holds a Bachelor's and a Master's degree in Piano Solo Performance from Baku Academy of Music. Minira is the laureate of numerous international competitions held in France, USA, Germany, Malta, Italy and Sweden. Minira has performed at many renowned concert halls in the world, including Carnegie Hall and the Teatro Comunale Rossini, and given solo concerts in Azerbaijan and Malta. She has refined her skills at masterclasses given by Pavel Gililov, Dmitri Bashkirov and Arkadi Zenziper. Established as a promising young musician in Azerbaijan, Minira's name was included into the "Golden Book" of Azerbaijani Young Talents and was given a Presidential Scholarship.

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, Maeve Palmer and Jamal Al Titi.

James Norcop began his career as a professional boy soprano in California. After graduating from the University of Southern California, he performed professionally in Zurich, Salzburg and Vienna. He spent his career in arts administration leadership, including at Columbia Artists Management, as Assistant Manager of the Seattle Symphony, General Manager of Vancouver Opera, and finally with the Ontario Arts Council where he was Music Officer and led the performing arts touring area. Charlotte grew up in Toronto and started her career at the National Ballet, working for its founder Celia Franca and General Manager Carmen Guild. Charlotte went on to join the Ontario Arts Council, rising to become the first Theatre and Dance Officer and later Director of Operations. She had the privilege of being involved in the emergence of the alternate theatre and young dance organizations in the exciting 1960s and 70s. Charlotte died from cancer in 2008 and Jim passed away in 2023. They wished to leave a legacy to support young artists.

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 Sinsoulie, Jialiang Zhu, Joy Lee, Dakota Scott- Digout, Joel Goodfellow and Indra Egan.

Gwendolyn Williams was born November 1, 1906 in Bowmanville, Ontario. Following studies in Toronto, London, and Paris she returned to Canada at age 20 and began her accompanying career when the great Canadian soprano, Jeanne Dusseau asked Ms Williams to play for her. Following her marriage to violinist Adolph Koldofsky, 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 at the School of Music of the University of Southern California. She taught accompanying, song literature and chamber music there from 1947 to 1988. She was a longtime faculty member of the Santa Barbara Music Academy of the West, serving as director of vocal accompanying from 1951 to 1989. Her students including mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne, pianist Martin Katz and soprano Carol Neblett. 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 Peerce, 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. Gwendolyn Williams Koldofsky died November 12, 1998 in Santa Barbara.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

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Furie son dell'alma mia

Silvio Stampiglia (1664-1725)

Furie son dell'alma mia
Gelosia,
Rabbia e furor.

A capir il gelo e il fuoco,
È pur poco
Un solo cor.

The furies of my soul

Translation by Nicole Percifield

The furies of my soul
Are jealousy,
Rage and fury.

To understand frost and fire
Is too much
For a single heart.

Die Sonne scheint nicht mehr

Anon

Die Sonne scheint nicht mehr
So schön, als wie vorher,
Der Tag ist nicht so heiter,
So liebeich gar nicht mehr.

Das Feuer kann man löschen,
Die Liebe nicht vergessen,
Das Feuer brennt so sehr,
Die Liebe noch viel mehr.

Mein Herz ist nicht mehr mein,
O könnt ich bei dir sein,
So wäre mir geholfen
Von aller meiner Pein.

The sun no longer shines

Translation by Richard Stokes

The sun no longer shines
As beautifully as it did,
The day's no longer as serene
Or as loving as it was.

Fire can be extinguished
But love not forgotten,
Fire burns so brightly,
Love burns even more.

My heart's no longer mine,
If only I could be with you,
There'd be some comfort
For all my pain.

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte

Gabriele von Baumberg (1766-1839)

Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie,
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde
Zur Welt gebrachte! – geht zu Grunde!
Ihr Kinder der Melancholie!
Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein:
Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen wieder,
Und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder;
Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.
Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben,
Ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier:

When Louisa burnt her unfaithful lover's letters

Translation by Richard Stokes

Begotten by ardent fantasy,
Born in a rapturous hour
An emotional moment! Perish,
Ye children of melancholy!
You owe your existence to flames,
To flames I now return you
And all those passionate songs;
For ah! he did not sing for me alone.
Now you are burning, soon, my dears,
Not a trace of you will remain:

Doch ach! der Mann, der euch geschrieben,
Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

Das verlassene Mägdlein

Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Früh, wann die Hähne krähn,
Eh die Sternlein schwinden,
Muss ich am Herde stehn,
Muss Feuer zünden.

Schön ist der Flammen Schein,
Es springen die Funken;
Ich schaue so darein,
In Leid versunken.

Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,
Treuloser Knabe,
Dass ich die Nacht von dir
Geträumet habe.

Träne auf Träne dann
Stürzt hernieder;
So kommt der Tag heran –
O ging er wieder!

Liebe mir im Busen zündet' einen Brand

Paul Heyse (1830-1914)

Liebe mir im Busen
Zündet einen Brand.
Wasser, liebe Mutter,
Eh das Herz verbrannt!

Nicht das blinde Kind
Straft für meine Fehle;
Hat zuerst die Seele
Mir gekühlt so lind.
Dann entflammt's geschwind
Ach, mein Unverstand;
Wasser, liebe Mutter,
Eh das Herz verbrannt!

Ach! wo ist die Flut,
Die dem Feuer wehre?
Für so grosse Glut
Sind zu arm die Meere.
Weil es wohl mir tut
Wein' ich unverwandt;
Wasser, liebe Mutter,
Eh das Herz verbrannt!

But ah! the man who wrote you
May smoulder long yet in my heart.

The forsaken servant-girl

Translation by Richard Stokes

Early, when the cocks crow,
Before the tiny stars recede,
I must be at the hearth,
I must light the fire.

The flames are beautiful,
The sparks fly;
I gaze at them,
Sunk in sorrow.

Suddenly I realize,
Faithless boy,
That in the night
I dreamt of you.

Tear after tear
Then tumbles down;
So the day dawns –
O would it were gone again!

Love in my breast has kindled a fire

Translation by Richard Stokes

Love in my breast
Has kindled a fire.
Water, dear mother,
Before my heart's consumed!

Do not blame blind Cupid
For my faults;
He cooled my soul
So gently at first.
Then, alas, he swiftly
Inflamed my folly.
Water, dear mother,
Before my heart's consumed!

Ah, where is the flood
That might quench this fire?
For so great a flame
The seas are too small.
Since it does me good,
I weep without restraint;
Water, dear mother,
Before my heart's consumed!

Salamander

Karl Lemcke (1831-1913)

Es saß ein Salamander
Auf einem kühlen Stein,
Da warf ein böses Mädchen
In's Feuer ihn hinein.

Sie meint', er soll verbrennen,
Ihm war erst wohl zu Mut,
Wohl wie mir kühlem Teufel
Die heiße Liebe tut.

La vie antérieure

Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)

J'ai longtemps habité sous de vastes portiques
Que les soleils marins teignaient de mille feux,
Et que leurs grands piliers, droits et majestueux,
Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux grottes basaltiques.

Les houles, en roulant les images des cieux,
Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et mystique
Les tout-puissants accords de leur riche musique
Aux couleurs du couchant reflété par mes yeux.

C'est là que j'ai vécu dans les voluptés calmes
Au milieu de l'azur, des vagues, des splendeurs,
Et des esclaves nus, tout imprégnés d'odeurs,

Qui me rafraîchissaient le front avec des palmes,
Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir
Le secret douloureux qui me faisait languir.

L'invitation au voyage

Charles Baudelaire

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Salamander

Translation by Richard Stokes

A salamander was sitting
On a cool stone,
When suddenly a bad girl
Threw it into the fire.

She thought it would burn up,
But it felt even more at ease,
Just as hot love
Suits a cool devil like me.

A previous life

Translation by Richard Stokes

For long I lived beneath vast colonnades
Tinged with a thousand fires by ocean suns,
Whose giant pillars, straight and majestic,
Made them look, at evening, like basalt caves.

The sea-swells, mingling the mirrored skies,
Solemnly and mystically interwove
The mighty chords of their mellow music
With the colors of sunset reflected in my eyes.

It is there that I have lived in sensuous repose,
With blue sky about me, brightness, waves
And naked slaves all drenched in perfume.

Who fanned my brow with fronds of palm,
And whose only care was to fathom
The secret grief which made me languish.

Invitation to journey

Translation by Richard Stokes

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that is like you!
The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
Hold for my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.
There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping,
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

Four Strong Winds

Ian Tyson

Four strong winds that blow lonely
Seven seas that run high
All those things that don't change come what may
But our good times are all gone
And I'm bound for movin' on
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way

Think I'll go out to Alberta
Weather's good there in the fall
Got some friends that I can go to workin' for
Still I wish you'd change your mind
If I asked you one more time
But we've been through that a hundred times or more

If I get there before the snow flies
And if things are goin' good
You could meet me if I sent you down the fare
But by then it would be winter
There ain't too much for you to do
And those winds sure can blow cold way out there

Sari Gelin

Traditional (Azerbaijan)

Saçın ucun hörməzlər
Gülü sulu dərməzlər
Sarı gəlin.

Bu sevda nə sevdadır
Səni mənə verməzlər
Neynim aman, aman
Neynim aman, aman
Sarı gəlin.

Blonde Bride

Translation by Najiba Rafizade

The end of your hair shouldn't be braided
The dewy flower shouldn't be picked,
Blond bride.

What a love this is!
They will not give you to me!
What should I do, aman, aman
What should I do, aman, aman
Blond bride.

Bu dərənin uzununu,
Çoban qaytar quzunu, quzunu.
Ne ola bir gün görem,
Nazlı yarımın üzünü
Neynim aman, aman
Neynim aman, aman
Sarı gəlin.

The length of this valley,
Shepherd, return the sheep, sheep.
What If I just could one day see
The face of my coy beloved
What should I do, aman, aman
What should I do, aman, aman
Blond bride.

Sea Pictures, op. 37

Sabbath Morning at Sea

Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861)

The ship went on with solemn face;
To meet the darkness on the deep,
The solemn ship went onward.
I bowed down weary in the place;
For parting tears and present sleep
Had weighed mine eyelids downward.

The new sight, the new wondrous sight!
The waters around me, turbulent,
The skies, impassive o'er me,
Calm in a moonless, sunless light,
As glorified by even the intent
Of holding the day glory!

Love me, sweet friends, this sabbath day.
The sea sings round me while ye roll
Afar the hymn, unaltered,
And kneel, where once I knelt to pray,
And bless me deeper in your soul
Because your voice has faltered.

And though this sabbath comes to me
Without the stolèd minister,
And chanting congregation,
God's Spirit shall give comfort.
He who brooded soft on waters drear,
Creator on creation.

He shall assist me to look higher,
Where keep the saints, with harp and song,
An endless sabbath morning,
And, on that sea commixed with fire.
Oft drop their eyelids raised too long
To the full Godhead's burning.

Where Corals Lie

Richard Garnett (1835-1906)

The deeps have music soft and low
When winds awake the airy spry,
It lures me, lures me on to go
And see the land where corals lie.
The land, the land, where corals lie.

By mount and mead, by lawn and rill,
When night is deep, and moon is high,
That music seeks and finds me still,
And tells me where the corals lie.
And tells me where the corals lie.

Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well,
Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well,
But far the rapid fancies fly
To rolling worlds of wave and shell,
And all the land where corals lie.

Thy lips are like a sunset glow,
Thy smile is like a morning sky,
Yet leave me, leave me, let me go
And see the land where corals lie.
The land, the land, where corals lie.

The Swimmer

Adam Lindsay Gordon (1833-1870)

With short, sharp, violent lights made vivid,
To southward far as the sight can roam,
Only the swirl of the surges livid,
The seas that climb and the surfs that comb.
Only the crag and the cliff to nor'ward,
And the rocks receding, and reefs flung forward,
Waifs wreck'd seaward and wasted shoreward,
On shallows sheeted with flaming foam.

A grim, grey coast and a seaboard ghastly,
And shores trod seldom by feet of men—
Where the batter'd hull and the broken mast lie,
They have lain embedded these long years ten.
Love! When we wandered here together,
Hand in hand through the sparkling weather,
From the heights and hollows of fern and heather.
God surely loved us a little then.
The skies were fairer and shores were firmer—
The blue sea over the bright sand roll'd;
Babble and prattle, and ripple and murmur,
Sheen of silver and glamour of gold.

So, girt with tempest and wing'd with thunder
And clad with lightning and shod with sleet,
And strong winds treading the swift waves under
The flying rollers with frothy feet
One gleam like a bloodshot sword-blade swims on
The sky line, staining the green gulf crimson,
A death-stroke fiercely dealt by a dim sun
That strikes through his stormy winding sheet.

O brave white horses! You gather and gallop,
The storm sprite loosens the gusty reins;
Now the stoutest ship were the frailest shallop
In your hollow backs, on your high-arched manes.
I would ride as never a man has ridden
In your sleepy, swirling surges hidden;
To gulfs foreshadow'd through strifes forbidden,
Where no light wearies and no love wanes.