



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO FACULTY OF MUSIC

Voice Studies at the University of Toronto Presents: **In Every Corner Sing!**

Featuring the Faculty of Music's Oratorio Ensemble

Fourth-Year Oratorio Ensemble Class: Jamal Al Titi, Michael Denomme, Jordana Goddard, Charlotte Goss, Kathy Haddadkar-Ghavi, Camille Labonté, Sarah Richardson, Elisabeth Ritthaler, Anna Tanczak, Jacob Thomas, and Chihiro Yasufuku.

Graduate Oratorio Ensemble Class: Jamie Coole-Stevenson, Benjamin Done, Wesley Hui, and George Theodorakopoulos.

Pianist: Dr. Kathryn Tremills

Director: Dr. Darryl Edwards, Professor (Voice Studies)

Doctoral Studies Teaching Assistants: Bradley Christensen, Morgan Reid

Wednesday, March 29, 2023, at 7:30pm | Trinity St. Paul's United Church and Centre for Faith, Justice and the Arts, 427 Bloor Street West, Toronto

PROGRAM

O, had I Jubal's Lyre (*Joshua*)

G. F. Händel (1685–1759)

Jordana Goddard

Passion Sequence, 29–32 (*Messiah*)

G. F. Händel

Benjamin Done

Why do the Nations so Furiously Rage Together? (*Messiah*)

G. F. Händel

James Coole-Stevenson

Total Eclipse (*Samson*)

G. F. Händel

Jacob Thomas

Mache dich, mein Herze rein (*Matthäuspassion*)

J. S. Bach (1685–1750)

George Theodorakopoulos

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.

Erblicke hier, betörter Mensch (*Die Jahreszeiten*)

J. Haydn (1732–1809)

Wesley Hui

Benedictus (*Mass in D*)

E. Smyth (1858–1944)

Charlotte Goss, Camille Labonté, Sarah Richardson, Jordana Goddard,
Kathy Haddadkar-Ghavi, Michael Denomme

Mon âme glorifie à jamais le Seigneur (*Jean le Précursor*)

G. Couture (1851–1915)

Camille Labonté

Да исправится молитва моя (*Opus 24*)

P. G. Chesnokov (1877–1944)

Jamal Al Titi

Kyrie (*Messe pour deux voix égales*)

C. Chaminade (1857–1944)

Charlotte Goss, Elisabeth Ritthaler

Pie Jesu (*Requiem*)

M. Duruflé (1902–1986)

Kathy Haddadkar-Ghavi

Lua Descolorida (*La Pasión según San Marcos*)

O. Golijov (b. 1960)

Sarah Richardson

Within me now (*Riryo*)

Y. Yamashita (b. 1987)

Chihiro Yasufuku

Ne chuty ni liuds'koho holosu (*Golden Harvest*)

L. Kuzmenko (b. 1956)

Anna Tanczak

Satin Feathers (*Cantata Memoria: For the Children*)

K. Jenkins (b. 1944)

Anna Tanczak, Jamal Al Titi



In Every Corner Sing!

Song Translations

Mache dich, mein Herze, rein

Mache dich, mein Herze, rein,
Ich will Jesum selbst begraben.
Denn er soll nunmehr in mir
Für und für
Seine süße Ruhe haben.
Welt, geh aus, laß Jesum ein!

Make yourself pure, my heart,
I want to bury Jesus myself.
For from now on he shall have in me,
forever and ever,
his sweet rest.
World, get out, let Jesus in!

Erblicke hier, betörter Mensch

Erblicke hier, betörter Mensch,
erblick deines Lebens Bild!
Verblühet ist dein kurzer Lenz,
erschöpfet deines Sommers Kraft.
Schon welkt dein Herbst dem Alter zu;
schon nah't der bleiche Winter sich,
und zeiget dir das off'ne Grab.
Wo sind sie nun, die hoh'n Entwürfe,
die Hoffnungen von Glück,
die Sucht nach eitlem Ruhme,
der Sorgen schwere Last?
Wo sind sie nun, die Wonnetage,
verschwelgt in Üppigkeit,
und wo die frohen Nächte,
im Taumel durchgewacht?
Verschwunden sind sie, wie ein Traum.
Nur Tugend bleibt.

Behold here, beguiled man,
see the picture of your life!
Your short spring has faded,
exhausted your summer's strength.
Your autumn is already withering with age;
the pale winter is already approaching,
and shows you the open grave.
Where are they now, the high drafts,
the hopes of happiness
the lust for vain glory,
the heavy burden of worry?
Where are they now, the blissful days
wallows in luxuriance,
and where the happy nights
woke up in a frenzy?
They're gone, like a dream.
Only virtue remains.

Benedictus

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
Osanna in excelsis.

Blessed is He who comes in the name of the
Lord, Hosannah in the highest.

Да исправится молитва моя

Да исправится молитва моя,
яко кадило пред Тобою,
воздеяние руку мою, жертва вечерняя.
Господи, воззвах к Тебе, услыши мя:
Вонми гласу моления моего, внегда воззвати
ми к Тебе.
Положи, Господи, хранение устом моим, и
дверь ограждения о устнах моих.
Не уклони сердце мое в словеса лукавствия,
непщевати вины о грехах.

Let my prayer be set forth, before thee
as incense, and the lifting up of my hands
as the evening sacrifice.

Lord, I cry unto thee: make haste unto me;
give ear unto my voice,
when I cry unto thee.

Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth,
keep the door of my lips.

Incline not my heart to any evil thing,
to practise wicked works with men that work
iniquity.

Kyrie eleison

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Pie Jesu

Pie Jesu, Domine, dona eis requiem.
Pie Jesu, Domine, dona eis requiem
sempiternam.

Blessed Jesus, Lord, give them rest.
Blessed Jesus, Lord, give them eternal rest.

Lúa Descolorida

Lúa descolorida
como cor de ouro pálido, vesme i eu non
quixerá
me vises de tan alto.
Ó espaso que recorres, Lévame, caladiña, nun
teu raio.
Astro das almas orfas, lúa descolorida,
eu ben sei que n'almas tristeza cal a miña.
vai contalo ó teu dono,
e dille que me leve adonde habita.
Mais non lle contes nada, descolorida lúa,
pois nin neste nin nuetros mundos teréis
fertuna.
Se sabes onde a morte
ten a morada escura,
dille que corpo e alma xuntamente
me leve adonde non recorden nunca,
nin no mundo en que estou nin nas alturas.

Moon, colorless
like the color of pale gold:
You see me here and I wouldn't like you to see
me from the heights above.
Take me, silently, in your ray
to the space of your journey.
Star of the orphan souls, Moon, colorless:
I know that you don't illuminate sadness as sad
as mine. Go and tell it to your master
and tell him to take me to his place.
But don't tell him anything, Moon, colorless,
because my fate won't change here or in other
worlds.
If you know where Death
has her dark mansion,
Tell her to take my body and soul together
To a place where I won't be remembered,
Neither in this world, nor in the heights above.

自分には今

自分には今、一滴の涙も浮かんでもこない...
蘇武が数々の苦難を乗り越えたのは、
強烈な意地のみではなかった。
彼の漢に対する愛情は、
どれほど清冽で純粹であったか。
己の過去を決して非なりとは思わない。
しかしここに蘇武という男があつて、
無理ではなかつたはずの己の過去をも
恥ずかしく思わせるようなことを、
堂々とやってみせた。
自分には今、一滴の涙も浮かんでもこない...

Within me now, not a single drop of tear
springs... Sобу's overcoming of numerous
hardships was not only because of strong will.
His affection for Kan –
how clear and genuine it must have been.
By no means is my own past a mistake.
But here, a man named Sобу stands
Making something that shouldn't have been
impossible, something that makes even my own
past feel humiliating, he accomplished it
without hesitation. Within me now, not a single
drop of tear springs...

Не чути ні людського голосу

Не чути ні людського голосу,
Ні пісні, тільки дика трава,
Яка шепоче вітром. —
Де я положу дітей спати?
Чим я буду їх кормити?
Помремо з голоду, в цій дичині
А чим я зараз накормлю дітей?
Помремо з голоду в дичині. —
Як би я вміла писати,
Я би листа своєму чоловікові виславала,
Щоб йому сказати,
Що наш наймолодший не видужав.
Я сама мусіла поховати свою дитину.

No human voice can be heard,
Nor song, only wild grass,
That whispers in the wind.
Where will I lay the children to sleep?
What will I feed them?
We will die of hunger in this wilderness.
And what will I feed the children now?
We will die of hunger in the wilderness.
If I knew how to write,
I would send my husband a letter,
To tell him,
That our youngest did not recover.
I had to bury my child myself.