



University
of Victoria

School of
Music

DEGREE RECITAL
Celeste Lingas, voice
Carey Wang, piano

Thursday March 12th 2026, 8:00pm
Phillip T. Young Recital Hall MacLaurin
Building
Free Admission

REMEMBER YOUR LOVERS

Loss in a Fallen World

Celeste is from the class of Professor Butterfield
This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the Bachelor of Music
Performance program.

PROGRAM

“Disserratevi, o Porte d’Averno” from *La Resurrezione*
George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
Carlo Sigismondo Capece

“Air Romantique” from *Airs Chantés*
Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Jean Moréas

Ξημερώνει
Manos Hadjidakis (1925 – 1994)

“From I to We” from *Inner Astronomy*
Molly Pease (1993-)
Randall Pease

Έχω Ένα Μυστικό
Manos Hadjidakis (1925-1994)
Alekos Sakellarios

Trost in Tränen
Peter Cornelius (1824-1874)
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Les Berceaux, op. 23, no. 1
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Sulli Prudhomme

“Ruhe Sanft” from *Zaide*
Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
J. A. Schachtner

--INTERMISSION--

The Heart's Assurance
I. Song
II. The Heart's Assurance
III. Compassion
IV. The Dancer
V. Remember Your Lovers

Michael Tippett (1905-1998)
Alun Lewis (I, III, IV)
Sidney Keyes (II, V)

Words of the Angel
Ivan Moody (1964-2024)

Paschal Canon, Ode 9, Mode 1
Trad.
Georgios Theodoridis
Fr. Seraphim Dedes
Yiannis Arvanitis

All translations + notes by Celeste Lingas.

Disserratevi o Porte d'Averno Open O Gates of Hell

Disserratevi, o porte d'Averno,
e al bel lume
d'un Nume ch'èterno
tutto in lampi
si sciolga l'orror.

Cedete, orride porte.
Cedete al Re di gloria,
ché della sua vittoria
voi sete il primo onor

Disserratevi...

Open, O gates of Hell,
and at the beautiful light
of a name that is eternal
all in a flash
is dissolved the horror.

Yield, horrid gates.
Yield to the King of glory,
that of His victory
you receive the chief honor.

Open...

Disserratevi o Porte d'Averno, is the first aria of Handel's *La Resurrezione*, sung by the Angel, who announces Christ's Resurrection, and the sundering of Hell's gates. For the angel in the moment of announcing, it is an expression of great joy. For us here on earth, it is the reminder of a promise.

Air Romantique

J'allais dans la campagne
avec le vent d'orage,
Sous le pale matin,
sous les nuage bas;
Un corbeau ténébreux
escortait mon voyage,
Et dans les flaques d'eau
retentissaient me pas.

La foudre à l'horizon
faisait courir sa flamme,
Et l'Aquillon doublait
ses longs gémissements;
Mais la tempête était trop faible
pour mon âme,
qui couvrait le tonnerre
avec ses battements.

Romantic Air

I wandered in the country
with the wind of the storm,
Under the pale morning,
under the clouds low;
A mysterious crow
escorted my journey,
And in the puddles of water
my steps resounded.

The lighting on the horizon
did run its flame,
And the North Wind doubled
its long groaning;
But the tempest remained too feeble
for my heart,
which covered the clamour
with its beats.

De la dépouille d'or
du frêne et de l'érable
L'Automne composait
son éclatant butin,
Et le corbeau toujours,
d'un vol inexorable,
M'accompagnait
sans rien changer à mon destin.

Of the treasure of gold
of the ash and of the maple
The Autumn composed
his brilliant bounty,
And the crow ever,
in a flight inexorable,
Accompanied me
without any change to my destiny.

Air Romantique – Leaving heaven behind and walking the Earth, all the forces of the natural world crash above, a sinister crow shadowing the singer's steps. But as the singer declares: their heart beats louder than the torrent. The terrors of the world accompany them but have not changed them yet.

Έχω ένα μυστικό

Έχω ένα μυστικό κρυμμένο
στης καρδιάς τα βάθη
Κανείς δεν το έχει μάθει
και ποτέ δεν θα το πώ.
Να μείνει θέλω πάντα δικό μου
το μυστικό μου,
Αυτό το μυστικό το γλυκό μου
που το αγαπώ.
Έχω ένα μυστικό που όλα τα
ομορφαίνει,
Και πρώτη μου φορά
με πλημμυρίζει η χαρά.

Έχω ένα μυστικό που στην
καρδιά μου μέσα λάμπει.
Το ξέρουνε οι κάμποι,
το έχει μάθει το βουνό.
Το τραγουδούν τη νύχτα στα
κλώνια όλα τα αηδόνια,
Και τό'χουν γράψει τα
χελιδόνια στον ουρανό.
Έχω ένα μυστικό που
τη ζωή μου έχει αλλάξει;
Μα δεν το έχω σκοπό ποτέ μου
να σας το πω.

I Have a Secret

I have a secret hidden
in the heart's depths.
No-one has learned it
and never shall I tell it.
I want it to remain forever mine,
my secret.
That secret, the sweet one,
which I love. x2
I have a secret that all things
makes beautiful,
And for the first time
I overflow with joy. x2

I have a secret that within
my heart glows.
The meadows, they know it.
The mountain has learned it.
They sing it at night in their
branches, all the nightingales,
And the swallows have
scrawled it upon the sky. x2
I have a secret that has
changed my life.
Why, but I have no intent
to ever tell it to you. x2

The heart's power has diminished from the previous song. In *Έχω ένα μυστικό*, it becomes reliquary within which a miraculous secret is kept safely glowing - but quietly this time; hidden from the outside world. Even though the natural world sings it, the singer's fellow man remain oblivious to the source of joy.

From I to We

Blackbirds in flight
turns sun in sight
On tops of trees
they set us free
as if their rays
that raise the day
I cannot fly
but if spirit speaks.
They talk of love
with worlds above
That world's inside
when we are kind
But once, given up
the bird in us
Into flock takes flight
As we's the I's insight

Molly Pease's cantata *Inner Astronomy*, was composed to the poetry of her father, which he wrote while he was struggling with depression and recovering from addiction. Using experimental vocal techniques and breathing, with her father's fragmented style of poetry, Pease achieves a dreamlike emotionality, like someone trying to find answers that are beyond them.

Ξημερόνει

Το σύνεφο έφερε βροχή
Και έχουμε μείνει μοναχοί
Έγινέ η βροχή χαλάζι
Δεν πειράζει, δεν πειράζει

Τι έχει ο φτωχός να φοβηθεί;
Σπίτι ο ουρανός όπου σταθεί.
Το δισάκι του στον ώμο
Για τον δρόμο, για τον δρόμο

It Dawns

The cloud brought rain,
And we have remained behind alone.
The rain became hail -
No matter, no matter.

What does the vagabond have to fear?
A house of sky wherever he stays,
His knapsack on his back,
For the road, for the road.

Another song by Manos Hadjithakis, the impossibly prolific Greek composer: *Ξημερόνει* speaks of peace, but a lonely one. There are no sacred secrets now, no fearsome inner strength that can keep this wanderer going, just an acceptance of the endless sky: the only place he has ever known.

Trost in Tränen

Wie kommt's, dass du so traurig bist,
Da alles froh erscheint?
Man sieht dirs an den Augen an,
Gewiss, du hast geweint.

*"Und hab ich einsam auch geweint,
So ist's mein eigen Schmerz,
Und Tränen fließen gar so süß,
Erleichtern mir das Herz."*

Die frohen Freunde laden dich
O komm an unsre Brust!
Und was du auch verloren hast,
Vertraue den Verlust.

*"Ihr lärmt und rauscht
und ahndet nicht,
Was mich, den Armen, quält.
Ach nein, verloren hab ichs nicht,
So sehr es mir auch fehlt."*

So raffe denn dich eilig auf,
Du bist ein junges Blut.
In deinen Jahren hat man Kraft
Und zum Erwerben Mut.

*"Ach nein, erwerben kann ichs nicht,
Es steht mir gar zu fern.
Es weilt so hoch, es blinkt so schön,
Wie droben jener Stern."*

Die Sterne, die begehrt man nicht,
Man freut sich ihrer Pracht,
Und mit Entzücken blickt man auf
In jeder heitern Nacht.

*"Und mit Entzücken blick ich auf,
So manchen lieben Tag;
Verweinen lässt die Nächte mich
So lang ich weinen mag."*

Solace in Tears

How is it, that you so sad are,
When all things cheerful seem?
Man looks you in your eyes and,
Surely, you have been crying.

*"And if I have been crying,
Then that is my own pain,
And tears flow so very sweet,
It lightens my heart."*

Your cheerful Friends call you,
Oh come unto our breast!
And whatever you have lost,
Entrust here that loss.

*"You, noisy and rushing
and understanding not,
What I, poor man, suffer.
Ah no, I have lost nothing.
So strongly yet do I feel it."*

So raise then yourself up,
You are a young blood.
At your age has man power,
And for prevailing, courage.

*"Ah no, prevail can I not,
It stands so far from me,
It rests so high, it shines so beautiful,
Like that high star."*

The stars, man does not covet;
Man rejoices in their splendour.
And with delight looks man up
On this clear night.

*"And with delight look I upwards,
So many lovely days;
For weeping, leave the nights to me
So long as weep I can."*

Trost in Tränen is a dialogue between an ensemble and a despondant youth. Rather than being successfully reprimanded by the ensemble, the youth refuses to relent, holding tight to the coexistence of sorrow and joy. This love of things imbued with suffering will be echoed in Tippett V. We love the things we know, even if they are painful, and that love is not made invalid by pain.

Les Berceaux

Le long du quai,
les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux;
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

The Cradles

The length of the quay,
the great vessels,
That listen to the waves in silence.
They give no regard to the cradles
That the hands of women balance.

But it comes, the day of goodbyes;
For it is fate that the women weep
And that the men, curious,
Chase the horizons that lure.

And on that day, the great vessels
Leaving the diminishing port
Feel their masts tugged
By the souls of distant cradles

Where the works on this program concerning the Resurrection promise a coming day of joy, *Les Berceaux* warns of an inexorable, tragic, 'day of goodbyes'. Its inexorability is not just a matter of transcendent destiny, but a result of the conflicting desires and natures of the men and women in this misty settlement, to the misfortune of all.

Ruhe Sanft

Ruhe sanft, mein holdes Leben,
Schlafe bis dein Glück erwacht.
Da, mein Bild will ich dir geben.
Schau, wie freundlich es dir lacht

Ihr süßen Träume, wiegt ihn ein,
Und lasset seinem Wunsch
am Ende
Die ahnungsvollen Gegenstände
Zu reifer Wirklichkeit gedeihn.

Rest Softly

Rest soft, my dear love,
Sleep until your joy dawns.
Yes, my portrait will I give you.
See, how joyously it laughs for you.

His sweet dreams, they cradle him,
And grant his wish
in the end.
That all objects of his dreams
Ripen to reality.

Ruhe Sanft comes from Mozart's unfinished opera *Zaide*. Under great danger, the slaves Zaide and Gomatz fall in love. Here, Zaide sings to Gomatz, currently lost in sleep, telling him to wait until a brighter day dawns.

I. Song

Oh journeyman, Oh journeyman,
Before this endless belt began
Its cruel, cruel, cruel revolutions,
You and she, naked in Eden -
In Eden shook the apple tree

Oh soldier lad, Oh soldier lad,
Before the soul of things turned bad,
She offered you, so modestly,
A shining, shining apple from the tree.

Oh lonely wife, Oh lonely wife,
Before your lover left this life,
He took you in his gentle arms.
How trivial then, how trivial then
were life's alarms.

And though death taps down every street,
Familiar as the postman on his beat,
Remember this, remember this:
That life has trembled in a kiss
From genesis to genesis,
And what's transfigured will live on
Long after death has come and gone.

A grand opening statement as full of sorrow as of comfort, *Song* runs right from Eden to the promise of transfiguration and resurrection. We catch moments of love and joy in the lives of Adam and his descendants like flashes of silver fish in a stream, before the constantly running piano carries us away again into the sorry tumult of passing centuries.

The song cycle darkens from this point, as the world darkens from Eden.

II. The Heart's Assurance

Oh never, never, never, never trust
the heart's assurance,
Trust only the heart's fear.
And what I'm saying,
what I'm saying is,
Go back, go back my lovely
Though you will never hear.

And what I'm saying,
what I'm saying is,
Go back, go back my lovely
Though you will never hear.

Oh never, never, never, never trust
your pride of movement.
Trust only pride's distress.
The only holy limbs
are the broken, the broken fingers
Still raised to praise and bless.

For the careless heart is bound
with chains
And terribly cast down:
The beast of pride is hunted out
And baited through the town.

III. Compassion

She, in the hurling night
With lucid, simple hands,
Stroked away his fright,
Loosed his blood-soaked bands,
Blood-soaked bands.

And seriously aware
Of the terror she caressed,
Drew his matted hair
Gladly to her breast,
To her breast.

And he who babbled Death
Shivered and grew still
In the meadows of her breath
Restoring his dark will,
His dark will.

Nor did she ever stir
in the storm's calm centre
To feel the tail, hooves, fur
Of the god-faced centaur,
The god-faced centaur.

It is said by the fathers of the Orthodox Church that the very *first* lesson for salvation is humility. In today's parlance, therapeutic thought involves constantly checking yourself, understanding that your instincts are wrong as often as they are right, reconciling with dual consciousness.

The Heart's Assurance's speaker has been so injured, they find themselves teetering on the harshest possible edge of that dual experience. Trust only the goodness of pain, they implore, sure that no one hears them.

The imagery of *Compassion*, especially in context of the cycle, is reminiscent of much art and poetry of the Mother of God; a mortal woman cradling an impossibly vast being. The monstrous description of the creature here, the 'god-faced centaur' amplifies its unknowability and instills a sense of cosmic horror. Despite this unsettling imagery, I think *Compassion* is the least cynical of the cycle. What is more heartbreakingly earnest than hopeless compassion for its own sake, from the mean to the mighty?

IV. The Dancer

'He's in his grave and on his head I dance' the lovely dancer said,
'My feet like fireflies, like fireflies, fireflies illumine
The choking blackness of his tomb.'

'Had he not died, we would have wed,
And still I'd dance,' the dancer said,
'To keep the creeping, creeping, creeping sterile doom
Out of the darkness, darkness of my womb.
'Our love was always ringed with dread of death, death, death,
of death,' the lovely dancer said,

'And so I danced, I danced, I danced - danced for his delight,
And scorched the blackened core of night
With passion bright,' the dancer said,
'And now I dance, dance, dance to earn my bread.'

The Dancer plays like a marionette song. Even as the dancer's voice is coopted by a narrator's, so her divine capacity to create beauty - to dance - is trapped within the sphere of the world. The dancer fights off 'choking blackness', 'the blackened core of night', with desperate fury, but after the loss of her lover, carried on by the insidious turning of the world, her dance is corrupted by her need for survival and the joy of her gift lost.

V. Remember Your Lovers

Young men, walking the open streets
Of death's republic, remember your lovers.

When you foresaw with vision prescient
The planet pain rising across your sky
We fused your sight in our soft burning beauty:
We laid you down in meadows, in meadows drunk with cowslips
And led you in the ways of our bright city.

Young men, who wander death's vague meadows,
Remember your lovers who gave you more than flowers.

When you woke grave-chilled at midnight,
To pace the pavement of your bitter dream,
We brought you back to bed and brought you home.

Home from the dark antechamber of desire
Into our lust as bright as candleflame.

Young men, who lie in the carven beds of death,
Remember your lovers who gave you more than dreams.
From the sun shelt'ring your careless head
Or from the painted devil your quick eye,
We led you out of terror tenderly
And fooled you into peace with our soft words
And gave you all we had and let you die.

Young men, drunk with death's unquenchable wisdom,
Remember your lovers who gave you more than love.

Tippett excluded the second verse of Keyes' poem, *Remember Your Lovers*, leaving something existential. As it stands within the cycle, I found it starting to take on the voice of a demon, calling out to Man after their death and maybe even after salvation – bitter at being abandoned after sharing the fallen world with us. What salvation could be great enough to leave the life we know, pain or no pain? For this demon, none. There is no life greater than its bright city, worth more than love.

Words of the Angel

Χαίρε. – *Rejoice*

The angel cried to her that is full of grace, saying:
O pure Virgin, rejoice: and I say also rejoice:
for thy Son is risen from the tomb on the third day.

Χαίρε.

Shine,

O New Jerusalem, for the glory of the Lord hath risen upon thee.

Χαίρε.

Rejoice and be glad, O Sion:

and thou, O pure Theotokos,

exult in the Resurrection of him whom thou didst bear.

Χαίρε.

Words of the Angel is the second time on this program an Angel speaks. Theologically, the Mother of God is revered as an intersection of the mortal and divine; proof that our imperfect nature is not fundamentally incompatible with ultimate good.

Fr. Ivan Moody's composition draws its text and melodic material from the Orthodox Paschal Canon, the last piece on our program.

Opening remarks:

In some ways, this entire program is trying to answer the song cycle that you will hear in the second half. Its title: '*The Heart's Assurance*' is an ironic one. The cycle was commissioned by Peter Pears after the suicide of a mutual friend of his and Michael Tippett's, and it is full of contorting attempts to grapple with loss and darkness.

The cycle is also fundamentally religious – a baffling characteristic of Tippett's compositions, since he himself was an atheist. In *The Heart's Assurance*, as in many of his other works, he fights to reconcile our world's pain with its beauty – and the answers he gives are Christian answers, using Christian words: transfiguration, salvation, an ultimate good end to all things.

Believing in an ultimately good world is a little bit like practicing for a recital: an exercise in not being there yet. For hours, for months, from – as Alun Lewis' *Song* puts it – 'genesis to genesis'. It is an endless and hard road from that first spark of motivation; from that good memory; from that promise of salvation. And promises, memories, convictions are hard to hold onto as the miles pass.

In this program, you will hear meditations on loss, and the secret joys that help us to endure it. Some pieces speak more plainly of the Resurrection, some of far-off lights, some of lovers hoping for a gentler world. As always, we start our journey with steady feet, dwelling only on the promise of our destination. Doubt, like a crow, or a blackbird, waits for opportunity on the road.

TROST IN TRÄNEN

Oliva Price-Digby

Anika Howell

Justin Swanson

Naomi Bauer

Leif Bradshaw

DJ McGrath

Jacob Wilkinson

Andrew Sly

TRIO MOIRAI

Sadie Karlsson

Bree Anne Bartle-Clar

BYZANTINE

CHANT ENSEMBLE

Kirsten Grove-White

Elizabeth Duchesne

Scott Vannan

**Many thanks to
Carey Wang, my
phenomenal
accompanist; and
to Benjamin
Butterfield, my
ever-patient, ever-
encouraging
teacher.**