



University
of Victoria
School of
Music

GRADUATION RECITAL

Clayton Butler, Voice

Dr. Kinza Tyrrell, Collaborative Piano/Harpsichord
Simi Luttrell, Collaborative Piano

Monday, March 25th, 2024, 8:00pm

Phillip T. Young Recital Hall, MacLaurin Building
Free admission

PROGRAM

La Serenata

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Aprile

Kinza Tyrrell, Piano

Winter Words, Op. 52

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

1. *At day-close in November*
2. *Midnight on the Great Western*
3. *Wagtail and Baby (A Satire)*
4. *The little old table*
5. *The Choirmaster's Burial (The Tenor man's story)*
6. *Proud Songsters (Thrushes, Finches and Nightingales)*
7. *At the Railway Station, Upway (The Convict and Boy with the Violin)*
8. *Before Life and After*

— INTERMISSION —

“Que ce séjour est agréable” From *Platée* (1745)

Jean-Phillipe Rameau
(1683-1764)

“Ah! faut-il, en un jour” From *Hippolyte et Aricie* (1733)

Kinza Tyrrell, Harpsichord

Liederkreis Op. 24

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

- I. *Morgens steh' ich auf und frage*
- II. *Es treibt mich hin*
- III. *Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen*
- IV. *Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen*
- V. *Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden*
- VI. *Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann*
- VII. *Berg' und Burgen schau'n herunter*
- VIII. *Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen*
- IX. *Mit Myrten und Rosen*

Simi Luttrell, Piano

Clayton Butler is from the class of Professor Benjamin Butterfield.

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the Bachelor of Music Performance program.*

Reception to follow in the Lounge.

Please silence all electronic devices.

Program Notes

La Serenata / Aprile

Italian composer Paolo Tosti (1846-1916) is known for writing for the voice, with his light and expressive style that lends itself to vocal embellishment. He was an influential figure in music during La Belle Époque, and most notable classical singers have recorded his vocal works. Although the works of Tosti don't fit into the small box of Italian music most North American people are familiar with, it is the songs of composers such as Tosti that bridge the gap to the Italian culture that is so cherished on that side of the world.

Winter Words, Op. 5

Benjamin Britten's song cycle *Winter Words* is set to a compilation of poems by Thomas Hardy, famous English poet and author. Britten himself found Hardy's poetry deeply moving. The cycle was premiered in Leeds, sung by Peter Pears; Britten's partner in both life and music. Britten was afraid people would find this cycle "difficult or elusive", as it delves into themes such as the lost innocence of youth, human consciousness, and existence. But just as elusive pieces can breed confusion, I believe the ability to make one's own interpretation is very important for this cycle, and it is so interesting to see what each person's *Winter Words* mean to them.

Platée "Que ce séjour est agréable":

Written for the wedding of the Dauphin in 1745, *Platée* remains a model of French Baroque opera today. The story follows the unattractive and detestable frog-like water-nymph Platée – who believes she is the most alluring – and how she's convinced in an unfortunate ploy that the King of the Gods (Jupiter) is in love with her. In hopes that Jupiter can cure his wife Juno of her jealous reproaches, we are lead through this tragic, yet comedic story of false-love and humiliation.

Before Jupiter steps in, we are first introduced to Platée in this scene as she fantasizes about her love for King Kithairon.

Hippolyte et Aricie "Ah! faut-il en un jour"

Hippolyte et Aricie, Rameau's first opera, based on the French tragedy of Phèdre, was premiered in 1733. Phèdre, thinking her husband (Theseus) is dead, confesses her love for her stepson, Hippolyte. However, Hippolyte's declaration of love for the foreign princess Aricie arouses anger in Phèdre. Theseus then returns home alive and believes his son has made advances on Phèdre. Out of anger he banishes his son from the land and all whom he loves, thus setting the scene for this aria.

Liederkreis, Op. 24

Written for Clara Wieck in Schumann's "year of song" (1840) in anticipation of their wedding, this book of song was gifted to her wrapped in flowers and gold tinsel. Op. 24 is the first piece of vocal music Schumann ever composed. Fulfilled by this endeavour, Schumann expressed his excitement in a letter to Wieck; "Ah Clara, what bliss it is to write for the voice, I've needed it for a long time." Though Schumann's Op. 39 of the same title is often given more recognition and favoured, Op. 24 is an important work that provides us with a glimpse into his deep musical and emotional connection to his beloved Clara. Though the poetry and overall theme of this cycle is unrequited love, it comes with an intense irony that Schumann would use this text as the ultimate love letter.

Translations

La Serenata

Vola, o serenata:
La mia diletta è sola,
e, con la bella testa abbandonata,
posa tra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola.
O serenata, vola.

Splende Pura la luna,
l'ale il silenzio stende,
e dietro i veni dell'alcova
bruna la lampada s'accende.
Pure la luna splende.
Pure la luna splende.

Vola, o serenata,
Vola, o serenata, vola.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

Vola, o serenata:
La mia diletta è sola,
ma sorridendo ancor mezzo assonnata,
torna fra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola.
O serenata, vola.

L'onda sogna su 'l lido,
e 'l vento su la fronda;
e a' baci miei ricusa ancora un nido
la mia signora bionda.
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.

Vola, o serenata,
Vola, o serenata, vola.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

Aprile

Non senti tu ne l'aria
il profumo che spande Primavera?
Non senti tu ne l'anima
il suon de nova voce lusinghiera?
È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!
Deh! vieni, o mia gentil
su' prati'n fiore!

Il piè trarrai fra mammole,
avrà su'l petto rose e cilestrine,
e le farfalle candide
t'aleggeranno intorno al nero crine.
È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!
Deh! vieni, o mia gentil
su' prati'n fiore!

“Que ce séjour est agréable”

Platé:

Que ce séjour est agréable !
Qu'il est aimable !
Ah, qu'il est favorable,
Pour qui veut bien perdre sa liberté !

Dis-moi, mon cœur, t'es-tu bien consulté ?
Ah, mon cœur, tu t'agites !
Ah, mon cœur, tu me quittes !
Est-ce pour Cithéron ? T'a-t-il bien mérité ?

Que ce séjour est agréable !
Qu'il est aimable !
Ah, qu'il est favorable,
Pour qui veut bien perdre sa liberté !

The Serenade

Fly, o serenade:
My beloved is alone,
with her beautiful head abandoned
lie among the sheets:
O serenade, fly.
O serenade, fly.

Shines pure the moon,
The-wings of silence extend,
and behind the veils of the dark alcove
the lamp is-lit.
Pure the moon shines.
Pure the moon shines.

Fly, o serenade,
Fly, o serenade, fly.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

Fly, o serenade:
My beloved is alone,
but smiling and still half asleep,
she-returns among the sheets:
O serenade, fly.
O serenade, fly.

The waves dream on the shore,
and the wind [blows] through the branches;
and my kisses don't result in a nest [being offered],
by my blonde lady.
Dreaming on the shore, [are] the waves.
Dreaming on the shore, [are] the waves.

Fly, o serenade.
Fly, o serenade, fly.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

April

Do you not smell in the air
the perfume that Spring breathes out?
Do you not hear in your soul
the sound of a new, enticing voice?
It's April! It's the season of love!
Come, lovely one,
to the flowery meadow!

Your foot will tread among violets,
you will wear roses and bluebells,
and the white butterflies
will flutter around your black hair.
It's April! It's the season of love!
Please come, my lovely one,
to the flowery meadow!

“How agreeable is this place!”

How agreeable is this place!
How aimable it is!
Ah how favourable it is
For whomever is ready to forsake his liberty!

Tell me, my heart, have you well considered?
Ah, my heart, you are fretting!
Ah, my heart, you are abandoning me!
Is it for the sake of Kithaeron? Is he really worthy of you?

How delightful is this place!
How charming it is!
Ah how propitious it is
For whomever is ready to forsake his liberty!

“Ah! faut-il en un jour”

Hippolyte:

Ah ! faut-il, en un jour, perdre tout ce que j'aime?
Mon père pour jamais me bannit de ces lieux
Si chéris de Diane même.
Je ne verrai plus les beaux yeux
Qui faisaient mon bonheur suprême.

Ah ! faut-il, en un jour, perdre tout ce que j'aime?
Et les maux que je crains, et les biens que je perds,
Tout accable mon cœur d'une douleur extrême.
Sous le nuage affreux dont mes jours sont couverts,
Que deviendra ma gloire aux yeux de l'univers?

Ah ! faut-il, en un jour, perdre tout ce que j'aime?

Liederkreis Op. 24

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage

German source: [Heinrich Heine](#)

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage:
Kommt feins Liebchen heut?
Abends sink' ich hin und klage:
Ausblieb sie auch heut.

In der Nacht mit meinem Kummer
Lieg' ich schlaflos, lieg' ich wach;
Träumend, wie im halben Schlummer,
Wandle ich bei Tag.

Es treibt mich hin

German source: [Heinrich Heine](#)

Es treibt mich hin, es treibt mich her!
Noch wenige Stunden, dann soll ich sie schauen,
Sie selber, die schönste der schönen Jungfrauen;
Du armes Herz, was pochst du so schwer?

Die Stunden sind aber ein faules Volk!
Schleppen sich behaglich träge,
Schleichen gähnend ihre Wege;—
Tumme dich, du faules Volk!

Tobende Eile mich treibend erfasst!
Aber wohl niemals liebten die Horen;—
Heimlich im grausamen Bunde verschworen,
Spotten sich tückisch der Liebenden Hast.

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen

German source: [Heinrich Heine](#)

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
Mit meinem Gram allein;
Da kam das alte Träumen,
Und schlich mir ins Herz hinein.

Wer hat euch dies Wörtlein gelehret,
Ihr Vöglein in luftiger Höh'?
Schweigt still! wenn mein Herz es höret,
Dann tut es noch einmal so weh.

„Es kam ein Jungfräulein gegangen,
Die sang es immerfort,
Da haben wir Vöglein gefangen
Das hübsche, goldne Wort.“

Das sollt ihr mir nicht erzählen,
Ihr Vöglein wunderschlau;
Ihr wollt meinen Kummer mir stehlen,
Ich aber niemanden trau'.

“Ah! Must I, in a single day”

Ah! Must I, in a single day, lose all that I love?
My father banishes me for-ever from this place
so cherished by Diana herself.
I shall no more see the lovely eyes
that made my happiness complete.

Ah! Must I, in a single day, lose all that I love?
Both the misfortunes I fear and the benefits I lose,
all overwhelm my heart with extreme anguish.
Under the dreadful cloud which covers my life,
what, in the eyes of the world, will become of my glory?

Ah! Must!, in a single day, lose all that I love?

Every morning I awake and ask

English translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

Every morning I awake and ask:
Will my sweetheart come today?
Every evening I lie down,
Complaining that she did not appear.

All night long with my grief
I lie sleepless, lie awake;
Dreaming, as if half asleep,
I wander through the day.

I'm driven this way

English translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

I'm driven this way, driven that!
A few more hours, and I shall see her,
She, the fairest of the fair—
Faithful heart, why pound so hard?

But the Hours are a lazy breed!
They dawdle along and take their time,
Crawl yawningly on their way—
Get a move on, you lazy breed!

Raging haste drives me onward!
But the Horae can never have loved—
Cruelly and secretly in league,
They spitefully mock a lover's haste.

I wandered among the trees

English translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

I wandered among the trees,
Alone with my own grief,
But then old dreams returned once more
And stole into my heart.

Who taught you this little word,
You birds up there in the breeze?
Be silent! If my heart hears it,
My pain will return once more.

‘A young woman once passed by,
Who sang it again and again,
And so we birds snatched it up,
That lovely golden word.’

You should not tell me such things,
You little cunning birds,
You thought to steal my grief from me,
But I trust no one now.

Lieb' LiebchenGerman source: [Heinrich Heine](#)

Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen aufs Herze mein;
 Ach, hörst du, wie 's pochet im Kämmerlein?
 Da hauset ein Zimmermann schlimm und arg,
 Der zimmert mir einen Totensarg.

Es hämmert und klopft bei Tag und bei Nacht;
 Es hat mich schon längst um den Schlaf gebracht.
 Ach! sputet Euch, Meister Zimmermann,
 Damit ich balde schlafen kann.

Schöne Wiege meiner LeidenGerman source: [Heinrich Heine](#)

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden,
 Schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh',
 Schöne Stadt, wir müssen scheiden,—
 Lebe wohl! ruf' ich dir zu.

Lebe wohl, du heil'ge Schwelle,
 Wo da wandelt Liebchen traut;
 Lebe wohl! du heil'ge Stelle,
 Wo ich sie zuerst geschaut.

Hätt' ich dich doch nie gesehen,
 Schöne Herzenskönigin!
 Nimmer wär es dann geschehen,
 Dass ich jetzt so elend bin.

Nie wollt' ich dein Herze rühren,
 Liebe hab' ich nie erfleht;
 Nur ein stilles Leben führen
 Wollt' ich, wo dein Odem weht.

Doch du drängst mich selbst von hinnen,
 Bittere Worte spricht dein Mund;
 Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen,
 Und mein Herz ist krank und wund.

Und die Glieder matt und träge
 Schlepp' ich fort am Wanderstab,
 Bis mein müdes Haupt ich lege
 Ferne in ein kühles Grab.

Warte, warte wilder SchiffmannGerman source: [Heinrich Heine](#)

Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann,
 Gleich folg' ich zum Hafen dir;
 Von zwei Jungfraun nehm' ich Abschied,
 Von Europa und von Ihr.

Blutquell, rinn' aus meinen Augen,
 Blutquell, brich aus meinem Leib,
 Dass ich mit dem heissen Blute
 Meine Schmerzen niederschreib'.

Ei, mein Lieb, warum just heute
 Schaudert dich, mein Blut zu sehn?
 Sahst mich bleich und herzeblutend
 Lange Jahre vor dir stehn!

Kennst du noch das alte Liedchen
 Von der Schlang' im Paradies,
 Die durch schlimme Apfeligabe
 Unsern Ahn ins Elend stiess?

Alles Unheil brachten Äpfel!
 Eva bracht' damit den Tod,
 Eris brachte Trojas Flammen,
 Du bracht'st beides, Flamm' und Tod.

Lay your hand, my loveEnglish translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

Just lay your hand on my heart, my love;
 Ah, can you not hear it throbbing in there?
 A carpenter, wicked and evil, lives there,
 Fashioning me my coffin.

He bangs and hammers day and night,
 And has long since banished all sleep.
 Ah, master carpenter, make haste,
 That I might soon find rest.

Lovely cradle of my sorrowsEnglish translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

Lovely cradle of my sorrows,
 Lovely tombstone of my peace,
 Lovely city, we must part—
 Farewell! I call to you.

Farewell, O sacred threshold,
 Where my dear beloved treads,
 Farewell! O sacred spot,
 Where I first beheld her.

Had I never seen you though,
 Fair queen of my heart!
 It would never then have come to pass
 That I am now so wretched.

I never wished to touch your heart,
 I never begged for love,
 To live in peace was all I wished,
 And to breathe the air you breathed.

But you yourself, you drive me hence,
 Your lips speak bitter words;
 Madness rages in my mind,
 And my heart is sick and sore.

And my limbs, weary and feeble,
 I drag away, my staff in hand,
 Until I lay my tired head down
 In a cool and distant grave.

Wait, O Wait, Wild SeamanEnglish translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

Wait, O wait, wild seaman,
 Soon I'll follow to the harbour;
 I'm taking leave of two maidens:
 Of Europe and of her.

Stream from my eyes, O blood,
 Gush from my body, O blood,
 That with my hot blood
 I may write down my agonies.

Why today of all days, my love,
 Do you shudder to see my blood?
 You've seen me pale and with bleeding heart
 Stand before you for years on end!

Remember the old story
 Of the serpent in Paradise,
 Who, through the evil gift of an apple,
 Plunged our forbears into woe?

The apple has caused all our ills!
 Eve brought death with it,
 Eris brought flames to Troy,
 And you—both flames and death.

Berg und Burgen schaun herunter
German source: [Heinrich Heine](#)

Berg' und Burgen schaun herunter
In den spiegelhellen Rhein,
Und mein Schiffchen segelt munter,
Rings umglänzt von Sonnenschein.

Ruhig seh' ich zu dem Spiele
Goldner Wellen, kraus bewegt;
Still erwachen die Gefühle,
Die ich tief im Busen hegt'.

Freundlich grüssend und verheissend
Lockt hinab des Stromes Pracht;
Doch ich kenn' ihn, oben gleissend,
Bringt sein Innres Tod und Nacht.

Oben Lust, in Busen Tücken,
Strom, du bist der Liebsten Bild!
Die kann auch so freundlich nicken,
Lächelt auch so fromm und mild.

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen
German source: [Heinrich Heine](#)

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen,
Und ich glaubt', ich trüg' es nie;
Und ich hab' es doch getragen—
Aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie?

Mit Myrten und Rosen
German source: [Heinrich Heine](#)

Mit Myrthen und Rosen, lieblich und hold,
Mit duft'gen Zypressen und Flittergold,
Möcht' ich zieren dies Buch wie 'nen Totenschrein,
Und sargen meine Lieder hinein.

O könnt' ich die Liebe sargen hinzu!
Auf dem Grabe der Liebe wächst Blümlein der Ruh',
Da blüht es hervor, da pflückt man es ab,—
Doch mir blüht's nur, wenn ich selber im Grab.

Hier sind nun die Lieder, die einst so wild,
Wie ein Lavastrom, der dem Ätna entquillt,
Hervorgestürzt aus dem tiefsten Gemüt,
Und rings viel blitzende Funken versprüht!

Nun liegen sie stumm und totengleich,
Nun starren sie kalt und nebelbleich,
Doch aufs neu' die alte Glut sie belebt,
Wenn der Liebe Geist einst über sie schwebt.

Und es wird mir im Herzen viel Ahnung laut:
Der Liebe Geist einst über sie taut;
Einst kommt dies Buch in deine Hand,
Du süßes Lieb im fernen Land.

Dann löst sich des Liedes Zauberbann,
Die blassen Buchstaben schaun dich an,
Sie schauen dir flehend ins schöne Aug',
Und flüstern mit Wehmut und Liebeshauch.

Mountains and castles gaze down
English translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

Mountains and castles gaze down
Into the mirror-bright Rhine,
And my little boat sails merrily,
The sunshine glistening around it.

Calmly I watch the play
Of golden, ruffled waves surging;
Silently feelings awaken in me
That I had kept deep in my heart.

With friendly greetings and promises,
The river's splendour beckons;
But I know it—gleaming above
It conceals within itself Death and Night.

Above, pleasure; at heart, malice;
River, you are the image of my beloved!
She can nod with just as much friendliness,
And smile so devotedly and gently.

At first I almost despaired
English translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

At first I almost despaired,
And I thought I could never be able to bear it;
Yet even so, I have borne it—
But do not ask me how.

With myrtles and roses
English translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

With myrtles and roses, sweet and fair,
With fragrant cypress and golden tinsel,
I should like to adorn this book like a coffin
And bury my songs inside.

Could I but bury my love here too!
On Love's grave grows the flower of peace,
There it blossoms, there is plucked,
But only when I'm buried will it bloom for me.

Here now are the songs which once cascaded,
Like a stream of lava pouring from Etna,
So wildly from the depths of my soul,
And scattered glittering sparks all around!

Now they lie mute, as though they were dead,
Now they stare coldly, as pale as mist,
But the old glow shall kindle them once more,
When the spirit of Love floats over them.

And a thought speaks loud within my heart,
That the spirit of Love will one day thaw them;
One day this book will fall into your hands,
My dearest love, in a distant land.

Then shall song's magic spell break free,
And the pallid letters shall gaze at you,
Gaze imploringly into your beautiful eyes,
And whisper with sadness and the breath of love.