



UVic's 5 Days of Action: 365 Days of Commitment

EVERY TIMBRE AND TONE: HONOURING DIVERSITY THROUGH SONG

Featuring School of Music faculty

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 2021 | 12 PM

Phillip T. Young Recital Hall, MacLaurin Building

Free admission

We acknowledge and respect the Lekwungen peoples on whose traditional territory the university stands and the Songhees, Esquimalt and W̱SÁNEĆ peoples whose historical relationships with the land continue to this day.

PROGRAM

Andante
To My Little Son
Hold Fast to Dreams

Florence Price
(1887-1953)

Sharon Krebs, soprano
Harald Krebs, piano

Six Méloides

(Introduction by Monika Zaborowski)

- i. Cortège*
- ii. Cythère*
- iii. L'Heure exquise*
- iv. La Passante*
- v. To Love*
- vi. Dimanche d'Avril*

Poldowski (Régine Wieniawski)
(1879-1932)

Anne Grimm, soprano
Bruce Vogt, piano

Everywhere You Are
Here We Go Again
Beautiful World
Carve Out of This Darkness

Colleen Eccleston

Colleen Eccleston, vocals & guitar
Scott White, bass

TRANSLATIONS

Cortège (Poem by Paul Verlaine)

A monkey in a brocade jacket
Trots and gambols in front of her,
She, who crumples a lace handkerchief
In her elegantly gloved hand.

While the little black boy all in red
Clutches, suspended in his arms,
The skirts of her heavy gown
Attentive to every moving fold.

The monkey does not take his eyes off
The lady's white bosom,
Opulent treasure, which demands
The naked torso of a god.

The little black boy sometimes lifts,
Rascal, his sumptuous burden
Higher than he needs to, in order
To see that of which he dreams at night.

She takes the stairs
And does not seem any the more
Aware of the insolences
Of her domestic pets.

Cythère (Poem by Paul Verlaine)

A latticed summer house
Gently shelters our joys
Fanned by friendly rose bushes.

The scent of roses, faint
Because of the passing breeze
Mingles with the perfume she has on;

As her eyes had promised
Her courage is great and her lips
Conveys an exquisite fever.

And love, overcoming all except
Hunger; sherbets and preserves,
Keeps us from getting tired.

L'heure exquise (Poem by Paul Verlaine)

When the white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool,
Deep mirror;

Reflects the silhouette
Of the black willow

Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky..
Iridescent with stars.

It is the exquisite hour.

La Passante (Poem by Poldowski)

Handsome royal page!
Sad-eyed, who dreams of love
And whose mouth is made for kisses,
Come! For the lark is singing in the woods.
We will lie down by the sleeping water.
Ah! How sweet it is to love.

Handsome royal page!
If I love you, do not betray me:
For my lover, he is jealous.
Come! For the lark is singing in the woods.
We will lie down by the sleeping water.
Ah! How sweet it is to love.

Dimanche d'Avril (Poem by Paul Verlaine)

Row upon row of hedges
billow into the distance,
like a pale sea in the clear mist
which smells of good young bayberries.

Trees and windmills
pose lightly on the delicate green
of the grass where the nimble colts
are frisking and stretching out.

Here in this Sunday dreaminess
are sheep frolicking too -
large ewes as gentle
as their soft white wool.

A moment ago, like a scroll unfurling,
a wave came rolling and breaking, a wave
of flute-like bells
in the milk-white sky.