



Western
Music

Don Wright Faculty of Music

**FRIDAYS AT 12:30 SERIES
ART SONGS AND OPERATIC ARIAS**

Friday, September 12, 2025

12:30 p.m., von Kuster Hall and [via livestream](#)

Laura Nielsen, *soprano*

Marianna Chibotar-Rutkevich, *piano*

Adieu notre petite table
From *Manon*

J. Massenet
(1842-1912)

Chanson Triste

H. Duparc
(1848-1933)

S'il est un charmant gazon, S. 284
O quand je dors

F. Liszt
(1811-1886)

Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1
Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8
Cécille, Op. 27, No. 2

R. Strauss
(1864-1949)

Lilacs, Op. 21, No. 5
The Answer, Op. 21, No. 4
O do not sing to me again, Op. 4, No. 4

S. Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

Qui la voce... Vien Diletto
From *I Puritani*

V. Bellini
(1801-1835)

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THE ARTISTS



Recognized for her expressive artistry and commanding stage presence, soprano **Laura Nielsen** has been praised for her “superb piano dynamic, heartfelt passion” and “outstanding stage presence” (Online Merker). Last season, her portrayal of Mimì in Puccini’s *La Bohème* with Southern Ontario Lyric Opera was described by Opera Canada’s Dawn Martens as “completely convincing and vocally outstanding.”

In the 2023–24 season, Laura made her European debut at Theatre Erfurt in Germany, performing as Freia in Wagner’s *Das Rheingold* and as Kassandra in Felix Weingartner’s *Orestes*. She later performed with Teatro Nuovo in New York City as a Resident Artist, covering the title role in the modern premiere of Carolina Uccelli’s 1836 Bel Canto opera *Anna di Resburgo*. Previous international appearances include performances at Slovakia’s Pro Musica Nostra Festival and the International Organ Festival of Jozef Grešák.

In 2024-25, Laura travelled to Bern, Switzerland, where she sang in the final rounds of the 43rd International Hans Gabor Belvedere Singing Competition. She was also named a semi-finalist in both the Loren L. Zachary National Vocal Competition and the Premiere Opera Foundation Competition. Previous distinctions include being a finalist in the Canadian Opera Company’s Centre Stage Competition, a Laureate of the Jeunes Ambassadeurs Lyriques in Montréal, the Second Prize winner of the NATS Artist Awards in New York City, and a District Winner in the Metropolitan Opera Laffont Competition (Canada District). Laura is a proud graduate of Western University (B.Mus., A.D.) and holds a Master of Music in Opera Performance from the Yale School of Music.

Marianna Chibotar-Rutkevich is an accomplished Concert Pianist, holding a Masters Degree in Piano Performance and Literature and Musicology, and a Post-Masters Degree in Piano Performance and Pedagogy from the State University of Kishinev in Moldova, where she also held studio as an Associate Professor of Piano. She has been privileged to have studied with some of the most internationally renowned piano masters and legendary pedagogues from Russia, the Ukraine, Romania, Germany, Holland, Brazil and Australia.

Having performed internationally playing numerous solo recitals, concertos, and chamber music, Marianna has honed her talents as a pianist and has further developed her special commitment to music. As an accomplished performer she has received many awards and scholarships recognizing her musicality, technical virtuosity, and subtle artistry; and has been praised in newspapers for her unique sound quality. The most noteworthy international competitions and festivals include those held in Prague (Czech Republic), Athens (Greece), Rotterdam (Netherlands), Bucharest (Romania) and Etlingen, (Germany), Moscow (Russia).

While maintaining an active performing schedule, she is also a dedicated teacher. Marianna is currently on the piano faculty at, the Don Wright Faculty of Music, University of Western Ontario, as a Piano Instructor and Collaborative Pianist, performing as a piano soloist, and chamber music soloist. Highly demanded for collaborating with vocalists and instrumentalists she holds respect as a teacher, a mentor to her students and as a pianist. Her students have distinguished themselves at the national and international levels, winning top prizes in a number of national competitions, and being accepted into prestigious universities and graduate schools.

Recently, she has been honoured to perform live for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation Radio and Television, to appear as the official Pianist for the Canadian Music Competition, and the Provincial and National Music Competitions. Frequently requested to participate as a Conservatory Examiner, Competition Adjudicator and clinician, she also maintains a full studio of private piano students in London, Ontario.

TRANSLATIONS

Original Text:	Translation
<p>Adieu notre petite table from <i>Manon</i> by J. Massenet</p> <p>Allons! Il le faut pour lui-même... mon pauvre chevalier! Oui, c'est lui que j'aime! Et pourtant, j'hésite aujourd'hui. Non, non!... Je ne suis plus digne de lui! J'entends cette voix qui m'entraîne contre ma volonté: Manon, Manon, tu seras reine... par la beauté! Je ne suis que faiblesse et que fragilité... Ah! malgré moi je sens couler mes larmes... Devant ces rêves effacés, l'avenir aura-t-il les charmes de ces beaux jours déjà passés?</p> <p>Adieu, notre petite table, qui nous réunit si souvent! Adieu, adieu, notre petite table, si grande pour nous cependant! On tient, c'est inimaginable... Si peu de place... en se serrant... Adieu, notre petite table! Un même verre était le nôtre, chacun de nous, quand il buvait y cherchait les lèvres de l'autre ... Ah! pauvre ami, comme il m'aimait! Adieu, notre petite table, adieu!</p>	<p><i>Manon, the original "material-girl", tearfully abandons her heartfelt romance with the Chevalier Des Grieux to social climb in 18th century Paris. She takes a final look at their small apartment.</i></p> <p>Come now, I must do it, for his sake... My poor Knight! Yes, he's the one I love! And yet today I'm still hesitating. No, no!... I'm no longer worthy of him! I keep hearing this voice that attracts me against my will: Manon, Manon, you will be queen... by your beauty! I am nothing but weakness and frailty... Ah! in spite of myself I feel my tears flowing. After these dreams have been erased, will the future have the charms of the beautiful days already passed?</p> <p>Farewell, our little table, which brought us together so often! Farewell, our little table, which for just us two seemed so large! It's unbelievable, but we take up so little space... especially when we're embracing. Farewell, our little table! We used the same glass, the two of us, and when each of us drank, we tried to find the other's lips. My poor friend, how he loved me! Farewell, our little table, farewell!</p>
<p>Chanson triste French text: Jean Lahor</p> <p>Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune, Un doux clair de lune d'été, Et pour fuir la vie importune, Je me noierai dans ta clarté.</p> <p>J'oublierai les douleurs passées, Mon amour, quand tu berceras Mon triste cœur et mes pensées Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.</p> <p>Tu prendras ma tête malade, Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux, Et lui diras une ballade Qui semblera parler de nous;</p>	<p>Song of sadness Translation: Richard Stokes</p> <p>Moonlight slumbers in your heart, A gentle summer moonlight, And to escape the cares of life I shall drown myself in your light.</p> <p>I shall forget past sorrows, My sweet, when you cradle My sad heart and my thoughts In the loving calm of your arms.</p> <p>You will rest my poor head, Ah! sometimes on your lap, And recite to it a ballad That will seem to speak of us;</p>

<p>Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses, Dans tes yeux alors je boirai Tant de baisers et de tendresses Que peut-être je guérirai.</p>	<p>And from your eyes full of sorrow, From your eyes I shall then drink So many kisses and so much love That perhaps I shall be healed.</p>
<p>S'il est un charmant gazon French Text: Victor Hugo</p> <p>S'il est un charmant gazon Que le ciel arrose, Où brule toute saison Quelque fleur éclore, Où l'on cueille à pleine main Lys, chèvrefeuille et jasmin, J'en veux faire le chemin Où ton pied se pose!</p> <p>S'il est un rêve d'amour Parfumé de rose, Où l'on trouve chaque jour Quelque douce chose, Un rêve que Dieu bénit, Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit, Oh! j'en veux faire le nid Où ton cœur se pose!</p>	<p>Should there be a charming lawn Translation: Christopher Goldsack</p> <p>Should there be a charming lawn which is watered by heaven, where all season some opened flower burns, where one gathers lily, honeysuckle and jasmine, in full bunches, I wish to make of it the path where your foot treads!</p> <p>Should there be a dream of love perfumed with rose, where one finds each day some gentle thing, a dream blessed by God, where souls unite, oh, I wish to make of it the nest where your heart settles!</p>
<p>Oh! Quand je dors French text: Victor Hugo</p> <p>Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de ma couche, Comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura, Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche ... Soudain ma bouche S'entr'ouvrira!</p> <p>Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura, Que ton regard comme un astre se lève ... Et soudain mon rêve Rayonnera!</p> <p>Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une flamme, Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura,</p> <p>Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens femme ... Soudain mon âme S'éveillera!</p>	<p>Ah, while I sleep Translation: Richard Stokes</p> <p>Ah, while I sleep, come close to where I lie, As Laura once appeared to Petrarch, And let your breath in passing touch me ... At once my lips Will part!</p> <p>On my sombre brow, where a dismal dream That lasted too long now perhaps is ending, Let your countenance rise like a star ... At once my dream Will shine!</p> <p>Then on my lips, where a flame flickers— A flash of love which God himself has purified— Place a kiss and be transformed from angel into woman ... At once my soul Will wake!</p>

<p>Zueignung German Text: Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg</p> <p>Ja, du weißt es, theure Seele, Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle, Liebe macht die Herzen krank, Habe Dank.</p> <p>Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher, Hoch den Amethysten-Becher Und du segnetest den Trank, Habe Dank.</p> <p>Und beschworst darin die Bösen, Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen, Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank, Habe Dank.</p>	<p>Dedication Translation: Lawrence Snyder, Rebecca Plack.</p> <p>Yes, you know it, dearest soul, How I suffer far from you, Love makes the heart sick, Have thanks.</p> <p>Once I, drinker of freedom, Held high the amethyst beaker, And you blessed the drink, Have thanks.</p> <p>And you exorcised the evils in it, Until I, as I had never been before, Blessed, blessed sank upon your heart, Have thanks.</p>
<p>Allerseelen German Text: Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg</p> <p>Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden, Die letzten roten Atern trag herbei, Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden, Wie einst im Mai.</p> <p>Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei, Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke, Wie einst im Mai.</p> <p>Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe, Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei, Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe, Wie einst im Mai.</p>	<p>All Souls' Day Translation: Richard Stokes</p> <p>Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes, Bring in the last red asters, And let us talk of love again As once in May.</p> <p>Give me your hand to press in secret, And if people see, I do not care, Give me but one of your sweet glances As once in May.</p> <p>Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant, One day each year is devoted to the dead; Come to my heart and so be mine again, As once in May.</p>
<p>Cécille German Text: Heinrich Hart</p> <p>Wenn du es wüßtest, Was träumen heißt von brennenden Küssen, Von Wandern und Ruhen mit der Geliebten, Aug in Auge, Und kosend und plaudernd, Wenn du es wüßtest, Du neigtest dein Herz!</p> <p>Wenn du es wüßtest, Was bangen heißt in einsamen Nächten, Umschauert vom Sturm, da niemand tröstet</p>	<p>Cecily Translation: Richard Stokes</p> <p>If you knew What it is to dream Of burning kisses, Of walking and resting With one's love, Gazing at each other And caressing and talking – If you knew, Your heart would turn to me.</p> <p>If you knew What it is to worry On lonely nights In the frightening storm, With no soft voice</p>

<p>Milden Mundes die kampfmüde Seele, Wenn du es wüßtest, Du kämest zu mir.</p> <p>Wenn du es wüßtest, Was leben heißt, umhaucht von der Gottheit Weltschaffendem Atem, Zu schweben empor, lichtgetragen, Zu seligen Höhn, Wenn du es wüßtest, Du lebstest mit mir!</p>	<p>To comfort the struggle-weary soul – If you knew, You would come to me.</p> <p>If you knew What it is to live Enveloped in God's World-creating breath, To soar upwards, Borne on light To blessed heights – If you knew, You would live with me.</p>
<p>Siren' Russian text: Ekaterina Andreyena Beketova</p> <p>Poutru, na zare, Po rasistoj trave, Ya pajdu svezhyim utrom dyshat'; I v dushystuyu ten', Gde tesnitsya siren', Ya pojdu svoyo shchast'ye iskat'...</p> <p>V zhizni shchast'ye odno Mne najti suzhdeno, I to shchast'ye v sireni zhyvyot; Na zelyonykh vetvyakh, Na dushistykh kistyakh Moyo bednoe shchast'ye tsveyot...</p>	<p>Lilacs Translation: Philip Ross Bullock</p> <p>In the morning, at dawn, Through the dew-clad grass, I shall walk, breathing in the freshness of morning; and to the fragrant shade, Where lilacs cluster, I shall go in search of happiness...</p> <p>In life there is but one happiness That I am fated to find, And that happiness dwells in the lilacs; On their green branches, In their fragrant clusters My poor happiness blooms...</p>
<p>Oni otvechali Russian text: Lev Aleksandrovich Mey <i>Original poetry by Victor Hugo</i></p> <p>Sprosili oni: „Kak v letuchikh chelnakh Nam beloju chajkoj skol'zit' na volnakh, Chtob nas storozha nedognali?`` „Grebite!`` oni otvechali.</p> <p>Sprosili oni: „Kak zabyt', navsegda, Chto v mire judol'nom jest' bednost', beda, Chto jest' v njom groza i pechali?`` „Zasnite!`` oni otvechali.</p> <p>Sprosili oni: „Kak krasavic privlech' Bez chary: chtob sami na strastnuju rech' Oni nam v ob"jatija pali?`` „Ljubite!`` oni otvechali.</p>	<p>The answer Translation: Philip Ross Bullock</p> <p>The men asked: 'How, in swift boats, Are we to glide across the waves, like a white seagull, Lest the guards should catch us?' 'Row!,' answered the women.</p> <p>The men asked: 'How are we to forget for ever that there is poverty and misfortune in this vale of tears, That there is enmity and sorry? 'Sleep', answered the women.</p> <p>The men asked: 'How are we to win beautiful girls Without spells: so that our passionate words will make them fall into our embraces?' 'Love!' answered the women.</p>
<p>Ne poi krasavitsa Russian text: Alexander Pushkin</p> <p>Ne poi, krasavitsa, pri mne Ty pesen Gruzii pechalnoi; Napominayut mne one</p>	<p>Oh do not sing to me again! Translation: Philip Ross Bullock</p> <p>Oh do not sing for me, fair maiden, Those Georgian songs so sad; They remind me</p>

<p>Druguyu zhizn i bereg dalnyi.</p> <p>Uvy, napominayut mne Tvoi zhestokie napevy I step, i noch – i pri lune Cherty dalyokoy, miloi devi.</p>	<p>Of another life and a distant shore.</p> <p>Alas, your cruel strains Remind me Of the steppe and the night, And the moonlit face of my distant beloved.</p>
<p>Qui la voce... vien diletto from <i>I Puritani</i> by V. Bellini</p> <p>Qui la voce sua soave Mi chiamava e poi sparì. Qui giurava esser fedele, Qui il giurava, E poi crudele, mi fuggì! Ah! mai più qui assorti insieme Nella gioia dei sospir. Ah! rendetemi la speme, O lasciate, lasciate mi morir!</p> <p>Vien, diletto, è in ciel la luna! Tutto tace intorno, intorno; Finchè spunti in ciel il giorno, Ah, vien, ti posa sul mio cor! Deh! t'affretta, o Arturo mio, Riedi, o caro, alla tua Elvira; Essa piange e ti sospira, Vien, o caro, all'amore... etc.</p>	<p><i>Tangled in the complicated feud between puritans and royalists in 1650s England, Elvira remembers Arturo's betrayal and hopes that he will return to her to live happily ever after (spoiler alert, they do).</i></p> <p>Here his sweet voice He called me and then disappeared. Here he swore to be faithful, Here he swore, And then cruel, he fled! Ah! never again here absorbed together In the joy of sighs. Ah! make me hope, Or leave, let me die!</p> <p>Come, beloved, the moon is in heaven! Everything is silent around, around; As long as you come out in the sky the day, Ah, come, lay you on my heart! Ah! hurry you, O my Arturo, Come back, dear, to your Elvira; She cries and sighs (for you) Come, dear, to love.</p>