



Western  
Music

Don Wright Faculty of Music

## SONGS OF MANY LANDS

International Week at Western #globalwesternu

Presented by Voice Fridays

Friday, November 19, 2021

1:40 pm, [via livestream](#) from von Kuster Hall

Crois-moi (*Believe me*)

Auguste Descarries (1896-1958)

Anjelique Croteau, *mezzo-soprano*; Paul Digout, *piano*

玫瑰三愿 (*Three wishes of Roses*)

Zi Huang (1904-1938)

Poem by Yusheng Long (1902-1966)

问春 (*Ask the Spring*)

Yanjiang Hu (b. 1981)

Poem by Su Yan (1930-2016)

Chong Tan, *soprano*; Yolanda Tapia, *piano*

Заповіт (*Testament*)

Kyrylo Stetsenko (1882-1922)

Poem by Taras Shevchenko (1814-1861)

Mykyta Duvalko, *tenor*; Debbie Grigg, *piano*

越人歌 (*Song of the Yue Boatman*)

Liu Qing (b.1974)

Albert Xia, *tenor*; Olena Bratishko, *piano*

Chanson du petit cordonnier (*Song of the little shoemaker*)  
from Three Métis Songs from Saskatchewan

Malcolm Forsyth (1936-2011)

Rebecca Crane, *mezzo-soprano*; Olena Bratishko, *piano*

Сирень (*Lilacs*)

Sergei Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

Kcenia Koutorjevski, *mezzo-soprano*; Marianna Chibotar-Rutkevich, *piano*

Riflessi (*Reflections*)

Francesco Santoliquido (1883-1971)

Erica Luisa Simone, *soprano*; Marianna Chibotar-Rutkevich, *piano*

Sa Ugoy ng Duyan (*The Sway of the Baby Hammock*)  
from Suite Pastorale (1956)

Lucio San Pedro (1913-2000)

Matthew Bermudez, *tenor*; Marianna Chibotar, *piano*

## TRANSLATIONS

### **Crois-moi (*Believe me*)**

**Auguste Descarries (1896-1958)**

If your dark and charmed life  
Flow in the shade of a few flowers,  
Stormy soul but calmed down  
In this pure dream without tears,  
On the goods that heaven gives you,  
Believe me: so that fate will forgive you,  
Calm down!  
But if love with a sure hand  
Hit you not to heal anymore,  
If you are longing for your injury  
Until wishing to die of it,  
In front of all, and in front of yourself,  
Believe me: by a gentle and supreme effort,  
Calm down!

### **玫瑰三愿 (*Three wishes of Roses*)**

**Zi Huang(1904-1938)**

**Poem by Yusheng Long (1902-1966)**

Roses, roses, rotten and bloomed under the virid  
rails.  
I hope the ruthless wind and rain that jealous me will  
not be beaten it!  
I hope that the passionate tourist who loves me will  
not pick it up!  
I wish that the elegance and beauty would never fade  
away!  
So that I could keep the youth and fragrance forever!

### **问春(*Ask the Spring*)**

**Yanjiang Hu (b. 1981)**

**Poem by Su Yan(1930-2016)**

I ask spring where are you from  
Accompanying the apricot blossoms to bloom with  
the willows swinging  
I ask spring where are you from  
Sing along with the bees and return with the  
swallows  
I ask spring where are you from  
Holding auspicious flowers and carrying happiness  
I ask you if spring will you willing to stay  
Stay and live in your lover's heart,  
I ask spring, can you hear the spring rain  
The patters fall down, stained the village green bit by  
bit  
Startled the spring blossoms spreads out.  
In spring, you can hear the spring breeze softly  
Refreshing and refreshing  
Cutting the peach branches of the mountain finely  
Ah ah ah ah ah ah

### **Заповіт (*Last Will and Testament*)**

**Kyrylo Stetsenko(1882-1922)**

**Poem by Taras Shevchenko (1814-1861)**

When I am dead, bury me  
In my beloved Ukraine,  
My tomb upon a grave mound high  
Amid the spreading plain,

So that the fields, the boundless steppes,  
The Dnieper's plunging shore  
My eyes could see, my ears could hear  
The mighty river roar.

When from Ukraine the Dnieper bears  
Into the deep blue sea  
The blood of foes ... then will I leave  
These hills and fertile fields —

I'll leave them all and fly away  
To the abode of God,  
And then I'll pray.... But until that day  
I know nothing of God.

Oh bury me, then rise ye up  
And break your heavy chains  
And water with the tyrants' blood  
The freedom you have gained.

And in the great new family,  
The family of the free,  
With softly spoken, kindly word  
Remember me.

### **越人歌 (*Song of the Yue Boatman*)**

**Liu Qing (b.1974)**

What an evening this is, rowing the boat on the river.  
What a day today is, I have the chance to share the  
same boat with the Prince.  
Feeling unworthy of your adoration, yet I am not  
shamed by the mockeries.  
Endless fluctuations in my heart: I made  
acquaintance with the Prince.  
There are trees on the mountain, and branches on  
the trees;  
my heart desires for the Lord yet the Lord does not  
know.

**Chanson du petit cordonnier**  
*(Song of the little shoemaker)*  
from *Three Métis Songs from Saskatchewan*  
Malcolm Forsyth (1936-2011)

I met a woman  
Three days ago on Sunday,  
I go there to see her  
Monday, I ask for it on Monday  
Without delay  
I'm going to ask for it.

Her father is eavesdropping,  
When he heard this:  
No, no, you won't have my daughter  
And cost me thousands  
Cause he's a boy of nothing  
He will take her for his own good!

Her brother is listening,  
When he heard this:  
Stop, my dear father  
And appease your anger.  
Because he is a boy of honour  
Let him have my sister.

Lisette, o my Lisette,  
Lend me your handkerchief  
It is to wipe away the tears  
That cool on my white face  
Ah! Tears,  
Oh! My sweet eyes  
Farewell, Lisette, farewell

Oh! Pocket of handkerchiefs,  
But I don't have any on me  
Go to my room  
Grab my tissue,  
At the head, ah! From my bed  
Goodbye, my beautiful friend.

What did the little song do?  
He's just a little shoemaker  
A horse in his saddle  
Bending, bending these legs  
Knocking but with the heel  
That he composed the song!

**Сирень (*Lilacs*)**  
**Sergei Rachmaninov (1873-1943)**  
In the morning, at daybreak,  
over the dewy grass,  
I will go to breathe the crisp dawn;

and in the fragrant shade,  
where the lilac crowds,  
I will go to seek my happiness...

In life, only one happiness  
it was fated for me to discover,  
and that happiness lives in the lilacs;  
in the green boughs,  
in the fragrant bunches,  
my poor happiness blossoms...

**Riflessi (*Reflections*)**  
**Francesco Santoliquido (1883-1971)**  
Oh! beautiful reflections of sun!  
Oh lovely reflections, yellow and red,  
that illuminate the garden  
like an immense artificial fire.  
Flood me also  
with your hot phosphorescence of gold.

I glimpse in you myriads of stars,  
I glimpse in you myriads of sparks,  
Fireflies and pearl, rubies and emeralds!  
And my tired eyes  
are blinded [by] your flares,  
And my soul drinks  
and my heart is drunk  
with light and color!

Oh! beautiful reflections of sun,  
Red flashing of burning flames,  
Shine! I need you,  
Shine! Flood the brook,  
the basin of the garden,  
The morning leaves with a deluge of gold!

**Sa Ugoy ng Duyan**  
*(The Sway of the Baby Hammock)*  
from *Suite Pastorale (1956)*  
**Lucio San Pedro (1913-2000)**  
*Translated from Tagalog (Philippines)*  
I pray that the old days won't fade  
When I was young and in my mother's arms.  
Oh, to hear mother's dear lullaby again  
The song of love as she rocked my cradle.

In my deep and peaceful slumber  
The stars watch over me in vigil  
Life was like heaven in the arms of my mother,  
Now my heart longs for the lulling cradle.

Lull me, mother, in my dear old cradle.  
Oh, mother.