



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
FACULTY OF MUSIC

**Zyion Stephens, soprano**  
**Joel Goodfellow, piano**

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Masters of Music degree in Voice Pedagogy.  
Zyion Stephens is a student of Lorna Macdonald and Wendy Nielsen.

Thursday, May 9, 2024 at 4:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

**PROGRAM**

Exsultate Jubilate K.165  
Laudate Dominum K. 339 from *Vesperae Solennes de Confessore*  
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Pause from *Die schöne Müllerin* (1823)  
Trockne Blumen  
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Liebst du um Schönheit from *Rückert-Lieder* (1901)  
Ich atmet' einen linden Duft  
Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

\*Dzifa's Aria from *Of the Sea*  
Ian Cusson (b. 1981)

**INTERMISSION**

Psyché  
Emile Paladilhe (1844-1926)

Deh, pietoso, oh Addolorata  
Ad una stella  
Sul fil d'un soffio etesio from *Falstaff*  
Giuseppi Verdi (1813-1901)

+Miss Wheatley's Garden (2014)  
Rosephanye Powell (b. 1962)

- I. Songs for the People
- II. I Want to Die While You Love Me
- III. A Winter Twilight

*\*Fulfills the Canadian Repertoire Requirement.*

*+Fulfills the BIPOC/Underrepresented Composers Repertoire Requirement.*

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*We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.*

As part of the Faculty's commitment to improving Indigenous inclusion, we call upon all members of our community to start/continue their personal journeys towards understanding and acknowledging Indigenous peoples' histories, truths and cultures. Visit [indigenous.utoronto.ca](http://indigenous.utoronto.ca) to learn more.

## Text and Translations

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### **Exsultate, jubilate**

Exsultate, jubilate  
o vos anime beatae!  
Dulchi cantica canedo,  
cantui vestr respondendo,  
psallant aethera cum me.

### **Laudáte Dóminum**

Laudáte Dóminum omnes gentes  
omnes populi;  
Quóniam confirmáta est  
súper nos misericordia eius  
et véritas Domini mánet in æternum

### **Pause**

Meine Laute hab' ich gehängt an die Wand,  
Hab' sie umschlungen mit einem grünen Band  
Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz ist zu  
voll,  
Weiss nicht, wie ich's in Reime zwingen soll.  
Meiner Sehnsucht allerheissesten Schmerz  
Durf't' ich aushauchen in Liederschmerz,  
Und wie ich klagte so süß und fein,  
Glaubt' ich doch, mein Leiden wär' nicht klein.  
Ei, wie gross ist wohl meines Glückes Last,  
Dass kein Klang auf Erden es in sich fasst?  
Nun, liebe Laute, ruh' an dem Nagel hier!  
Und weht ein Lüftchen über die Saiten dir,  
Und streift eine Biene mit ihren Flügeln dich,  
Da wird mir so bange und es  
durchschauert mich.  
Warum liess ich das Band auch hängen so lang?  
Oft fliegt's um die Saiten mit seufzendem  
Klang. Ist es der Nachklang meiner Liebespein?  
Soll es das Vorspiel neuer Lieder sein?

### **Trockne Blüten**

Ihr Blümlein alle, Die sie mir gab,  
Euch soll man legen Mit mir ins Grab.  
Wie seht ihr alle Mich an so weh,  
Als ob ihr wüsstet, Wie mir gescheh?  
Ihr Blümlein alle,  
Wie welk, wie blass?

### **Rejoice, be glad,**

Rejoice, be glad,  
O you blessed souls,  
Rejoice, be glad,  
Singing sweet songs;  
In response to your singing  
Let the heavens sing forth with me.

### **Praise the Lord**

Praise the Lord, all ye nations (peoples),  
praise him, all ye peoples.  
For his loving kindness (mercy)  
has been bestowed upon us,  
and the truth of the Lord endures for eternity

### **Pause**

I have hung my lute on the wall,  
and tied a green ribbon around it.  
I can sing no more, my heart is too full;  
I do not know how to force it into rhyme.  
The most ardent pangs of my longing  
I could express in playful song,  
And as I lamented, so sweetly and tenderly,  
I believed my sorrows were not trifling.  
Ah, how great can my burden of joy be  
That no song on earth will contain it?  
Rest now, dear lute, here on this nail,  
And if a breath of air wafts over your strings,  
Or a bee touches you with its wings,  
I shall feel afraid, and shudder.  
Why have I let this ribbon hang down so far?  
Often it flutters across the strings with a sighing  
sound.  
Is this the echo of my love's sorrow,  
or could it be the prelude to new songs?

### **Withered flowers**

All you flowers that she gave to me,  
you shall be laid with me in the grave.  
How sorrowfully you all look at me,  
as though you knew what was happening to me!  
All you flowers,  
how faded and pale you are!

Ihr Blümlein alle  
Wovon so nass?  
Ach, Tränen machen  
Nicht maiengrün,  
Machen tote Liebe  
Nicht wieder blühen.  
Und Lenz wird kommen  
Und Winter wird gehen,  
Und Blümlein werden  
Im Grase stehn.  
Und Blümlein liegen  
In meinem Grab,  
Die Blümlein alle,  
Die sie mir gab.  
Und wenn sie wandelt Am Hügel vorbei,  
Und denkt im Herzen:  
"Der meint' es treu!" Dann Blümlein alle,  
Heraus, heraus!  
Der Mai ist kommen, Der Winter ist aus.

### **Liebst du um Schönheit**

Liebst du um Schönheit,  
O nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe die Sonne,  
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.  
Liebst du um Jugend,  
O nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe den Frühling,  
Der jung ist jedes Jahr.  
Liebst du um Schätze,  
O nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe die Meerfrau,  
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.  
Liebst du um Liebe,  
O ja, mich liebe!  
Liebe mich immer,  
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!  
Im Zimmer stand  
Ein Zweig der Linde,  
Ein Angebinde  
Von lieber Hand.  
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!  
Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!  
Das Lindenreis  
Brachst du gelinde;

All you flowers,  
why are you so moist?  
Alas, tears will not create  
the green of May,  
nor make dead love  
bloom anew.  
Spring will come,  
and winter will pass,  
and flowers  
will grow in the grass.  
And flowers will lie  
on my grave –  
all the flowers  
that she gave me.  
And when she walks past that mound  
and ponders in her heart,  
'His love was true.' Then, all you flowers,  
come forth, come forth!  
May is here, winter is over!

### **If you love for beauty**

If you love for beauty,  
O love not me!  
Love the sun,  
She has golden hair.  
If you love for youth,  
O love not me!  
Love the spring  
Which is young each year.  
If you love for riches,  
O love not me!  
Love the mermaid  
Who has many shining pearls.  
If you love for love,  
Ah yes, love me!  
Love me always,  
I shall love you ever more.

I breathed a gentle fragrance!  
In the room stood  
A spray of linden,  
A gift  
From a dear hand.  
How lovely the fragrance of linden was!  
How lovely the fragrance of linden is!  
The spray of linden  
Was gently plucked by you;

Ich atme leis  
Im Duft der Linde  
Der Liebe linden Duft

**Dzifa's Aria**

Darkness, darkness yes  
Cool stillness,  
vastness yes deep  
Home, yes free floating  
Come to it with ease.  
So few when I came down,  
there are so many now.  
Thousands, yes, millions, yes  
Bodies fallen like the rain.  
As I touch your body, the water,  
The water wakes you.  
As I touch your body of water,  
You will come to your queen with ease

**Psyché**

Je suis jaloux, Psyché, de toute la nature!  
Les rayons du soleil vous baisent trop souvent,  
Vos cheveux souffrent trop les caresses du vent,  
Quand il les flatte, j'en murmure!  
L'air même que vous respirez  
Avec trop de plaisir passe sur votre bouche.  
Votre habit de trop près vous touche!  
Et sitôt que vous soupirez  
Je ne sais quoi qui m'effarouche  
Craint, parmi vos soupirs, des soupirs égarés!

**Deh, pietoso, oh Addolorata,**

Deh, pietoso, oh Addolorata,  
China il guardo al mio dolore;  
Tu, una spada fitta in core,  
Volgi gl'occhi desolata  
Al morente tuo figliuol.  
Quelle occhiate, i sospir vanno  
Lassù al padre e son preghiera  
Che il suo tempri ed il tuo affanno.  
Come a me squarcin le viscere  
Gl'insoffribili miei guai  
E dell'ansio petto i palpiti  
Chi comprendere può mai?

Softly I breathe  
In the fragrance of linden  
The gentle fragrance of love.

**Psyche**

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature!  
The sun's rays kiss you too often,  
your hair suffers too much from the wind's  
caresses.  
As it strokes them, I grumble!  
Even the air that you breathe  
passes over your mouth with too much  
pleasure.  
Your dress touches you too closely!  
And as soon as you sigh  
I know not what it is that startles me so  
and fears, amidst your sighs, some sighs for  
another!

**Oh, with mercy, oh woman of Griefs**

Oh, with mercy, oh woman of Griefs  
Lower your glance towards my pains  
Thou, heart-crossed by a sword  
Address your eyes, oh desolate  
To a son of yours that dies.  
All those glances, all that sighing  
Turn to God and become prayers  
That will temper his and your pity.  
Why do my intolerable woes  
Tear at my innards  
And cause my heart to beat with anxiety.  
Who can ever comprehend

Di che trema il cor? Che vuol?  
Ah! tu sola il sai, tu sol!  
Sempre, ovunque il passo io giro,  
Qual martiro, qual martiro  
Qui nel sen porto con me!  
Solitaria appena, oh, quanto  
Verso allora, oh, quanto pianto  
E di dentro scoppia il cor.  
Sul vassel del finestrino  
La mia la crima scendea  
Quando all'alba del mattino  
Questi fior per te cogliea,  
Chè del sole il primo raggio  
La mia stanza rischiarava  
E dal letto mi cacciava  
Agitandomi il dolor.  
Ah, per te dal disonore,  
Dalla morte io sia salvata.  
Deh, pietoso al mio dololre  
China il guardo, oh Addolorata!

#### **Ad una stella**

Bell'astro della terra,  
Luce amorosa e bella,  
Come desia quest'anima  
Oppressa e prigioniera  
Le sue catene infrangere, Libera a te volar!  
Gl'ignoti abitatori Che mi nascondi, o stella,  
Cogl'angeli s'abbracciano  
Puri fraterni amori,  
Fan d'armoni e cogl'angeli  
La spera tua sonar.  
Le colpe e i nostri affanni  
Vi sono a lor segreti,  
Inavvertiti e placidi  
Scorrono i giorni e gli anni,  
Nè mai pensier li novera,  
Nè li richiama in duol.  
Bell'astro della sera,  
Gemma che il cielo allieti,  
Come alzerà quest'anima  
Oppressa e prigioniera  
Dal suo terreno carcere  
Al tuo bel raggio il vol

What trembles my heart  
Ah! You alone know it, you alone!  
Always wherever I walk or go.  
What martyrdom, what martyrdom  
I bear here in my breast!  
Alone now, oh how many tears I pour out then  
And how inside bursts the heart  
On the vase at the window  
My tears fell  
When at the dawn of morning  
I gathered these flowers for you.  
When the first morning sun ray,  
Lit up my room  
And drove me from my bed  
Agitating the sorrow.  
Ah through you from shame,  
From death I am saved.  
Ah, mercy on my sorrow  
Lower your glance, oh woman of sorrow.

#### **To a star**

Beautiful star of the earth,  
Amorous and beautiful light,  
How desires this soul,  
Oppressed and imprisoned,  
To break its chains, Free to fly to you!  
The unknown inhabitants That you hide from  
me, oh star,  
Embrace with the angels  
In pure brotherly love,  
Making in harmony with the angels  
Your sphere to sound .  
Our faults and worries  
Are secrets to them there;  
Carefree and calm, the days and years run by,  
With no thought of counting them,  
Nor recalling them in sadness.  
Beautiful star of the night,  
Gem in which heaven delights,  
If only this soul could rise, this soul,  
Oppressed and imprisoned, from its earthly jail  
To your beautiful ray in flight.

### **Sul fil d'un soffio etesio**

Sul fil d'un soffio etesio scorrete, agili larve;  
fra i rami un baglior cesio  
d'alba lunare apparve.  
Danzate!E il passo blando  
misuri un blando suon,  
la magiche accoppiando carole  
alla canzon.

Erriam sotto la luna  
scegliendo fior da fiore;  
ogni corolla in core  
porta la sua fortuna.  
Coi gigli e le viole  
scriviam de' nomi arcani;  
dalle fatate mani  
germogolino parole...  
parole alluminate di puro argento  
e d'or... carmi e malie.  
Le fate hanno, per cifre,i fior.

### **Songs for the People**

Let me make the songs for the people,  
Songs for the old and young;  
Songs to stir like a battle-cry  
Wherever they are sung.  
Let me make the songs for the weary,  
Amid life's fever and fret,  
Till hearts shall relax their tension,  
And careworn brows forget.  
Not for the clashing of sabres,  
For carnage nor for strife;  
But songs to thrill the hearts of men  
With more abundant life.  
Let me sing for little children,  
Before their footsteps stray,  
Sweet anthems of love and duty,  
To float o'er life's highway.  
Our world, so worn and weary,  
Needs music, pure and strong,  
To hush the jangle and discords  
Of sorrow, pain, and wrong.  
Music to soothe all its sorrow,  
Till war and crime shall cease;  
And the hearts of men grown tender  
Girdle the world with peace.

### **On the breath of an etesian breeze**

On the breath of an etesian breeze  
scurry, agile shadows  
among the branches a bluish-grey glow  
of the rising moon has appeared  
Dance!And may the gentle steps  
measure a gentle sound,  
combining the magical dances  
with the song.  
Let us wander beneath the moon,  
choosing flower by flower;  
each crown of petals, in its heart,  
brings its good fortune.  
With the lilies and the violets,  
let us write secret names;  
from our enchanted hands  
may words blossom...  
words illuminated by pure silver  
and gold...  
Magic incantations and charms.  
The Faeries have, for alphabet letters,

### **I Want to Die While You Love Me**

I want to die while you love me,  
While yet you hold me fair,  
While laughter lies upon my lips  
And lights are in my hair.  
I want to die while you love me,  
And bear to that still bed,  
Your kisses turbulent, unspent  
To warm me when I'm dead.  
I want to die while you love me  
Or who would care to live  
Till love has nothing more to ask  
And nothing more to give?  
I want to die while you love me  
And never, never see  
The glory of this perfect day  
Grow dim or cease to be.

### **A Winter Twilight**

A silence slipping around like death,  
Yet chased by a whisper, a sigh, a breath;  
One group of trees, lean, naked and cold,  
Inking their cress 'gainst a sky green-gold;  
One path that knows where the corn flowers  
were;  
Lonely, apart, unyielding, one fir;  
And over it softly leaning down,  
One star that I loved ere the fields went brown.

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