



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
FACULTY OF MUSIC

**Nathalie Winfield-Hicks, Voice**

Love in Spring; A third Year Recital

**Hyejin Kwon, Piano**

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance.  
Nathalie Winfield-Hicks is a student of Nathalie Paulin.

Friday, April 26, 2024 at 2:30 pm | Geiger Torel, 80 Queen's Park

**PROGRAM**

*O vive rose (1618, Il Primo Libro delle Musiche)*

Francesca Caccini (1587-1640) - Arr. Christopher Bagan

*Aprile (1882)*

Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

*La Pastorella delle Alpi (1835, Les Soirées Musicales)*

Gioacchino Rossini (1845-1924)

*Trois Mélodies (1922)*

Le Cormorant

Au Bord du Petit Lac

Le Gros Rat

Marthe Bracquemond \*\* (1898-1973)

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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.

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Der Nussbaum (*Myrthen*, 1840, *Op. 25 no.3*)  
Die Lotosblume (*Myrthen*, 1840, *Op. 25 no.7*)  
Ich Wand're nicht (*Lieder und Gesänge*, 1841, *Op. 51 no.3*)  
Robert Schumann (1833-1897)

Brown is my Love (*1907, Op. 12 no.5*)  
Roger Quilter (1877-1953)  
Cloths of Heaven (*1916*)  
Peter Warlock (1894-1930)  
Black is the Color of my True Love's Hair (*1916-1921*)  
John Jacob Niles (*1892-1980*)

The Cottager to Her Infant (*1969, Op.21 no.1*)  
Robert Owens \*\* (1925-2017)

\*\*Fulfills the BIPOC/Underrepresented Composers Repertoire Requirement

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## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

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### **O vive rose**

**Text by Anonymous Author, Translation by Ronald James Alexander and Richard Savino**

O vive rose  
Labbr'amorose  
Se d'un bel viso  
D'un bel sorriso  
Altere andate  
Cedete omai  
Labbr'odorate  
A quei bei rai  
Luci d'amor ridenti  
Occhi miei soli ardenti.

O living roses,  
Loving lips,  
If a lovely face,  
A lovely smile,  
Make you proud,  
Make way, now,  
Scented lips,  
For those lovely rays  
Merry lights of love,  
Ardent eyes, that are mine alone.

Occhi guerrieri  
Possenti arcieri  
Se con pietate  
Voi mi mirate  
Per gl'occhi io sento  
Scender nel seno  
Dolce tormento  
Dal bel sereno  
Raggi del cor Tesoro  
Occhi, ch'in terra adoro.

Warrior eyes,  
Powerful archers,  
If you look at me  
With mercy,  
Through my eyes I feel  
Descend into my soul  
A sweet torment  
From that lovely, serene  
(O heart's rays) treasure,  
Eyes that here on earth I worship.

Sù sù ridete  
O luci liete,  
Per voi nel viso,  
Più splende il riso,  
Che su quel labro,  
Ch'Amor compose  
Di bel cinabro  
Di vive rose  
Sù sù ridete omai  
Occhi co'vostri rai.

Come, come, laugh,  
O happy lights,  
Thanks to you, on her face  
Laughter sparkles more  
Than it does on those lips  
That Love made  
Cinnabar red,  
Like living roses  
Come, come, laugh now,  
Eyes, with your rays.

Occhi parlate  
E sospirate  
Lingue d'Amore  
Quel vivo ardore  
Di voi pupille  
Quei lieti giri  
Pur son faville,  
Pur son sospiri  
Sospir, parole, e riso  
Occhi m'ha il cor diviso.

You speak, eyes,  
And sigh,  
Tongue of Love;  
That living ardor  
Of your pupils,  
Those happy turns,  
Are indeed sparks,  
Are indeed sighs;  
Sighs, words, and laughter,  
Eyes, have split among them my heart.

## **Aprile**

**Text by Rocco Pagliara, Translation by Nathalie Winfield-Hicks**

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!

Do you not smell the air  
The Perfume that Spring spreads about?  
Do you not hear in your soul  
The sound of a new flattering voice?  
It's April! It's the season of Love!  
Oh! Come, oh my dear one  
To the flowery meadow!

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!

Your foot will tread among the violets  
You will wear the roses and bluebells,  
And the white butterflies  
Will flutter around your black hair.  
It's April! It's the season of Love!  
Oh! Come, oh my dear one  
To the flowery meadow!

## **La Pastorella delle Alpi**

**Text by Conte Carlo Pepoli, Translation by Nathalie Winfield-Hicks**

Son bella pastorella,  
Che scende ogni mattino  
Ed offre un cestellino  
Di fresche frutta e fior.  
Chi viene al primo albore  
Avrà vezzose rose  
E poma rugiadose,  
Venite al mio giardin.

I am the pretty Shepherdess  
Who comes down each morning  
And offers a small basket  
Of fresh fruit and flowers  
Who comes down each morning  
With charming roses  
And dewy apples  
Come all, to my garden.

Chi nel notturno orrore  
Smarrì la buona via,  
Alla capanna mia  
Ritroverà il cammin.  
Venite, o passeggero,  
La pastorella è qua,  
Ma il fior del suo pensiero  
Ad uno sol darà!

Those who, in the horrors of the night  
Have lost their good way,  
At my Cabin,  
They will find again the path.  
Come, oh passersby,  
The shepherdess is here,  
But the flower of her thoughts  
To one alone is granted!

## **Le Cormorant**

**Text by Judith Gauthier, Translation by Nathalie Winfield-Hicks**

Solitaire et immobile, le cormoran d'automne  
Médite au bord du fleuve, et son œil rond,  
Suit la marche de l'eau.

Solitary and immobile, the cormorant of Autumn  
Meditates at the edge of the river, and his round eye  
Follows the flow of the water

Si quelquefois un homme se promène sur le rivage,  
Le cormoran s'éloigne, lentement,  
En balançant la tête;

If a man sometimes walks along the riverbank  
The cormorant slowly distances himself  
While bobbing its head

Mais, derrière les feuilles,  
Il guette le départ du promeneur,  
Car il aspire à voir encore  
Les ondulations du courant monotone;

But from behind the leaves,  
He watches for the departure of the walker  
Because he still hopes to see  
The undulations of the monotonous current

Et, la nuit, lorsque la lune brille sur les vagues,  
Le cormoran médite, un pied dans l'eau.

And at night, once the moon shines on the waves,  
The cormorant meditates, with one foot in the water.

Ainsi l'homme, qui a dans le cœur un grand amour,  
Suit, toujours, les ondulations  
D'une même pensée.

And the man as well, who holds in his heart a great love,  
Follows, still, the undulations  
Of the same thought.

## **Au Bord du Petit Lac**

**Text by Judith Gauthier, Translation by Nathalie Winfield-Hicks**

Le petit lac s'enfuit, poursuivi par le vent.  
Mais, bientôt, il revient sur ses pas.  
Les poissons sautent, par moment, hors de l'eau  
On croirait que ce sont les nénuphars qui  
s'épanouissent.  
La lune, adoucie par les nuages,  
Se fait un chemin, à travers les branches.  
Et la gelée blanche, change en perles,  
Les diamants de la rosée.

The little lake escapes, chased by the wind.  
But soon it retraces its steps.  
The fish spring out of the water  
One would say they are the water lilies  
blooming.  
The moon, softened by the clouds,  
Makes its path through the branches  
And the white frost turns into pearls  
The diamonds of the dew

## **Le Gros Rat**

**Text by Judith Gauthier, Translation by Nathalie Winfield-Hicks**

Gros rat! énorme rat!  
Ne ronge pas tout mon grain,  
Rat cruel et dévorateur!  
Depuis trois ans je subis  
La férocité de tes dents aiguës,  
Et j'ai vainement tenté  
De t'adoucir par des supplications  
Mais enfin je partirai, et je te fuirai,  
Et j'irai me bâtir une maison  
Dans un pays lointain.  
Dans un pays lointain et heureux,  
Où les remords ne sont pas éternels!

Big rat! Enormous rat!  
Don't gnaw all my grain,  
Cruel and devouring rat!  
For three years I have endured the ferocity  
Of your sharp teeth,  
And I tried in vain  
To soften you with supplications.  
But finally, I will leave, and escape from you,  
And I'll build myself a home  
In a faraway country.  
In a country far away and happy  
Where the remorse is not eternal!

## Der Nussbaum

Text by Julius Mosen, Translation by Richard Stokes, *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Es grünet ein Nussbaum, vor dem Haus,  
Duftig, Luftig  
Breitet er blättrig die Blätter aus.

A walnut tree blossoms outside the house,  
Fragrantly, airily  
It spreads its leafy boughs

Viel liebliche Blüten stehen d'ran,  
Linde winde  
Kommen, sie herzlich zu umfahn.

Many lovely blossoms it bears;  
Gentle winds  
Come to caress them tenderly.

Es flüstern je zwei zu zwei gepaart,  
Neigend, beugend  
Zierlich zum Kusse die Häuptchen zart.

They whisper, paired two by two,  
Inclining, bending  
Gracefully their delicate heads to kiss.

Sie flüstern von einem Mägdlein,  
Das Dächte die Nächte  
Und Tagelang, wüsste ach! selber nicht was.

They whisper of a maiden  
Who dreams for nights  
and days, of... Alas! she knew not what.

Sie flüstern, Si flüstern wer mag verstehn so  
gar  
Leise weis'?  
Flüstern vom Bräut'gam und nächstem Jahr.  
Vom nächsten Jahr.

They whisper, they whisper, who can understand  
So soft song?  
Whisper of a bridegroom, of the coming year.  
of the coming year.

Das Mägdli horchet, es rauscht im Baum;  
Sehnend, wähnend  
Sinkt es lächelnd in Schlaf und Traum.

The maiden listens, the tree rustles;  
Yearning, musing  
She drifts smiling into sleep and dreams.

## Die Lotosblume

Text by Heinrich Heine, Translation by Richard Stokes, *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Die Lotosblume ängstigt  
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,  
Und mit gesenktem Haupte  
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

The lotus-flower fears  
The sun's splendour,  
And with bowed head,  
Dreaming, awaits the night

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle  
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,  
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich  
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

The moon is her lover,  
And wakes her with his light,  
And to him she tenderly unveils  
Her innocent flower-like face.

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet  
Und starret stumm in die Hö';  
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert  
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

She blooms and glows and gleams  
And gazes silently aloft  
Fragrant and weeping and trembling  
With love and the pain of love

## Ich Wand're nicht

Text by Carl Christern, Translation by Richard Stokes, *The Book of Lieder* (Faber 2005)

Warum soll ich denn wandern  
Mit Andern gleichen Schritt?  
Ich pass' nicht zu den andern  
Und Liebchen geht nicht mit.  
Man singt in tausend Weisen  
Von Bergen, Felsenhöhn:  
Allein warum noch reisen?  
Die Heimat ist so schön.

Ich will ja alles glauben,  
Was draußen wächst und blüht,  
Das Gold der süßen Trauben,  
Wie's Sonnenfunken sprüht.  
Allein, der Trank der Reben,  
Er kommt ja auch hieher,  
Wo mir mein holdes Leben  
Ihn reicht, was will ich mehr?

Ich geh nicht ins Gewimmel  
Der großen, weiten Welt;  
Den klarsten, blausten Himmel  
Zeigt Liebchens Augenzelt.  
Und mehr als Frühlingswonne  
Verspricht ihr Lächeln mir,  
O zarte meine Sonne!  
Ich wandre nicht von hier.

Why should I wander  
As others do?  
I am not like others are,  
And my love's not going with them.  
They sing a thousand songs  
About mountains and high peaks:  
But why should I travel?  
My homeland is so fair.

I will gladly believe them,  
describing what grows and blooms in foreign lands,  
How the gold of sweet grapes  
Flashes like sparkling sunlight.  
But the juice from grapes  
Can be drunk here too,  
And with my love to fill my glass,  
What more have I to ask?

I shall not enter the hurley-burly  
Of the vast wide world;  
The clearest, bluest sky  
Streams from my love's eyes.  
And her smile promises more  
Than the bliss of spring;  
O my own tender sun  
Never shall I depart from here

**Brown is my Love**  
**Text by Anonymous Author**

Brown is my Love, but graceful:  
And each renowned whiteness,  
Matched with her lovely brown loseth its brightness.  
Fair is my Love, but scornful,  
Yet have I seen despiséd  
Dainty white lilies, and sad flowers well prizéd.

**Cloths of Heaven**  
**Text by William Butler Yeats**

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,  
Enwrought with golden and silver light,  
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths  
Of night and light and the half-light,  
I would spread the cloths under your feet:  
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;  
I have spread my dreams under your feet;  
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

**Black is the Color of my True Love's Hair**  
**Text adapted by John Jacob Niles**

Black is the color of my true love's hair,  
Her lips are something rosy fair,  
The pertest face and the daintiest hands  
I love the grass where-on she stands

I love my love and well she knows,  
I love the grass where-on she goes;  
If she on earth no more I see,  
My life will quickly leave me.

I go to Troublesome to mourn, to weep,  
But satisfied I ne'er can sleep;  
I'll write her a note in a few little lines,  
I'll suffer death ten thousand times.

Black is the color of my true love's hair,  
Her lips are something rosy fair:  
The pertest face and the daintiest hands,  
I love the grass where-on she stands.



**The Cottager to Her Infant**  
**Text by Dorothy Wordsworth**

The days are cold, the nights are long,  
The North wind sings a doleful song.  
Then hush again upon my breast;  
All merry things are now at rest,  
Save thee, my pretty love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,  
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;  
There's nothing stirring in the house  
Save one wee, hungry nibbling mouse,  
Then why so busy thou?

Nay! Start not at the sparkling light;  
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright  
On the windowpane bedropped with rain:  
Then, little darling! Sleep again,  
And wake when it is day.