



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
FACULTY OF MUSIC

**Chloé Dionne, Voice**

Masters Recital 1

**Sabina Rzazade, Piano**

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Master of Music Degree in Performance.  
Chloé Dionne is a student of Professor Nathalie Paulin.

Tuesday, October 8, 2024 at 7:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

**PROGRAM**

Quia ergo femina (1140-1160)

Hildegard von Bingen (1098-1179)

Amore (2005)

Jocelyn Morlock (1969-2023)

Selections from *Barnets Vaardag* (1897)

Agathe Backer Grøndahl (1847-1907)  
Translated from original Norwegian

II. Frühlingmorgen im Walde

VII. Abends

VII. Schlummerlied

So we'll go no more a roving (1888)

Maude Valérie White (1855-1937)

**INTERMISSION**

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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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Selections from *Clairière dans le ciel* (1914)

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

Un poète disait  
Vous m'avez regardé avec toute votre âme  
Les lilas qui avaient fleuris  
Nous nous aimerons tant  
Elle est gravement gaie

Cánticos para soñar (2001)\*\*

Irma Urteaga (1929-2022)

I. Canción de cuna para mi corazón solitario  
II. Canto de nodriza  
IV. Capullito  
III. Vocalise

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

## PROGRAM NOTES

This past year, I had the unique experience of scanning every single recital program done by University of Toronto students from the 1970s to the present. As I carefully leafed through each program, I couldn't help but notice the very sparse appearance of female composers, with their names only really beginning to appear in the late 1990s – and even then, it was often just a select few. These programs however reliably featured familiar repertoire: a brief Schubert set, French pieces by Debussy, Ravel, or Fauré, and of course, the reliable presence of Mozart.

As I entered my master's studies, I began to feel a pull away from simply learning these beautiful established works. I started more seriously questioning my own choices of repertoire: Why was I singing these pieces? What might a modern, ever evolving audience want to hear? This question has resonated with me since the start of my studies here. How do I make someone, perhaps a complete stranger, connect with the rich harmonies, colors, and poetry of art song?

In my attempt to find the answers to these questions I've asked myself: What music do I genuinely want to hear and sing? What stories have been overlooked? Whose voices are still missing from this canon?

This program represents the beginning of my search to find for my voice within the realm of "classical" music and to seek answers to these questions. I have chosen works exclusively by female composers, beginning with the powerful text and melodies of Hildegard von Bingen and culminating in the haunting beauty of Irma Urteaga's music. I would like to thank all the woman in my life who have guided and inspired me through both challenging and successful times, and who have consistently encouraged my musical journey. Thank you to my mom, my grand-maman, my aunts, my undergraduate teacher Betty Allison, my pianist Sabina Rzazade, and my current teacher Nathalie Paulin, for their support and encouragement.

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

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### **Hildegard von Bingen**

*Text by Hildegard von Bingen*

*Translation by Nathaniel M. Campbell*

#### **Quia ergo femina**

Quia ergo femina mortem instruxit,  
Clara virgo illam interemit,  
Et ideo est summa benediction  
In feminea forma  
Pre omni creatura,  
Quia Deus factus est homo  
In dulcissima et beata virgine.

#### **For since a woman**

For since a woman drew up death,  
A virgin gleaming dashed it down,  
And therefore is the highest blessing found  
In woman's form  
Before all other creatures.  
For God was made a human  
In the sweet and blessed Virgin.

### **Jocelyn Morlock**

*Text is anonymous Latin aphorism*

*Translation by Jocelyn Morlock*

#### **Amore**

Amore nihil mollius nihil violentius.

#### **Love**

Nothing is more tame, or more wild, than love.

### **Agathe Backer Grondahl**

*Original Norwegian text by Andreas Jynge*

*German text by Wilhelm Henzen*

*Translation by Crichton Somerville*

#### **Fruhlingsmorgen im Walde**

Nun eil' Dich, komm!  
Wir müssen hinaus,  
Hinaus in die grüne Pracht,  
Ob noch nicht ein einziges Blümchen fein  
Erbühte für uns zur Nacht.  
Doch sage nichts!  
Für die Mutter ist's,  
Ein Blättchen und Blümelein!

#### **Spring Morning in the Wood**

Oh, hasten, come!  
For now we'll go out  
And see in the woods and park,  
If not one pretty little flower  
Has come to us in the dark.  
But keep this quiet!  
It is for mother,  
A bloom and a leaflet green.

Das finden wir wol, gelt Liebchen du?  
Wie froh wird lieb Mütterchen sein!  
Vielleicht wol dort, wo die Luft so lau,  
Im Wald, im schützenden Raum.  
Da schimmert es schön!  
Und dorten un da!  
Gansküchlein mit gelbem Flaum!  
O je! O je! Und su ein und zwein,  
Gelb und weisslich und grau, o wie fein!  
Erst streichle sie mir!  
Dann zupfe sie dir!  
Und dann sind sie alle Dein!  
Nun schnelle zur Mutter, wir holen noch mehr!  
Die Pracht nach Haus gebracht  
Doch wie wir spielen und wenden uns um,  
Da steht die Mutter und lacht

### Abends

Alle die Blumen, vom Thau so feucht,  
Sagten der Sonne Gut'Nacht.  
Glühwürmchen haben ihr golden Geleucht  
Heimlich in Büschen entfacht.  
Schmetterling zieht seine Thausocken an,  
Legt sic him Kelche zur Ruhe so dann,  
Träumet von sonnigen Lüften,  
Veilchen und wonnigen Düften.

### Schlummerlied

Schlaf ein Stündchen,  
Herzens kindchen,  
Nacht vrach schon herein,  
Weisst du nicht, dass alle Vögel  
Längst im Wald geschlummert ein,  
Dass die lichten Blumen  
Warden schon in Schlummer sanft gewiegt?  
Lass auch uns nun ruhn  
Dass Wange sanft an Wange liegt.

Schlaf ein Stündchen,  
Herzens kindchen, lang ist nicht die Nacht.  
Und am Morgen mit dem Vöglein  
Bist du wieder froh erwacht,  
Und dann scheint die Sonne wieder  
Auf die Au, so blumenreich.

Schlaf ein Stündchen,  
Herzens kindchen, in dem Bettchen weich.

We'll find one you'll see we will! We will!  
How pleased she'll be I ween.  
It'll likeliest lie under forest roof,  
Well shelter'd as by a Raum.  
Ah, there now is one,  
Look, look, don't you see!  
The goslings with tawny down!  
Oh my! My eye! Here's one and two,  
Both yellow and white to be got!  
First fondle we them!  
Then grab we them!  
And there you shall take the lot.  
Then run with them quickly home to our mother,  
Come back there's more to bear,  
But as we turn from our task and play,  
See Mother stands laughing there.

### Eventide

All the dew-damp flowers have sent  
To the sun their last "Good night."  
The glow-worm lights her lantern,  
Sits and illuminates the hollow.  
[The] butterfly puts on his socks of dew  
Settling to rest on the bluebell  
Dreaming so deliciously about the sun,  
Dreaming of the smell of violets.

### Cradle Song

Sleep now sweetly,  
Sleep my darling,  
Night has spread her veil,  
Don't you know that all the birdies  
Slumber best in shady dale,  
As each pretty blossom  
Rocking, slowly, softly droops its head,  
So on pillow lay thine,  
Darling, angels guard thy bed.

Dream now sweetly  
Slumber, darling, night hours are not long.  
And tomorrow though shalt waken  
To the merry birdies' song,  
Then once more the flashing sunray  
Falls like gold on flow'ry plot.

Slumber soundly,  
Sleep my darling, in your cosy cot.

## **Maude Valérie White**

*Poem by Lord Byron*

### **So we'll go no more a roving**

So, we'll go no more a roving  
So late into the night,  
Though the heart be still as loving,  
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,  
And the soul wears out the breast,  
And the heart must pause to breathe,  
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,  
And the day returns too soon,  
Yet we'll go no more a roving  
By the light of the moon.

## **Lili Boulanger**

*Poems by Francis Jammes*

*Translation by © Richard Stokes*

### **Un poète disait**

Un poète disait que lorsqu'il était jeune,  
il fleurissait des vers  
comme un rosier des roses.  
Lorsque je pense à elle, il me semble que jase  
une fontaine intarissable dans mon cœur.  
Comme sur le lys Dieu pose un parfum d'église,  
comme il met du corail aux joues de la cerise,  
je veux poser sur elle, avec dévotion,  
la couleur d'un parfum, qui n'aura pas de nom.

### **Vous m'avez regardé avec toute votre âme**

Vous m'avez regardé avec toute votre âme.  
Vous m'avez regardé longtemps  
comme un ciel bleu.  
J'ai mis votre regard à l'ombre de mes yeux ...  
Que ce regard était passionné et calme ...

### **Les lilas qui avaient fleuris**

Les lilas qui avaient fleuri l'année dernière  
vont fleurir de nouveau dans les tristes parterres.

### **A poet said**

A poet said that when he was young  
he blossomed with verse,  
like rose-trees with roses.  
When I think of her, an endless spring  
seems to babble in my heart.  
As God places a church-scent on the lily  
and coral on the cheeks of the cherry,  
I wish to place, devotedly, on her  
the colour of a scent that shall have no name.

### **You gazed at me with all your soul**

You gazed at me with your soul.  
You gazed at me long  
like a blue sky.  
I set your gaze in the shade of my eyes...  
How this was passionate and calm...

### **The lilacs which had flowered last year**

The lilacs which had flowered last year  
shall flower again in melancholy beds.

Déjà le pêcher grêle a jonché le ciel bleu  
de ses roses, comme un enfant la Fête-Dieu.  
Mon cœur devrait mourir au milieu de ces choses  
car c'était au milieu des vergers blancs et roses  
que j'avais espéré je ne sais quoi de vous.  
Mon âme rêve sourdement sur vos genoux.  
Ne la repoussez point. Ne la relevez pas  
de peur qu'en s'éloignant de vous elle ne voie  
combien vous êtes faible  
et troublée dans ses bras.

### **Nous nous aimerons**

Nous nous aimerons  
tant que nous tairons nos mots,  
en nous tendant la main,  
quand nous nous reverrons.  
Vous serez ombragée par d'anciens rameaux  
sur le banc que je sais où nous nous assoierons.  
Donc nous nous assoierons sur ce banc tous deux  
seuls ...  
D'un long moment, ô mon amie, vous n'oserez ...  
Que vous me serez douce  
et que je tremblerai ...

### **Elle est gravement gaie**

Elle est gravement gaie. Par moments son regard  
se levait comme pour surprendre ma pensée.  
Elle était douce alors comme quand il est tard  
le velours jaune et bleu d'une allée de pensées.

### **Irma Urteaga**

*Translations by anonymous*

### **Canción de cuna para mi corazón solitario**

*Ofelia Sussel-Marie*

Duerme corazón mío  
Aunque no tengas brazos para mecerte  
Duerme, corazón mío  
Aunque no tengas canto para arrullarte  
Duerme corazón mío  
Aunque no tengas labios para besarte  
Duerme duerme corazón mío  
Pronto la luna te ha de mimar  
Duerme con tus latidos de amore  
Que el cielo te ha de cuidar

Already the slender peach has strewn the blue sky  
with its pinks, like a child at Corpus Christi.  
My heart should die amid these things,  
for it was amid the orchard's whites and pinks  
that I had hoped from you I know not what.  
My soul dreams secretly upon your lap.  
Do not reject it. Do not raise it up,  
for fear that drawing away from you it might see  
how frail you are  
and troubled in its arms.

### **We shall love each other**

We shall love each other so,  
that we shall be silent  
as we hold out hands  
when we next meet.  
You will be shaded by old branches  
on the bench where I know we shall both sit down.  
And so we shall sit down on this bench, we two  
alone...  
For a long while, my friend, you will not dare...  
How gentle you will be with me  
and how I shall tremble...

### **She is solemnly cheerful**

She is solemnly cheerful. At times she looked up,  
as if to catch what I was thinking.  
She was gentle then, like at dusk  
the yellow-blue velvet of a path of pansies.

### **Lullaby for my lonely heart**

Sleep my heart  
Even if you don't have arms to rock you  
Sleep my heart  
Even if you don't have a song to lull you  
Sleep my heart  
Even if you don't have lips to kiss you  
Sleep Sleep my heart  
Soon the moon will pamper you  
Sleep with your beats of love  
That heaven will take care of you!

### **Canto de Nodriza**

*Eva Frías*

Oye mi suave canto de nodriza  
Cálido espacio azul que leve asoma  
Me abro de terciopelo para darte  
Este fluir de ríos y de aromas.

Refleja tus pupilas en las mias  
Mientras bebes del cálice de mi pecho.  
Reconoce mi piel entre las pieles  
En la suave fatiga de tu sueño.

Búscame con las manos y la boca  
Búscame en la raíz de tu semilla,  
Soy la savia del brote que alimenta  
La rosa bermellón de tu mejilla.

### **Capullito**

*Eva Frías*

Duerme entre mis brazos, capullito mío  
Mira que el ocaso está por llegar  
Duerme entre mis brazos  
Que pasito a paso llegando  
la noche mecera el cantar  
Duerme entre mis brazos capullito mío  
Mira que la lluvia la tierra acaricia  
Y empapada en llanto capullito mío  
Florece tu vida en la paz del canto  
Duerme, capullito

### **Song of nursery**

Listen, listen to my soft nurse's song  
Warm blue space that slightly appears.  
I open velvet to give you  
This flow of rivers and aromas.

Reflect your pupils in mine  
While you drink from the chalice of my chest.  
Recognize my skin between the skins  
In the soft fatigue of your dreams.

Look for me with my hands and mouth  
Look for me at the root of your seed,  
I am the sap of the bud that feeds  
The vermilion rose on your cheeks.

### **Little Darling**

Sleep in my arms my little darling,  
Look at the sunset it's arriving  
Sleep in my arms  
That step by step  
The night will rock you and sing to you  
Sleep in my arms my little darling,  
See that the rain caresses the earth  
And soaked in tears my little darling  
Your life blooms in the peace of the song  
Sleep, little darling