



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
FACULTY OF MUSIC

**Aimee Harness, Mezzo-Soprano**

Fourth Year Recital

**Suzy Smith, piano**

**Maja Budzińska, violin**

**Marija Lvicevic, violin**

**Jia Choi, viola**

**Mario Rodriguez, cello**

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance.  
Aimee Harness is a student of Monica Whicher.

Monday, April 13, 2026 at 4:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

**PROGRAM**

O frondens virga (2020)

Hildegard von Bingen (1098-1179)  
arr. Missy Mazzoli (b. 1980)

Mario Rodriguez, cello

As With Rosy Steps (from *Theodora* HWV 68)

G. F. Handel (1685-1759)

Maja Budzińska, violin  
Marija Lvicevic, violin  
Jia Choi, viola  
Mario Rodriguez, cello

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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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Tu ne la voirras plus petit bossu (1555)

Anonymous

Three Songs to Medieval French Texts op. 14b (1970)

Gordon Crosse (1937-2021)

- I. Aube
- II. Motet 1
- III. Motet 2

Sorrow Songs Op. 57 (selections) \*\*

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875-1912)

- III. Oh Roses for the Flush of Youth
- IV. She sat and sang Always
- VI. Too Late for Love

## **INTERMISSION**

Spanisches Liederbuch: Geistliche Lieder IHW 32 (Selections)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

- VI. Ach, des knaben Augen
- IV. Die ihr schwebet
- VII. Mühevoll komm ich und beladen

Scots Song (1991)

James MacMillan (b. 1959)

Canciones Clásicas Españolas Vol. 1 and 3 (selections)

Fernando J. Obradors (1896-1945)

- II. Al Amor
- IV. El Majo celoso
- VII. Del Cabello más sutil
- VI. El Vito

\*\* Fulfills the BIPOC/Underrepresented Composers Repertoire Requirement  
N.B. Canadian Repertoire Requirement previously fulfilled

## PROGRAM NOTES

This program journeys through prayer, repentance, romance, and a little bit of mischief, weaving together themes of reverence, youth, desire, and most of all, love. I hope this recital inspires imagination and contemplation, and brings a kaleidoscope of emotions.

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

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### **O Frondens Virga**

O frondens virga,  
in tua nobilitate stans  
sicut aurora procedit:  
nunc gaude et letare  
et nos debiles dignare  
a mala consuetudine liberare  
atque manum tuam porrige  
ad erigendum nos.

### **O Blooming Branch**

O blooming branch,  
you stand upright in your nobility,  
as breaks the dawn on high:  
Rejoice now and be glad,  
and deign to free us, frail and weakened,  
from the wicked habits of our age;  
stretch forth your hand  
to lift us up aright.

Text by Hildegard von Bingen (1098-1179), English translation by Nathaniel M. Campbell provided via International Society of Hildegard von Bingen Studies ([www.hildegard-society.org](http://www.hildegard-society.org))

### **As with rosy steps the morn**

As with rosy steps the morn,  
Advancing, drives the shades of night,  
So from virtuous toils well-borne,  
Raise Thou our hopes of endless light.  
Triumphant saviour, Lord of day,  
Thou art the life, the light, the way.

Text by Thomas Morell (1703-1784).

### **Tu ne la voirras plus, petit bossu**

Mon père ma marrié' à un bossu  
Le premier jour de mes nopces il m'a battu'  
Tu ne la voirras plus, petit bossu,  
ta femme  
Tu ne la voirras plus, petit bossu Tortu.

Je m'en allis au jardin prier Vénus,  
La pière que j'ay faite est advenu'.

J'ay trouvé le bossu mort sur ses escus.  
Je l'ay fait ensevelir dans de la glu.

### **You won't see her again, little hunchback**

My father married me to a hunchback  
The first day of my marriage he beat me.  
You won't see her again, little hunchback,  
your wife.  
You won't see her again, little tortured  
hunchback

I went nobly to the garden to pray to Venus,  
The prayer that I made came true.

I found the hunchback dead on his money  
I buried him in glue.

Text by anonymous source, Translation by Aimee Harness.

### **Aube**

Entre moi et mon ami,  
Dans un bois q'est lès Bethune.  
Allames, allames jouant mardi  
Toute la nuit à la lune,  
Tant qu'il ajourna, et que l'aloue chanta,  
Qui dit: "amis, allons ent"  
Et il respond doucement:  
"il n'est mie jour, saverouse au cors gent  
Si m'aït amour, l'alouette nous ment."

Adonc se trait près de mi,  
Et je ne fui pas enfrune;  
Bien trois fois me baisa il,  
Ainsi fis je lui plus d'une.  
Qu'ainz ne m'enoia.  
Adonc vousisions nous là  
Que celle nuit durast cent,  
Mais que plus n'alast disant;

### **Dawn**

My love and I,  
in a wood beside Béthune,  
Went playing on Tuesday,  
All night by the moon,  
Until day broke and the lark sang,  
Saying, "Beloved, let us go".  
And my love answered softly:  
"It is not day, my sweet, my beautiful,  
so may Love help me, the lark is lying to us."

Then, he drew closer to me,  
And I was not unwilling;  
A good three times he kissed me,  
And I him more than once,  
For that was no sorrow for me.  
Then we could have wished  
that that night would last a hundred nights,  
and that he would never again say:

Text by anonymous source, Translation from The Penguin Book of French Verse,  
Volume 1.

**Motet 1**

Vierge, pucelle, honorée,  
 Vierge, munde et pure,  
 Par vous est reconfortée, humaine nature.  
 Par vous est enluminée toute creatures.

Vierge, pucelle Marie,  
 Fleur de lis, rose florie en mai,  
 Fleur de glai, fleur espanie,  
 Pucelle en qui j'ai Esperance et bonne foi,  
 Octroiez moi vostre aïe,  
 Mère au puissant Roi.

**Motet 1**

Virgin, honoured maiden,  
 Virgen, chaste and pure,  
 By you is humanity comforted,  
 By you is every creature illuminated.

Virgin, maiden Mary,  
 Lily flower, rose flowering in May,  
 Flower of the iris, flower in full bloom,  
 Maiden in whom I have hope and firm faith,  
 Grant me your help,  
 Oh! Mother of the mighty King.

Text by anonymous source, Translation from The Penguin Book of French Verse, Volume 1.

**Motet 2**

Je suis joliete, sadete, plaisans,  
 Jeune pucelete; n'ai pas quinze ans;  
 Point mamelete Selonc le tans;  
 Si deüsse aprendre D'amors,  
 Et entendre Les semblans Deduisans.

Mais je sui mise en prison.  
 De Dieu ait Maleiçon Qui m'l mist!  
 Mal et vilanie et pechié fist  
 De tel pucelete Rendre en abiete.

Trop l mesfist, par ma foi;  
 En religion vif en grant anoi,  
 Dieus! Car trop sui jonete.  
 Je sens les dous maus  
 dessous ma ceinturete:  
 Honis soit de Dieu qui me fist nonnete.

**Motet 2**

I am a gay, graceful, attractive,  
 Young girl; I am not yet quite fifteen,  
 At the age when my young breasts are swelling;  
 And I ought to be learning of love  
 And turning my mind to its delightful signs.

But I am put in prison:  
 May God's curse be on him who put me there.  
 Evil and villainy and sin he did  
 To give up a girl like me to a nunnery.

It was a wicked thing to do, by my faith;  
 The life of a convent is wretched to me,  
 My God! For I am far too young.  
 I feel the sweet trouble  
 beneath my girdle;  
 God's curse on him who made me a nun.

Text by anonymous source, Translation from The Penguin Book of French Verse, Volume 1.

## Sorrow Songs Op. 57 (Selections)

### III. Oh Roses for the Flush of Youth

Oh roses, for the flush of youth,  
And laurel for the perfect prime;  
But pluck an ivy branch for me,  
Grown old before my time.

Oh violets, for the grave of youth,  
And bay for those dead in their prime;  
Give me the wither'd leaves I chose  
Before in the old time.

### IV. She Sat and Sang Always

She sat and sang always  
By the green margin of a stream,  
Watching the fishes leap and play  
Beneath the glad sunbeam.

I sat and wept always  
'Neath the moon's most shad'wy beam,  
Watching the blossoms of the May Weep  
leaves,  
The blossoms weep leaves into the  
stream.

I wept for memory;  
She sang for hope that is so fair;  
My tears were swallowed by the sea,  
Her songs died, died on the air.

### VI. Too Late for Love

"Too late for love,  
Too late for joy,  
Too late!

You loiter'd on the way too long,  
You trifled at the gate:  
Th'enchanted dove upon her branch  
Died without a mate;  
Th'enchanted princess. In her tower  
Slept, died, behind the grate;  
Her heart was starving all this while  
You made it wait."

"Ten years ago, five years ago,  
One year ago,  
E'en then you had arriv'd in time.  
Though somewhat slow;  
Then you had known her living face  
Which now you cannot know.  
The frozen fountain would have leap'd  
The buds gon on to blow,  
The warm south wind would have awak'd  
To melt the snow."

"You should have wept her yesterday,  
Wasting upon her bed:  
But wherefore, should you weep today  
That she is dead?  
Lo, we who love weep not today,  
But crown her royal head.  
Let be these poppies that we strew,  
Your roses are too red:  
Let be these poppies,  
Not for you  
Cut down and spread."

Texts by Christina G. Rossetti (1830-1894)

### **Ach, des Knaben Augen**

Ach des Knaben Augen  
sind mir so schön und klar erschienen,  
und ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen,  
das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.

Blick't er doch in diesen süßen  
Augen nach den meinen hin!  
säh' er dann sein Bild darin,  
würd er wohl mich liebend grüssen.

Und so geb'ich ganz mich hin,  
seinen Augen nur zu dienen,  
denn ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen,  
das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.

Spanish text by Juan López de Úbeda, translated to German by Paul Heyse (1830-1914), English translation by Richard Stokes, provided via Oxford International Song Festival ([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org))

### **Die ihr schwebet**

Die ihr schwebet  
Um diese Palmen,  
In Nacht und Wind,  
Ihr heiligen Engel,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem  
Im Windesbrausen,  
Wie mögt ihr heute  
So zornig sausen!  
O rauscht nicht also!  
Schweiget, neiget  
Euch leis und lind;  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Der Himmelsknabe  
Duldet Beschwerde,  
Ach, wie so müd er ward  
Vom Leid der Erde.  
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm  
Leise gesänftigt

### **Oh, the Boy's Eyes**

Ah, the Infant's eyes  
Seemed so beautiful and clear to me,  
And a radiance streams from them  
That captures my whole heart.

If only He would turn  
Those sweet eyes on mine!  
If He saw His image reflected there,  
He would surely greet me lovingly.

So I surrender myself  
To the sole service of His eyes,  
For a radiance shines from them  
That captures my whole heart.

### **You who hover**

You who hover  
About these palms  
In night and wind,  
You holy angels,  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.

You palms of Bethlehem  
In the raging wind,  
Why do you bluster  
So angrily today!  
Oh roar not so!  
Be still, lean  
Calmly and gently over us;  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.

The heavenly babe  
Suffers distress,  
Ah, how weary He has grown  
With the sorrows of this world.  
Ah, now that in sleep  
His pains

Die Qual zerrinnt,  
Stillet ihr Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Are gently eased,  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.

Grimmige Kälte  
Sauset hernieder  
Womit nur deck ich  
Des kindleins Glieder!  
O all ihr Engel,  
Die ihr geflügelt  
Wandelt im Wind,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Fierce cold  
Blows down on us,  
With what shall I cover  
My little child's limbs?  
O all you angels  
Who wing your way  
On the winds,  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.

Spanish text by Lope Felix de Vega Carpio (1562-1635), translated to German by Emanuel von Geibel (1815-1884), English translation by Richard Stokes, provided via Oxford International Song Festival ([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org))

### **Mühevoll komm ich und beladen**

### **In toil I come and heavy-laden**

Müh'voll komm' ich und beladen,  
Nimm mich an, du Hort der Gnaden!

In toil I come and heavy-laden,  
Receive me, O haven of mercy!

Sieh, ich komm' in Tränen heiss  
Mit demütiger Geberde,  
Dunkel ganz vom Staub der Erde.  
Du nur schaffest, dass ich weiss  
Wie das Vliess der Lämmer werde.  
Tilgen willst du ja den Schaden  
Dem, der reuig dich umfasst;  
Nimm denn, Herr, von mir die Last,  
Müh'voll komm' ich und beladen.

See, I come with burning tears  
And humble mein,  
All blackened with the dust of earth.  
Thou alone canst make me white  
As the fleece of lambs.  
Thou shalt eradicate the wrongs  
Of the penitent who embraces Thee;  
Take, then, Lord, the burden from me,  
In toil I come and heavy-laden.

Lass mich flehend vor dir knie'n,  
Dass ich über deine Füße  
Nardenduft und Tränen giesse,  
Gleich dem Weib, dem du verzieh'n,  
Bis die Schuld wie Rauch zerfliesse.  
Der den Schächer du geladen:  
„Heute noch in Edens  
Bann wirst du sein!“  
O nimm mich an, du Hort der Gnaden!

Let me kneel before Thee, pleading,  
That I might annoint Thy feet  
With scented spikenard and tears,  
Like that woman Thou didst forgive,  
Until my guilt disperses like smoke.  
Thou who didst once tell the thief:  
“Today shalt thou be with me  
In Paradise!” – O take me,  
Receive me, O haven of mercy!

Text by Emanuel von Geibel (1815-1884), English translation by Richard Stokes, provided via Oxford International Song Festival ([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org))

### Scots Song

O luely, luely cam she in  
And luely she lay doun:  
I kent her by her caller lips  
And her briests sae sma' and roun'.

A' thru the nicht we spak nae word  
Nor sinder'd bane frae bane:  
A' thru the nicht I heard her hert  
Gang soundin' wi' ma ain.

It was about the waukrife hour  
Whan cocks begin tae craw  
That she smool'd saftly thru the mirk  
Afore the day wud daw.

Sae luely, luely cam she in  
Sae luely was she gaen  
And wi' her a' my simmer days  
Like they had never been.

Text by William Soutar (1898-1943), translation by Iain Sneddon provided via The LiederNet Archive ([www.lieder.net](http://www.lieder.net))

### Al Amor

Dame, Amor, besos in cuento  
Asido de mis cabellos  
Y mil y ciento tras ellos  
Y tras ellos mil y ciento  
Y después...  
De muchos millares, tres!  
Y porque nadie lo sienta  
Desbaratemos la cuenta  
Y... contemos al revés.

Text by Cristobal de Castillejo (d. c1550), English translation by Alice Rogers-Mendoza provided via The LiederNet Archive ([www.lieder.net](http://www.lieder.net))

### Scots Song

O softly, softly came she in  
And softly she lay down  
I knew her by her cool lips  
And her breasts so small and round.

And through the night we spoke no word  
Nor separated bone from bone:  
All through the night I heard her heart  
Beating with my own.

It was about the waking hour  
When cocks begin to crow  
That she slipped softly through the darkness  
Before the day would dawn.

So softly, softly came she in  
So softly she was gone  
And with her all my summer days  
As if they had never been.

### To Love

Give me, Love, kisses without number,  
as the number of hairs on my head,  
and give me a thousand and a hundred after that,  
and a hundred and a thousand after that  
and after those...  
many thousands, give me three more!  
And so that no one feels bad...  
Let us tear up the tally  
and begin counting backwards!

### El Majo Celoso

Del majo que me enamora  
He aprendido la queja  
Que una y mil veces suspire  
Noche tras Noche en mi reja:  
"Lindezas, me meuro  
De amor loco y fiero  
Quisiera olvidarte  
Mas quiero y no puedo!"  
Le han dicho que en la pradera  
Me han cisto con un chispero  
Desos de malla de seda  
Y chupa de terciopelo.  
Majezas, te quiero,  
No creas que muero  
De amores Perdida  
Por ese chispero.

Text from an anonymous source, English translation by Laura Stanfield Prichard provided via The LiederNet Archive ([www.lieder.net](http://www.lieder.net))

### The Jealous Majo

From the majo who I'm falling for,  
I've learned this complaint.  
He sighs endlessly  
Night after night at my fence:  
"My beauty, I'm dying  
Of rash and painful love  
And I'd like to forget you since  
I want more, and I can't have it!"  
Someone has told him that on the Pradera  
I've been seen hanging around with a cad  
Wearing silk stockings  
And a velvet coat.  
Babe, I love you,  
Don't believe that I'm dying  
Because of an old love affair  
With that peasant.

### Del Cabello Más Sutil

Del Cabello más sutil  
Que tienes en tu trenzado  
He de hacer una cadena  
Para traerte a mi lado.  
Una alcarraza en tu casa,  
Chiquilla, Quisiera ser,  
Para besarte en la boca,  
Cuando fueras a beber.

Text from an anonymous source, English translation by Alice Rogers-Mendoza provided via The LiederNet Archive ([www.lieder.net](http://www.lieder.net))

### Of the Softest Hair

Of the softest hair  
which you have in your braid,  
I would make a chain  
so that I may bring you to my side.  
A jug in your home,  
little one, I would like to be...  
so that I may kiss you  
each time you take a drink.

### El Vito

Una vjeja vale un real  
Y una muchacha dos cuartos,  
Pero como soy tan pobre  
Me voy a lo mas barato,.  
Con el Vito, Vito, Vito.  
Con el Vito, Vito va.  
No me haga 'usté' cosquillas,  
Que me pongo "colorá."

Text from an anonymous source, English translation by Laura Stanfield Prichard provided via The LiederNet Archive ([www.lieder.net](http://www.lieder.net))

### The Vito

An old woman is worth a *real*  
And a young girl two *cuartos*,  
But I, you know, I'm so poor  
I'm going for the cheapest.  
With the *vito, vito, vito*,  
With the *vito, vito*, it goes.  
Don't you tickle me,  
I'll turn 'red'.