UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Nathalie Winfield-Hicks, Voice

Animal Allegories and the Natural World, MMus Recital I

Hyejin Kwon, Piano

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Master of Music in Voice Performance.
Nathalie Winfield-Hicks is a student of Nathalie Paulin and Peter Barnes.

Wednesday, May 6th, 2026, at 4:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAM

The Creation (1797-98)

Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

Recit: And God Said
Aria: With Verdure Clad

6 Lieder, Op. 25 (1833)

Josephine Lang (1815-1880)

I. Frühlings Glaube
II. Winterseufzer
IV. Lied
V. Die Wolken

Feuilles d'album (1866)

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

I. À une fleur
V. Guitare
IV. Le grillon

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 to learn more.

INTERMISSION

Le bestiaire, sur des poèmes d'Apollinaire, Op. 22 (1992)

Rachel Laurin* (1961-2023)

I. Le lièvre
II. Le lapin
III. L'éléphant
IV. La colombe
V. Le boeuf
VI. Le cheval

Quattro rispetti toscani (1915)

Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)

I. Quando nasceste voi
II. Venitelo a vedere 'l mi' piccino
III. Viene di là, lontan lontano

** Fulfills the Canadian Composers Repertoire Requirement*

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

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The Creation

Recit:
And God said:
Let the earth bring forth grass,
the herb yielding seed,
and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind,
whose seed is in itself upon the earth;
and it was so.

Aria:
With verdure clad the fields appear
delightful to the ravish'd sense;
by flowers sweet and gay enhanced is the charming sight.
Here vent their fumes the fragrant herbs;
here shoots the healing plant.
By load of fruits th'expanded boughs are pressed
To shady vaults are bent the tufty groves;
The mountain's brow is crown'd with closed wood.

Text by Gottfried van Swieten (1733-1803)

Frühlings-Glaube,	**Spring Faith**
Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,	Balmy breezes are awakened,
Sie säuseln und weben Tag und Nacht,	They whisper and move day and night,
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.	And everywhere creative.
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!	O fresh scent, o new sound!
Nun armes Herze, sey nicht bang!	Now, poor heart, don't be afraid.
Nun muß sich Alles, Alles wenden.	Now all, all must change.
Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,	With each day the world grows fairer,
Man weiß nicht, was noch werden mag,	One cannot know what is still to come,
Das Blühen will nicht enden.	The flowering refuses to cease.
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Thal.	Even the deepest, most distant valley is
Nun armes Herz, vergiß der Qual!	in flower.
Nun muß sich Alles, Alles wenden.	Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
	Now all, all must change.

Text by Johann Ludwig Uhland (1776-1862), Translation by David Gordon (Lieder.net)

Winterseufzer

Der Himmel ist so hell und blau,
O wär' die Erde grün!
Der Wind ist weht scharf, o wär' er lau!
Es schimmert der Schnee, o wär' es Thau!
O wär' die Erde grün!

Wie ist der Tag so frostig klar,
O schien die Sonne warm!
Der eisige Nord, wär's Zephirluft!
Der Nebelhauch, wär's Blütenduft!
O schien die Sonne warm!

Es schläft das Tal im Feierkleid,
O wann erwacht der Lenz?
Der See ist erstarrt, o spielt' die Well'!
Der Vogel verstummt, o säng' er hell!
O wann erwacht der Lenz
Wann wird die Erde grün!

Winter Sighs

The sky is so bright and blue;
Oh, if the earth were green!
The wind blows so sharply; oh, if it were blowing mildly!
The snow is shimmering; oh, if it were dew!
Oh, if the earth were green!

How frostily clear is the day;
Oh, if the sun were shining warmly!
The icy north wind, if it were but a zephyr!
The breath of fog, if it were the scent of flowers!
Oh, if the sun were shining warmly!

The valley is sleeping in a fancy dress.
Oh, when shall spring awaken?
The lake is frozen; oh, if but the wave were playing!
The bird has fallen silent; oh, if it were but singing brightly!
Oh, when shall spring awaken? When will the earth become green

Text by August von Platen-Hallermünde (1796-1838), Translation by Sharon Krebs (Lieder.net)

Lied

Immer sich rein
Kindlich erfreu'n,
  Selig, wer's kann.
Jubeln und singen,
Hüpfen und springen,
  Selig, wer's kann.

Lachen und scherzen
Mit fröhlichem Herzen,
  Selig, wer's kann.
Sorgen zerstreuen,
Gerne verzeihen,
  Selig, wer's kann.

Menschen beglücken,
Welch' ein Entzücken!
  Selig, wer's kann.
Böses nicht messen
Und Vieles vergessen,
  Selig, wer's kann.

Song

Always to be purely happy
Like a little child,
  Happy is he who can do so.
To rejoice and to sing,
To hop and leap about,
  Happy is he who can do so.

To laugh and to jest
With a joyful heart,
  Happy is he who can do so.
To scatter the anxieties [of others],
To forgive gladly,
  Happy is he who can do so.

To make people happy,
What ecstasy!
  Happy is he who can do so.
Not to reckon up the evil deeds [of others]
And to forget much,
  Happy is he who can do so.

Text by Wilhelm Heilwig Carl Robert August von Ungern-Sternberg (1777-1847)), Translation by Sharon Krebs (Lieder.net)

Die Wolken	**The Clouds**
Rasch wie die Pfeile zieh'n sie dahin, Ach! Dass du wüsstest, wie weit und wohin! Flögest so gerne von hinnen! Leicht wie der Vogel im luftigen Raum, Flögest du dort in der Wolke Saum, Leben und Licht zu gewinnen!	Quickly as arrows they go by. Oh, if you but knew how far and whereto! You would be so glad to fly from here! Lightly as birds in the airy expanse You would fly there at the edge of the clouds, To attain light and life!

Text by Felix Reinhold Köstlin (1842-1867), Translation by Sharon Krebs and Harold Krebs (Lieder.net)

À une fleur	**To a Flower**
Que me veux-tu, chère fleurette, Aimable et charmant souvenir? Demi-morte et demi-coquette, Jusqu'à moi qui te fait venir?	What do you want from me, dear little flower, Friendly and charming souvenir Half dead and half coy, What makes you come up to me?
Sous ce cachet enveloppé, Tu viens de faire un long chemin. Qu'as-tu vu? que t'a dit la main Qui sur le buisson t'a coupée?	Enveloped in this style You just made a long journey. What did you see? What said the hand That cut you from the bush?
N'es-tu qu'une herbe desséchée Qui vient achever de mourir? Ou ton sein, prêt à refleurir, Renferme-t-il une pensée?	Are you but dry grass That has just finished dying? Or does your breast, ready to flower again, Enclose a thought?
Ta fleur, hélas! a la blancheur De la désolante innocence; Mais de la craintive espérance Ta feuille porte la couleur.	Your flower, alas! has the white Of sorrowful innocence; But of fearful hope Your leaf wears the color.
As-tu pour moi quelque message? Tu peux parler, je suis discret. Ta verdure est-elle un secret? Ton parfum est-il un langage?	Do you have some message for me? You can talk; I am discrete. Is your greenery a secret? Is your perfume a language?

S'il en est ainsi, parle bas, Mystérieuse messagère; S'il n'en est rien, ne réponds pas; Dors sur mon coeur, fraîche et légère.	If it is so, speak low Mysterious messenger! If it is not, do not answer; Sleep on my heart, fresh and light!
Je connais trop bien cette main, Pleine de grâce et de caprice, Qui d'un brin de fil souple et fin A noué ton pâle calice.	I know too well that hand, Full of grace and caprice, Which with a thread of supple and thin string Tied your pale chalice.
Cette main là, petite fleur, Ni Phidias ni Praxitèle N'en auraient pu trouver la soeur Qu'en prenant Vénus pour modèle.	That hand, small flower, Neither Phidias nor Praxiteles Would have been able to find a sister to Other than by taking Venus for model.
Elle est blanche, elle est douce et belle, Franche, dit-on, et plus encor; A qui saurait s'emparer d'elle Elle peut ouvrir un trésor.	It is white, it is soft and beautiful, Honest, they say, and more still; For he who knows how to grab it It can open a treasure.
Mais elle est sage, elle est sévère; Quelque mal pourrait m'arriver. Fleurette, craignons sa colère, Ne dis rien, laisse-moi rêver.	But it is wise, it is severe; Some evil could befall me. Little flower, let us fear its anger, Say nothing, let me dream.

Text by Alfred Louis Charles de Musset (1810-1857), Translation by Victoria de Menil (Lieder.net)

Guitare	**Guitar**
Comment, disaient-ils, Avec nos nacelles, Fuir les alguazils? -Ramez, disaient-elles.	"How," asked the men, "can we flee the Spanish police in our small boats?" "Row," replied the women.
Comment, disaient-ils, Oublier querelles, Misère et périls? -Dormez, disaient-elles.	"How," asked the men, "can we forget strife, misery and danger?" "Sleep," replied the women.
Comment, disaient-ils, Enchanter les belles Sans philtres subtil? -Aimez, disaient-elles.	"How," asked the men, "can we enchant beautiful women without love potions?" "Love," replied the women.

Text by Victor Hugo (1802-1885), Translation by Faith J. Cormier (Lieder.net)

Le grillon

Grillon solitaire,
Voix qui sors de terre,
Ah! réveille-toi
Pour moi!

Quand j'étais petite
Comme ce berceau,
Et que Marguerite
Filait son fuseau,
Quand le vent d'automne
Faisait tout gémir,
Ton cri monotone
M'aidait à dormir.

Grillon solitaire,
Voix qui sors de terre,
Ah! réveille-toi
Pour moi!

Seize fois l'année
A compté mes jours;
Dans la cheminée
Tu niches toujours,
Je t'écoute encore
Aux froides saisons,
Souvenir sonore
Des vieilles maisons!

J'attise la flamme,
C'est pour t'égayer;
Mais il manque une âme,
Une âme au foyer!
Grillon solitaire
Ici comme moi,
Voix qui sors de terre,
Ah! réveille-toi!

Qu'il a moins de charmes,
Ton chant, qu'autrefois!
As-tu donc nos larmes
Aussi dans ta voix?
Pleures-tu l'aïeule,
La mère et la sœur?
Vois! je peuple seule
Ce foyer du cœur!

The Cricket

Solitary cricket,
Alone here like me,
Voice that rises from the earth,
Oh! awake!

When I was a little girl,
Small as this cradle,
And Marguerite
Would sit at her spindle;
When the autumn wind
Would make everything creak,
Your monotonous cry
Would help me to sleep.

Solitary cricket,
Voice that rises from the earth,
Oh! Awake
For me!

Sixteen years
I have seen pass;
Nestled in the chimney
You remain.
I hear you still
In the cold seasons,
You, the echoing memory
Of old houses!

I fan the fire
To cheer you;
But there is a soul missing,
A soul from this home!
Solitary cricket,
Voice that rises from the earth,
Oh! Awake
For me!

Your song is less charming
Than once it was!
Do you then have our tears
In your voice as well?
Do you mourn the grandmother,
The mother and sister?
See how I alone inhabit
This home of the heart!

L'âtre qui pétille,	The crackling hearth,
Le cri renaissant,	The renewed cry,
Des voix de famille	Family voices
M'imitent l'accent;	Imitate my accent;
Mon âme s'y plonge,	My soul buries itself in the sound,
Je ferme les yeux,	I close my eyes,
Et j'entends en songe	And I hear in a dream
Mes amis des cieux.	My friends in the heavens.
Grillon solitaire,	Solitary cricket,
Voix qui sors de terre,	Voice that rises from the earth,
Ah! réveille-toi	Oh! Awake
Pour moi!	For me!
Tu me dis des choses,	You tell me things,
Des choses au cœur,	You tell me in my heart,
Comme en dit aux roses	Like a dreamy bird
Leur oiseau rêveur!	Tells the roses!
Qu'il chante pour elles	Let it sing for them
Ses notes au vol!	As it flies!
Voix triste et sans ailes,	Sad and wingless voice,
Sois mon rossignol!	Be my nightingale!
Grillon solitaire,	Solitary cricket,
Voix qui sors de terre,	Voice that rises from the earth,
Ah! réveille-toi	Oh! Awake
Pour moi!	For me!

Text by Alphonse Marie Louis de Lamartine (1790-1869), Translated by Laura L. Nagle (Lieder.net)

Le lièvre

Ne sois pas lascif et peureux
Comme le lièvre et l'amoureux.
Mais, que toujours ton cerveau soit
La hase pleine qui conçoit.

The Hare

Be not lascivious and fearful
Like the hare and his lover.
But that your brain always is
The pregnant hare that conceives.

Le lapin

Je connais un autre connin
Que tout vivant je voudrais prendre.
Sa garenne est parmi le thym
Des vallons du pays de Tendre.

The Rabbit

I know another rabbit
Who alive I would like to capture.
Her warren is among the thyme
In the valleys of the Land of Love

L'éléphant

Comme un éléphant son ivoire,
J'ai en bouche un bien précieux.
Pourpre mort!.. J'achète ma gloire
Au prix des mots mélodieux.

The Elephant

Like an elephant has its ivory
I have in my mouth a precious good.
Purple death!... I buy my glory
At the cost of melodious words.

La colombe

Colombe, l'amour et l'esprit
Qui engendrâtes Jésus-Christ,
Comme vous j'aime une Marie.
Qu'avec elle je me marie.

The Dove

Dove, the love and spirit
That begat Jesus Christ,
Like you, I love someone named Mary.
It is with her that I will marry.

Le boeuf

Ce chérubin dit la louange
Du paradis, où, près des anges,
Nous revivrons, mes chers amis
Quand le bon Dieu l'aura permis.

The ox

This cherub sings the praise
Of paradise, where, near the angels,
We will live again, my dear friends
When the good Lord allows it.

Le cheval

Mes durs rêves formels sauront te chevaucher,
Mon destin au char d'or sera ton beau cocher
Qui pour rènes tendus à frénésie,
Mes vers, les parangons de toute poésie.

The Horse

My harsh, formal dreams will know how to ride you
My destiny, in the form of a chariot, will be your handsome coachman
Who, as reins will hold, tense to a frenzy,
My verses, the paragons of all poetry.

Texts by Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918), Translations by Nathalie Winfield-Hicks

Quando nasceste voi	**When you were Born**
Quando nasceste voi, disse la rosa:	When you were born, the rose said:
"Vo' dare alle tue gote il mio colore,"	“I want to give my colour to your cheeks,”
E 'l giglio: "Anch'io vo' darti qualcosa:	And the lily said: “I too want to give you something:
Ti darò la purezza e 'l mio candore…"	“I will give you my purity and my whiteness…”
La colomba li udì così parlare	The dove heard them talking
E smise tutt'a un tratto di volare...	And stopped flying all of a sudden…
"Oh, voglio darti qualche cosa anch'io:	“Oh, I want to give something too:
Ti darò la mitezza del cor mio!"	I will give you the mildness of my heart!”
Sentirono, di sù dal ciel, le stelle	From the heavens, the stars heard
E dissero anche loro tutte 'n coro:	And in chorus said:
"Noi daremo alle tue pupille belle	“We will give your beautiful eyes
La nostra luce..." E 'l sole: "Io darò l'oro	Our light…” And the sun said: I will give my golden
Del mio colore a tuoi biondi capelli..."	colour to your blond hair…”
E l'usignolo primo tra li augelli:	And the nightingale, first among the birds said:
"Darò alle tue parole l'armonia	“I will give to all your words the harmony
Del canto ch'esce dalla gola mia!"	Of song that flows from my throat!”

Text by Arturo Birga (1871-1959), Translation by Nathalie Winfield-Hicks

Venito a vedere’l mi’piccino	**Come see my Little Boy**
Venitelo a vedere 'l mi' piccino	Come and see my little boy
Or che nella culla è addormentato:	Now that is asleep in the cradle:
Venitelo a veder com'è carino,	Come and see how cute he is,
Pare un angiol di Dio dal ciel calato!...	It seems one of God’s angels fallen from heaven!...
Angioletti del ciel, venite in coro,	Little angels form the sky, come, together,
A sorridere al dolce mi' tesoro.	To smile upon my treasure.
Venite... Zitto! Ha mosso 'l labbro al riso...	Come… Hush!... His lips moved in laughter…
Sognando, ora è con voi, su 'n Paradiso!	Dreaming that he’s with you now in heaven!

Text by Arturo Birga (1871-1959), Translation by Nathalie Winfield-Hicks

Viene di là, lontan lontano	**The Wind comes from far, far way**
Viene di là, lontan, lontano 'l vento	The wind comes from far, far away
E me lo manda qui 'l mi' dolce amore	And is sent to me by my sweet love
Perché mi dica, nel suo strano accento,	To tell me, in its strange tones.
Tante belle parole in fondo al core...	Many beautiful words deep in my heart…
O vento lene, o lene venticello,	Oh gentle breeze, oh gentle little breeze,
Ritorna dal mi damo, dal mi' bello:	Return to my darling, to my handsome love:
Ritorna dal mi' damo, o vento lene,	Return to my darling, oh gentle breeze,
E digli che gli voglio tanto bene!	And tell him that I love him so much!
E digli che gli voglio bene tanto,	And tell him that I love him,
E che dal giorno ch'è partito via	And that from the day that he left
Ho sempre gli occhi rossi pel gran pianto	My eyes are always red from weeping
E 'l core gonfio di malinconia...	And my heart swells with melancholy…
Diglielo, o venticello profumato,	Tell him, oh fragrant little breeze,
In quali condizioni m'hai lasciato...	In what condition he left me…
Digli del core mio tutti gli affanni,	Tell him of all the worries in my heart,
E che ritorni presto e non m'inganni!	And that he return soon and not deceive me!

Text by Arturo Birga (1871-1959), Translation by Nathalie Winfield-Hicks