



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
FACULTY OF MUSIC

*The Vocalis Series is made possible in part by a generous gift from Dianne W. Henderson.*

Voice Studies at the University of Toronto presents:

**Vocalis I - Da Camera**

Curated by Liz Upchurch

Wednesday, March 6th, 2024, at 7:30 pm

Trinity-St. Paul's United Church and Centre for Faith, Justice, and the Arts

**PROGRAM**

Frühling (*Vier letzte Lieder*, no. 1)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

arr. John Greer (b. 1954)

Maeve Palmer, soprano; Joel Goodfellow, pianist;

Jeanny Jung, violinist; Veronica Zupanic, violinist; Colman Yang, violist; Andrew Park, cellist

The Vagabond (*Songs of Travel*, no. 1)

Ralph Vaughan Williams

arr. John Greer

Dante Mullin-Santone, baritone; Kyeongok Kim, pianist;

Jeanny Jung, violinist; Veronica Zupanic, violinist; Colman Yang, violist; Andrew Park, cellist

Violons dans le soir

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

Jordan Baldwin, countertenor; Veronica Zupanic, violinist; Leah Lee, pianist

Four Songs, Op. 35

Gustav Holst (1874-1934)

III. I syng of a mayden

IV. My Leman is so true

Zyion Stephens, soprano; Veronica Zupanic, violinist

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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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September (*Vier letzte Lieder, no.2*)

Richard Strauss  
arr. John Greer

Anaïs Kelsey-Verdecchia, soprano; Minira Najafzade, pianist;  
Jeanny Jung, violinist; Veronica Zupanic, violinist; Colman Yang, violist; Andrew Park, cellist

A Fixed Idea (*Love Sweet, no. 5*)

Jennifer Higdon (b. 1962)

Chloé Dionne, soprano; Jeanny Jung, violinist; Andrew Park, cellist; Trevor Flemings, pianist

Beim Schlafengehen (*Vier letzte Lieder, no. 3*)

Richard Strauss  
arr. John Greer

Stéphanie McKay-Turgeon, soprano; Jessica Lui, pianist;  
Jeanny Jung, violinist; Veronica Zupanic, violinist; Colman Yang, violist; Andrew Park, cellist

XXXI "On Wenlock Edge" (*On Wenlock Edge, no. 1*)

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Jacob Thomas, tenor; Chun Yi Tsang, pianist;  
Jeanny Jung, violinist; Veronica Zupanic, violinist; Colman Yang, violist; Andrew Park, cellist

*Three Songs*

Frank Bridge (1879-1941)

I. Far, far from each other

III. Music when soft voices die

Nicole Percifield, mezzo-soprano; Colman Yang, violist; Sabina Rzazade, pianist

Im Abendrot (*Vier letzte Lieder, no. 4*)

Richard Strauss  
arr. John Greer

Skylar Cameron, soprano; Sabina Rzazade, pianist;  
Jeanny Jung, violinist; Veronica Zupanic, violinist; Colman Yang, violist; Andrew Park, cellist

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## UPCOMING EVENTS:

### U of T Opera: Cendrillon

March 14, 15, 16, 17, Various Times | Elgin Theatre

### Student Composer Concert

March 19, 7:30 pm | Walter Hall

### Celebrating the *Journée internationale de la Francophonie 2024*

March 20, 12:10 pm | Edward Johnson Building Lobby

## Text and Translations

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### Frühling

*Hermann Hesse*

In dämmrigen Grüften  
träumte ich lang  
von deinen Bäumen und blauen Lüften,  
Von deinem Duft und Vogelsang.

Nun liegst du erschlossen  
In Gleiss und Zier  
von Licht übergossen  
wie ein Wunder vor mir.

Du kennst mich wieder,  
du lockst mich zart,  
es zittert durch all meine Glieder  
deine selige Gegenwart!

### The Vagabond

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

Give to me the life I love,  
Let the lave go by me,  
Give the jolly heaven above,  
And the byway nigh me.  
Bed in the bush with stars to see,  
Bread I dip in the river—  
There's the life for a man like me,  
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me;  
Give the face of earth around,  
And the road before me.  
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me;  
All I seek, the heaven above,  
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me  
Where afield I linger,  
Silencing the bird on tree,  
Biting the blue finger.  
White as meal the frosty field—

### Spring

In shadowy crypts  
I dreamt long  
of your trees and blue skies,  
of your fragrance and birdsong.

Now you appear  
in all your finery,  
drenched in light  
like a miracle before me.

You recognize me,  
you entice me tenderly.  
All my limbs tremble at  
your blessed presence!

Warm the fireside haven—  
Not to autumn will I yield,  
Not to winter even!

**Violons dans le soir**

*Comtesse Anna de Noailles*

Quand le soir est venu, que tout est calme enfin  
Dans la chaude nature,  
Voici que naît sous l'arbre et sous le ciel divin  
La plus vive torture.

Sur les graviers d'argent, dans les bois apaisés,  
Des violons s'exaltent.  
Ce sont des jets de cris, de sanglots, de baisers,  
Sans contrainte et sans halte.

Il semble que l'archet se cabre, qu'il se tord  
Sur les luisantes cordes,  
Tant ce sont des appels de plaisir et de mort  
Et de miséricorde.

Et le brûlant archet enroulé de langueur  
Gémit, souffre, caresse,  
Poignard voluptueux qui pénètre le cœur  
D'une épuisante ivresse.

Archets, soyez maudits pour vos brûlants accords,  
Pour votre âme explosive,  
Fers rouges qui dans l'ombre arrachez à nos  
corps  
Des lambeaux de chair vive!

**Four Songs, Op. 35 - G. Holst**

*Poems taken from a medieval anthology*

III.

I sing of a maiden that matchless is.  
King of all Kings was her son iwis.  
He came all so still where his mother was  
as dew in April that falleth on grass:  
he came all so still to his mother's bower  
as dew in April that falleth on flower:  
he came all so still where his mother lay  
as dew in April that falleth on spray.  
Mother and maiden was ne'er none but she:  
well may such a lady God's mother be.

**Violins in the evening**

English translation by © Richard Stokes

When evening has fallen and all's at last quiet  
In warm nature,  
There stirs beneath tree and heavenly sky  
The most painful agony.

On silver gravel, in hushed woods,  
Frenetic violins are heard:  
A stream of cries, of sobs and kisses,  
Unrestrained and unremitting.

The violin bow seems to rear and writhe  
Across the shining strings—  
For these are true cries of pleasure, death  
And mercy.

And the burning bow in its affliction,  
Groans, suffers and caresses—  
A voluptuous dagger that pierces the heart  
With exhausted ecstasy.

May you bows be cursed for your scalding  
chords,  
For your explosive soul:  
Molten swords that at night rip from our  
bodies  
Shreds of living flesh!

IV.

My Leman is so true of love and full steadfast  
yet seemeth ever new. His love is on us cast.  
I would that all him knew and loved him firm and fast,  
they never would it rue but happy be at last.  
He lovingly abides although I stay full long;  
he will me never chide although I choose the wrong.  
He says "Behold my side and why on Rood I hung;  
for my love leave thy pride and I thee underfong."  
I'll dwell with thee believe, Leman, under thy tree.  
May no pain e'er me grieve nor make me from thee flee.  
I will in at thy sleeve all in thine heart to be;

**September**

*Hermann Hesse*

Der Garten trauert,  
kühl sinkt in die Blumen der Regen.  
Der Sommer schauert  
still seinem Ende entgegen.

Golden tropft Blatt um Blatt  
nieder vom hohen Akazienbaum.  
Sommer lächelt erstaunt und matt  
In den sterbenden Gartentraum.

Lange noch bei den Rosen  
bleibt er stehn, sehnt sich nach Ruh.  
Langsam tut er  
die müdgeword'nen Augen zu.

**September**

The garden is in mourning.  
Cool rain seeps into the flowers.  
Summertime shudders,  
quietly awaiting his end.

Golden leaf after leaf falls  
from the tall acacia tree.  
Summer smiles, astonished and feeble,  
at his dying dream of a garden.

For just a while he tarries  
beside the roses, yearning for repose.  
Slowly he closes  
his weary eyes.

**A Fixed Idea (Love Sweet)**

*Amy Lowell*

What torture lurks within a single thought  
When grown too constant, and however kind,  
However welcome still, the weary mind  
Aches with its presence. Dull remembrance taught  
Remembers on unceasingly; unsought  
The old delight is with us but to find  
That all recurring joy is pain refined,  
Become a habit, and we struggle, caught.  
You lie upon my heart as on a nest,  
Folded in peace, for you can never know  
How crushed I am with having you at rest  
Heavy upon my life. I love you so  
You bind my freedom from its rightful quest.  
In mercy lift your drooping wings and go.

### **Beim Schlafengehen**

*Hermann Hesse*

Nun der Tag mich müd gemacht,  
soll mein sehnliches Verlangen  
freundlich die gestirnte Nacht  
wie ein müdes Kind empfangen.

Hände, laßt von allem Tun  
Stirn, vergiss du alles Denken,  
Alle meine Sinne nun  
wollen sich in Schlummer senken.

Und die Seele unbewacht  
will in freien Flügen schweben,  
um im Zauberkreis der Nacht  
tief und tausendfach zu leben.

### **On Wenlock Edge**

Alfred Edward Housman

On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble;  
His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves;  
The gale, it plies the saplings double,  
And thick on Severn snow the leaves.

T'would blow like this through holt and hanger  
When Uricon the city stood;  
'Tis the old wind in the old anger,  
But then it threshed another wood.

Then, 'twas before my time, the Roman  
At yonder heaving hill would stare;  
The blood that warms an English yeoman,  
The thoughts that hurt him, they were there.

There, like the wind through woods in riot,  
Through him the gale of life blew high;  
The tree of man was never quiet;  
Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I.

The gale, it plies the saplings double,  
It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone:  
Today the Roman and his trouble  
Are ashes under Uricon.

### **Going to Sleep**

Now that I am wearied of the day,  
my ardent desire shall happily receive  
the starry night  
like a sleepy child.

Hands, stop all your work.  
Brow, forget all your thinking.  
All my senses now  
yearn to sink into slumber.

And my unfettered soul  
wishes to soar up freely  
into night's magic sphere  
to live there deeply and thousandfold.

### **I. Far, far from each other**

*Matthew Arnold*

Far, far from each other  
Our spirits have flown;  
And what heart knows another?  
Ah! who knows his own?  
Blow, ye winds! lift me with you!  
I come to the wild.  
Fold closely, O nature!  
Thine arms round thy child.

Ah! calm me, restore me  
And dry up my tears  
On thy high mountain platforms,  
Where morn first appears.

### **III. Music, when soft voices die**

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory—  
Odours, when the violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.  
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

### **Im Abendrot**

*Joseph von Eichendorff*

Wir sind durch Not und Freude  
gegangen Hand in Hand;  
vom Wandern ruhen wir  
nun überm stillen Land.

Rings sich die Täler neigen,  
es dunkelt schon die Luft.  
Zwei Lerchen nur noch steigen  
nachträumend in den Duft.

Tritt her und laß sie schwirren,  
bald ist es Schlafenszeit.  
Dass wir uns nicht verirren  
in dieser Einsamkeit.

O weiter, stiller Friede!  
So tief im Abendrot.  
Wie sind wir wandermüde-  
Ist dies etwa der Tod?

### **At Sunset**

We have through sorrow and joy  
gone hand in hand;  
From our wanderings, let's now rest  
in this quiet land.

Around us, the valleys bow  
as the sun goes down.  
Two larks soar upwards  
dreamily into the fragrant air.

Come close, and let them fly.  
Soon it will be time for sleep.  
Let's not lose our way  
in this solitude.

O vast, tranquil peace,  
so deep in the evening's glow!  
How weary we are of wandering-  
Is this perhaps death?