

THE ALDEBURGH CONNECTION

presents the fifth annual

BAYFIELD
FESTIVAL OF
SONG



TOWN HALL, BAYFIELD, ONTARIO
JUNE 3, 4 & 5, 2011

Remaining events include:

Thursday, June 9, 4 pm:
SINGERS' MASTERCLASS

Friday, June 10, 8 pm:
Celebrity Recital, ALLYSON McHARDY, mezzo,
with STEPHEN RALLS, piano

Saturday, June 11, 11 am:
Coffee Concert, SCHUBERT IN THE MORNING

Saturday, June 11, 8 pm:
GLAMOROUS NIGHT, the music of Ivor Novello and Noël Coward
LINDSAY BARRETT, soprano, PETER BARRETT, baritone
with STEPHEN RALLS and BRUCE UBUKATA, piano

Sunday, June 12, 2:30 pm:
EMBRACEABLE YOU!

Visit www.aldeburghconnection.org
Tickets from 519-565-2435, or at the door

Bayfield Festival of Song

Honorary Patron:
ALICE MUNRO

Artistic Directors:
STEPHEN RALLS and BRUCE UBUKATA

June 2011

We are very pleased to welcome you to the fifth annual Bayfield Festival of Song. This year, we are maintaining our presence over two weekends and have further increased the number of events to nine. A total of sixteen artists will be on hand to perform, running the gamut from those who are still preparing for their careers to those who are already distinguished international stars. Our music is varied, too - we are sure you will find much to entertain and, perhaps, instruct. Between the two weekends, we will again be visiting a number of schools across Huron and Perth Counties, increasing our audience as much as we can by performing to a wider age range. Another educational aspect of our presentations will be a Singers' Masterclass on Thursday, June 9, when four young singing students will be coached by Catherine Robbin, Canada's most distinguished mezzo.

We were surprised, and delighted, three weeks ago to be the recipients of an award from the Huron Arts & Heritage Network. We are truly grateful for that, and have many to thank for the success of the Festival, beginning with our distinguished Honorary Patron, Alice Munro, and continuing with some important and hard-working volunteers in the village, those who are listed at the end of this programme book. Their energies and dedication are truly phenomenal and we thank them from the bottom of our hearts. We must also include a large number of donors who are untiring in their support. Without them, without the assistance of private, municipal and provincial sources and, certainly, without the enthusiasm of you, our audience, we should not be able to:

Celebrate the Art of Song!

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Friday, June 3, 8 pm

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
 THE MILLER'S LOVELY DAUGHTER
 (Die schöne Müllerin)

COLIN AINSWORTH, tenor
 STEPHEN RALLS, piano

In Berlin, in the second decade of the 19th century, party games were popular among young intellectuals. One evening in 1816, a group of them performed an elaborate charade involving several characters: a young miller falls in love with his employer's beautiful daughter and woos her; when she rejects him in favour of an uncouth huntsman, the miller drowns himself. There was a fashionable enthusiasm at the time for 'folk' subjects, usually viewed with ironic detachment. This particular story looked back to Goethe's *The Journeyman and the Millstream* and also to a popular opera, *La molinara*, by Paisiello.

Each player in the Berlin charade was expected to write and speak his own part, in verse. Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827) was the only practising writer among the group of players. Naturally enough, the poet took the role of the young miller (*der Müller*). He published some of his poems from the charade in 1818, then added to them over the next few years until he brought out his complete sequence of 23 poems in 1821, with the quaint title of *Poems from the Posthumous Papers of a Travelling Horn-Player*. He included a prologue and epilogue which gently satirised the fashion for rustic ballads.

Schubert had been searching for some time for the text for a song-cycle, probably because of his admiration for Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte*. He seized on Müller's poems with enthusiasm, while discarding three of them as unsuitable, along with the prologue and epilogue. *Die schöne Müllerin* was composed in 1823 and published in 1824. No longer is there any sense of viewing the subject at an ironic distance - we are plunged straight into the story of the passionate young man and follow his life's violent fluctuations right up to its sad end. The tale is mostly in the first person, with a very few interpolations by other characters: the fair miller-maid herself, and her father. The fourth, very important, character is the brook - the miller's faithful companion through all vicissitudes, the instigator of his quest and his consolation at its end. The brook is present in almost every song through Schubert's amazing invention of rippling, undulating and rushing accompaniments. In the last two songs, the singer finally speaks with the brook's own voice.

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Please reserve your applause until the end of each half of the performance

1. Das Wandern

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust!
 Das muß ein schlechter Müller sein,
 Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein.

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt!
 Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,
 Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht.

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab!
 Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,
 Die sich mein Tag nicht müde drehn.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind!
 Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn
 Und wollen gar noch schneller sein.

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust!
 Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
 Laßt mich in Frieden weiterziehn
 Und wandern.

Wandering

*Wandering is the miller's delight!
 He must be a poor miller
 who never thought of wandering.*

*We have learnt it from the water!
 It never rests by day or night,
 Instead it is intent of wandering.*

*We can also see it in the wheels!
 They never care to stay still,
 But turn tirelessly all day.*

*The stones themselves, so heavy!
 they join in the merry dance
 and would move even faster.*

*O wandering, my delight!
 Master and mistress,
 Let me go in peace
 and wander.*

2. Wohin?

Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,
Hinab zum Tale rauschen
So frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,
Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,
Ich mußte auch hinunter
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

Hinunter und immer weiter
Und immer dem Bache nach,
Und immer frischer rauschte
Und immer heller der Bach.

Ist das denn meine Straße?
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Was sag ich denn von Rauschen?
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
Es singen wohl die Nixen
Tief unten ihren Reihn.

Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen
Und wandre fröhlich nach!
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder
In jedem klaren Bach.

3. Halt!

Eine Mühle seh ich blinken
Aus den Erlen heraus,
Durch Rauschen und Singen
Bricht Rädergebraus.

Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,
Süßer Mühlengesang!
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!
Und die Fenster, wie blank!

Whither?

*I heard a brooklet rushing
out of the rock's spring,
down there to the valley babbling,
so fresh and wondrously bright..*

*I know not, how I felt this,
nor did I know who gave me advice;
I too had to go down
with my wanderer's staff.*

*Down and always farther,
and always following the brook,
as it babbled ever brighter
and ever clearer.*

*Is this then my road?
O, brooklet, speak! Whither?
You have with your babbling
quite intoxicated my senses.*

*But why do I speak of babbling?
That can't really be babbling:
perhaps the water-nymphs are singing
as they dance their rounds in the deep.*

*Let them sing, my friend, let it babble,
and wander joyfully after!
Millwheels turn
in every clear brook.*

Halt!

*I see a mill gleaming
among the alders;
through the babbling and singing
bursts the clatter of wheels.*

*Welcome, welcome,
sweet mill-song!
The house, so comfortable!
And the windows, how sparkling!*

Und die Sonne, wie helle
 Vom Himmel sie scheint!
 Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
 War es also gemeint?

*And the sun, how brightly
 it shines from heaven!
 Now, dear brooklet,
 was this, then, what you meant?*

4. Danksagung an den Bach

Thanksgiving to the brook

War es also gemeint,
 Mein rauschender Freund?
 Dein Singen, dein Klingen,
 War es also gemeint?

*Was this, then, what you meant,
 my babbling friend?
 Your singing and your murmuring?
 Was this what you meant?*

“Zur Müllerin hin!”
 So lautet der Sinn.
 Gelt, hab’ ich’s verstanden?
 “Zur Müllerin hin!”

*“To the maid of the mill!”
 This is your meaning.
 Have I understood?
 “To the maid of the mill!”*

Hat sie dich geschickt?
 Oder hast mich berückt?
 Das möchte ich noch wissen,
 Ob sie dich geschickt.

*Has she sent you?
 Or am I deluding myself?
 I would like to know
 whether she has sent you.*

Nun wie’s auch mag sein,
 Ich gebe mich drein:
 Was ich such’, hab’ ich funden,
 Wie’s immer mag sein.

*However it may be,
 I commit myself!
 What I sought, I have found,
 however it may be.*

Nach Arbeit ich frug,
 Nun hab ich genug
 Für die Hände, für’s Herze
 Vollauf genug!

*I asked for work,
 now have I enough
 for my hands and my heart;
 completely enough!*

5. Am Feierabend

Hätt ich tausend
 Arme zu rühren!
 Könnt ich brausend
 Die Räder führen!
 Könnt ich wehen
 Durch alle Haine!
 Könnt ich drehen
 Alle Steine!
 Daß die schöne Müllerin
 Merke meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!
 Was ich hebe, was ich trage,
 Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,
 Jeder Knappe tut mir's nach.
 Und da sitz ich in der großen Runde,
 In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,
 Und der Meister spricht zu allen:
 "Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;"
 Und das liebe Mädchen sagt
 Allen eine gute Nacht.

After Work

*If only I had a thousand
 arms to move!
 I could loudly
 drive the wheels!
 I could blow like wind
 through all the groves!
 I could turn
 all the stones!
 If only the fair maid of the mill
 would notice my faithful thoughts!*

*Ah, how weak is my arm!
 What I lift, what I carry,
 what I cut, what I hammer,
 every lad does it just as well as I do.
 And there I sit in the great circle,
 in the quiet, cool hour of rest,
 and the master says to us all:
 "Your work has pleased me;"
 And the lovely maiden says
 "Good night" to everyone.*

6. Der Neugierige

Ich frage keine Blume,
 Ich frage keinen Stern,
 Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,
 Was ich erfürh so gern.

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,
 Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;
 Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,
 Ob mich mein Herz belog.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
 Wie bist du heut so stumm?
 Will ja nur Eines wissen,
 Ein Wörtchen um und um.

“Ja” heißt das eine Wörtchen,
 Das andre heißt “Nein”,
 Die beiden Wörtchen
 Schließen die ganze Welt mir ein.
 O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
 Was bist du wunderbarlich!
 Will’s ja nicht weitersagen,
 Sag, Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

The Inquisitive One

*I ask no flower,
 I ask no star;
 none of them can tell me
 what I so eagerly want to know.*

*I am surely not a gardener,
 the stars are too high;
 I will ask my brooklet
 whether my heart has lied to me.*

*O brooklet of my love,
 how quiet you are today!
 I want to know just one thing,
 one little word over and over again.*

*One little word is “Yes”;
 the other is “No”,
 These two little words
 make up the entire world to me.
 O brooklet of my love,
 how strange you are!
 I’ll surely not repeat it;
 tell me, brooklet, does she love me?*

7. Ungeduld

Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden ein,
 Ich grub es gern in jeden Kieselstein,
 Ich möcht es sä'n auf jedes frische Beet
 Mit Kressensamen, der es schnell verrät,
 Auf jeden weißen Zettel möcht ich's
 schreiben:
 Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig
 bleiben.

Ich möcht mir ziehen einen jungen Star,
 Bis daß er sprach die Worte rein und
 klar,
 Bis er sie sprach mit meines Mundes
 Klang,
 Mit meines Herzens vollem, heißen
 Drang;
 Dann säng er hell durch ihre
 Fensterscheiben:
 Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig
 bleiben.

Den Morgenwinden möcht ich's
 hauchen ein,
 Ich möcht es säuseln durch den regen
 Hain;
 Oh, leuchtet' es aus jedem Blumenstern!
 Trüg es der Duft zu ihr von nah und fern!
 Ihr Wogen, könnt ihr nichts als Räder
 treiben?
 Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig
 bleiben.

Ich meint, es müßt in meinen Augen
 stehn,
 Auf meinen Wangen müßt man's
 brennen sehn,
 Zu lesen wär's auf meinem stummen
 Mund,
 Ein jeder Atemzug gäb's laut ihr kund,
 Und sie merkt nichts von all dem bangen
 Treiben:
 Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig
 bleiben.

Impatience

*I would carve it fondly in the bark of trees,
 I would chisel it eagerly into each pebble,
 I would like to sow it upon each fresh
 flower-bed
 with cress seeds, which would quickly reveal it;
 upon each white piece of paper would I write:
 My heart is yours, and shall ever remain so.*

*I would like to raise a young starling,
 until he speaks to me in words pure and
 clear,
 until he speaks to me with the sound of
 my voice,
 with my heart's full, warm yearning;
 then he would sing brightly through her
 window:
 My heart is yours, and shall ever remain so.*

*I would like to breath it into the morning
 breezes,
 I would like to whisper it through the rustling
 grove;
 oh, if only it would shine from each flower!
 if it could only carry the scent to her from near
 and far!
 Waves, can you only drive mill-wheels?
 My heart is yours, and shall ever remain so.*

*I thought, it must be visible in my eyes,
 on my cheeks it must be seen burning;
 it must be readable on my mute lips,
 every breath would make it loudly known
 to her;
 and yet she notices nothing of all my
 yearning.
 My heart is yours, and shall ever remain so.*

8. Morgengruss

Guten Morgen, schöne Müllerin!
 Wo steckst du gleich das Köpfchen hin,
 Als wär dir was geschehen?
 Verdrießt dich denn mein Gruß so
 schwer?
 Verstört dich denn mein Blick so sehr?
 So muß ich wieder gehen.

O laß mich nur von ferne stehn,
 Nach deinem lieben Fenster sehn,
 Von ferne, ganz von ferne!
 Du blondes Köpfchen, komm hervor!
 Hervor aus eurem runden Tor,
 Ihr blauen Morgensterne!

Ihr schlummertrunknen Äugelein,
 Ihr taubetrübten Blümelein,
 Was scheuet ihr die Sonne?
 Hat es die Nacht so gut gemeint,
 Daß ihr euch schließt und bückt und
 weint
 Nach ihrer stillen Wonne?

Nun schüttelt ab der Träume Flor
 Und hebt euch frisch und frei empor
 In Gottes hellen Morgen!
 Die Lerche wirbelt in der Luft,
 Und aus dem tiefen Herzen ruft
 Die Liebe Leid und Sorgen.

Morning Greeting

Good morning, fair miller-maid!
 Why do you so promptly turn your little
 head,
 as if something has happened to you?
 Do you dislike my greetings so profoundly?
 Does my glance disturb you so much?
 Then I must go away again.

O, let me only stand from afar,
 watching your dear window,
 from afar, from quite far away!
 Little blonde little head, come out!
 Come out from your round gate,
 blue morning stars!

Slumber-drunk little eyes,
 flowers, troubled with dew,
 why do you fear the sun?
 Has night been so good to you
 That you close and droop and weep
 for its silent bliss?

Now shake off the veil of dreams
 and rise, refreshed and free
 in God's bright morning!
 The lark warbles in the sky
 and from the heart's depths
 love draws grief and care.

9. Des Müllers Blumen

Am Bach viel kleine Blumen stehn,
Aus hellen blauen Augen sehn;
Der Bach, der ist des Müllers Freund,
Und hellblau Liebchens Auge scheint,
Drum sind es meine Blumen.

Dicht unter ihrem Fensterlein,
Da will ich pflanzen die Blumen ein,
Da ruft ihr zu, wenn alles schweigt,
Wenn sich ihr Haupt zum Schlummer
neigt,
Ihr wißt ja, was ich meine.

Und wenn sie tät die Äuglein zu
Und schläft in süßer, süßer Ruh,
Dann lispelt als ein Traumgesicht
Ihr zu: "Vergiß, vergiß mein nicht!"
Das ist es, was ich meine.

Und schließt sie früh die Laden auf,
Dann schaut mit Liebesblick hinauf:
Der Tau in euren Äugelein,
Das sollen meine Tränen sein,
Die will ich auf euch weinen.

10. Tränenregen

Wir saßen so traulich beisammen
Im kühlen Erlendach,
Wir schauten so traulich zusammen
Hinab in den rieselnden Bach.
Der Mond war auch gekommen,
Die Sternlein hinterdrein,
Und schauten so traulich zusammen
In den silbernen Spiegel hinein.

Ich sah nach keinem Monde,
Nach keinem Sternenschein,
Ich schaute nach ihrem Bilde,
Nach ihren Augen allein.
Und sahe sie nicken und blicken

The Miller's Flowers

*By the brook, many small flowers grow;
out of bright blue eyes they gaze;
the brook is the miller's friend,
and clear blue are my darling's eyes;
therefore, these are my flowers.*

*Right under her little window,
there will I plant these flowers,
there you will call to her when all is silent,
when she lays down her head in slumber,
for you know what I intend you to say.*

*And when she closes her little eyes,
and sleeps in sweet sweet rest,
then whisper, like a dreamy vision:
"Forget me not!"
That is what I mean to say.*

*Early in the morning, when she opens the
shutters,
then look up with a loving gaze:
the dew in your little eyes
shall be my tears
which I will shed upon you.*

Shower of Tears

*We sat in such harmony together
under the cool canopy of alders,
we gazed so quietly together
down into the murmuring brook.
The moon was already out,
the stars after her,
and we gazed so quietly together
into the silver mirror.*

*I did not look at the moon,
nor at the stars;
I looked only at her image,
at her eyes alone.
And I saw her reflection nod and gaze*

Herauf aus dem seligen Bach,
Die Blümlein am Ufer, die blauen,
Sie nickten und blickten ihr nach.

*up from the happy brook,
the little flowers on the bank, the blue ones,
they nodded and gazed right back.*

Und in den Bach versunken
Der ganze Himmel schien
Und wollte mich mit hinunter
In seine Tiefe ziehn.
Und über den Wolken und Sternen,
Da rieselte munter der Bach
Und rief mit Singen und Klingen:
"Geselle, Geselle, mir nach!"

*And in the brook seemed immersed
the entire heavens,
and seemed to want to pull me down
into its depths.
And above the clouds and stars
there murmured the brook
and called with singing and ringing:
"Friend, follow me!"*

Da gingen die Augen mir über,
Da ward es im Spiegel so kraus;
Sie sprach: "Es kommt ein Regen,
Ade, ich geh nach Haus."

*Then my eyes filled with tears,
and the mirror became blurred;
she said: "It's about to rain,
Goodbye, I'm going home."*

11. Mein

Mine

Bächlein, laß dein Rauschen sein!
Räder, stellt euer Brausen ein!
All ihr muntern Waldvögelein,
Groß und klein,
Endet eure Melodein!
Durch den Hain
Aus und ein
Schalle heut ein Reim allein:
Die geliebte Müllerin ist mein!
Frühling, sind das alle deine
Blümelein?
Sonne, hast du keinen hellern Schein?
Ach, so muß ich ganz allein,
Mit dem seligen Worte mein,
Unverstanden in der weiten Schöpfung
sein!

*Brooklet, cease your babbling!
Wheels, cease your roaring!
All you merry woodbirds,
great and small,
end your melodies!
Through the grove,
within and beyond,
let only one song be heard today:
the beloved miller-maid is mine!
Spring, are these all of your flowers?
Sun, have you no brighter light?
Ah, so I must be all alone
with my blissful word,
incomprehensible to all of Creation!*

INTERMISSION

12. Pause

Meine Laute hab ich gehängt an die
Wand,
Hab sie umschlungen mit einem
grünen Band -
Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz
ist zu voll,
Weiß nicht, wie ich's in Reime zwingen
soll.

Meiner Sehnsucht allerheißesten
Schmerz
Durfst ich aushauchen in Liederschmerz,
Und wie ich klagte so süß und fein,
Glaubt' ich doch, mein Leiden wär'
nicht klein.
Ei, wie groß ist wohl meines Glückes
Last,
Daß kein Klang auf Erden es in sich
faßt?

Nun, liebe Laute, ruh an dem Nagel
hier!
Und weht ein Lüftchen über die
Saiten dir,
Und streift eine Biene mit ihren Flügeln
dich,
Da wird mir so bange, und es
durchschauert mich.

Warum ließ ich das Band auch hängen
so lang?
Oft fliegt's um die Saiten mit
seufzendem Klang.
Ist es der Nachklang meiner Liebespein?
Soll es das Vorspiel neuer Lieder sein?

Pause

*My lute I've hung upon the wall,
I've tied it there with a green band;
I can sing no more, my heart is too full.
I know not how to force the rhymes.*

*The hot pain of my yearning
I once could express in jesting songs;
and when I complained, so sweetly and
tenderly,
It believed my sorrows weren't trivial.
Ah, but how great can my burden of joy be,
that no sound on earth can contain it?*

*Now, dear lute, rest on this nail here!
And if a breeze flutters over your strings,
and if a bee grazes you with its wings,
I feel afraid and shudder.*

*Oh, why have I left that ribbon hanging
down so long?
Often it stirs the strings with a sighing
sound.
Is it the echo of my lovelorn pining?
Shall it be the prologue to new songs?*

13. Mit dem grünen Lautenbände

“Schad um das schöne grüne Band,
 Daß es verbleicht hier an der Wand,
 Ich hab das Grün so gern!”
 So sprachst du, Liebchen, heut zu mir;
 Gleich knüpf ich’s ab und send es dir:
 Nun hab das Grüne gern!

Ist auch dein ganzer Liebster weiß,
 Soll Grün doch haben seinen Preis,
 Und ich auch hab es gern.
 Weil unsre Lieb ist immergrün,
 Weil grün der Hoffnung Fernen blühn,
 Drum haben wir es gern.

Nun schlinge in die Locken dein
 Das grüne Band gefällig ein,
 Du hast ja’s Grün so gern.
 Dann weiß ich, wo die Hoffnung wohnt,
 Dann weiß ich, wo die Liebe thront,
 Dann hab ich’s Grün erst gern.

To accompany the Lute’s Green Ribbon

*“It’s a pity that pretty green ribbon
 fades here on the wall;
 I like green so very much!”
 So you said, sweetheart, today to me;
 I shall untie it and send it to you:
 now be fond of green!*

*Even though your lover is all in white,
 green shall have its reward;
 and I also like green.
 Because our love is evergreen,
 because distant hope blossoms green,
 we are both fond of green.*

*Now entwine prettily in your locks
 this green ribbon;
 You are so fond of green.
 Then I will know where hope dwells,
 then I will know where love is enthroned,
 then I will be really fond of green.*

14. Der Jäger

Was sucht denn der Jäger am Mühlbach
hier?
Bleib, trotziger Jäger, in deinem Revier!
Hier gibt es kein Wild zu jagen für dich,
Hier wohnt nur ein Rehlein, ein zahmes,
für mich,
Und willst du das zärtliche Rehlein sehn,
So laß deine Büchsen im Walde stehn,
Und laß deine klaffenden Hunde zu
Haus,
Und laß auf dem Horne den Saus und
Braus,
Und scheere vom Kinne das struppige
Haar,
Sonst scheut sich im Garten das Rehlein
fürwahr.

Doch besser, du bliebest im Walde dazu
Und ließest die Mühlen und Müller in
Ruh.
Was taugen die Fischlein im grünen
Gezweig?
Was will den das Eichhorn im
bläulichen Teich?
Drum bleibe, du trotziger Jäger, im
Hain,
Und laß mich mit meinen drei Rädern
allein;
Und willst meinem Schätzchen dich
machen beliebt,
So wisse, mein Freund, was ihr
Herzchen betrübt:
Die Eber, die kommen zur Nacht aus
dem Hain
Und brechen in ihren Kohlgarten ein
Und treten und wühlen herum in dem
Feld:
Die Eber die schieße, du Jägerheld!

The Huntsman

*What does the hunter seek here by the
millstream?
Stay, presumptuous hunter, in your own
hunting-grounds!
Here there is no game for you to hunt;
here dwells only a little doe, a tame one,
for me.
And if you wish to see the tender doe,
then leave your guns in the forest,
and leave your barking dogs at home,
and stop the horn from blowing and pealing,
and shave from your chin your shaggy hair;
otherwise the doe will hide itself away in
the garden.*

*Or better yet, remain in the forest
and leave mills and millers in peace!
What use are fishes in green branches?
What would the squirrel want in a blue
pond?
Therefore stay, presumptuous hunter, in
the wood
and leave me alone with my three millwheels;
and if you would make yourself popular
with my sweetheart,
then know, friend, what troubles her heart:
wild boars, they come at night from the
wood
and break into her cabbage patch
and root and trample around over the field.
Shoot the wild boars, heroic huntsman!*

15. Eifersucht und Stolz

Wohin so schnell, so kraus und wild,
 mein lieber Bach?
 Eilst du voll Zorn dem frechen Bruder
 Jäger nach?
 Kehr um, kehr um, und schilt erst
 deine Müllerin
 Für ihren leichten, losen, kleinen
 Flattersinn.

Sahst du sie gestern abend nicht am
 Tore stehn,
 Mit langem Halse nach der großen
 Straße sehn?
 Wenn vom den Fang der Jäger lustig
 zieht nach Haus,
 Da steckt kein sittsam Kind den Kopf
 zum Fenster 'naus.

Geh, Bächlein, hin und sag ihr das;
 doch sag ihr nicht,
 Hörst du, kein Wort von meinem
 traurigen Gesicht.
 Sag ihr: Er schnitzt bei mir sich eine
 Pfeif' aus Rohr
 Und bläst den Kindern schöne Tänz'
 und Lieder vor.

Jealousy and Pride

*Whither so fast, so ruffled and fierce, my
 dear brook?
 Do you hurry full of anger for the arrogant
 hunter?
 Turn around and scold first your miller-
 maid
 for her frivolous, flirtatious mind.*

*Didn't you see her standing at the gate
 last night,
 craning her neck towards the high road?
 When the hunter returns gaily home from
 the kill,
 no decent girl sticks her head out the
 window.*

*Go, brooklet, and tell her that; but tell
 her not,
 do you hear? - no word of my sad face.
 Tell her: he is carving a reed pipe
 and plays pretty dances and songs for the
 children.*

16. Die liebe Farbe

In Grün will ich mich kleiden,
 In grüne Tränenweiden:
 Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.
 Will suchen einen Zypressenhain,
 Eine Heide von grünen Rosmaren:
 Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

Wohlauf zum fröhlichen Jagen!
 Wohlauf durch Heid' und Hagen!
 Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.
 Das Wild, das ich jage, das ist der Tod;
 Die Heide, die heiß ich die Liebesnot:
 Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.

Grabt mir ein Grab im Wasen,
 Deckt mich mit grünem Rasen:
 Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.
 Kein Kreuzlein schwarz, kein
 Blümlein bunt,
 Grün, alles grün so rings und rund!
 Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

The Beloved Colour

*In green will I dress,
 in green weeping willows;
 my sweetheart is so fond of green.
 I'll look for a thicket of cypresses,
 a heath full of green rosemary;
 my sweetheart is so fond of green.*

*Away to the joyous hunt!
 Away through heath and hedge!
 My sweetheart is so fond of hunting.
 The game that I hunt is Death;
 the heath I call Love's Torment.
 My sweetheart is so fond of hunting.*

*Dig me a grave in the turf,
 cover me with green grass:
 my sweetheart is so fond of green.
 No black cross, no colourful flowers,
 green, everything green all around!
 My sweetheart is so fond of green.*

17. Die böse Farbe

Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus,
Hinaus in die weite Welt;
Wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär,
Da draußen in Wald und Feld!

Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all
Pflücken von jedem Zweig,
Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all
Weinen ganz totenbleich.

Ach Grün, du böse Farbe du,
Was siehst mich immer an
So stolz, so keck, so schadenfroh,
Mich armen weißen Mann?

Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Tür
Im Sturm und Regen und Schnee.
Und singen ganz leise bei Tag und Nacht
Das eine Wörtchen: Ade!

Horch, wenn im Wald ein Jagdhorn
schallt,
Da klingt ihr Fensterlein!
Und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht aus,
Darf ich doch schauen hinein.

O binde von der Stirn dir ab
Das grüne, grüne Band;
Ade, ade! Und reiche mir
Zum Abschied deine Hand!

The Loathsome Colour

*I'd like to go out into the world,
out into the wide world;
if only it weren't so green
out there in the forest and field!*

*I would like to pluck all the green leaves
from every branch,
I would like to weep on all the grass
until it is deathly pale.*

*Ah, Green, you hateful colour,
why do you always look at me,
so proud, so bold, so gloating,
and me only a poor, white miller?*

*I would like to lie in front of her door
in storm and rain and snow
and sing softly by day and by night
one little word: Farewell!*

*Hark, when in the forest a hunter's horn
sounds,
her window clicks!
And though she does not look out for me,
yet I can look in.*

*O unwind from your brow
that green, green ribbon;
farewell, farewell! and give me
your hand in parting!*

18. Trockne Blumen

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab,
Euch soll man legen
Mit mir ins Grab.

Wie seht ihr alle
Mich an so weh,
Als ob ihr wüßtet,
Wie mir gescheh?

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wie welk, wie blaß?
Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wovon so naß?

Ach, Tränen machen
Nicht maiengrün,
Machen tote Liebe
Nicht wieder blühn.

Und Lenz wird kommen,
Und Winter wird gehn,
Und Blümlein werden
Im Grase stehn.

Und Blümlein liegen
In meinem Grab,
Die Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab.

Und wenn sie wandelt
Am Hügel vorbei
Und denkt im Herzen:
"Der meint' es treu!"

Dann, Blümlein alle,
Heraus, heraus!
Der Mai ist kommen,
Der Winter ist aus.

Withered Flowers

*All you flowers
that she gave me,
you shall lie
with me in my grave.*

*Why do you all look
at me so sadly,
as if you had known
what would happen to me?*

*All you flowers,
how wilted, how pale!
All you flowers,
why are you so moist?*

*Ah, tears will not create
the green of May,
will not make dead love
bloom again.*

*And Spring will come,
and Winter will go,
and flowers will
grow in the grass.*

*And flowers will lie
on my grave,
all the flowers
that she gave me.*

*And when she walks
past that mound
and thinks in her heart:
"His love was true!"*

*Then, all you flowers,
Come forth, come forth!
May has come,
Winter is over.*

19. Der Müller und der Bach

The Miller and the Brook

Der Müller:

Wo ein treues Herze
In Liebe vergeht,
Da welken die Lilien
Auf jedem Beet;

The Miller:

*Where a true heart
wastes away in love,
the lilies wilt
in the ground;*

Da muß in die Wolken
Der Vollmond gehn,
Damit seine Tränen
Die Menschen nicht sehn;

*then into the clouds must
the full moon go,
so that her tears
men do not see;*

Da halten die Englein
Die Augen sich zu
Und schluchzen und singen
Die Seele zur Ruh'.

*then angels
shut their eyes
and sob and sing
the soul to rest.*

Der Bach:

Und wenn sich die Liebe
Dem Schmerz entringt,
Ein Sternlein, ein neues,
Am Himmel erblinkt;

The Brook:

*And when love
conquers pain,
a little star, a new one,
shines in Heaven;*

Da springen drei Rosen,
Halb rot und halb weiß,
Die welken nicht wieder,
Aus Dornenreis.

*three roses,
half red and half white,
which never wilt,
spring from thorny stems.*

Und die Englein schneiden
Die Flügel sich ab
Und gehn alle Morgen
Zur Erde hinab.

*And the angels cut
their wings off
and go every morning
down to Earth.*

Der Müller:

Ach Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
Du meinst es so gut:
Ach Bächlein, aber weißt du,
Wie Liebe tut?

The Miller:

*Ah, brooklet, dear brook,
you mean so well,
ah, brooklet, but do you know,
what love does?*

Ach unten, da unten
Die kühle Ruh!
Ach Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
So singe nur zu.

*Ah, below, down below
is cool rest!
brooklet, dear brook,
sing on.*

20. Des Baches Wiegenlied

Gute Ruh, gute Ruh!
 Tu die Augen zu!
 Wanderer, du müder, du bist zu Haus.
 Die Treu' ist hier,
 Sollst liegen bei mir,
 Bis das Meer will trinken die
 Bächlein aus.

Will betten dich kühl
 Auf weichem Pfühl
 In dem blauen krystallinen
 Kämmerlein.
 Heran, heran,
 Was wiegen kann,
 Woget und wieget den Knaben mir ein!

Wenn ein Jagdhorn schallt
 Aus dem grünen Wald,
 Will ich sausen und brausen wohl um
 dich her.
 Blickt nicht herein,
 Blaue Blümelein!
 Ihr macht meinem Schläfer die
 Träume so schwer.

Hinweg, hinweg
 Von dem Mühlensteg,
 Böses Mägdlein, daß ihn dein
 Schatten nicht weckt!
 Wirf mir herein
 Dein Tüchlein fein,
 Daß ich die Augen ihm halte bedeckt!

Gute Nacht, gute Nacht!
 Bis alles wacht,
 Schlaf aus deine Freude, schlaf aus
 dein Leid!
 Der Vollmond steigt,
 Der Nebel weicht,
 Und der Himmel da oben, wie ist er
 so weit!

The Brook's Lullaby

*Rest well, rest well,
 close your eyes!
 Wanderer, tired one, you are home.
 Here is constancy,
 you shall lie with me,
 until the sea drinks the brooklet dry.*

*I will make a cool bed
 on a soft pillow
 in this blue crystal chamber.
 Come, come,
 all who can lull,
 rock and lull my boy to sleep!*

*If a hunting-horn sounds
 from the green forest,
 I will roar and rush around you.
 Don't peep in,
 little blue flowers!
 You make my sleeper's dreams so troubled.*

*Away, away
 from the mill-path,
 away, away,
 hateful girl, lest your shadow wake him!
 Throw in to me
 your fine kerchief,
 that I may cover his eyes with it!*

*Good night, good night,
 until all awake,
 sleep away your joy, sleep away your pain!
 The full moon rises,
 the mist fades away,
 and the heaven above, how vast it is!*

Saturday, June 4, 11 am

AN ENGLISH MORNING

STEPHEN RALLS and BRUCE UBUKATA, piano

and

REBECCA COLLETT, soprano JULIA BARBER, mezzo
GRAHAM THOMSON, tenor GEOFFREY SIRETT, baritone

*

The Arrival of the Queen of Sheba George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
(*Solomon*) (piano-duet)

Suite: *Capriol* (piano-duet) Peter Warlock (1894-1930)

Warlock composed this suite for piano-duet in 1926. It is loosely based on tunes taken from a dance treatise, *Orchésographie*, published in France in 1589 by Thoinot Arbeau. In it, the instructor, Arbeau, engages in dialogue with his pupil, Capriol.

Basse-Danse
Pavane
Tordion
Bransles
Pieds-en-l'air
Mattachins

Two duets: Henry Purcell (1659-95), realised by Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

Sound the trumpet (soprano/tenor)

Shepherd, shepherd, leave decoying (soprano/mezzo)

**On Hearing the First Cuckoo
in Spring** (piano-duet) Frederick Delius (1862-1934), arr. Warlock

The original, orchestral version of this piece was composed in 1912. As well as cuckoo calls, the thematic material includes a Norwegian folksong which was passed on to Delius by Percy Grainger. Warlock's piano-duet version appeared in 1931.

Two songs (baritone):

Loveliest of trees, from *A Shropshire Lad* George Butterworth (1885-1916)
(A. E. Housman)

Sea Fever (*John Masefield*) John Ireland (1879-1962)

Three English Dances, Op.11 (piano-duet) Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

The orchestral version of these dances was premiered at a Promenade Concert in June 1910. The piano-duet arrangement (by the composer) appeared in 1911 and was dedicated to Quilter's friend, Percy Grainger.

Allegro giocoso

Allegro scherzoso

Allegro non troppo ma con spirito

The British Waterside (or *The Jolly Sailor*) arr. Percy Grainger (1882-1961)
(mezzo/tenor)

Grainger's note tells us that this tune was "sung by Mr Samuel Stokes (August 1906, at Retford Almshouses, Retford, Nottinghamshire, England)."

Two Cod Pieces (piano-duet) Warlock

These are among Warlock's earliest compositions, dating from 1917. They appeared under the pseudonym 'Prosdocimus de Beldamandis Junior'. They parody well-known symphonies, by Beethoven and César Franck respectively. The second was actually played in Warlock's time by a dance-band, the Savoy Orpheans.

Beethoven's Binge, or *The Bard Unbuttoned*
The Old Codger

Saturday, June 4, 8 pm

CELEBRITY RECITAL

LUCIA CESARONI, soprano
COLIN AINSWORTH, tenor
STEPHEN RALLS, piano

*Please reserve your applause until the symbol **

As steals the morn upon the night George Frideric Handel (1685-1750)
(Charles Jennens)
Duet from *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato*

Handel's secular oratorio of 1740 combines texts from two poems of John Milton, *L'Allegro* ('The Merry Man') and *Il Penseroso* ('The Thoughtful Man') with some lines newly written by Charles Jennens which reconciled the two viewpoints in *Il Moderato* ('The Moderate Man'). This duet evokes the calm and tranquillity of morning after the uncertainty of night - perhaps after a "midsummer night's dream".

As steals the morn upon the night
And melts the shades away,
So truth does fancy's charm dissolve,
And rising reason puts to flight
The fumes that did the mind involve,
Restoring intellectual day.

*

Four songs (tenor)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

These songs by Wolf portray musicians in the countryside of 19th century Germany or Austria - a guitarist (*Der Musikant* and *Auf dem grünen Balkon*) and a drummer-boy (*Der Tambour*). Their music is interrupted in *Verschwiegene Liebe* by silence, as the lover thinks of his sweetheart.

Der Musikant*(Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff)**The Musician*

Wandern lieb' ich für mein Leben,
 Lebe eben wie ich kann,
 Wollt ich mir auch Mühe geben,
 Paßt es mir doch gar nicht an.

*I love the wandering life:
 I live how I can.
 If I were to trouble myself about anything,
 it would not suit me at all.*

Schöne alte Lieder weiß ich;
 In der Kälte, ohne Schuh,
 Draußen in die Saiten rei ich,
 Wei nicht, wo ich abends ruh!

*I know lovely old songs;
 in the cold, shoeless,
 I pluck my strings out there
 and do not know where I'll sleep at night!*

Manche Schöne macht wohl Augen,
 Meinet, ich gefiel ihr sehr,
 Wenn ich nur was wollte taugen,
 So ein armer Lump nicht wär. ~

*Many a lovely girl makes eyes at me,
 as if to say she would like me well
 if I only made something of myself
 and were not such a poor beggar.*

Mag dir Gott ein'n Mann bescheren,
 Wohl mit Haus und Hof versehn!
 Wenn wir zwei zusammen wären,
 Möcht mein Singen mir vergehn.

*May God provide you with a husband,
 and a house and estate!
 If we two were together,
 my singing would die.*

Verschwiegene Liebe *(Eichendorff)**Silent Love*

Über Wipfel und Saaten
 In den Glanz hinein -
 Wer mag sie erraten,
 Wer holte sie ein?
 Gedanken sich wiegen,
 Die Nacht ist verschwiegen,
 Gedanken sind frei.

*Over treetops and corn
 away into the brightness -
 who may guess their secrets,
 who may catch up with them?
 Thoughts go floating,
 the night is silent;
 thoughts run free.*

Errät es nur eine,
 Wer an sie gedacht
 Beim Rauschen der Haine,
 Wenn niemand mehr wacht
 Als die Wolken, die fliegen -
 Mein Lieb ist verschwiegen
 Und schön wie die Nacht.

*If only she could guess
 who has thought of her
 amid the rustling of the grove,
 when no one was watching any longer
 except the clouds that flew by -
 my love is silent
 and as fair as the night.*

Auf dem grünen Balkon

(Paul Heyse: Spanisches Liederbuch)

Auf dem grünen Balkon mein Mädchen
 Schaut nach mir durch's Gitterlein.
 Mit den Augen blinzelt sie freundlich,
 Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!

*From her green balcony my maiden
 gazes down at me through the trellis.
 With her eyes she blinks kindly,
 but with her finger she says: "No!"*

Glück, das nimmer ohne Wanken
 Junger Liebe folgt hienieden,
 Hat mir eine Lust beschieden,
 Und auch da noch muß ich schwanken.
 Schmeicheln hör ich oder Zanken,
 Komm ich an ihr Fensterlädchen.
 Immer nach dem Brauch der Mädchen
 Träuft ins Glück ein bißchen Pein:
 Mit den Augen blinzelt sie freundlich,
 Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!

*Luck, which never lets
 young love unfold without tangles,
 has allotted me a certain joy,
 but also a precarious one.
 I hear either endearments or scolding
 when I come to her window shutters.
 It's always the same with maidens:
 a little pain will mingle with happiness:
 With her eyes she blinks kindly,
 but with her finger she says: "No!"*

Wie sich nur in ihr vertragen
 Ihre Kälte, meine Glut?
 Weil in ihr mein Himmel ruht,
 Seh ich Trüb und Hell sich jagen.
 In den Wind gehn meine Klagen,
 Daß noch nie die süße Kleine
 Ihre Arme schlang um meine;
 Doch sie hält mich hin so fein -
 Mit den Augen blinzelt sie freundlich,
 Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!

*How can she bear
 her coldness and my ardour?
 While my heaven rests in her,
 I see darkness and light chasing each other.
 The wind bears away my wistful cry
 that my sweet darling has never
 clasped me in her arms.
 Yet she holds me off so subtly -
 with her eyes she blinks kindly,
 but with her finger she says: "No!"*

Der Tambour (*Eduard Mörike*)

Wenn meine Mutter hexen könnt',
Da müßt' sie mit dem Regiment,
Nach Frankreich, überall mit hin,
Und wär' die Marketenderin.

Im Lager wohl um Mitternacht,
Wenn Niemand auf ist als die Wacht,
Und Alles schnarchet, Roß und Mann,
Vor meiner Trommel säß' ich dann:

Die Trommel müßt' eine Schüssel sein;
Ein warmes Sauerkraut darein;
Die Schlegel, Messer und Gabel,
Eine lange Wurst mein Sabel,

Mein Tschako wär' ein Humpen gut,
Den füll' ich mit Burgunderblut.
Und weil es mir an Lichte fehlt,
Da scheint der Mond in mein Gezelt:

Scheint er auch auf Franzö'sch herein,
Mir fällt doch meine Liebste ein:
Ach weh! Jetzt hat der Spaß ein End'!
Wenn nur meine Mutter hexen könnt'!

The Drummer-Boy

*If my mother could work magic,
she would go off with the regiment
to France. She would go everywhere with them
and be a camp follower selling supplies.*

*In camp at midnight
when there is no-one up except the watch
and everybody is snoring, horses and men,
that's when I would sit in front of my drum.*

*The drum would turn into a bowl
with warm sauerkraut in it.
The drumsticks, knife and fork,
a long sausage would be my sabre.*

*My shako would be a fine tankard
that I would fill with red Burgundy.
And because I would not have a light
the moon would shine into my tent.*

*Even if it was shining in French
I would still be reminded of my love.
Oh dear! That's brought the fun to an end!
If only my mother could work magic!*

*

Four songs to poems of Emily Dickinson (soprano): Aaron Copland (1900-90)

Emily Dickinson (1830-86) led a sheltered, reclusive life in Amherst, Massachusetts, but produced nearly 1,800 poems of extraordinarily original quality. Very few were published during her lifetime and, even after her death, her family and friends heavily edited those which they chose to make available. It was not until the 1950s that the complete and unaltered collection was finally released. Aaron Copland set a collection of 12 poems in 1950, from which this group is taken.

Why do they shut me out of heaven?

Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
 Did I sing too loud?
 But I can sing a little minor,
 Timid as a bird.

Wouldn't the angels try me
 Just once more?
 Just see if I troubled them -
 But don't shut the door!

Oh if I were the Gentlemen
 In the White Robes
 And they were the little Hand that knocked -
 Could I forbid?

Heart, we will forget him

Heart, we will forget him
 You and I, tonight.
 You may forget the warmth he gave,
 I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
 That I my thoughts may dim;
 Haste! lest while you're lagging,
 I may remember him!

Going to heaven!

Going to Heaven!
 I don't know when,
 Pray do not ask me how, -
 Indeed I'm too astonished
 To think of answering you!
 Going to Heaven! -
 How dim it sounds!
 And yet it will be done
 As sure as flocks go home at night
 Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
 Who knows?
 If you should get there first
 Save just a little place for me
 Close to the two I lost!
 The smallest "robe" will fit me,
 And just a bit of "crown";
 For you know we do not mind our dress
 When we are going home.

I'm glad I don't believe it
 For it would stop my breath,
 And I'd like to look a little more
 At such a curious earth!
 I am glad they did believe it
 Whom I have never found
 Since the mighty autumn afternoon
 I left them in the ground.

The Chariot

Because I would not stop for Death -
 He kindly stopped for me -
 The carriage held but just ourselves -
 And Immortality.

We slowly drove - he knew no haste,
 And I had put away
 My labour, and my leisure too
 For His Civility -

We passed the school, where children played,
 Their lessons scarcely done,
 We passed the fields of gazing grain,
 We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
 A swelling of the ground;
 The roof was scarcely visible,
 The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries; but each
 Feels shorter than the day
 I first surmised the horses' heads
 Were toward eternity.

*

Duet from *Show Boat* (*Oscar Hammerstein II*)

Jerome Kern (1885-1945)

Show Boat, regarded as the first, true American “musical play”, was produced in New York in 1927. This duet marks the first encounter of the hero and heroine, Gaylord Ravenal and Magnolia Hawks, on the top deck of her father’s show boat, *Cotton Blossom*.

*

INTERMISSION

Two folksong arrangements (tenor): arr. Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

These two songs are both genuine folk-tunes; but the words which they use were written by known poets, Yeats in 19th century Ireland and Carey (once credited with the words of the National Anthem) in 18th century England.

The Salley Gardens (*W.B. Yeats*)

Down by the Salley Gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the Salley Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

Sally in our Alley (*Henry Carey*)

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like Pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There's ne'er a lady in the land
That's half so sweet as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart
And lives in our alley.

Of all the days within the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between
A Saturday and Monday,
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally.
She is the darling of my heart
And lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk
And bangs me most severely;
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
 And often am I blamed
 Because I leave him in the lurch
 As soon as text is named;
 I leave the church in sermon-time
 And slink away to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
 Make game of me and Sally,
 And but for her I'd better be
 A slave and row a galley;
 But when my seven long years are out,
 O then I'll marry Sally;
 O then we'll wed and then we'll bed,
 But not in our alley.

*

Two folksong arrangements (soprano):

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

The first song, again, uses well-known words written for it by Scotland's national poet, while the second song, finally, has genuine 'folk' words, translated from the Occitan dialect of southern France.

Chanson ecossaise (*Robert Burns*)*Scottish Song*

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,
 And I'm sae weary fu' o' care?

Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling bird,
 That warbles on the flow'ry thorn,
 Ye mind me o' departed joys.
 Departed never to return.

Oft hae I roo'd by bonnie Doon,
 By morning and by evening shine
 To hear the birds sing o' their loves
 As fondly once I sang o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I stretch'd my hand
 And pu'd a rosebud from the tree.
 But my fause lover stole the rose,
 And left the thorn wi' me.

Chanson française*French Song*

Jeanneton où irons-nous garder,
 Qu'ayons bon une heure? Lan la!

*Jeanneton, where will we hide
 To have a pleasant hour? La la!*

Là-bas, là-bas, au pré barré,
 Y'a de tant belles ombres, Lan la!

*Over there, in the hedged meadow,
 There are so many lovely shadows, La la!*

Le pastour quitte son manteau
 Et fait seoir Jeanette, Lan las!

*The shepherd took off his cloak
 And let Jeanette sit down, La la!*

Jeanette a tellement joué
 Que s'y est oubliée, Lan la!

*Jeannette had such a good time
 That she forgot herself, La la!*

Duet: Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me? Appalachian folksong, arr. Britten

This is one of several folksong duets which Britten arranged to be performed on concert tours by the English Opera Group in the 1950s.

She: Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?
 It's O a fife and drum.

He: How can I marry such a pretty girl as you
 When I've got no hat to put on?

Off to the tailor she did go,
As hard as she could run,
Brought him back the finest that was there,
Now soldier put it on.

She: Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?
 It's O a fife and drum.

He: How can I marry such a pretty girl as you
 When I've got no coat to put on?

Off to the tailor she did go,
As hard as she could run,
Brought him back the finest that was there,
Now soldier put it on.

She: Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?
 It's O a fife and drum.

He: How can I marry such a pretty girl as you
 When I've got no shoes to put on?

Off to the shoe-shop she did go,
As hard as she could run,
Brought him back the finest that was there,
Now soldier put them on.

She: Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?
 It's O a fife and drum.

He: How can I marry such a pretty girl as you?
 With a wife and baby at home?

Three operatic favourites

Un dì, felice: duet from *La traviata* Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
(*Francesco Maria Piave*)

The first scene of Verdi's opera is set at a party in Violetta Valéry's Parisian salon. A young nobleman from the country, Alfredo Germont, declares that he has long admired her from a distance. She attempts to dissuade him - but is clearly smitten herself.

Au fond du temple saint: duet from *Les Pêcheurs de perles* Georges Bizet (1838-75)
(*Eugène Cormon and Michel Carré*)
[with the kind assistance of GEOFFREY SIRETT, baritone]

Nadir and Zurga, two pearl-fishers in ancient Ceylon, recall how they once were both in love with the same beautiful priestess, Leila - but now they have renounced her and swear comradeship for ever.

My dear Marquis from *Die Fledermaus* Johann Strauss (1825-99)
(*Karl Haffner and Richard Genée*) (soprano)

Released from service for one evening and masquerading as her mistress, in one of her mistress's gowns, the chamber-maid, Adele, successfully persuades the other party guests (including her employer, Eisenstein) that she is a true aristocrat, and that anyone who maintains the opposite is to be laughed at.

Sunday, June 5, 2:30 pm

EMBRACEABLE YOU!

REBECCA COLLETT, soprano JULIA BARBER, mezzo
GRAHAM THOMSON, tenor GEOFFREY SIRETT, baritone
STEPHEN RALLS and BRUCE UBUKATA, piano

This concert is generously sponsored by RBC
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An important part of the Aldeburgh Connection's Toronto season has been its **Discovery Series**. This has presented many talented young singers in the Faculty of Music's vocal programmes at the University of Toronto, selected after auditions held jointly by the Faculty and the Aldeburgh Connection. Here in Bayfield, we are proud to include in this concert alumni of the Discovery Series, and to acknowledge the generous assistance of **RBC Foundation**, through its Emerging Artists Support Project.

*

FIRST LOVE

O mistress mine! (*William Shakespeare*) (tenor) Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Two duets from *Spanisches Liederspiel*, Robert Schumann (1810-56)
Op.74 (*Emanuel Geibel*)

Schumann's cycle of partsongs, settings of German translations from old Spanish poetry, dates from 1849, towards the end of his composing career.

Erste Begegnung (soprano/mezzo)

First Meeting: From the rosebush, O mother, from the roses I come; on the banks of those waters I saw roses and buds; from the roses I come. On the banks of that river I saw roses in bloom, sighing I picked the roses.

And by the rosebush, O mother, I saw a young man, on the banks of those waters I saw a slim young man. On the banks of that river he also looked for roses, many roses did he pluck, sighing gave me the rose.

Intermezzo (tenor/baritone)

Even if you are asleep, my girl, get up and open the door; for the time has come for us to leave here. If you are barefoot, put no shoes on; through rushing waters shall be our way, through the deep, deep waters of the Guadalquivir; for the time has come for us to leave here.

Vergebliches Ständchen (trad. German) Johannes Brahms (1833-97)
(Op.84/4) (soprano/tenor)

Futile Serenade. He: Good evening, my treasure, good evening, sweet girl! I come from love of you, ah, open the door for me!

She: My door is locked, and I won't let you in: mother has advised me well! If you came in, it would all be over for me!

He: The night is so cold, and the wind so icy that my heart will freeze, and my love will be extinguished! Open for me, sweet girl!

She: If your love starts dying, then let it be extinguished! If it keeps dying, go home to bed and rest! Good night, my boy!

FRENCH ROMANCE AND REALISM

Plaisir d'amour (Jean Pierre Claris de Florian) Jean Paul Egide Martini (1741-1816)
(soprano)

One of the most famous of all lovesongs has been imitated and parodied countless times - even by Elvis Presley.

The pleasure of love only lasts one moment; the regret of love lasts one's whole life.

I left everything for the ungrateful Sylvie; she leaves me and takes another lover.

"As long as this water flows softly toward this brook that borders the plain, I will love you," repeated Sylvie to me. The water still flows; however, she has changed.

Oh, quand je dors (*Victor Hugo*) (tenor)

Franz Liszt (1811-86)

This is one of those songs which encourages biographical parallels: the exalted relationship between the medieval lovers, Petrarch and Laura, seems mirrored by that of the composer and his mistress, Marie d'Agoût. (Liszt and Marie loved to read the works of Petrarch and Dante together.)

Ah! while I sleep, come close to my couch, as Laura once appeared to Petrarch, and in passing let your breath touch me . . . at once my lips will part!

On my sombre brow where perhaps is ending a black dream that lasted too long, may your gaze rise like a star . . . at once my dream will shine!

Then on my lips, where a flame flickers, a flash of love purified by God, place a kiss, and from angel become woman . . . suddenly my soul will awake!

Petit mari, petite femme (*Jeux d'enfants*) (piano-duet)

Georges Bizet (1838-75)

Bizet's suite for piano-duet, *Children's Games*, depicts many pastimes of the very young including this one, which may be translated as "Mothers and Fathers".

Colloque sentimentale (*Fêtes galantes II*)
(*Paul Verlaine*) (mezzo)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Debussy's song-cycle, *Fêtes galantes*, appeared in two instalments which ran the gamut of love, from romance to disillusion. This, the final song of the second part, shows two former lovers - perhaps Harlequin and Colombine of the *commedia dell'arte* - now no more than phantoms, but still engaging in fruitless dialogue.

Lovers' Dialogue

In the ancient park, deserted and frozen, two shapes have just passed by. The eyes and lips are lifeless, their words can scarcely be heard. In the ancient park, two ghosts were recalling the past.

"Do you remember our past rapture?"

"Why should I?"

"Does your heart still surge at my name? Do you still see my soul in dreams?"

"No."

"Those beautiful days of bliss when our lips met!"

"It may have been so."

"How blue the sky, how vast our hopes!"

"Hope has fled, defeated, to the black sky."

So they walked on through the wild grasses, and only the night heard their words.

Les Entretiens de la Belle et de la Bête

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

(Ma Mère l'Oye) (piano-duet)

In Ravel's *Mother Goose* suite, the *Conversation between Beauty and the Beast* results in the latter's miraculous transformation into a handsome Prince.

Pavane (*Robert de Montesquiou*), Op.50 (quartet)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Fauré composed his *Pavane*, first of all, for orchestra alone; then, at the request of his friend, the Comte de Montesquiou, he added voice parts for performance at a *fête champêtre* in the Bois de Boulogne, on the edge of Paris. The text conveys all the world-weariness of the characters in the 18th century *fêtes galantes*, as shown in the well-known paintings by Antoine Watteau.

There is Lindor! There is Tircis! and all our conquerors. There is Myrtil! and Lydé! the queens of our hearts. How provoking and haughty they are, daring to reign over our fates and our hearts!

Be careful, keep time! The rhythm is quicker and falling more likely. We shall soon put them in their place. How ugly they are! What sweet faces, how prettily turned out!

It is always like this - we adore each other, we hate each other! We curse our loves - adieu, Myrtil! Eglé! Chloé! Adieu, then, and farewell to the rulers of our hearts.

THE COURTLY ENGLISH

Queen Mary's Song (*Alfred Tennyson*) (mezzo) Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

This is a setting of Tennyson's "Lute Song"; it appears in his verse drama, *Queen Mary*, which depicts the life of Mary Tudor and her unhappy marriage to Philip II of Spain.

Silent Noon (*The House of Life*) Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
(*Dante Gabriel Rossetti*) (baritone)

Dating from 1903, this was one of the composer's earliest big successes. The song sets a sonnet by Rossetti from his collection, *The House of Life*. Despite its stylised form, it presents a very realistic picture of love in the English countryside.

Greensleeves (piano-duet) Vaughan Williams

Perhaps the best known of all English folksongs forms the basis of an orchestral interlude in the opera *Sir John in Love* (based on Shakespeare's *The Merry Wives of Windsor*). The words of the song are a sad reflection on love's inconstancy: "Alas, my love, you do me wrong to cast me off discourteously, for I have loved you so long, delighting in your company."

THE SPANIARDS IN GERMANY

Ich bin geliebt! (*Spanisches Liederspiel*) (*Geibel*) (quartet) Schumann

The final number in Schumann's song-cycle rejoices in the inability of gossip to interrupt the course of true love.

I am loved: Let all evil tongues ever say what they like: whoever loves me, I love back, and I know I am loved!

Wicked, wicked tidings your tongues whisper mercilessly, but I know they merely hunger for innocent blood.

Never shall it worry me, gossip as much as you want; whoever loves me, I love back, and I know I am loved!

Slander is all that's understood by those starved of love and affection, because they're so wretched themselves and no one woos or wants them. That's why I think that love, which they revile, gives me honour; whoever loves me, I love back, and I know I am loved!

If I were made of stone and iron, you might insist that I should reject lover's greeting and lover's plea. But my little heart is now, alas, tender, as God grants us maidens; whoever loves me, I love back, and I know I am loved!

INTERMISSION

FURTHER AFIELD

Jeg elsker dig! (*Hans Christian Andersen*) Op.5/3) (tenor) Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

You have become the single thought of my thoughts, you are the first love of my heart. I love you as no one else here on earth, I love you through time and eternity!

La Maja y el Ruiseñor from *Goyescas* Enrique Granados (1867-1916)
(*Fernando Periquet y Zuasnabar*) (soprano)

Granados's opera (premiered at the Metropolitan Opera in 1916) uses music from his suite of piano pieces of the same name, which were in turn inspired by the paintings of Francisco Goya. In this soliloquy, the heroine, Rosario, is waiting in the garden for her lover. (In the very next scene, he is killed in a duel.)

The Maiden and the Nightingale: Why does the nightingale pour out her soul in amorous song in the darkness? Does she hold within her breast a hidden grief?

Perhaps there is a rose, blushing at thoughts of love, who is the love-lorn slave of the nightingale. How like a flower, borne on by the stream, love seems!

Ah, nightingale! Your passionate song is love's sad tale.

La ci darem la mano from *Don Giovanni* Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
(*Lorenzo da Ponte*) (mezzo/baritone)

The eponymous Don attempts the seduction of the faux-naïve peasant-girl, Zerlina.

Waltz (*The Sleeping Beauty*) (piano-duet) Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-93)

The waltz is danced by the guests at Princess Aurora's 16th birthday. It will be a hundred years before Prince Florimund comes to wake her with a kiss!

ON HOME GROUND

The St. John's Girl (Four Love Songs) (baritone) John Beckwith (b. 1927)

This folksong from Labrador was arranged by Beckwith in exuberant style in 1969.

Vive la canadienne! (tenor/baritone) John Greer (b. 1954)

John Greer combined a number of French-Canadian folksongs in a “quodlibet” for the distinguished singers, Mark DuBois and Mark Pedrotti.

You're the top! (*Anything Goes*) words and music by Cole Porter (1891-1964)
(mezzo/baritone)

Embraceable you! (*Girl Crazy*) (piano-duet) George Gershwin (1898-1937),
arr. Percy Grainger (1882-1961)

Some girls can bake a pie (*Of thee I sing*) (soprano/baritone) Gershwin

Gershwin's show opened on Broadway in 1931 and ran for 431 performances. The musical lampoons American politics; the story concerns John P. Wintergreen, who runs for President of the United States on the “love” platform.

Love is sweeping the country (*Of thee I sing*) (tutti) Gershwin

After the performance, please join us for a glass of wine with the artists

We would like to express our warmest thanks to the following, whose help has been crucial in the smooth running of the Bayfield Festival of Song:

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Aldeburgh is the small town on the east coast of England, where Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears and Eric Crozier founded the Festival of Music, which flourishes to this day. The Artistic Directors of the Aldeburgh Connection, **Stephen Ralls** and **Bruce Ubukata**, visited and worked there for many summers, as has a large number of the artists whom they present.

Colin Ainsworth has distinguished himself as an up and coming tenor by his exceptional singing and diverse repertoire. This season, Mr. Ainsworth returned to the Vancouver Opera for the world premiere of John Estacio's *Lillian Alling*, Calgary Opera as Arturo in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and Edmonton Opera as Belmonte in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. Upcoming engagements include Jason in Charpentier's *Medée* at the Chicago Opera Theater, concerts with the Calgary Philharmonic at the Festival de Launadière, and recitals for the Aldeburgh Connection; next season he returns to the Vancouver Opera for *West Side Story* and the Calgary Opera for *Moby Dick*, and appears with the Montreal Symphony Orchestra in performances of the Mozart *Requiem*.

Mr. Ainsworth's many roles include the title roles in *Orphée et Euridice*, *Pygmalion*, *Castor et Pollux*, *Roberto Devereux* and *Albert Herring*; Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni*, Tamino in *Die Zauberflöte*, Almaviva in *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, Ernesto in *Don Pasquale*, Rinnucio in *Gianni Schicchi*, Fenton in *Falstaff*, Tonio in *La Fille du régiment*, Nadir in *Les Pêcheurs de perles*, Pylades in *Iphigénie en Tauride*, Renaud in Lully's *Armide*, Tom Rakewell in *The Rake's Progress* and Lysander in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. He also appeared in the world premieres of the Stuart MacRae's *The Assassin Tree* at the Edinburgh International Festival, Victor Davies' *The Transit of Venus* with the Manitoba Opera, and Rufus Wainwright's *Prima Donna* at Sadler's Wells in London and at the Luminato Festival in Toronto. Other past opera engagements have

included appearances at the Glimmerglass Opera, Lake George Opera, L'Opéra de Français, Opera Atelier, Pacific Opera Victoria, and the Greek National Opera.

Also prolific concert singer, Mr. Ainsworth appeared this season in performances of *Messiah* with the Edmonton Symphony, Vancouver Bach Choir, and New Mexico Symphony; Bach's *Mass in B Minor* with the Vancouver Symphony, *Carmina Burana* with the Calgary Symphony, Bach's *St. John's Passion* with the Elora Festival Singers, and Janáček's *Diary of One Who Vanished* at the Off Centre Music Salon. He has recently appeared with the Toronto Symphony, Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra of San Francisco, Music of the Baroque in Chicago, and the Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra in Toronto, Montreal Baroque Festival, the Elora Festival, the Aldeburgh Connection, and went on tour in Germany.

Mr. Ainsworth's growing discography includes Vivaldi's *La Griselda* (Naxos), *Castor et Pollux* (Naxos), *Schubert Among Friends* (Marquis Classics), *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* with the Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra (CBC Records), the collected masses of Vanhal, Haydn, and Cherubini with Nicholas McGegan (Naxos), and the premiere recording of Derek Holman's *The Heart Mislead* which was included on the Aldeburgh Connection's *Our Own Songs* (Marquis Classics). He also appears in a live DVD recording of Lully's *Persée* with the Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra (Euroarts).

Julia Barber, mezzo soprano, has recently graduated with a Master in Music degree from the University of Toronto, where she studied under Professor Lorna MacDonald. Previously, she has studied with Canadian mezzo sopranos Patricia Green and Anita Krause-Wiebe at the University of Western Ontario. Last summer, she had the opportunity to perform the role of Stephano in Opera NUOVA's production of *Roméo et Juliette* under the direction of acclaimed Canadian director Michael Cavanagh and conductor Rose Thompson.

She has coached with such established artists as John Hess and Dáirine Ní Mheadhra through the Queen of Puddings Training program. She also had the chance to work with conductor Simone Luti, director Tim Nelson and mezzo soprano Sophie Roland while attending the Canadian Operatic Arts Academy. Previous roles include Hansel (*Hansel and Gretel*), Paquette (*Candide*), and Olga (*Eugene Onegin*) with the University of Toronto Opera Division, Jo (*Little Women*) with Halifax Summer Opera Workshop, and Nursemaid 2 (*Street Scene*) with UWOpera. Her most recent success was in the role of Zerlina in *Don Giovanni* with the University of Toronto Opera Division.

Lucia Cesaroni, soprano, brought her 2009-2010 season to a very successful close with the role of Cleopatra in Handel's *Giulio Cesare* for Orchestra London, with Timothy Vernon. In November 2009, Lucia made her professional debut in a leading role as Anne Trulove in Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* with Pacific Opera Victoria, where "At the tender age of 26, Lucia Cesaroni sounded just like Anne: sweet, loyal, lyrical, and totally grounded in her sincerity". She returned to Canada from a successful year in Germany, where she studied with world-renowned soprano

Edith Wiens. There she sang as soprano soloist for a fully staged European tour of *Carmina Burana: Monumental Opera* with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and the Berlin Symphoniker. Directly preceding her move to Germany, she travelled to Tel Aviv with the International Vocal Arts Institute, where she sang Pamina in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*. At the invitation of the program's director, Joan Dornemann from the Metropolitan Opera, Lucia has also participated in IVAI's concerts and master classes in New York, Montreal and Virginia.

Born in Toronto and holding a Masters Degree in Opera from the University of Toronto, Lucia appeared as Adina in the opera school's production of Donizetti's *L'elisir d'amore* and Ginevra in Handel's *Ariodante* in 2008. After starring as Susanna in Opera York Toronto's *Le nozze di Figaro*, she reprised the role in Israel with the International Vocal Arts Institute later in the season. More 2007-08 season highlights include master classes with Hagan Hagegaard, Adrienne Pieczonka and Russell Braun as well as being a featured soloist in Orff's *Carmina Burana*, Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang, Symphony No.2* and in Anton Bruckner's *Te Deum*. In addition, Lucia sang the role of Lucia in Benjamin Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia* in Toronto. The young soprano made her Pacific Opera Victoria debut in April 2009 as First Lady in *Die Zauberflöte*. Shortly after, she joined Russell Braun in a Liederabend with Off Centre Music and appeared in a Puccini gala with Toronto Philharmonia before returning to the Glenn Gould Studio with Off Centre Music in a program of Respighi and Verdi songs and arias.

Rebecca Collett, a soprano who "clearly has talent with her compelling rich, strong soprano voice" (Opera Canada, Summer 2010), made her professional singing debut on Sesame Street Canada, when she was six. Since then, Rebecca has developed into a lyric soprano with exciting vocal versatility. She recently graduated from the Opera School at the University of Toronto. There she performed Clarice in Haydn's *Il mondo della luna*, Micaela in *Carmen*, Paquette in *Candide*, Princesse/la bergère (*L'Enfant et les sortilèges*), Gretel (*Hansel and Gretel*) and Tatiana in *Eugene Onegin*. She also studied the roles of Musetta (*La bohème*) and Pamina (*Die Zauberflöte*). Other past operatic roles include Alice Ford (*Falstaff*), Donna Anna (*Don Giovanni*) in concert, Countess Almaviva (*Le nozze di Figaro*), Una Conversa (*Suor Angelica*) and Hippolytus (Milhaud's *Three Small Operas*).

Recent concert highlights include a fundraising benefit concert for Earthquake Relief in the Abruzzo region of Italy and Toronto Operetta Theatre's 25th Anniversary Gala Concert. Rebecca Collett is beginning to build a strong oratorio repertoire spanning four centuries of music. Recently she has enjoyed performances as soprano soloist in Handel's *Messiah* at Eglinton-St. George's United Church, in Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* joined with The Newman Catholic Centre choir and festival orchestra. Other favourite performances include Monteverdi's *Vespro della beata vergine 1610* and Beethoven's *C major Mass* with the Guelph Chamber Choir, *Messiah* in Chatham, Ontario, Monteverdi's *Gloria*, Carissimi's *Jephte (Filia)*, Raminsh's *Magnificat*, and Mozart's *Coronation Mass* at The University of Western

Ontario with the early music and chamber choirs. In recital, Rebecca has collaborated with Craig Rutenberg (Satie and Friends) and Don St. Pierre (Brahms Liederabend) at the Chautauqua Institute School of Singing. Last season Rebecca was a featured artist in The Young Artist Showcase at The Newmarket Theatre. This spring, Rebecca is thrilled to be a young artist at The Aldeburgh Connection's Bayfield Festival in Bayfield Ontario. She continues to study with Jean MacPhail and to coach with David Eliakis.

Stephen Ralls began his musical career in England, with the English Opera Group where he was selected as chief répétiteur for Britten's last opera, *Death in Venice* and played the important piano part in the first performances and on the Decca/London recording. This led to recital appearances with Sir Peter Pears at the Aldeburgh Festival and on the BBC, and to Mr Ralls's to the staff of the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh. In 1978, he was appointed to the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto, where he held the position of Musical Director of the Opera Division from 1996 to 2008. With Bruce Ubukata, he founded the concert organization, The Aldeburgh Connection, in 1982. He has worked with the Canadian Opera Company, the Banff Centre and the National Arts Centre. His recordings include *L'Invitation au voyage: songs of Henri Duparc* (CBC Records), several releases with the Aldeburgh Connection, including *Benjamin Britten: the Canticles*, *Schubert among friends* and *Our own songs*, and the Juno award winning *Songs of Travel* with baritone, Gerald Finley. In 2007, with Bruce Ubukata, he co-directed the inaugural Bayfield Festival of Song and in October 2010 they were joint recipients of an Opera Canada "Ruby" Award for their work in opera and with young Canadian singers. In May of this year, the Bayfield Festival of Song received a Cultural Event/Organization Award from the Huron Arts and Culture Network.

Baritone **Geoffrey Sirett** has recently graduated from his final year of the MMus in Opera degree at the University of Toronto, studying with Lorna MacDonald. Geoffrey holds a BMus and Artist-Diploma from the University of Western Ontario, where he received the UWO Alumni Gold Medal for the highest GPA. On stage he has performed leading roles in Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*, Haydn's *Il mondo della luna*, Leoncavallo's *I pagliacci*, Lehár's *The Merry Widow*, Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, and Britten's *Albert Herring*. Geoffrey performed the role of the Count in Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro* as a fellowship student of the Aspen Opera Theater Center during the summer of 2010. His most recent operatic appearance was in the title role of *Don Giovanni* for the University of Toronto's Opera School.

Geoffrey was a winner in the Canadian Conservatory vocal competition, the Czech and Slovak International Voice Competition, and Four-City District winner and regional finalist of the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions. He is a grant holder of the Jacqueline Desmarais Foundation for Young Canadian Opera Singers and recipient of the 2010 Vancouver Opera Guild Career Development Grant. As winner of the 2010 Jim and Charlotte Norcop Prize in Song, Geoffrey presented a song recital in January with world-renowned accompanist Martin Katz.

Graham Thomson, from Prince Edward Island, is quickly making a name for himself on the operatic stage as a sensitive and intelligent performer with a pure tenor voice noted for its beauty, warmth and flexibility. His singing has been called “engaging, expressive effortless, and perfectly pitched.” He has most recently been heard singing with baritone Brett Polegato, mezzo-soprano Kimberly Barber, and pianists Peter Tiefenbach and Robert Kortgaard in the “Saturday Night at the Opera” Gala at the Indian River Festival. Mr. Thomson had a busy 2009/10 season performing to enthusiastic audiences throughout Quebec and Ontario. He debuted his Count Almaviva for Jeunesses Musicales’ *Il barbiere di Siviglia* and continued to explore the Rossini repertoire singing Arigirio in Summer Opera Lyric Theatre’s *Tancredi* and Rodrigo Dhu in Opera In Concert’s *La donna del lago*. In July, he was a prize-winner in the 2009 Elora Festival and in the Brian Law Opera Scholarship competitions, chosen from among a distinguished group of Canadian finalists. This past fall, Mr. Thomson join Opera Lyra Ottawa for their production of Mozart’s *Die Zauberflöte* and premiered their newly commissioned opera, *The Bremen Town Musicians*, from composer Dean Burry.

Other recent highlights include performances with Orchestra London and the Thunder Bay Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Maestro Brian Jackson and Timothy Vernon, as well as the Canadian premiere of *The Ballad of Baby Doe* with Calgary Opera in the role of Bushy, which was broadcast on CBC Radio’s *Saturday Afternoon at the Opera*. He appears frequently in concert and has recently been heard as the Evangelist in Bach’s *St. Matthew Passion* and Uriel in Haydn’s *The Creation*. Some of Mr. Thomson’s other roles include: Tebaldo/*I Capuleti e i Montecchi*, *Candide/Candide*, Albert/*Albert Herring*, Flute/*Midsummer Night’s Dream*, Nemorino/*Elisir d’amore*, Tigrane/*Radamisto*, Belmonte/*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, Tamino/*Die Zauberflöte*, Eisenstein/*Die Fledermaus*.

Bruce Ubukata has established a reputation as one of Canada’s leading accompanists, working with singers such as Mary Lou Fallis in her successful one-woman shows. He has appeared in recital with mezzo Catherine Robbin across Canada and in France and has toured BC with Robbin and soprano Donna Brown. In addition to a long association with the Canadian Children’s Opera Chorus, his activities have included performances with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, the Elmer Iseler Singers and the Canadian Opera Company, as well as regular engagements at the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh, England. He is also a noted organist (holding posts for many years at Toronto’s Grace-Church-on-the-Hill and the church of St. Simon the Apostle) and harpsichordist. His recordings include *Liebeslieder and Folksongs* for CBC Records, *Benjamin Britten: the Canticles* on the Marquis label and the Aldeburgh Connection’s most recent releases, *Schubert among friends* and *Our own songs*. He is co-founder and Artistic Director, with Stephen Ralls, of the Aldeburgh Connection and (in 2007) of the Bayfield Festival of Song. In October 2010 they were join recipients of an Opera Canada “Ruby” Award for their work in opera and with young Canadian singers. In May of this year, the Bayfield Festival of Song received a Cultural Event/Organization Award from the Huron Arts and Culture Network.