

THE

Aldburgh
C O N N E C T I O N



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Discovery Series

Walter Hall, Tuesday, November 10, 2009, 7:30 pm

Lindsay Barrett
soprano

Vasil Garvanliev
baritone

Bruce Ubukata
piano

Generously sponsored by



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The **Discovery Series** presents talented young singers in the Faculty of Music's vocal programmes at the University of Toronto. Applications are invited in the spring and the participants are selected after auditions held jointly by the Faculty and the Aldeburgh Connection. Our concerts are generously sponsored by RBC Foundation, as part of their Emerging Artists Support Project.

Tonight's programme begins and ends with English theatre songs, from the seventeenth and twentieth centuries respectively. Between them, we present two rarely heard song-cycles and two looser groups of songs. On the eve of Remembrance Day, we can note the relevance of Cornelius's cycle of mourning and comfort, and also the sentiment of Strauss's well-known *Allerseelen*.

*Please reserve your applause until the points indicated by the sign **

No, resistance is but vain (duet) Henry Purcell (1659-95),
 (The Maid's Last Prayer) (*Thomas Southerne*) real. Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

As we all know, Purcell wrote only one true opera: *Dido and Aeneas*. The conventions of the time favoured rather what are known as “semi-operas” – plays with a lot of masque-like music inserted, usually to close the acts. Purcell composed four of these, but also had a hand in providing smaller amounts of music for more than forty other plays. *The Maid's Last Prayer, or Any rather than Fail* opened in February 1692. This duet appears in Act IV, and the scene is a public concert which Robert King describes as being “of Marx Brothers-like pandemonium”. There must be a good deal of parody intended in the sentiments described.

No, no, no, no, Resistance is but vain,
 And only adds new weight to Cupid's Chain:
 A Thousand Ways, a Thousand Arts,
 The Tyrant knows to Captivate our Hearts:
 Sometimes he Sighs employs, and sometimes tries
 The Universal Language of the Eyes:
 The Fierce, with Fierceness he destroys:
 The Weak with Tenderness decoys.
 He kills the Strong with Joy, the Weak with Pain:
 No, no, no, no, Resistance is but vain.

*

Six English Lyrics (soprano) Hubert Parry (1848-1918)

Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry, Baronet, is probably best-known for his hymn *Jerusalem* and the choral ode *Blest pair of sirens*. His five symphonies are gradually receiving more performances. But also, between 1884 and his death in 1918, Parry composed twelve volumes of *English Lyrics* containing a total of 79 songs, the last two volumes being published posthumously in 1920. One of his aims was to present a cross-section of poetry in English from the sixteenth century to his own time. Tonight's group ranges from a translation of old Welsh and a song ascribed (perhaps erroneously) to Shakespeare, through the nineteenth century with Walter Scott and Christina Rossetti to poets of the composer's own day – Mary Coleridge and the American, Langdon Elwyn Mitchell. The musical style owes much to Mendelssohn and Brahms, but there are aspects of melodic character which relate clearly to English folksong and the Purcellian seventeenth century.

When lovers meet again (*Langdon Elwyn Mitchell*)

When lovers meet again,
 Then obscure ways grow plain,
 Then crooked paths are straight
 And rough places smooth,
 Then weariness and weight
 Have wings as wide as love.
 For night is as the day;
 Love smiles love's tears away
 And all hard paths are smooth,
 When lovers meet again.

When lovers kiss again
 The dry bough blossoms then;
 Then rolls away the stone;
 Earth's bitterness is balm;
 Light through the night is blown;
 Peace rocks the world in calm;
 And the ebbing tide is full:
 For two souls are one soul,
 And obscure ways grow plain,
 When lovers meet again.

Crabbed age and youth (*William Shakespeare*)

Crabbed age and youth cannot
 live together:
 Youth is full of pleasure, age is full
 of care;
 Youth like summer morn, age like
 winter weather;
 Youth like summer brave, age like
 winter bare.
 Youth is full of sport, age's breath
 is short;
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;

Youth is hot and bold, age is weak
 and cold;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do
 adore thee;
 O, my love, my love is young!
 Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet
 shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

Proud Maisie (*Walter Scott*)

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
 Walking so early,
 Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
 Singing so rarely.
 "Tell me, thou bonny bird,
 When shall I marry me?"
 "When six braw gentlemen
 Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
 Birdie, say truly?"
 "The grey-headed sexton
 That delves the grave duly.
 The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
 Shall light thee steady;
 The owl from the steeple sing,
 Welcome, proud lady."

A Welsh Lullaby (*E.O.Jones*)

Sleep, sleep, Sleep, sleep!
 All nature now is sleeping
 Her sons in sleep, their eyelids close,
 All living things in sweet repose
 Are sleeping, sleeping!
 Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Peace o'er thee watch be keeping,
 If from my bosom thou art torn,
 Low in the grave I'll lie forlorn.
 Sleeping, Ah! sleeping, sleeping.

The Maiden (*Mary Coleridge*)

Who was this that came by the way,
 When the flowers were springing?
 She bore in her hair the buds of May,
 And a bird on her shoulder, singing.
 A girdle of the fairest green
 Her slender waist confined,
 And such a flame was never seen
 As in her eyes there shined.
 By the way she came, that way she went,
 And took the sunlight with her.
 The May of life shall all be spent
 Ere she again come hither

My heart is like a singing bird (*Christina Rossetti*)

My heart is like a singing bird
 Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
 My heart is like an apple tree
 Whose boughs are bent with
 thickset fruit;
 My heart is like a rainbow shell
 That paddles in a purple sea;
 My heart is gladder than all these
 Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of purple and gold;
 Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
 Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
 And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
 Work it in gold and silver grapes,
 In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys;
 Because the birthday of my life
 Is come, my love, is come to me.

Trauer und Trost, Op.3 (baritone)words and music by
Peter Cornelius (1824-74)

Cornelius was an unusual figure as a composer, a bridge between the followers of Schumann and those of the so-called “new German school” – which essentially meant Liszt and Wagner. Cornelius was a friend of both of the latter composers, but had artistic differences with them, refusing, for example, to attend the premiere of *Tristan*. There is a fundament of simplicity which never left his music, despite harmonic influences from the new Germans. Like Wagner, Cornelius frequently set his own texts, as in *Trauer und Trost*, which dates from 1854. The poems describe the emotional journey of a man whose beloved has died, moving from the grief of recent bereavement to a feeling of confidence that, in the realm of dreams, she will gain immortality. The most surprising song is the third, in which the voice follows the idea of the poem by remaining on one repeated note in the middle of the texture - an idea which is transferred to the piano in the next song. Throughout the cycle, Cornelius’s blending of Wagnerian harmonies with a chorale-derived simplicity is always intriguing.

1. Trauer

Ich wandle einsam,
Mein Weg ist lang;
Zum Himmel schau ich
Hinauf so bang.

Kein Stern von oben
Blickt niederwärts,
Glanzlos der Himmel,
Dunkel mein Herz.

Mein Herz und der Himmel
Hat gleiche Not,
Sein Glanz ist erloschen,
Mein Lieb ist tot.

Grief

I wander alone,
my way is long;
toward the heavens
I stare apprehensively.

No star above
gazes down;
the sky is dull
and my heart is troubled.

My heart and the sky
have the same grief:
its lustre has gone out;
my love is dead.

2. Angedenken

Von stillem Ort,
Von kühler Statt
Nahm ich mit fort
Ein Efeublatt.

Ein Requiem
Tönt leis und matt,
So oft ich nehm
Zur Hand das Blatt.

Wenn aller Schmerz
Geendet hat,
Legt mir aufs Herz
Das Efeublatt.

3. Ein Ton

Mir klingt ein Ton so wunderbar
In Herz und Sinnen immerdar.
Ist es der Hauch, der dir entschwebt,
Als einmal noch dein Mund gebebt?
Ist es des Glöckleins trüber Klang,
Der dir gefolgt den Weg entlang?
Mir klingt der Ton so voll und rein,
Als schloß er deine Seele ein.
Als stiegst liebend nieder du
Und sängest meinen Schmerz in Ruh!

4. An den Traum

Öffne mir die goldne Pforte,
Traum, zu deinem Wunderhain,
Was mir blühte und verdorrte,
Laß mir blühend neu gedeihn.
Zeige mir die heiligen Orte
Meiner Wonne, meiner Pein,
Laß mich lauschen holdem Worte,
Liebesstrahlen saugen ein.
Öffne mir die goldne Pforte,
Traum, o laß mich glücklich sein!

Remembrance

From a quiet place,
from a cool place,
I carried away
an ivy leaf.

I hear a requiem,
soft and weak,
whenever I pick up
that leaf.

When all my sorrow
has ended,
lay upon my heart
that ivy leaf.

A Sound [or, one tone]

So wonderful a sound [or tone] is
ever in my heart and mind.
Is it the breath that floated from you
when your lips could still tremble?
Is it the bell's sad sound
that followed you along the way?
It sounds so full and clear to me,
as though it comprised your soul.
As if you came lovingly down
and sang my sorrow to rest!

To Dreams

Open for me the golden gate
to your wondrous grove, O dreams;
whatever blossomed and faded for me,
let it bloom afresh for me.
Show me those sacred places
of my bliss, my pain;
let me listen to lovely words
and drink deeply of the rays of love.
Open the golden gate for me,
dreams; let me be happy!

5. Treue

Dein Gedenken lebt in Liedern fort;
Lieder, die der tiefsten Brust entwallen,
Sagen mir: du lebst in ihnen allen,
Und gewiß, die Lieder halten Wort.

Dein Gedenken blüht in Tränen fort;
Tränen aus des Herzens Heiligtume
Nähren tauend der Erinnerung Blume,
In dem Tau blüht dein Gedenken fort.

Dein Gedenken lebt in Träumen fort;
Träume, die dein Bild verklärt mir
zeigen,
Sagen: daß du ewig bist mein eigen,
Und gewiß, die Träume halten Wort.

Fidelity

Your memory lives on in songs –
songs which boil up from the depths
of the heart;
they tell me that you live in all of them
and certainly, songs mean what they say.

Your memory blossoms on in tears –
tears from the sanctuary of the heart
nourished with the dew of memory's
blossom;

in that dew your memory blossoms on.

Your memory lives on in dreams –
dreams which show me your transfigured
image
and say that you are eternally mine;
and certainly, dreams mean what they say.

6. Trost

Der Glückes Fülle mir verleihe
Und Hochgesang,
Nun auch in Schmerzen preis ich ihn
Mein Leben lang.
Mir sei ein sichres Himmelspfand,
Was ich verlor;
Mich führt der Schmerz an starker Hand
Zu ihm empor.
Wenn ich in Wonnen bang beklagt
Den Flug der Zeit,
In Schmerzen hat mir hell getagt
Unsterblichkeit.

Comfort

I praise the one who gave me great
happiness
and lofty song;
even in sorrow I will praise him
my whole life long.
May what I have lost be to me
a sure pledge of heaven;
sorrow leads me by a strong hand
to Him above.
If, in my bliss, I anxiously
lamented the flight of time,
in grief, brightly for me has dawned
immortality.

*

Four songs (soprano)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Richard Strauss was the last great *Lieder* composer of the nineteenth century (given that Wolf's last songs date from 1897). By the end of 1900, Strauss had produced 148 songs – and continued to compose them until his *Four Last Songs* in 1948. Three of tonight's songs are among his most familiar, date from the 1880s and set mid-nineteenth century poetry by, one might say, "local" poets: Schack in Munich and Gilm from the Tyrol. *Einerlei*, from 1918, is less frequently heard. Its poet, Arnim, was one of the collaborators on *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Ständchen

(Adolf von Schack), Op.17/2

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise
 mein Kind,
 Um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.
 Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum
 zittert im Wind
 Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.
 Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß
 nichts sich regt,
 Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen
 so sacht,
 Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
 Flieg leicht hinaus in die
 Mondscheinnacht,
 Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
 Rings schlummern die Blüten am
 rieselnden Bach
 Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe
 ist wach.

Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll
 Unter den Lindenbäumen,
 Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
 Von unseren Küssen träumen,
 Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen
 erwacht,
 Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern
 der Nacht.

Serenade

Open up, open, but softly my dear,
 so as to wake no one from sleep.
 The brook hardly murmurs, the wind
 hardly shakes
 a leaf on bush or hedge.
 So, softly, my maiden, so that nothing
 stirs,
 just lay your hand softly on the latch.

With steps as soft as the footsteps of elves,
 soft enough to hop over the flowers,
 fly lightly out into the moonlit night,
 to steal to me in the garden.
 the flowers are sleeping by the rippling
 brook,
 fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.

Sit, here it darkens mysteriously
 beneath the linden trees,
 the nightingale over our heads
 shall dream of our kisses,
 and the rose, when it wakes in the
 morning,
 shall glow from the wondrous passions
 of the night.

Allerseelen*(Herman von Gilm), Op.10/8*

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden
Reseden,
Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe
reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie
heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es
einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen
Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem
Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich
wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Einerlei*(Achim von Arnim), Op.69/3*

Ihr Mund ist stets derselbe,
Sein Kuß mir immer neu,
Ihr Auge noch dasselbe,
Sein freier Blick mir treu;

O du liebes Einerlei,
Wie wird aus dir so mancherlei!

All Souls' Day

Place on the table the fragrant
mignonettes,
bring inside the last red asters,
and let us speak again of love,
as once in May.

Give me your hand, so that I can press
it secretly;
and if someone sees us, it's all the
same to me.
Just give me your sweet gaze,
as once in May.

Flowers adorn today each grave,
sending off their fragrances;
one day in the year are the dead free,
come close to my heart, and so be
mine again,
as once in May.

One and the Same

Her mouth remains the same,
its kiss is ever new,
her eyes yet unchanged,
their boundless gaze true to me.

Oh you dear one-and-the-same,
what wondrous variety comes from you!

Zueignung*(Herman von Gilm), Op.10/1*

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
 Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
 Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
 Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
 Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
 Und du segnetest den Trank,
 Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
 Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
 Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
 Habe Dank!

Dedication

Yes, you know it, dear soul,
 how I suffer far from you,
 love makes the heart sick,
 be thanked.

Once I, drinker of freedom,
 held high the amethyst goblet,
 and you blessed the drink,
 be thanked.

And you exorcised the evils in it,
 until I, as I had never been before,
 blessed, sank blessed upon your heart,
 be thanked!

*

INTERMISSION

Mirages (*Renée de Brimont*), Op.113 (baritone)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Mirages was composed ninety years ago, in the summer of 1919, while Fauré was staying for the first time at Annecy-le-vieux in the French Alps (a place which became very dear to him in his last years). The economy of rhythm and range and the rigorous, almost baroque, organization of harmony is highly typical of the composer's late style. Jean-Michel Nectoux writes: "*Mirages* occupies a very special place in Fauré's output. Certainly, he never went further in the direction of *le chant parlé*. The vocal lines of the first three songs can be seen as a recitation, or even as an example of psalmody, with a smooth melodic profile and a reliance on intervals of the second, third or fourth; a number of words are sung to the same note and the verbal rhythms follow those of a sensitive reading of the text."

The poet, the Baronne Antoine de Brimont, born Renée de Bonnières, was more of a society lady than an author; she wrote in free verse after the Symbolist manner. Her volume of poems called *Mirages* had appeared earlier in 1919 in a sumptuous edition with illustrations by the fashionable George Barbier. The flexibility of her writing and the sensuous, ambiguous images it suggested were probably what attracted the composer to produce his most quintessential cycle.

1. Cygne sur l'eau

Ma pensée est un cygne harmonieux
 et sage
 Qui glisse lentement aux rivages
 d'ennui
 Sur les ondes sans fond du rêve,
 du mirage,
 De l'écho, du brouillard, de l'ombre,
 de la nuit.

Il glisse, roi hautain fendant un libre
 espace,
 Poursuit un reflet vain, précieux et
 changeant,
 Et les roseaux nombreux s'inclinent
 lorsqu'il passe,
 Sombre et muet, au seuil d'une lune
 d'argent;

Et des blancs nénuphars chaque
 corolle ronde
 Tour à tour a fleuri de désir ou
 d'espoir...
 Mais plus avant toujours, sur la
 brume et sur l'onde,
 Vers l'inconnu fuyant glisse le cygne noir.

Or j'ai dit: "Renoncez, beau cygne
 chimérique,
 A ce voyage lent vers de troubles destins;
 Nul miracle chinois, nulle étrange
 Amérique
 Ne vous accueilleront en des havres
 certains;

Les golfes embaumés, les îles immortelles
 Ont pour vous, cygne noir, des récifs
 périlleux;
 Demeurez sur les lacs où se mirent,
 fidèles,
 Ces nuages, ces fleurs, ces astres et ces
 yeux.

Swan on the water

My thought is of a swan harmonious
 and wise
 that glides slowly over the waters of
 tedium,
 on the bottomless waves of a dream, of
 a mirage,
 of an echo, of mist, of shadow, of the
 night.

It glides, a haughty king cleaving a
 path,
 chasing a reflection futile, affected and
 fickle,
 and the many reeds bow as it passes,
 sombre and silent, at the onset of a
 silver moon;

and each round corolla of white water
 lilies
 in its turn has nourished desire or
 despair...
 but always onward, on the mist and on
 the wave,
 toward the receding unknown glides
 the black swan.

Now I said, "Lovely, fanciful swan,
 renounce
 your slow journey toward troubled
 destinies;
 no Chinese miracle, no exotic America
 will receive you in safe harbours;

Perfumed bays, immortal islands
 are perilous reefs for you, black swan;
 remain on the lakes where are
 mirrored, truly,
 these clouds, these flowers, stars and
 eyes.

2. Reflets dans l'eau

Etendue au seuil du bassin,
 Dans l'eau plus froide que le sein
 Des vierges sages,
 J'ai reflété mon vague ennui,
 Mes yeux profonds couleur de nuit
 Et mon visage.

Et dans ce miroir incertain
 J'ai vu de merveilleux matins...
 J'ai vu des choses
 Pâles comme des souvenirs,
 Dans l'eau que ne saurait ternir
 Nul vent morose.

Alors — au fond du Passé bleu —
 Mon corps mince n'était qu'un peu
 D'ombre mouvante;
 Sous les lauriers et les cyprès
 J'aimais la brise au souffle frais
 Qui nous évente...

J'aimais vos caresses de soeur,
 Vos nuances, votre douceur,
 Aube opportune;
 Et votre pas souple et rythmé,
 Nymphes au rire parfumé,
 Au teint de lune;

Et le galop des aegyptans,
 Et la fontaine qui s'épand
 En larmes fâdes...
 Par les bois secrets et divins
 J'écoutais frissonner sans fin
 L'hamadryade.

Ô cher Passé mystérieux
 Qui vous reflétez dans mes yeux
 Comme un nuage,
 Il me serait plaisant et doux,
 Passé, d'essayer avec vous
 Le long voyage!...

Reflections in the water

Leaning at the edge of a pool,
 where the water was colder than the
 breast of the wise virgins,
 I saw reflected my vague boredom,
 the depths of my eyes, the colour of
 night and my face.

And in this uncertain mirror
 I saw wonderful mornings...
 I saw things
 pale like recollections,
 in water no morose wind
 could mist.

Then — on the bed of the blue Past —
 my slim body was only
 a small moving shadow;
 under the laurels and cypresses
 I loved the feel of a fresh breeze
 that fans us....

I loved your sisterly caresses,
 your subtlety, your gentleness,
 timely dawn;
 and your supple and rhythmic steps,
 nymphs with perfumed laughter,
 and complexions like the moon;

and the gallop of aegyptans,
 the fountain that cascades
 in saltless tears...
 by secret and sacred woods
 I heard the hamadryad's
 ceaseless quiver.

Oh dear mysterious Past
 reflected in my eyes
 like a cloud,
 it would be pleasant and sweet,
 O Past, to set out with you
 on the long voyage!...

Si je glisse, les eaux feront
 Un rond fluide... un autre rond...
 Un autre à peine...
 Et puis le miroir enchanté
 Reprendra sa limpidité
 Froide et sereine.

If I slip, the water will make
 a rippling ring... another ring...
 another barely...
 and then the enchanted mirror
 will regain its limpidity
 cool and serene.

3. Jardin nocturne

Nocturnal garden

Nocturne jardin tout empli de silence,
 Voici que la lune ouverte se balance
 En des voiles d'or fluides et légers;
 Elle semble proche et cependant
 lointaine...
 Son visage rit au coeur de la fontaine
 Et l'ombre pâlit sous les noirs
 orangers.

Nocturnal garden brimming with
 silence,
 now the full moon is swaying
 in light and liquid veils of gold;
 close she seems yet far away...
 her face is laughing in the heart of the
 fountain
 and shadows pale beneath dark
 orange-trees.

Nul bruit, si ce n'est le faible bruit de
 l'onde
 Fuyant goutte à goutte au bord des
 vasques rondes,
 Ou le bleu frisson d'une brise d'été,
 Furtive parmi des palmes invisibles...
 Je sais, ô jardin, vos caresses sensible
 Et votre languid et chaude volupté!

No sound, save perhaps the
 whispering wave
 trickling drop by drop from round
 basins,
 or the blue quiver of a summer breeze,
 furtive among invisible palms...
 I know, O garden, your keen caresses
 and your languid, torrid voluptuousness!

Je sais votre paix delectable et morose,
 Vos parfums d'iris, de jasmins et de
 roses,
 Vos charmes troublés de désir et
 d'ennui...
 Ô jardin muet! L'eau des vasques
 s'égoutte
 Avec un bruit faible et magique...
 J'écoute
 Ce baiser qui chante aux lèvres de la
 Nuit.

I know your delicious and sullen
 peace,
 your scents of iris, of jasmine, of rose,
 your beauty ruffled by desire and
 ennui...
 O silent garden! The waters in the
 basins drip
 with a faint and magical sound... I listen
 to this kiss which sings on the lips of
 Night.

4. Danseuse

Soeur des Soeurs tisseuses de violettes,
 Une ardente veille blémit tes joues...
 Danse! Et que les rythmes aigus
 dénouent
 Tes bandelettes.

Vase svelte, fresque mouvante et
 souple,
 Danse, danse, paumes vers nous
 tendues,
 Pieds étroits fuyant, tels des ailes nues
 Qu'Eros découple...

Sois la fleur multiple un peu balancée,
 Sois l'écharpe offerte au désir qui
 change,
 Sois la lampe chaste, la flamme
 étrange,
 Sois la pensée!

Danse, danse au chant de ma flûte
 creuse,
 Soeur des Soeurs divines.— La moiteur
 glisse,
 Baiser vain, le long de ta hanche lisse...
 Vaine danseuse!

Dancer

Sister of violet-weaving sisters,
 a night of revelry blemishes your cheeks...
 Dance! So that the sharp rhythms loosen
 your sashes.

Slender vase, supple and moving fresco,
 dance, dance, palms held out towards us,
 slender feet fleeing, like the naked wings
 that Eros spreads.

Be the many-headed flower swaying
 a little,
 be the scarf offered to fickle desire,
 be the chaste lamp, the strange flame.
 be thought!

Dance, dance, to the song of my
 hollow flute,
 sister of Sisters divine... Moisture
 glistens,
 vain kiss, along your lissom thigh...
 Vain dancer!

*

Four songs

Ivor Novello (1893-1951)

During the last years of Hubert Parry's life and just before Fauré composed *Mirages*, a precocious young Welsh musician was beginning to capitalize on the success of his wartime hit, *Keep the home fires burning*. Until the 1930s, however, he mostly pursued a career as a stage and film actor, until *Glamorous Night* (1935) ushered in an extraordinarily brilliant series of musicals which continued right up until the year of his death. Tonight's group of songs visits some of his most successful shows, but also includes *And her mother came too*, written in 1924 for the singer Jack Buchanan, rather in the style of a music-hall song.

Glamorous Night (Glamorous Night) (*Christopher Hassall*)

Each night I make a song for you,
 Each night my spirits long for you,
 Each night when I'm alone
 I listen to my heart
 And want you for my own.

Each night whenever music plays,
 Sad dreams of well-remembered days,
 Sad dreams of your return
 Make all my being yearn for love.

Deep in my heart
 When the shadows are falling,
 I hear a voice,
 That is ever recalling
 Moments of love

When the moon shone above,
 Magical night!
 Glamorous night!
 Deep in my heart,
 Like an echo repeating,
 Sounds the refrain
 Of our first happy meeting:
 Can't we regain
 That delight?
 Let us kiss and recapture
 That rapturous, glamorous night.

And her mother came too (A to Z) (*Dion Titheradge*) (baritone)

I seem to be the victim of a cruel jest,
 It dogs my footsteps with the girl I love
 the best.
 She's just the sweetest thing that I
 have ever known,
 But still we never get the chance to be
 alone.
 My car will meet her –
 And her mother comes too!
 It's a two-seater –
 Still her mother comes too!
 At *Ciro's*, when I am free,
 At dinner, supper or tea,
 She loves to shimmy with me –
 And her mother does too!
 We buy her trousseau –
 And her mother comes too!
 Asked not to do so,
 Still her mother comes too.
 She simply can't take a snub,
 I go and sulk at the club,
 Then have a bath and a rub –
 And her brother comes too!

We lunch at *Maxim's* –
 And her mother comes too!
 How large a snack seems,
 When her mother comes too.
 And when they're visiting me,
 We finish afternoon tea,
 She loves to sit on my knee –
 And her mother does too!
 To golf we started –
 And her mother came too!
 Three bags I carted
 When her mother came too.
 She fainted just off the tee,
 My darling whispered to me:
 "Jack, dear, at last we are free!" –
 But her mother came to!

Some day my heart will awake (King's Rhapsody)*(Christopher Hassall)* (soprano)

Someday my heart will awake,	Lazy heart, lazy heart,
Someday the morning will break,	The leaves of summer fall and die
Music will open my eyes,	But stay adrift along the stream,
Showing the skies golden with rapture.	Not even troubled by a dream.
May be this gentle refrain	The birds are mating,
Someday day will echo again,	But while you're waiting,
Bringing my lover's caress,	Time slips by.
Making my heart say "Yes".	

We'll gather lilacs in the spring again (Perchance to Dream)*(words by Novello)* (duet)

Although you're far away	We'll gather lilacs in the spring again
And life is sad and gray,	And walk together down an English lane,
I have a scheme, a dream to try.	Until our hearts have learned to sing again,
I'm thinking, dear, of you	When you come home once more.
And all I meant to do,	And in the evening by the firelight's glow
When we're together, you and I.	You'll hold me close and never let me go.
We'll soon forget our care and pain	Your eyes will tell me all I want to know,
And find such lovely things to share again.	When you come home once more.

*

The second recital in this season's *Discovery Series* will take place on Wednesday, February 10, here in Walter Hall. Four young singers will take part: JOHANE ANSELL soprano, ERICA IRIS HUANG mezzo, CHRISTOPHER ENNS tenor and JAMES BALDWIN baritone, with STEPHEN RALLS at the piano. Tickets can be purchased from the Faculty of Music box office: 416.978.3744.

The Aldeburgh Connection's next concert is *Blessed Cecilia*, a celebration of the feast-day of the patron saint of music, November 22. At 2:30 pm in Walter Hall, SHANNON MERCER soprano, JAMES McLEAN tenor and GILES TOMKINS bass-baritone will join in a programme including songs by Purcell and Britten (two of St. Cecilia's most fervent disciples), as well as other music celebrating the power of music. For tickets, call 416.735.7982.

For more information about the Aldeburgh Connection, visit our website: www.aldeburghconnection.org

About the Artists

Lindsay Barrett, praised for her “uncommonly beautiful voice” and “sparkling lyric coloratura”, has begun an exciting music career. She has just returned from being a member of the Opera Theatre Centre of the Aspen Music Festival and School, where she covered the role of Donna Elvira. She was also heard as Violetta, performing excerpts from *La traviata* with Asher Fisch and the American Academy of Conducting Orchestra. She appeared as a guest soloist with the Aspen Contemporary Ensemble in a performance of Charles Fussell's *Goethe Lieder*. Lindsay has been a member of the Highlands Opera Studio where she has performed the roles of Fanny in Rossini's *La cambiale di matrimonio*, Clara in Pasatieri's *Signor Deluso* (2008), and Galatea from Suppe's *Die schöne Galatea* (2007). This past spring, she sang the role of the Princess in Ravel's *L'Enfant et les sortilèges*.

She returns to the University of Toronto Opera School this fall, where she will perform the roles of Flaminia in Haydn's *Il mondo della luna* and Cunegonde in Bernstein's *Candide*. A frequent performer of oratorio, Lindsay has sung the soprano solos in Fauré's *Requiem*, Handel's *Messiah*, and Orff's *Carmina Burana*. This fall, Lindsay can be heard performing in concert with Off Centre Music Salon, and the Aldeburgh Connection's *Discovery Series*. Lindsay was recently awarded the David and Marcia Beach Summer Study Award, and has been given numerous awards from The Canadian Opera Volunteer Committee. In June 2010, she makes her professional operatic debut as Violetta in Saskatoon Opera's production of Verdi's *La traviata*.

Vasil Garvanliev began performing professionally at the age of seven as a child entertainer in his native country of Macedonia, achieving celebrity status. He moved to Toronto in 2004, completed his music studies at the Glenn Gould School

and is currently studying in the Opera Division at the University of Toronto under the tutelage of Mary Morrison. As winner of the Concerto Competition this year, he has sung Mahler's *Rückert Lieder* with the U of T Symphony; other concert and recital engagements include his appearance with Off Centre Music Salon, the Aldeburgh Connection Discovery Series, as well his first *Die schöne Müllerin* with Peter Tiefenbach at the Arts and Letters Club.

He takes to the opera stage as Bonafede in *Il mondo della luna* with the University of Toronto's Opera School, Falke in *Die Fledermaus* at Highlands Opera Studio, Harasta in *The Cunning Little Vixen* at Banff Opera Centre and Antonio in *Le nozze di Figaro* at Opera Atelier. Recent performances include Ramiro in *L'Heure espagnole*, White Cat in *L'Enfant et les sortilèges* and Geronimo in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, all with the Opera School, Papageno in *Die Zauberflöte* for the MacMillan Singers Opera Concert, Tobia Mill in *Il cambiale di matrimonio* and the title role in *Signor Deluso* at Highlands Opera Studio, the High Priest in Opera Atelier's *Idomeneo*, as well as the title role in *Le Nozze di Figaro* at the Glenn Gould School and Masetto in *Don Giovanni* as a member of the Britten-Pears Young Artists Programme at Aldeburgh in England. Mr. Garvanliev was a finalist in the Macedonian Eurosong Festival with his own original composition in February 2007. In previous years, he has appeared frequently as an ensemble member and soloist for Opera in Concert and in recital at the Glenn Gould School, Stratford Summer Music, OffCentre Music Salon and the Arts and Letters Club.

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, *Primadonna*, *Mrs Bach* and *Fräulein Mozart*. He appeared in many recital engagements with Catherine Robbin here in Canada and on tour in France, and on tour in British Columbia in recital performances with Ms Robbin and soprano Donna Brown. In addition to a long association with the Canadian Children's Opera Chorus, his other musical 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 summer engagements on the staff of the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh, England. His recordings include *Liebeslieder & Folk Songs* for CBC Records and the Britten *Canticles*, *Schubert among friends* and *Our own songs*, all on the Marquis Label. Mr Ubukata is also an accomplished organist and harpsichordist. He is co-artistic director of both The Aldeburgh Connection, and the Bayfield Festival of Song, held each June in Bayfield, Ontario.

About The Aldeburgh Connection

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. **Stephen Ralls** and **Bruce Ubukata** have visited and worked there for many summers, together with many of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.

The Discovery Series is presented through the generous support of RBC Financial Group's Emerging Artists Project.

