

THE

Aldburgh
C O N N E C T I O N



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Discovery Series

Walter Hall, Tuesday, November 2, 2010, 7:30 pm

Jessica Strong
soprano

Marta Herman
mezzo

Bruce Ubukata
piano

Generously sponsored by



RBC Foundation[®]

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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.

*Please reserve your applause until the symbol **

Three duets

Robert Schumann (1810-56)

All the world, this year, is celebrating the bicentenary of the birth of the Romantic composer, Robert Schumann. The Aldeburgh Connection is preparing a full programme, *The Year of Song*, for its Sunday Series on December 5. As a foretaste, we begin our recital tonight with three of the many vocal duets which he wrote; they progress from summertime through fall and winter, back to spring again.

Schön Blümlein, Op.43/3 (Robert Reinick)

	<i>Beautiful little flowers</i>
Ich bin hinausgegangen Des Morgens in der Früh, Die Blümlein täten prangen, Ich sah so schön sie nie.	<i>I went outside in the early morning, the little flowers were resplendent, I never saw them so beautiful.</i>
Wagt' ein's davon zu pflücken, Weil mir's so wohl gefiel; Doch als ich mich wollt bücken, Sah ich ein lieblich Spiel.	<i>I ventured to pluck one of them, because it pleased me so much; yet as I went to stoop, I saw a delightful scene.</i>
Die Schmetterling' und Bienen, Die Käfer hell und blank, Die mußten all ihm dienen Bei fröhlichem Morgensang;	<i>Butterflies and bees, beetles bright and shiny, they all had to wait on the flower with a merry morning song;</i>
Und scherzten viel und küßten Das Blümlein auf den Mund, Und trieben's nach Gelüsten Wohl eine ganze Stund.	<i>and they joked a lot and kissed the little flower on the mouth, and made merry for probably a whole hour.</i>
Und wie sie so erzeiget Ihr Spiel die Kreuz und Quer, Har's Blümlein sich geneiget Mit Freuden hin und her.	<i>And how they showed off their game of this way and that, the little flower bowed with delight to and fro.</i>
Da hab ich's nicht gebrochen, Es wär ja morgen tot, Und habe nur gesprochen: Ade, du Blümlein rot!	<i>So I did not pluck it, it would certainly be dead tomorrow, and I merely said: Adieu, little red flower!</i>
Und Schmetterling' und Bienen, Die Käfer hell und blank, Die sangen mit frohen Mienen Mir einen schönen Dank.	<i>And the butterflies and bees, the bright and shiny beetles, they sang with a happy expression a fine thank-you to me.</i>

Herbstlied, Op.43/2 (Siegfried August Mahlmann)*Autumn Song*

Das Laub fällt von den Bäumen,
Das zarte Sommerlaub.
Das Leben mit seinen Träumen
Zerfällt in Asch und Staub.

*The foliage falls from the trees,
the tender summer foliage.
Life with its dreams
decomposes into ash and dust.*

Die Vöglein im Walde sangen,
Wie schweigt der Walt jetzt still!
Die Lieb ist fortgegangen,
Kein Vöglein singen will.

*The little birds in the woods sang,
how silent the wood becomes now!
Love is gone away,
no little birds will sing.*

Die Liebe kehrt wohl wieder
Im lieben künft'gen Jahr,
Und alles kehrt dann wieder,
Was jetzt verklungen war.

*Love surely returns again
in the happy coming year,
and everything then returns
that has now died away.*

Du Winter, sei willkommen,
Dein Kleid ist rein und neu.
Er hat den Schmuck genommen,
Den Schmuck bewahrt er treu.

*Winter, be welcome,
your garb is pure and new.
Winter has taken beauty,
which it will faithfully guard.*

Frühlingslied, Op.79/19 (Hoffmann von Fallersleben)

Spring Song

Schneeglöckchen klingen wieder,
Schneeglöckchen bringen wieder
Uns heitre Tag und Lieder!

Wie läuten sie so schön
Im Tal und auf den Höhn:
Der König ziehet ein,
Der König ist erschienen.
Ihr sollt ihm treulich dienen
Mit heitrem Blick und Mienen,
O laßt den König ein!

Er kommt vom Sterngefilde
Und führt in seinem Schilde
Die Güte nur und Milde.

Er trägt die Freud und Lust
Als Stern an seiner Brust,
Ist gnädig jedermann,
Den Herren und den Knechten,
Den Guten und den Schlechten,
Den Bösen und Gerechten,
Sieht alle liebeich an.

Ihr aber fragt und wißt es,
Und wer's auch weiß, vergißt es,
Der König Frühling ist es.

Entgegen ihm mit Sang,
Mit Saitenspiel und Klang!
Der König ziehet ein!
Der König ist erschienen,
Ihr sollt ihm treulich dienen
Mit heitrem Blick und Mienen,
O laßt den König ein!

*Snowdrops ring their bells again,
snowdrops bring back to us
happy days and songs!*

*Beautifully they peal
in the valley and on the hills;
the King is coming!
The King has appeared;
serve him loyally
with cheerful eye and countenance.
Oh let the King in!*

*He comes from the starry sky
and bears on his shield
goodness and gentleness.*

*He carries joy and delight
as the star on his breast,
he is gracious to everyone,
to lords and to servants,
to good and bad,
to the wicked and the just,
he looks kindly on everyone.*

*But you ask and you know,
and whoever knows it, forgets,
that it is King Spring.*

*Go to him with song,
sound and the playing of strings!
The King is coming!
The King has appeared,
you must serve him loyally
with cheerful eye and countenance.
Oh let the King in!*

Five songs to poetry by women (soprano)

Several female poets attained a modest degree of fame in Austria and Germany during the late 18th century, their works attracting the attention of composers such as Mozart and Schubert. The poems are frequently distinguished by a high emotional temperature, foreshadowing the Romantic era. Louise de Vilmorin, on the other hand, worked in Paris in the mid-20th century. Poulenc wrote: "The poems of Louise de Vilmorin provide material for truly feminine songs. I am enchanted by that."

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte

(Gabriele von Baumberg), K520

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-91)

*When Luise burned the letters of her
unfaithful lover*

Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie,
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde
Zur Welt gebrachte, geht zu Grunde,
Ihr Kinder der Melancholie!

*Generated by ardent fantasy,
in a rapturous hour
brought into this world - perish,
you children of melancholy!*

Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein,
Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen wieder,
Und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder,
Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.

*You owe to the flames your existence,
so I restore you now to the fire,
with all your rapturous songs,
for alas! he sang them not to me alone.*

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben,
Ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier.
Doch ach! der Mann, der euch
geschrieben,
Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

*I burn you now, and soon, you love-letters,
there will be no trace of you here.
Yet alas! the man himself, who wrote you,
may very well burn in me for a long time.*

Heimliches Lieben (*Karoline Louise von Klenke*), D922 Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Secret Love

O du, wenn deine Lippen mich berühren,
Dann will die Lust die Seele mir entführen.
Ich fühle tief ein namenloses Beben
Den Busen heben.

*When your lips touch me,
desire would bear my soul away;
I feel a nameless trembling
which swells my breast.*

Mein Auge flammt, Glut schwebt auf
meinen Wangen;
Es schlägt mein Herz ein unbekannt
Verlangen;
Mein Geist, verirrt in trunken Lippen
Stammeln
Kann kaum sich sammeln.

*My eyes flame, a glow colours my cheeks;
my heart beats with an unknown longing;
my mind, lost in the stammering of my
drunken lips,
can hardly compose itself.*

Mein Leben hängt in einer solchen Stunde
An deinem süßen, rosenweichen Munde,
Und will, bei deinem trauten Armumfassen,
Mich fast verlassen.

*In such a moment my life hangs
on your sweet lips, soft as roses,
and, in your dear embrace,
life nearly deserts me.*

O! daß es doch nicht außer sich kann
fliehen
Die Seele ganz in deiner Seele glühen!
Daß doch die Lippen, die voll Sehnsucht
brennen,
Sich müssen trennen!

*Oh would that my life could escape from itself,
my soul aflame in yours!
Oh that lips burning with longing
must part!*

Daß doch im Kuß' mein Wesen nicht
zerfließet
Wenn es so fest an deinen Mund sich
schließet,
Und an dein Herz, das niemals laut darf
wagen
Für mich zu schlagen!

*Oh that my being might not dissolve in kisses
when my lips are pressed so tightly to yours,
and to your heart, which might never dare
to beat aloud for me!*

Métamorphoses (*Louise de Vilmorin*)

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

1. Reine des mouettes

Reine des mouettes, mon orpheline,
Je t'ai vue rose, je m'en souviens,
Sous les brumes mousselines
De ton deuil ancien.

*Queen of the seagulls, my orphan,
I have seen you pink, I remember it,
under the misty muslins
of your bygone mourning.*

Rose d'aimer le baiser qui chagrine
Tu te laissais accorder à mes mains
Sous les brumes mousselines
Voiles de nos liens.

*Pink that you liked the kiss which vexes you
you surrendered to my hands
under the misty muslins
veils of our bond.*

Rougis, rougis, mon baiser te devine
Mouette prise aux nœuds des grands
chemins.

*Blush, blush, my kiss divines you
seagull captured at the meeting of the
great highways.*

Reine des mouettes, mon orpheline,
Tu étais rose accordée à mes mains
Rose sous les mousselines
Et je m'en souviens.

*Queen of the seagulls, my orphan,
you were pink surrendered to my hands
pink under the muslins
and I remember it.*

2. C'est ainsi que tu es

It is thus that you are

Ta chair, d'âme mêlée,
Chevelure emmêlée,
Ton pied courant le temps,
Ton ombre qui s'étend
Et murmure à ma tempe.
Voilà, c'est ton portrait,
C'est ainsi que tu es,
Et je veux te l'écrire
Pour que la nuit venue,
Tu puisses croire et dire,
Que je t'ai bien connue.

*Your body imbued with soul,
your tangled hair,
your foot pursuing time,
your shadow which stretches
and whispers close to my temples.
There, that is your portrait,
it is thus that you are,
and I want to write it to you
so that when night comes,
you may believe and say,
that I knew you well.*

3. Paganini

Violon hippocampe et sirène
 Berceau des cœurs cœur et berceau
 Larmes de Marie Madeleine
 Soupir d'une Reine
 Echo

*Violin sea-horse and siren
 cradle of hearts heart and cradle
 tears of Mary Magdalen
 sigh of a Queen
 echo*

Violon orgueil des mains légères
 Départ à cheval sur les eaux
 Amour chevauchant le mystère
 Voleur en prière
 Oiseau

*Violin pride of agile hands
 departure on horseback on the water
 love astride mystery
 thief at prayer
 bird*

Violon femme morganatique
 Chat botté courant la forêt
 Puit des vérités lunatiques
 Confession publique
 Corset

*violin morganatic woman
 puss-in-boots ranging the forest
 well of insane truths
 public confession
 corset*

Violon alcool de l'âme en peine
 Préférence muscle du soir
 Épaules des saisons soudaines
 Feuille de chêne
 Miroir

*violin alcohol of the troubled soul
 preference muscle of the evening
 shoulders of sudden seasons
 oak leaf
 mirror*

Violon chevalier du silence
 Jouet évadé du bonheur
 Poitrine des mille presences
 Bateau de plaisance
 Chasseur

*violin knight of silence
 plaything escaped from happiness
 bosom of a thousand presences
 boat of pleasure
 hunter*

A Charm of Lullabies, Op.41 (mezzo)

Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

All of Britten's songs (apart from early adolescent efforts) were written with specific singers in mind. The tenor, Peter Pears, inspired the greatest number; but a few, important cycles were composed for other, lower voices (male and female). The mezzo, Nancy Evans, was a founder-member of Britten's English Opera Group - she shared the role of Lucretia with Kathleen Ferrier and she created the role of Nancy in *Albert Herring*. Until her death in 2000, she taught at the Britten-Pears School and was an Honorary Patron of the Aldeburgh Connection. *A Charm of Lullabies* was premiered by her in 1948. The cycle is one of several in which Britten ingeniously gathers together a diverse selection of poems on the themes of night and sleep.

1. A Cradle Song (*William Blake*)

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
 Dreaming o'er the joys of night;
 Sleep, sleep, in thy sleep
 Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
 Soft desires I can trace,
 Secret joys and secret smiles,
 Little pretty infant wiles.

O! the cunning wiles that creep
 In thy little heart asleep.
 When thy little heart does wake
 Then the dreadful lightnings break,

From thy cheek and from thy eye,
 O'er the youthful harvests nigh.
 Infant wiles and infant smiles
 Heaven and Earth of peace beguiles.

2. The Highland Balou (*Robert Burns*)

Hee Balou, my sweet wee Donald,
 Picture o' the great Clanronald!
 Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
 What gat my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie!
 An thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,
 Travel the country thro' and thro',
 And bring hame a Carlisle cow!

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
 Weel, my babie, may thou furdur!
 Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,
 Syne to the Highlands hame to me!

3. Sephestia's Lullaby (*Robert Greene, from Menaphon*)

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy;
 When thy father first did see
 Such a boy by him and me,
 He was glad, I was woe;
 Fortune changed made him so,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Last his sorrow, first his joy.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
 Mother cried, baby leapt;
 More he crowed, more we cried,
 Nature could not sorrow hide:
 He must go, he must kiss
 Child and mother, baby bliss,
 For he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

4. A Charm (*Thomas Randolph, from The Jealous Lovers*)

Quiet! Sleep! or I will make
 Erinny's whip thee with a snake,
 And cruel Rhadamanthus take
 Thy body to the boiling lake,
 Where fire and brimstone never slake;
 Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ache,
 And ev'ry joint about thee quake;
 And therefore dare not yet to wake!

Quiet! Sleep! or thou shalt see
 The horrid hags of Tartary,
 Whose tresses ugly serpents be,
 And Cerberus shall bark at thee,
 And all the Furies that are three -
 The worst is called Tisiphone -
 Shall lash thee to eternity;
 And therefore sleep thou peacefully.

5. The Nurse's Song (*John Philip, from The Play of Patient Grissell*)

Lullaby baby, lullaby baby,
 Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.

Be still, my sweet sweeting, no longer do cry;
 Let dolours be fleeting, I fancy thee, I,
 To rock and to lull thee I will not delay me.

The gods be thy shield and comfort in need!
 They give thee good fortune and well for to speed,
 And this to desire I will not delay me.

Ariettes oubliées (Paul Verlaine) (soprano)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

This was the first complete cycle of songs in which Debussy set Paul Verlaine, who was the most important poet to him in the first part of his career. Some of the poems had been set by him in the early 1880s. The settings were revised, and more were added, the whole collection not being published until 1903. It shows Debussy convincingly breaking away from the Massenet-inspired language of his youth and introducing into his flowing lines a more syllabic, recitative-like style, with a very significant role allotted to the piano. The cycle was inscribed: "A Miss Mary Garden, inoubliable *Mélisande*, cette musique (déjà un peu vieille) en affectueux et reconnaissant hommage." - "To Miss Mary Garden, unforgettable *Mélisande*, this music (already a little old) in affectionate and grateful homage."

1. C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est vers les ramures grises
Le chœur des petites voix.

*It is languorous rapture,
it is amorous fatigue,
it is all the tremors of the forest
in the breezes' embrace,
it is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.*

O le frère et frais murmure !
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire. . .
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

*Oh, the delicate, fresh murmuring!
the warbling and whispering,
it is like the soft cry
the ruffled grass gives out . . .
You might take it for the muffled sound
of pebbles in the swirling stream.*

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas ?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas ?

*This soul which grieves
in this subdued lament,
it is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours, too,
breathing out our humble hymn
in this warm evening, soft and low?*

2. Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville ;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur ?

*Tears fall in my heart
as rain falls on the town;
what is this torpor
pervading my heart?*

Ô bruit doux de la pluie,
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,
Ô le bruit de la pluie !

*Ah, the soft sound of rain
on the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
ah, the sound of the rain!*

Il pleure sans raison
 Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
 Quoi! nulle trahison? . . .
 Ce deuil est sans raison.

*Tears fall without reason
 in this disheartened heart.
 What! Was there no treason? . . .
 This grief is without reason.*

C'est bien la pire peine,
 De ne savoir pourquoi,
 Sans amour et sans haine,
 Mon cœur a tant de peine.

*And the worst pain of all
 must be not to know why,
 without love and without hate,
 my heart feels such pain.*

3. L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière
 embrumée
 Meurt comme de la fumée,
 Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures
 réelles,
 Se plaignent les tourterelles.

*The shadow of trees in the misty stream
 dies like smoke,
 while up above, in the real branches,
 the turtle-doves lament.*

Combien ô voyageur, ce paysage blame
 Te mira blême toi-même,
 Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes
 feuillées
 Tes espérances noyées!

*How this faded landscape, O traveller,
 watched you yourself fade,
 and how sadly in the lofty leaves
 your drowned hopes were weeping!*

4. Chevaux de bois.

Merry-go-round.

Tournez, tournez, bon chevaux de bois,
 Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
 Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
 Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

*Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,
 Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,
 Turn often and turn for evermore,
 Turn, turn to the oboes' sound.*

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
 Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
 L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
 Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

*The red-faced child and the pale mother,
 the lad in black and the girl in pink,
 one down-to-earth, the other showing off,
 each buying a treat with his Sunday sou.*

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur coeur,
 Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
 Clignote l'oeil du filou sournois,
 Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

*Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
 while the furtive pickpocket's eye flashes
 as you whirl about and around,
 turn as the triumphant cornet plays!*

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
 D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
 Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
 Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

*Astonishing how drunk it makes you,
 riding like this in the foolish fair:
 with empty stomach and head aching,
 both discomfort and fun in plenty.*

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
 D'user jamais de nuls éperons
 Pour commander à vos galops ronds:
 Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

*Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need
 the help of any spur
 to make your horses gallop round:
 turn, turn, without hope of hay.*

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
 Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
 La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
 De gais buveurs, que leur soif affame.

*And hurry, horses of their souls,
 Already nightfall calls to supper
 and disperses the happy revellers,
 ravenous with thirst.*

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
 D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
 L'église tinte un glas tristement.
 Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!

*Turn, turn! The velvet sky
 is slowly decked with golden stars.
 The church bell tolls mournfully.
 Turn to the joyful sound of drums!*

5. Green.

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles
et des branches
Et puis voici mon coeur qui ne bat que
pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains
blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble
présent soit doux.

*Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches
And here too is my heart that beats just for you.
Don't tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift please your lovely eyes.*

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à
mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds
reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la
délasseront.

*I come still covered with dew
frozen on my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, resting at your feet,
dream of dear moments which will soothe it.*

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encor de vos derniers
baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous
reposez.

*On your young breast let me cradle my head
still ringing with your recent kisses;
after love's sweet tumult, grant it peace,
and let me sleep a while, while you rest.*

6. Spleen.

Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.
Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

*All the roses were red
and the ivy was all black.
Dear, at your slightest move,
all my despair revives.*

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.
Je crains toujours - ce qu'est d'attendre! -
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

*The sky was too blue, too tender,
the sea too green, the air too mild.
I always fear - oh, to wait and wonder! -
one of your agonizing departures.*

Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,
Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!

*I am weary of the glossy holly
and of the gleaming box-tree,
and of the boundless landscape
and of all, alas, but you!*

INTERMISSION

Huit Chansons polonaises (anon.) (mezzo)

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

These songs were arranged for the Polish singer, Marya Modrakowska, on the occasion of a tour in North Africa in 1933 with Poulenc as accompanist. She was a singer at the Paris Opéra and the Opéra-Comique, where she debuted as Mélisande in 1932. Poulenc himself wrote: "The last one, 'Le Lac', is the most successful, the most personal. The others are a little conventional but nice enough for the piano. After all, was there anything to do other than to "improvise" an accompaniment? . . . Modrakowska sang all these divinely."

1. Wianek. - *The Crown.*

Weeping, the fair girl casts away her crown, for her beloved is off to Lublin. At Lublin, at Cracow there are fine young men. "Do not go there, Janku, death lies in wait; I would remain alone in tears and sorrow." "Calm yourself, my love, I must serve my fatherland." "Take me with you - if death takes you, we will perish together."

2. Odjazd. - *Departure.*

Let me depart quickly, my horse is whinnying. Farewell mother and father, farewell dear friends. Don't let my life unfold in laziness - no more leisure, no more dreaming! I hear the trumpet and the sound of the drum - goodbye to the home fires, no more happiness, bless me!

3. Polska młodzież. - *Polish Lads.*

Long live Polish lads, whom none can match, their heads are sound and their hands know how to brandish the sabre. Yesterday, we were oppressed and sad, we were afraid of our own shadows. Today we run to battle, to splendid death! If one of us falls, a thousand will take his place. Since God inspires us, he will give us the victory.

4. Ostatni mazur. - *The last mazurka.*

“One more mazurka before day dawns”, said the officer gallantly to the young girl. He leads her into the dance, he makes tender vows and clicks his heels. She cannot help herself, her eyes shine. “Calm your ardour, for a soldier is not faithful. Hear the sound of the cannon from afar; death calls me, my horse is impatient. No use weeping, dear one, let my arms carry you away in this final dance; the trumpet sounds, it is my last mazurka.”

5. Pozegnanie. - *Farewell.*

Fair one, do you see the fire that glows on my lance? I will sing you, this evening, a song as beautiful as you. No tears tonight, hope and pray for the grace of God, soon or never.

6. Biała chorągiewka. - *The White Flag.*

For her lover, the Warsaw girl stitched a white flag, alas! She wept and prayed to God, alas! Her prayer was not in vain, for her lover took his gun, then he went as fast as possible with the others to battle.

7. Wisła. - *The Vistula.*

The river Vistula waters all of Poland and as long as it flows, Poland will live. Seeing Cracow, the river straightaway fell in love, holding the city in its arms and never letting it go. You see, our Poland is so charming that when one loves her, it is for ever.

8. Jezioro. - *The Lake.*

“O beautiful lake, limpid and blue, your reflection is calm and pure, but on my head my green crown of rosemary is withered.” “Yes, alas! your beautiful rosemary has lost its brightness, I see its flowers fall one by one, there is none left, dear girl, on your hair.”

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Three duets

Robert Fleming (1921-76)

Famous as composer, teacher, pianist, organist and choirmaster, Robert Fleming was born and brought up in Saskatchewan. He studied at the Royal College of Music in London, where his composition teacher was Herbert Howells. His output includes a great deal of vocal music, written both for the Anglican church and for concert and chamber performance. The first and third of these duets are settings (made in 1950 and 1953 respectively) of Irish and Newfoundland folksongs. They were published with the dedication “for Lois Marshall and Maureen Forrester”. ‘Night’ was composed as a solo song in 1940 and arranged as a duet in 1948 - this second version remains at present in manuscript at the University of Toronto’s music library.

1. The Lark in the Clear Air (*Sir Samuel Ferguson*)

Dear thoughts are in my mind,
 And my soul soars enchanted
 As I hear the sweet lark sing
 In the clear air of the day.
 For a tender beaming smile
 To my hope has been granted
 And tomorrow he shall hear
 All my fond heart would say.

I shall tell him all my love,
 All my soul's adoration,
 And I think he will hear me,
 And will not say me nay.
 It is this that gives my soul
 All its joyous elation
 As I hear the sweet lark sing
 In the clear air of the day.

2. The Night (*Hilaire Belloc*)

Most holy night, that still dost keep
 The keys of all the doors of sleep,
 To me when my tired eyelids close
 Give thou repose.

And let the far lament of them
 That chaunt the dead day's requiem
 Make in my ears, who wakeful lie,
 Soft lullaby.

Let them that guard the horned Moon
 By my bedside their memories croon.
 So shall I have new dreams and blest
 In my brief rest.

Fold your great wings about my face,
 Hide dawning from my resting-place,
 And cheat me with your false delight,
 Most holy night.

3. A Great Big Sea (*anon.*)

A great big sea hove in Long Beach,
 Right fol-or-al tiddle diddle I-do;
 A great big sea hove in Long Beach,
 And Granny Snooks she lost her speech.
 To me right fol-didy fol-dee.

A great big sea hove in the harbour,
 And hove right up to Keough's parlour.

Oh, dear mother, I wants a sack
 With heads and buttons all down the back.

Me boot is broke, me frock is tore,
 But Georgie Snooks I do adore.

Oh, fish is low and flour is high,
 But Georgie Snooks he can't have I.

But he will have me in the fall,
 If he don't I'll hoist my sail
 And say goodbye to old Canaille.

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The Aldeburgh Connection's next presentation will be a Schumann celebration: *The Year of Song*, featuring soprano ERIN WALL and baritone PHILLIP ADDIS. It will take place here in Walter Hall on Sunday, December 5, at 2:30 pm. For tickets, please call 416-735-7982.

The *Discovery Series* resumes on Tuesday, February 15, with a recital featuring soprano CLAIRE de SÉVIGNÉ, mezzo JULIA BARBER, tenor ANDREW HAJI and baritone GEOFFREY SIRETT, accompanied by pianist STEPHEN RALLS. Tickets are available from the Faculty of Music's box office at 416-978-3744.

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

About the artists

Jessica Strong, described as ‘a confident and accomplished soprano’, is becoming known to audiences as a voice that shows a ‘powerful top, a seductive vibrato and assured coloratura.’ (Opera Canada) She is thrilled to make her debut with the Aldeburgh Connection as part of the Discovery Series. Her current season includes performances with the University of Toronto Opera Division as Gretel in *Hansel and Gretel* and Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni*. She also returns to Winnipeg to perform Pleasure in Handel’s *The Choice of Hercules* with The Musical Offering.

This summer Ms. Strong attended the prestigious Aspen Opera Theater Center where she covered the role of Susanna in *Le nozze di Figaro* and sang the title role of *Alcina* in an excerpt with the American Academy of Conducting Orchestra. Her opera credits include Clarice in *Il mondo della luna* and Cunegonde in *Candide* with the Opera Division, Rosalinde in *Die Fledermaus* with Opera NUOVA and the title role in *The Princess and the Pea* with The Little Opera Company. On the concert stage she has sung the soprano solos in Orff’s *Carmina Burana*, Handel’s *Messiah* and *The Passion of Joan of Arc* with the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra at the New Music Festival.

Born in Manitoba, Ms. Strong holds a Bachelor of Music from the University of Manitoba where she studied under Valdine Anderson. She is currently a Master of Music candidate at the University of Toronto Opera Division under the tutelage of Lorna MacDonald. She is the winner of many awards and competitions, most notably, first place in the 2008 National Music Festival and a recipient of the Jacqueline Desmarais Foundation.

Marta Herman is a compelling emerging artist distinguished by her vivid stage presence and intelligent musical interpretations. Praised for her “full, rich, sound” by Opera Canada magazine, Marta’s 2010-2011 season includes upcoming performances as Hansel in *Hansel and Gretel* and Zerlina in *Don Giovanni* with the University of Toronto Opera, and as Cherubino in *The Marriage of Figaro* with the Guelph Symphony Orchestra. Engagements as a soloist in concert for 2010-2011 include Beethoven’s *Symphony No. 9* with the Toronto Concert Orchestra, Bach’s *Kleine Magnificat* and Vivaldi’s *Gloria* with the Kindred Spirits Orchestra.

In 2009 and 2010, Marta sang Lisetta in Haydn’s *Il mondo della luna*, the Old Lady in *Candide*, and Mercédès in *Carmen* with the University of Toronto, as well as the Marquise du Berkenfield in *La fille du régiment* with Joan Dornemann’s International Vocal Arts Institute. Previous solo concert engagements include the Israeli Chamber Orchestra under the baton of Maestro Paul Nadler, a Polish opera gala with Maestro Andrew Rozbicki’s Celebrity Symphony Orchestra and a programme dedicated to Polish art song with Montreal’s Kaleidoscope Productions.

Marta is noted for her performances of contemporary music; she regularly performs as a soloist with the gamUT New Music Orchestra, and has collaborated with Das Studium Postmoderner Musik, and the UWO Contemporary Ensemble. In Fall 2011, Marta will premiere *Love Letters from the Empty Bed*, a unique piece for one singer and five actors with music by Toronto composer Constantine Caravassilis, co-presented by the University of Toronto Music and Drama divisions.

Bruce Ubukata has established a reputation as one of Canada's leading accompanists, appearing with many singers in recital and with Mary Lou Fallis in her successful one-woman shows, *Primadonna*, *Mrs Bach* and *Fräulein Mozart*, 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 Catherine 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* (Holman, Beckwith and Greer) 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 who appear with the Aldeburgh Connection.

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



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