

THE  
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UNIVERSITY  
OF TORONTO

present

**BRENNA CONRAD** *soprano*

**MICHAEL ADAIR** *baritone*

with

**BRUCE UBUKATA** *piano*

Walter Hall

Tuesday, November 22, 2005

7:30 p.m.

sponsored by



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*MUSIC*

**BRENNA CONRAD**, soprano

**MICHAEL ADAIR**, baritone

**BRUCE UBUKATA**, piano

This year marks the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Hans Christian Andersen. He is most familiar to us as the writer of 158 fairy tales, published between 1835 and 1872. What is less well-known is the fact that he originally aspired to be an actor and singer. As a boy, he ran away to Copenhagen and joined the company of the Royal Theatre, with results that were, apparently, spectacularly disastrous. In the early part of his career as a writer he tried his hand at opera libretti, including a version of Sir Walter Scott's *The Bride of Lammermoor* which was very soon to be eclipsed by the rather successful one which Donizetti set. Over the past hundred years or so, there have been at least sixty operatic versions of his stories, none of which, surprisingly, has held the stage, with the possible exception of Stravinsky's one-act *The Nightingale*. A few composers have set his poems — they include Delius, Nielsen, Prokofiev, Grieg and Schumann.

We also celebrate today the feast of St. Cecilia. Tradition describes her as a third century Roman maiden who was forced to marry, against her will, one Valerian. She succeeded in converting him, and his brother, to Christianity and all three were martyred. Her becoming known as the patron saint of music was due to a misreading of a Latin text, which appeared to describe her hearing the music of the spheres while organs played at her wedding. Even her connection with Valerian and his brother (who were historical figures) is, apparently, apocryphal. Still, we can rejoice in her memory which has given rise to a substantial amount of music in her honour, some of which we include in today's programme. Most fittingly, Benjamin Britten was born on her feast day, which gives us an excuse to end our programme with the earliest of his cycles for voice and piano.

Please reserve your applause until the end of each group ☺

**Excerpt from Ode to St. Cecilia** (anon.)

Henry Purcell (1659-95)

Purcell's several *Odes to St. Cecilia* were written for performance on her day in the royal palace of Whitehall. The precise year of this one is not known, but it is believed to be 1685; in that case, it would have been heard by the court of the newly succeeded King James II. The text describes the god of music, Apollo, coming to join the patron saint for her celebration.

Raise, raise the voice! All instruments obey;  
Let the sweet lute its softest notes display;  
For this is sacred Music's holy day.

The god himself says he'll be present here:  
Dressed in his brightest beams will he appear,  
Not to the eye, but to the ravish'd ear.

"Crown the day with Harmony,"  
Hark! I hear Apollo cry;  
And let every generous heart  
In the chorus bear a part.

**Five songs** (Hans Christian Andersen and Adelbert von Chamisso), Op. 40  
Robert Schumann (1810-56)

July 1840 saw the composition of one of Schumann's most famous song-cycles, *Frauenliebe und -leben*. In the same month, the composer looked elsewhere in the works of the poet of that cycle, Chamisso, and found four translations of Hans Andersen. The Dane's fairy-tale air of fantasy, with its pervasively sinister undertone, seized Schumann's imagination — it was like coming up against a more exotic version of Heine's poetry. These songs are little-known, but are among the composer's greatest.

In *Märzveilchen*, Schumann would not have been aware of the prefiguring of the Snow Queen's baleful influence — the song ends in a warm, positive mood. But *Muttertraum* clearly shows us the appalling future awaiting the child, musically set in a framework of Bachian austerity. *Der Soldat* approaches Mahlerian intensity in its horrific tale, almost certainly a reflection of Andersen's torment over his homosexuality. (Remember Oscar Wilde's line in *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*: "Yet each man kills the thing he loves.") *Der Spielmann* anticipates the pathos of the composer's own insanity, more than a decade away. But the composer needed a lighthearted conclusion to this increasingly dark opus. He chose *Verratene Liebe*, another translation by Chamisso, this time of an anonymous Greek poem.



**Märzveilchen**

Der Himmel wölbt sich rein  
 und blau,  
 Der Reif stellt Blumen aus zur  
 Schau.  
 Am Fenster prangt ein flimmernder  
 Flor.  
 Ein Jüngling steht, ihn betrachtend,  
 davor.  
 Und hinter den Blumen blühet  
 noch gar  
 Ein blaues, ein lächelndes  
 Augenpaar.  
 Märzveilchen, wie jener noch  
 keine gesehen!  
 Der Reif wird angehaucht  
 zergehn.  
 Eisblumen fangen zu schmelzen an,  
 Und Gott sei gnädig dem  
 jungen Mann.

**March violets**

The heavens arch above, pure  
 and blue,  
 and the flowers exhibit their  
 frost.  
 The window is sparkling with  
 shimmering flora.  
 A young man is standing in front,  
 gazing intently.  
 And behind the flowers there  
 blossoms  
 a pair of laughing  
 blue eyes.  
 March violets, like nothing ever  
 seen before!  
 The frost will dissolve with one  
 breath!  
 Frosted flowers now begin to melt,  
 and God, be lenient with this  
 young man.

**Muttertraum**

Die Mutter betet herzlich und schaut  
 entzückt  
 Auf den schlummernden Kleinen.  
 Er ruht in der Wiege so sanft und  
 traut.  
 Ein Engel muss er ihr scheinen.  
 Sie küsst ihn und herzt ihn, sie hält  
 sich kaum.  
 Vergessen der irdischen Schmerzen,  
 Es schweift in die Zukunft ihr  
 Hoffnungsraum.  
 So träumen Mütter im Herzen.  
 Der Rab indes mit der Sippschaft  
 sein  
 Kreischt draussen am Fenster die  
 Weise:  
 Dein Engel, dein Engel wird unser  
 sein,  
 Der Räuber dient uns zur Speise.

**A mother's dream**

The mother prays sweetly and  
 gazes with delight  
 upon her slumbering little one.  
 He rests in his cradle, so tender  
 and cosy.  
 He must seem an angel to her.  
 She kisses him and hugs him, she  
 cannot restrain herself.  
 Forgetting all earthly pain,  
 her hopeful dreams wander into  
 the future.  
 Thus do mothers often dream.  
 The raven meanwhile, with its  
 clan,  
 shrieks a tune outside the  
 window:  
 Your angel, your angel will  
 be ours —  
 we shall pick at the robber as food.

**Der Soldat**

Es geht bei gedämpfter Trommeln  
Klang;  
Wie weit noch die Stätte! der Weg  
wie lang!  
O wär er zur Ruh und alles vorbei!  
Ich glaub', es bricht mir das  
Herz entzwei!  
Ich hab' in der Welt nur ihn geliebt,  
Nur ihn, dem jetzt man den Tod  
doch gibt!  
Bei klingendem Spiele wird  
paradiert;  
Dazu bin auch ich kommandiert.  
Nun schaut er auf zum letzten Mal  
In Gottes Sonne freudigen  
Strahl;  
Nun binden sie ihm die Augen  
zu —  
Dir schenke Gott die ewige Ruh!  
Es haben dann Neun wohl  
angelegt;  
Acht Kugeln haben vorbeigefegt.  
Sie zitterten alle vor Jammer und  
Schmerz —  
Ich aber, ich traf ihn mitten in  
das Herz!

**Der Spielmann**

Im Städtchen gibt es des Jubels  
viel,  
Da halten sie Hochzeit mit Tanz  
und mit Spiel.  
Dem Fröhlichen blinket der Wein  
so rot,  
Die Braut nur gleicht dem  
getünchten Tod.  
Ja tot für den, den nicht sie  
vergisst,  
Der doch beim Fest nicht  
Bräutigam ist:  
Da steht er inmitten der Gäste  
im Krug,  
Und streichet die Geige lustig  
genug.

**The Soldier**

He walks to the sound of a  
muffled drum;  
how far the place! - how long  
the way!  
O if only he were at rest and  
everything past already!  
I think it will break my heart in two!  
I loved only him in the world —  
only him, whom they are now  
putting to death!  
To the band they  
parade;  
for this task I am also ordered.  
Now he gazes for the last time  
up at the joyous sunbeams of  
God's sun;  
now they blindfold his  
eyes —  
may God grant you eternal peace!  
The nine then took  
aim:  
eight bullets shot wide.  
They trembled, all full of misery  
and pain —  
but I — I shot him right through  
the heart!

**The Fiddler**

In the little town there is much  
festivity:  
they are holding a wedding there  
with dance and play.  
To the happy man, the wine  
sparkles so red;  
but the bride looks like  
whitewashed death.  
Yes, dead she is to him whom  
she cannot forget;  
he is at the feast but not as the  
bridegroom.  
He stands among the guests at  
the inn,  
playing his fiddle cheerily  
enough.



Er streichet die Geige, sein Haar ergraut,	He plays his fiddle, his hair turning grey.
Es schwingen die Saiten gellend und laut,	The strings resound: shrill and loud;
Er drückt sie ans Herz und achtet es nicht,	he presses it to his heart, paying no heed
Ob auch sie in tausend Stücken zerbricht.	whether it breaks into a thousand pieces.
Es ist gar grausig, wenn einer so stirbt,	It is quite hideous when one dies this way,
Wenn jung sein Herz um Freude noch wirbt.	his heart young and still striving for joy.
Ich mag und will nicht länger es sehn!	I cannot and will not watch any longer!
Das möchte den Kopf mir schwindelnd verdrehn!	It will make my head spin.
Wer heisst euch mit Fingern zeigen auf mich?	Who are you, with your fingers pointing at me?
O Gott — bewahr uns gnädiglich, Dass keinen der Wahnsinn übermannet.	O God — graciously protect us from the madness that may overwhelm us.
Bin selber ein armer Musikant.	For I am myself a poor musician.

**Verratene Liebe** (*Old Greek, trans. Chamisso*)

**Betrayed Love**

Da Nachts wir uns küssten, o Mädchen,	That night we kissed each other, o maiden,
Hat Keiner uns zugeschaut. Die Sterne, die standen am Himmel,	no one was observing us. The stars, which stood in the sky —
Wir haben den Sternen getraut.	we confided only in those stars.
Es ist ein Stern gefallen, Der hat dem Meer uns verklagt, Da hat das Meer es dem Ruder, Das Ruder dem Schiffer gesagt.	It was one star that fell, and accused us to the sea; then the sea told it to a rudder, and the rudder told it to a sailor.
Da sang der selbige Schiffer Es seiner Liebsten vor.	That same sailor sang it to his sweetheart.
Nun singen's auf Strassen und Märkten	Now, on the streets and in the market,
Die Knaben und Mädchen im Chor.	the boys and girls sing of it in chorus.

Grieg composed nearly 150 songs and nearly all of them were inspired, and sung, by Nina Hagerup, his diminutive, blue-eyed cousin whom he met in 1863 and married a few years later. He was on a two year sojourn in Denmark; she was a native of Bergen, Norway, but had been brought up in Denmark. His opus 4, comprising settings of German poetry, was dedicated to Nina. With opus 5, however, he turned to the greatest living Scandinavian writer, whom he knew personally. He entitled the set *Melodies of the Heart* and it includes two of his most famous songs, *Two Brown Eyes* and *I Love You*.

We perform these songs in the German translations in which they appeared almost simultaneously with the original Danish. Grieg suffered from the quandary afflicting other northern European composers, such as Dvořák and Sibelius. As John Horton (his biography) writes: "Grieg often fretted over the problems of translating his songs from Scandinavian languages into those with a wider currency."

**Die Waise** (*Adelbert von Chamisso*), Op.4/1

Sie haben mich geheissen  
Nach Heidelbeeren geh'n:  
Ich habe nach den Beeren  
Im Walde nicht geseh'n.  
Ich bin hinaus gegangen  
Zu meiner Mutter Grab,  
Wo auf ich mich gesetzt  
Und viel geweinet hab'.

"Wer sitzt auf meinem Hügel,  
Von der die Thränen sind?"  
Ich bin's, o liebe Mutter,  
Ich, dein verwaistes Kind.  
Wer wird hinfort mich kleiden  
Und flechten mir das Haar?  
Mit Liebeswort mir schmeicheln,  
Wie's deine Weise war?

"Geh' hin, o liebe Tochter,  
Und finde dich darein,  
Es wird dir eine Zweite,  
Statt meiner, Mutter sein.  
Sie wird das Haar dir flechten  
Und kleiden dich hinfort,  
Ein Jüngling wird dir schmeicheln  
Mit zartem Liebeswort."

**The Orphan**

They told me to go  
picking blueberries:  
I did not look for berries  
in the forest.  
I went out to  
my mother's grave, where I sat  
down  
and wept bitterly.

"Who sits on my burial mound  
and weeps?"  
It is I dear mother,  
your orphaned child.  
Who will now dress me  
and braid my hair?  
Who will flatter me with loving  
words, as you used to do?

"Go back, dear daughter,  
and submit to your fate.  
A second one, instead of me,  
will be mother to you.  
She will braid your hair  
and dress you from now on.  
A young man will flatter you  
with loving words."



**Morgenthau** (*Chamisso*), Op.4/2

Wir wollten mit Kosen und Lieben  
Geniessen der köstlichen Nacht.

Wo sind doch die Stunden  
geblieben?

Es ist ja der Hahn schon erwacht.

Die Sonne, die bringt viel Leiden,  
Es weinet die scheidende Nacht;  
Ich also muss weinen und scheiden,  
Es ist ja die Welt schon erwacht.

Ich wollt', es gäb keine Sonne,  
Als eben dein Auge so klar.

Wir weilten in Tag und  
in Wonne,

Und schliefe die Welt immerdar.

**Morning dew**

We wanted to enjoy the precious  
night in caressing and loving.

Where have the hours  
gone?

Already, the cockerel is awake.

The sun, which brings many sorrows,  
weeps for departed night.

So must I weep and depart,  
since the world is already awake.

I would that there were no sun,  
but just your bright eyes.

We would linger in delight  
through the day

and the world would sleep for ever.

**Zwei braune Augen** (*Hans Andersen, trans. F.von Holstein*), Op.5/1

Hab' jüngst gesehen zwei  
Augen braun,

D'rin war mein Heil, meine Welt  
zu schau'n.

O Blick so liebeich und kindlich  
rein,

Nein, nie und nimmer vergess'  
ich dein!

**Two brown eyes**

I lately saw two brown  
eyes,

and in them my well-being, my  
whole world.

O look so tender and purely  
childlike,

I shall never, ever, forget  
them!



**Des Dichters Herz** (*Hans Andersen, trans. Holstein*), Op.5/2

**The Poet's Heart**

Begreifst du des Meeres Wogendrang? Den Geist der Töne im Saitenklang? Begreifst du der Blume Balsamduft, Der Sonne Flammen gen Sturm und Luft, Der Vögel Zwitschern in sehrender Lust, Und glaubst zu begreifen die Dichterbrust?	Can you understand the rushing waves of the sea, or the meaning of music when strings are struck? Can you understand the scent of flowers, or the sun's flaming amid storm and wind, or the birds' twittering in happy longing? Yet you expect to understand the soul of a poet.
Dort brauset es stärker als Wogendrang, Dort ist der Quell von jedem Sang, Dort spriesst die Blume mit ew'gem Duft, Dort flammet es ohne kühlende Luft, Dort kämpfen Geister in sehrender Lust, Im Kampfe verblutet des Dichters Brust!	There, the tumult is louder than the waves of the sea, there is the source of every song, there grow flowers with eternal scent, there are flames without cooling breeze, there souls struggle in happy longing, in struggle the poet's soul

**Ich liebe dich!** (*Andersen, trans. Holstein*), Op.5/3

**I love you!**

Du mein Gedanke, du mein Sein und Werden! Du meines Herzens erste Seligkeit! Ich liebe dich wie nichts auf dieser Erden, Ich liebe dich in Zeit und Ewigkeit!	You are my thoughts, my existence and my future! You are my heart's first happiness! I love you like nothing on this earth, I love you in time and in eternity!
Ich denke dein, kann stets nur deiner denken, Nur deinen Glück ist dieses Herz geweiht; Wie Gott auch mag des Lebens Schicksal lenken, Ich liebe dich in Zeit und Ewigkeit!	I think of you, can always think only of you, my heart is devoted only to your happiness; as God can direct the course of life, I love you in time and in eternity!

**Mein Sinn ist wie der mächt'ge Fels** (*Andersen, trans. Holstein*), Op.5/4

Mein Sinn ist wie der mächt'ge Fels,  
 Der hoch zum Himmel sich  
 thürmt;  
 Mein Herz ist wie das tiefe Meer,  
 Wo Woge auf Woge stürmt.

My mind is like a mighty rock,  
 towering high into  
 heaven;  
 my heart is like the deep ocean,  
 where wave rages upon wave.

Empor zum blauen Himmel  
 Hebt der Fels dein Bild.  
 Du selbst aber lebst im Herzen,  
 Da tosen Brandungen wild!

Up into the blue heaven the  
 rock raises your image.  
 But you, yourself, live in the heart,  
 with its wild breakers!

☪

### Intermission

☪

**To a Poet**, Op.13a

Gerald Finzi (1901-56)

When Gerald Finzi died, he left unpublished a large number of songs. These were grouped together by his friends in four new cycles, two of Thomas Hardy settings and two of a miscellany of poets. *To a Poet* was first performed in 1959 by John Carol Case with Howard Ferguson at the piano. The title song had been composed back in the 1920s (although revised in 1941). The poem meant a lot to the composer — he buried a copy of it in a time capsule under the porch of his new home, Ashmansworth, in 1938. The remaining songs date from various points during Finzi's career — *On parent knees* from 1935, *Intrada* from 1926, *The Birthnight* (the latest) from 1956 and *June on Castle Hill* from 1940 (the poem dates from the same year).

The final song is a setting made in 1947 of a poem which George Barker later published as *Ode Against St. Cecilia's Day*. Barker was an admirer and follower of Gerald Manley Hopkins and T.S.Eliot. His poetry is densely filled with imagery, often drawn from the classical world. At



the same time, images hit us which must have been even more powerful in the mid-1940s. "Underground sleepers" — those seeking refuge from bombing who spent their nights in London's Underground stations; "the caterwauling siren" — another air-raid allusion; "the great moaners of the seven seas" — moaning the numbers killed in war at sea. The whole poem laments the "desertion" of St. Cecilia's anniversary and nihilistically suggests that a musical celebration is almost obscenely inappropriate; instead, "Tender Cecilia silence".

**To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence** (*James Elroy Flecker*)

I who am dead a thousand years,  
And wrote this sweet archaic song,  
Send you my words for messengers  
The way I shall not pass along.

I care not if you bridge the seas,  
Or ride secure the cruel sky,  
Or build consummate palaces  
Of metal or of masonry.

But have you wine and music still,  
And statues and a bright-eyed love,  
And foolish thoughts of good and ill,  
And prayers to them who sit above?

How shall we conquer? Like a wind  
That falls at eve our fancies blow,  
And old Maeonides the blind  
Said it three thousand years ago.

O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,  
Student of our sweet English tongue,  
Read out my words at night, alone:  
I was a poet, I was young.

Since I can never see your face,  
And never shake you by the hand,  
I send my soul through time and space  
To greet you. You will understand.

**On parent knees** (*Sir William Jones, after the Persian*)

On parent knees a naked new-born child,  
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled:  
So live, that sinking to thy life's last sleep,  
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

**Intrada** (*Thomas Traherne*)

An empty book is like an Infant's Soul, in which  
 anything may be written; it is capable of all things  
 but containeth nothing. I have a mind to fill this  
 with profitable wonders, and with those things which shall  
 shew my Love. Things strange yet common, most high,  
 yet plain: infinitely profitable, but not esteemed;  
 Truths you love, but know not.

**The Birthnight** (*Walter de la Mare*)

Dearest, it was a night  
 That in its darkness racked Orion's stars;  
 A sighing wind ran faintly white  
 Along the willows, and the cedar boughs  
 Laid their wide hands in stealthy peace across  
 The starry silence of their antique moss:  
 No sound save rushing air  
 Cold, yet all sweet with Spring,  
 And in thy mother's arms, couched weeping there,  
 Thou, lovely thing.

**June on Castle Hill** (*Frank Lawrence Lucas*)

On its grassy brow  
 Not a tower now,  
     Not a stone:  
 Not a trumpet-call,  
 Not a hushed foot-fall  
     Alone  
 Wild parsley waves its white flags far unfurled  
     Above a warless world.

Earth sleeps in peace;  
 Yet without cease  
     The sky  
 Throbs angrily  
 As the laden bee  
     Sails by,  
 And, with a secret sting, that sullen hum  
     Whispers of wars to come.



### Ode on the Rejection of St. Cecilia (*George Barker*)

Rise, underground sleepers, rise from the grave  
 Under a broken hearted sky  
 And hear the swansinging nightmare grieve  
 For this deserted anniversary  
 Where horned a heart sobs in the wilderness  
 By the thunderbolt of the day.

Echoing footstep in the ruins of midnight  
 Knock like a clock in a catacomb  
 Through the toothless house and the derelict skull  
 Where once Cecilia shook her veils,  
 Echo and mourn. Footstepping word, attend her  
 Here, where, in echoes, she prevails.

Sleep, wormeaten weepers. Silence is her altar.  
 To the drum of the head, muffled  
 In a black time, the sigh is a hecatomb.  
 Tender Cecilia silence, Now, silence is tender  
 As never a voice was. Here, dumb-  
 Struck she mourns in long-abandoned grandeur.

O stop the calling killer in the skull  
 Like beasts we turn towards!  
 For was the caterwauling siren beautiful  
 Chanting war-long until her bed was full  
 Of the uxorious dead?  
 Let the great moaners of the Seven Seas  
 Let only the seas mourn,  
 With the shipwrecked harp of creation on their knees  
 Till Cecilia turns to a stone.

**On This Island** (*W.H. Auden*), Op. 11

Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

W.H. Auden was one of Britten's closest friends in the 1930s and had a tremendous influence on him, both artistically and emotionally. This, the first of the composer's song-cycles, was issued (according to Peter Pears) as a challenge to the prevailing, pastoral school of English song and as a call to a change of direction — the first song, *Let the florid music praise*, in particular, whose highly baroque style with its melismatic vocal line had not been heard since the days of Handel. From Britten's diary, 25 September, 1937: "Up by mistake rather late, so I don't do all the work I want to. However — I have time to do about 6 versions of the beginning of 'Florid Music' one of W.H.A.'s songs, and all of them N.B.G. — I have never had such a devil as this song."

The cycle was written for Sophie Wyss, a Swiss soprano living in England, who gave the first performance with the composer at the BBC in November 1937. It seems very likely, although we cannot be certain, that Pears and Britten gave a performance for the CBC in Toronto in June 1939. When the collection was published, it was described as 'Volume I'; but a further volume of Auden settings never materialised. This set of fine songs is disparate in mood and even in musical style, yet gives a coherent view of Britten's preoccupations in the 1930s.

**Let the florid music praise**

Let the florid music praise,  
The flute and the trumpet,  
Beauty's conquest of your face:  
In that land of flesh and bone,  
Where from citadels on high  
Her imperial standards fly,  
Let the hot sun  
Shine on, shine on.

O but the unloved have had power,  
The weeping and striking,  
Always; time will bring their hour:  
Their secretive children walk  
Through your vigilance of breath  
To unpardonable death,  
And my vows break  
Before his look.

**Now the leaves are falling fast**

Now the leaves are falling fast,  
Nurse's flowers will not last;  
Nurses to the graves are gone,  
And the prams go rolling on.  
Whispering neighbours, left and right,  
Pluck us from the real delight;  
And the active hands must freeze  
Lonely on the separate knees.

Starving through the leafless wood  
Trolls run scolding for their food;  
And the nightingale is dumb,  
And the angel will not come.

Dead in hundreds at the back  
Follow wooden in our track,  
Arms raised stiffly to reprove  
In false attitudes of love.

Cold, impossible, ahead  
Lifts the mountain's lovely head  
Whose white waterfall could bless  
Travellers in their last distress.



### Seascape

Look, stranger, at this island now  
 The leaping light for your delight discovers,  
 Stand stable here  
 And silent be,  
 That through the channels of the ear  
 May wander like a river  
 The swaying sound of the sea.

Here at the small field's ending pause  
 Where the chalk wall falls to the foam, and its tall ledges  
 Oppose the pluck  
 And knock of the tide,  
 And the shingle scrambles after the sucking  
 surf, and the gull lodges  
 A moment on its sheer side.

Far off like floating seeds the ships  
 Diverge on urgent voluntary errands;  
 And the full view  
 Indeed may enter  
 And move in memory as now these clouds do,  
 That pass the harbour mirror  
 And all the summer through the water saunter.

### Nocturne

Now through night's caressing grip  
 Earth and all her oceans slip,  
 Capes of China slide away  
 From her fingers into day  
 And the Americas incline  
 Coasts towards her shadow line.  
 Now the ragged vagrants creep  
 Into crooked holes to sleep;  
 Just and unjust, worst and best,  
 Change their places as they rest:  
 Awkward lovers lie in fields  
 Where disdainful beauty yields:

While the splendid and the proud  
 Naked stand before the crowd  
 And the losing gambler gains  
 And the beggar entertains:  
 May sleep's healing power extend  
 Through these hours to our friend.  
 Unpursued by hostile force  
 Traction engine, bull or horse  
 Or revolting succubus;  
 Calmly till the morning break  
 Let him lie, then gently wake.

**As it is, plenty**

As it is, plenty;  
 As it's admitted  
 The children happy  
 And the car, the car  
 That goes so far  
 And the wife devoted:  
 To this as it is,  
 To the work and the banks  
 Let his thinning hair  
 And his hauteur  
 Give thanks, give thanks.

All that was thought  
 As like as not, is not;  
 When nothing was enough  
 But love, but love  
 And the rough future  
 Of an intransigent nature  
 And the betraying smile:  
 Betraying, but a smile,  
 That that is not, is not;  
 Forget, forget.

Let him not cease to praise  
 Then his spacious days;  
 Yes, and the success  
 Let him bless, let him bless:  
 Let him see in this  
 The profits larger  
 And the sins venal,  
 Lest he see as it is  
 The loss as major  
 And final, final.

### About The Aldeburgh Connection

We present a series of five Sunday afternoon concerts here in Walter Hall. Each programme is built around a musical, historical or literary theme. Come to our **Christmas Party** on December 4, when **Carla Huhtanen** and **Tyler Duncan** sing songs associated with Advent and Christmas. In the second half of the programme an expanded cast, including **Colin Ainsworth** and **Stephen Erickson**, will perform excerpts from Britten's *Paul Bunyan*, ending with its uproarious Christmas Party. On January 15, we observe Mozart's quarter millennium in a concert called *Mozart and Friends*, with **Nathalie Paulin**, soprano, **Colin Ainsworth** tenor and the **University of Toronto Opera Chorus** performing songs, opera and oratorio by Mozart and by other composers who revered him. On February 19, sopranos **Gillian Keith** and **Michèle Bogdanowicz** and baritone **Jesse Clark** will join us for *Fêtes galantes* — an afternoon in the company of Claude Debussy. We end the series on April 30 with a programme called *Lady Blarney*, where we travel through Upper Canada with the Irish writer Anna Jameson, who came here in 1836 to join her husband, our first Attorney-General. Singers are soprano **Monica Whicher**, mezzo **Elizabeth Turnbull** and tenor **Michael Barrett**. Concerts take place in Walter Hall; single tickets are \$45. Please call (416) 735-7982 or book online at [www.aldeburghconnection.org](http://www.aldeburghconnection.org).



Our second Young Artists Recital will take place on Tuesday, January 31 with four more young singers: **Lucia Cesaroni**, soprano, **Hélène Couture**, mezzo, **Sasha Bataligin**, tenor and **Trevor Bowes**, baritone. Tickets for these concerts are \$15/\$10 seniors and students, and may be purchased from the Faculty of Music Box Office at (416) 978-3744.

Our annual Greta Kraus Schubertiad, entitled *Schubert's Florilegium*, takes place in the Glenn Gould Studio on Tuesday, May 9. Soprano **Shannon Mercer** and baritone **Joshua Hopkins** herald the spring season with songs exploring Schubert's excursions into the world of flowers, and we continue our celebrations at a festive intermission party with pastries and wine. Single tickets are \$50 and may be ordered from the Glenn Gould Studio box office at (416) 205-5555. And on Wednesday, May 25, we close the season in Walter Hall with a *Lieder Recital* with tenor **Michael Schade**. Tickets are \$45, and may be purchased from our box office at (416) 735-7982, or online at [www.aldeburghconnection.org](http://www.aldeburghconnection.org).

For more information about these or about the other concerts in the Sunday Series, please call (416) 735-7982 or visit [www.aldeburghconnection.org](http://www.aldeburghconnection.org) — we will be happy to mail you a brochure.



**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. Artistic directors Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata have visited and worked there for many summers, as has a large number of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.

**Brenna Conrad** is from Nova Scotia, and came to Toronto to pursue studies at the Faculty of Music at the University of Toronto, where she is in the studio of Peter Barnes. She is the winner of singing awards from the National Association of Teachers of Singing and the Kiwanis Festivals. She has performed in recital across the Maritime provinces, notably with the Nova Scotia International Tattoo. She particularly enjoys singing the songs of Brahms, as well as operatic repertoire, and is looking forward to a career on the opera stage.

**Michael Adair** is currently pursuing an Opera diploma from the University of Toronto Opera Division under the guidance of his current teacher Prof. Darryl Edwards. His most recent appearance was as Herr Fluth in Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Highlights of previous roles at the University of Toronto include Betto and Il Notaio in *Gianni Schicchi*, and High Priest in *Semele*. With Opera NUOVA he has appeared as Starveling in *A Midsummer Night's Dr's Susannah*. He has also appeared in productions with Opera Atelier including *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Die Zauberflöte*, and most recently in *Don Giovanni* in Seoul, Korea. As a soloist he has performed *Messiah* with the Canadian Sinfonietta, Mozart's *Requiem* with the Hart House Chamber Orchestra, sang Adam in Haydn's *Creation* for Maestro Helmuth Rilling, Mendelssohn's *Vom Himmel Hoch*



with the Elmer Iseler Singers and in December of this year will be appearing with the MacMillan Singers in Honegger's *Une Cantate de Noel*.

**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*, and appearing in many recital engagements with Catherine Robbin here in Canada and on tour in France, and has toured 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* on the Marquis Label. Mr Ubukata is also an accomplished organist and harpsichordist.

Celebrating 150 years of serving Canadians in 2005, TD Bank Financial Group is committed to supporting music in Canada. In addition to supporting the Aldeburgh Connection, TD Bank Financial Group sponsors Learning through The Arts, a public school program created by the Royal Conservatory of Music, the National Youth Orchestra of Canada, a number of major Canadian jazz festivals, and the Canadian Opera Company. TD Bank Financial Group also supports a variety of regional and national programs across Canada that promote health, education and the environment.



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