

THE  
*Aldburgh*  
CONNECTION

# The Great Song Marathon



**Walter Hall**

**Saturday, January 19, 2002**

**10:30 am**

**2:30 pm**

**7:30 pm**

*For their support of today's presentation  
we would like to thank:*

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CBC Radio Two congratulates The Aldeburgh Connection on its 20th Anniversary. CBC is a proud supporter of The Aldeburgh Connection and of Canadian music and musicians everywhere.

Studio Cafe at Four Seasons Hotel Toronto, Avenue Road and Yorkville (2nd floor), is offering ticket holders to the entire day of concerts a complimentary dessert with the purchase of an entree at either lunch or dinner, on presentation of a Day Pass Card. The Pass will be honoured on January 19th only, subject to availability. For reservations please call 416 928-7330.

If you wish to take advantage of this offer, please pick up your Day Pass Card from either the box office on the main floor, or our desk in the lobby. Your three tickets/ticket stubs for the morning, afternoon and evening concerts are proof of purchase.



FOUR SEASONS HOTEL  
*Toronto*

## The Great Song Marathon

Saturday, January 19, 2002

Welcome to the third presentation in our triptych of twentieth anniversary events! Our ideas concerning this 'Great Song Marathon' have evolved during the passage of time since the idea first came to us. Rather than simply presenting an unconnected sequence of all-time favourites (either ours or yours!), we have decided to structure the three sessions according to the time of day, providing an obvious framework at the start. Developing this thought, we felt it allowable to include songs of spring in the morning, of summer in the afternoon and of winter in the evening. There will also be some reflection of young love and its beginnings in the morning, of the happiness (or sadness) of a full-blown affair in the afternoon and, finally, of measured reflection, either rueful or fulfilled, in the evening.

We hope you will find sense in the results and will enjoy our choices. At the same time, of course, we have sought to give a hearing to all of the major periods and schools of artsong writing and have included genuine, undisputed masterpieces from each. Inevitably, our choices would not necessarily have been yours. But it is *our* anniversary!

Our singers, too, range excitingly from some of Canada's leading international stars to the young performers just emerging from the Faculty of Music. All of them are donating their services, for which we are sincerely grateful. The proceeds of this Marathon will be added to the endowed funds of the Greta Kraus Scholarships and the Lois Marshall Memorial Scholarships. We are delighted to assist the Faculty in the encouragement and presentation of young singers. Over the years of their work here, the singer Lois Marshall and the harpsichordist and pianist Greta Kraus educated generations of Canadian singers. Their help was incalculable and their inspiration lives on. If you would like to contribute to the scholarships established in their names, please contact:

Mai King, Development Administrator,  
Faculty of Music, Edward Johnson Building,  
80 Queen's Park, Toronto, Ontario M5S 2C5  
(Telephone: (416) 946-3580)

# Morning Session:

*"C'est le premier matin du monde"*  
(Fauré, Op. 95/1)

10:30 am

Paradis (*La Chanson d'Eve*) (Charles van Lerberghe), Op. 95/1  
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Catherine Robbin mezzo

Fussreise ( <i>Eduard Mörike</i> )	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Anakreons Grab ( <i>Johann Wolfgang von Goethe</i> )	Wolf
Und steht Ihr früh am Morgen auf vom Bette ( <i>Paul Heyse</i> )	Wolf
Geselle, woll'n wir uns in Kutt'en hüllen ( <i>Heyse</i> )	Wolf

Jesse Clark baritone

Five popular Greek melodies	Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
Le Réveil de la mariée	
Là-bas, vers l'église	
Quel galant m'est comparable	
Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques	
Tout gai!	

Ariana Chris mezzo

Ne poj, krasavica!	Sergei Rachmaninov (1873-1943)
( <i>Aleksander Pushkin</i> ), Op. 4/4	
Siren' ( <i>Ekaterina Beketova</i> ), Op. 21/5	Rachmaninov
Vesennije vody ( <i>Fyodor Tyutchev</i> ), Op. 14/1	Rachmaninov

Rachel Cleland soprano



From *Chansons gaillardes* (anon., 17th c.) Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)  
 La maîtresse volage  
 Chanson à boire  
 Madrigal

From *Chansons villageoises* (Maurice Fombeure) Poulenc  
 C'est le joli printemps  
 Les gars qui vont à la fête

**Julien Patenaude** *baritone*

### Intermission

Flickån kam ifran sin älsklings möte (*Johan Ludwig Runeberg*), Op 4b  
 Wilhelm Stenhammar (1871-1927)

I skogen (*A.T. Gellerstadt*) Stenhammar

Flickån kam ifran sin älsklings möte (*Runeberg*), Op 37/5  
 Jan Sibelius (1865-1957)

**Glynis Ratcliffe** *soprano*

From *A Song for the Lord Mayor's Table* William Walton (1902-83)

The Lord Mayor's Table (*Thomas Jordan — for the Lord Mayor 1674*)

Holy Thursday (*William Blake*)

The Contrast (*Charles Morris*)

Rhyme (*anon. 18th cent*)

**Mehgan Atchison** *soprano*

All mein' Gedanken, mein Herz und mein Sinn (*Felix Dahn*), Op. 21/1  
 Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Du meines Herzens Krönelein (*Felix Dahn*), Op. 21/2 Strauss

Das Rosenband (*Friedrich Klopstock*), Op. 36/1 Strauss

Hat gesagt (*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*), Op. 36/3 Strauss

**Carla Huhtanen** *soprano*

Ganymed (*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*), D 544

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Der Jungling an die Quelle (*Johann Gaudenz von Salis*), D.300

Schubert

Der Musensohn (*Goethe*), D.764

Schubert

**Michael Schade** *tenor*

### Afternoon Session:

*"Let the hot sun shine on!"*  
(*Britten, On this Island*)

2:30 pm

Silent Noon (*Dante Gabriel Rossetti*)

**Ralph Vaughan Williams** (1872-1958)

From *Songs of Travel* (*Robert Louis Stevenson*)

Vaughan Williams

The Roadside Fire

Bright is the ring of words

**Robert Stewart** *baritone*

From *Three Sonnets of Petrarch*

**Franz Liszt** (1811-86)

Pace non trovo

Benedetto sia 'l giorno

**Darryl Edwards** *tenor*

From *Canciones amorias*

**Enrique Granados** (1867-1916)

Mira que soy niña

Mañanica era

Gracia mía

**Valdine Anderson** *soprano*

From *Seven Elizabethan Lyrics*, Op 12

My life's delight (*Thomas Campion*)

Damask roses (*anon.*)

By a fountainside (*Ben Jonson*)

Fair house of joy (*Tobias Hume*)

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

**Michael Colvin** *tenor*

From *On this Island* (*W. H. Auden*)

Let the florid music praise

Now the leaves are falling fast

Seascape

As it is, plenty

Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

**Monica Whicher** *soprano*

### Intermission

Der Jäger (*Friedrich Halm*), Op. 95/4

Sapphische Ode (*Hans Schmidt*), Op. 94/4

Botschaft (*Georg Friedrich Daumer*), Op. 47/1

Johannes Brahms (1833-97)

**Brahms**

**Brahms**

**Mary Bella** *soprano*

Die Bürgschaft (*Friedrich von Schiller*), D. 246

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

**Russell Braun** *baritone*

From *Five Songs of Mathilde Wesendonck*

Im Treibhaus

Schmerzen

Träume

Richard Wagner (1813-83)

**Janet Harach** *soprano*

# Evening Session:

*"Sei wach und munter!"*  
(Schumann, Op. 39/10)

7:30 pm

An die Nacht (*Clemens von Brentano*), Op. 68/1

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Ich wollt ein Sträusslein binden (*Brentano*), Op. 68/2

Strauss

Säusle, liebe Myrthe (*Brentano*), Op. 68/3

Strauss

**Lorna MacDonald** *soprano*

Chansons de Bilitis (*Pierre Louÿs*)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

La Flûte de Pan

La Chevelure

Le Tombeau des Nâïades

**Norine Burgess** *mezzo*

From *Liederkreis* (*Joseph von Eichendorff*), Op 39

Robert Schumann (1810-56)

Waldeggespräch

Zwielicht

Frühlingsnacht

**Catherine Robbin** *mezzo*

Drei Lieder nach Hildegard Jone, Op. 25

Anton Webern (1883-1945)

Wie bin ich froh!

Des Herzens Purpurvogel fliegt durch Nacht

Sterne, Ihr silbernen Bienen

**Valdine Anderson** *soprano*

Lullaby (*Thomas Dekker*)

Peter Warlock (1894-1930)

Sleep (*John Fletcher*)

Warlock

The Fox (*Bruce Blunt*)

Warlock

Yarmouth Fair (*Hal Collins*)

Warlock

**Giles Tomkins** *baritone*



## Intermission

From *Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo*

Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

Veggio co' bei vostri occhi

Rendete a gli occhi miei

S'un casto amor

Spirto ben nato

Colin Ainsworth *tenor*

I went to a marvellous party

Noel Coward (1899-1973)

Bruce Ubukata

A Man and his Flute (*Miriam Waddington*)

John Beckwith (b. 1927)

My Lute, Awake (*Sir Thomas Wyatt*)

Welford Russell (1900-75)

Abschied (*Eduard Mörike*)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Monica Whicher *soprano*

Morgen! (*John Henry Mackay*), Op. 27/4

Strauss

Catherine Robbin *mezzo*

A Canadian Encore ...

Mary Lou Fallis *soprano*

**Colin Ainsworth** is enrolled in the Opera Division, where he recently sang the title role in *Albert Herring*. He already has a flourishing solo career with orchestras and choirs. Opera engagements have included Tamino for Saskatoon Opera in *The Magic Flute*, as well as in Germany and the Czech Republic. He has appeared in recital at the Guelph Spring Festival and his schedule includes recent and upcoming concert appearances with the Mississauga Choral Society, the Talisker Players, the Orpheus Choir, the Menno Singers, and Bach's *St John Passion* at the Winter Park Bach Festival in Florida.

**Valdine Anderson** performs throughout the world in operatic and concert repertoire ranging from the baroque to modern, and is renowned as one of the leading singers in the contemporary repertoire. Her greatly acclaimed European debut in Thomas Adès' opera *Powder Her Face* at the Cheltenham Festival, was followed by Gavin Bryars' *Dr Ox's Experiment* with English National Opera, and Elliott Carter's opera *What Next?* in Amsterdam and London. She has collaborated with composers such as George Benjamin, Sir Harrison Birtwistle, Pierre Boulez, Gavin Bryars and Gérard Grisey, and with the leading conductors throughout Europe and North America and on CD.

**Mehgan Atchison** is a recent graduate of the University of Toronto's Opera Division, where she sang the role of Elizabeth Hughes in *The Last Duel* by Gary Kulesha and Michael Patrick Albano, Lisette in Puccini's *La rondine*, the Princess in Ravel's *L'Enfant et les sortilèges* and Helena in Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. She was soloist in Brahms's *Ein Deutsches Requiem* with the Victoria Symphony, was heard on CBC's *Two New Hours* in a performance of Marc Hyland's *Afterdreamingly* with New Music Concerts, and has sung and recorded various roles in Harry Somers' opera *Serinettes* with Soundstreams Canada. Future engagements include a performance of songs by James Rolfe with the Talisker Players.

**Mary Bella** holds a Masters in Music (Performance) and an Opera Diploma from the University of Toronto, and she is now pursuing a career in concert, opera and recital. She has appeared with the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, the Toronto Classical Singers, and sang the world première of Imant Raminsh's *Te Deum* with Chorus Niagara. She was an acclaimed Poppea in *L'incoronazione di Poppea* in Montréal, the Second Lady in *The Magic Flute* with Manitoba Opera and took part in a workshop presentation of Dean Burry's new opera *The Brothers Grimm* with the COC. She also performs in solo recital and in duet programmes with her husband, tenor Michael Colvin.

**Russell Braun** is one of the most sought-after lyric baritones on the international stage, performing at the Metropolitan Opera, Salzburg Festival, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Hamburg Staatsoper, l'Opéra de Paris and the Canadian Opera Company, where he thrilled Toronto audiences with his masterful performance as Billy Budd last season. A concert artist with major orchestras throughout North America and Europe, Mr. Braun also balances his schedule to accommodate the



great demand for his recital performances. His discography features the JUNO award-winning *Apollo e Dafne* with Les Violons du Roy, *Dido and Aeneas*, and *Soirée Française* and *Serata Italiana* with tenor Michael Schade.

**Norine Burgess's** compelling stage presence and beauty of tone have brought her to the attention of opera houses and orchestras internationally. Her debut at the Salzburg Festival in 1997 was in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* as the Second Lady, and she repeated this role in 1999. The following year she returned to Salzburg to sing the role of Neris in Cherubini's *Médée* under the direction of Sir Charles Mackerras. She appears on concert stages across the nation, performs regularly with Vancouver, Edmonton and Calgary Operas, and she will make her Arizona Opera debut in March 2002.

**Ariana Chris** is currently studying in the University of Toronto's Opera Diploma programme, where she has taken part in the major productions, most recently singing Nancy in Britten's *Albert Herring*. She will sing the lead role of Boulotte in the upcoming production of Offenbach's *Barbe-bleue*. Last summer was spent at the Aspen Music Festival where, in addition to her operatic performances, she was invited to sing a gala concert with pianist Leon Fleischer. She has also performed Ravel recitals in northern Italy and at the prestigious Oberlin Conservatory.

**Jesse Clark** is in his final year of studies with the Opera Division. In addition to his recent roles with the school, as the Vicar in Britten's *Albert Herring*, le Fauteuil in Ravel's *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*, and John Wilson in Gary Kulesha's *The Last Duel*, he has appeared in musical theatre productions, including *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum* in Lindsay, Ontario. In 1988, as a treble, he had the distinction of singing with The Aldeburgh Connection at both *Music at Sharon* and in the Walter Hall Sunday Series, premiering a major new commission, *Nicholas Knock*, by composer Derek Holman, a setting of Dennis Lee's poem.

**Rachel Cleland** is in her second year of study with the Opera Division. Her roles there have included Carolyn Boulton in Kulesha's *The Last Duel*, Minerva in the Prologue to Rameau's *Castor et Pollux*, and both Lady Billows and Cis in Britten's *Albert Herring*. Her oratorio repertoire encompasses *Messiah*, Britten's *Te Deum*, Haydn's *The Creation* and John Rutter's *Magnificat*, and she will perform the role of Eurydice in Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice* at Opera Nuova in Edmonton in the summer of 2002.

**Michael Colvin** has appeared in many COC productions, including Britten's *Rape of Lucretia*, *Idomeneo*, *Il tabarro* and Randolph Peters' *The Golden Ass*, and in the upcoming *Il viaggio a Reims*. He recently debuted with the Montreal Symphony, has sung with both the National Arts Centre Orchestra and L'Orchestre Symphonique de Québec and has been involved in a number of recent world premieres including Christos Hatzis' *Everlasting Light*. He was featured on

BRAVO's 'Wholenotes' series, was the voice behind the Opera Bear in Nissan's 2000 Pathfinder commercial, and made his big-screen debut as Don Ottavio in the Rhombus Media film *Don Giovanni: Leporello's Revenge* starring baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky.

**Darryl Edwards** is a Professor of Singing at the University of Toronto. He has appeared across Canada, the US, and in Europe. Some highlights of past seasons include Handel's *Samson* with Orchestra London, Orff's *Carmina Burana* in Kingston, Calgary, London and Guelph, Sousa's *El Capitain* at the Krannert Centre, the Lloyd Webber *Requiem* with the Bachchor of Coburg, Germany, Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* with the Montreal Symphony, Britten's *St Nicholas* in London and his *Serenade* for tenor, horn and strings in Chicago. He recently sang Kodaly's *Psalmus Hungaricus* in Calgary and gave a recital at the Kodaly Society's National Conference in London.

**Mary Lou Fallis** is one of Canada's national treasures. Her international operatic career furnished material for her hilarious ACTRA Award-winning show *Primadonna*, based on her own life as a singer. Following the success of *Primadonna*, other shows arrived in dazzling succession, including *Emma*, *Queen of Song*, about the real-life Canadian diva, Emma Albani; *The Mrs. Bach Show*, hosted by Anna Magdalena, the wife of J.S. Bach; and *Ms. Mozart*, the story of Nannerl, sister of the more famous Wolfgang. Mary Lou Fallis also enjoys a parallel career as an opera and oratorio performer of impeccable credentials.

**Janet Harach** is completing the Master of Music Programme in Vocal Performance at the University of Toronto. She has presented recitals in Ottawa with Opera Lyra, Studio Opera Guild, the National Capital Opera Society, the Ottawa Choral Society, and with Prairie Performances, Winnipeg, and has been featured on CBC Radio. She has appeared in *Le nozze di Figaro* in Saskatoon, in Opera Lyra's *Rigoletto*, and in *Cavalleria rusticana* in Porto Allegre, Brazil, and was Lady Billows in the Opera Division's recent *Albert Herring*. In February, she will sing Sieglinde, in Act I of a concert version of *Die Walküre* at the Arts and Letters Club.

**Carla Huhtanen** graduated from the Opera Division in 2000, and is establishing a busy operatic and concert career, focused primarily in Europe. She has toured in the cities of Seinajoki, Vaasa and Kokkola Ostrobothnia, Finland, and sang the roles of Daisy Park in Gershwin's *Lady, be Good* and Atanais in Cherubini's *Anacreon* at the Teatro La Fenice in Venice, was Despina in *Così fan tutte* at the Orford Arts Festival and Lisetta in Rossini's *La Gazetta* at Garsington Opera. She has appeared at Roy Thomson Hall, the Toronto Centre for the Arts and the Glenn Gould Studio in repertoire ranging from solo recitals of Scandinavian art song to contemporary repertoire.

**Lorna MacDonald** enjoys a career of distinction as a singer and voice teacher. She chairs the Voice Studies and was recently named to the Lois Marshall Chair in Voice Studies at the University of Toronto. Her passion for teaching and singing thrives equally between stage and



studio. In 1997 she received Ontario's prestigious OCUFA Award for teaching excellence and outstanding contributions to university teaching. In the United States (1978-1994), she received awards from the Metropolitan Opera, Chicago Lyric, Dallas, Fort Worth Opera guilds and the National Opera Association. She has given numerous premières of new works and she delights in chamber music performance.

**Julien Patenaude** completed his Bachelor and Masters in Voice Interpretation at l'Université de Montréal, and is in his second year of study with the Opera Division, where he has sung Papageno in *Die Zauberflöte*, Don Alfonso in *Così fan tutte*, Schaunard in *Bohème*, and Sid in *Albert Herring*. He has attended summer workshops at the Orford Festival and the Brevard Music Centre. Upcoming is a recital for Radio Canada's *Jeunes Artistes* Series.

**Glynis Ratcliffe** is in the Master of Music Programme in Voice Performance at the University, concentrating on art song and early music. She has appeared in concert with the Toronto Mendelssohn Youth Choir and the Scarborough Schools Youth Choir, U of T Women's Chorus, and Ensemble Unterwegs. She was a featured artist in a composers' showcase at The Music Gallery, singing works by Andrew Ager and Bruce Nichol, has taken part in concerts of early music with the University's Historical Performance Department, and opera productions at the University, where she sang the role of Sister Catherine in Poulenc's *Dialogues des Carmélites*.

**Catherine Robbin** is welcomed on the world's concert and recital stages in repertoire ranging from Bach and Handel to Britten, Elgar, Schubert, Mahler and Berlioz. Conductors including Christopher Hogwood, John Eliot Gardiner, Simon Rattle, Nicholas McGegan, Bruno Weil, Hans Graf, Bernard Labadie and John Nelson vie for her services both on stage and in the recording studio. A highlight this year is the Canadian première of Penderecki's *Credo* at the International Choral Festival in Toronto with the composer conducting. She sings with the Bach Choir of Bethlehem in Bach's *Magnificat*, *Cantata No. 36* with Portland Baroque, *Messiah* with Tafelmusik, the *St. Matthew Passion* with the Vancouver Bach Choir, and will debut with Chicago's Music of the Baroque in a Vivaldi Festival.

**Robert Stewart** studied at the University of Toronto and at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama in Edinburgh, where he sang the Fauré *Requiem*, Berlioz *L'Enfance du Christ*, Beethoven's *Schottische Lieder*, Dvorak's *Te Deum*, and the Prologue from Poulenc's *Les Mamelles de Tirésias* in a performance at Covent Garden. He was a Vocal Fellow and appeared in performances at Tanglewood, has been a guest with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and with the Aradia Baroque Ensemble, with whom he has made several recordings. He is a regular soloist for the Amadeus Choir of Greater Toronto, and has appeared in concert with the Bell' Arte Singers and the Gentlemen and Boys of St. Simon's.

**Michael Schade** is one of the leading Mozart tenors on the stage today. He sings at the Salzburg Festival, Metropolitan Opera, La Scala, l'Opéra de Paris, San Francisco Opera, Chicago Lyric Opera, and Los Angeles Opera. A favourite at the Vienna Staatsoper, he has performed in *Don Giovanni*, *Die schweigsame Frau*, *Così fan tutte*, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, *Arabella*, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* and *L'elisir d'amore*, and he will appear with the COC in its upcoming *Il viaggio a Reims*. A much sought-after concert and recital artist, he is heard throughout North America and Europe. He has recorded with many prominent conductors including new releases of *Das Lied von der Erde* under Pierre Boulez, and *Serata Italiana* with Russell Braun. Future releases feature a solo recording on Hyperion, *Orlando Paladino* with Cecilia Bartoli and *Die Meistersinger* with Ben Heppner.

**Giles Tomkins** has just entered his fourth year at the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto. He has competed in many music festivals throughout Ontario and was named "Most Promising Junior College Singer" by the National Association of Teachers of Singing, Ontario Festival, in both 1999 and 2000. He has been a guest soloist with the Toronto Children's Chorus, the MacMillan Singers, and the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, where he performed the role of Pilatus in Bach's *St. John Passion*. His operatic roles include Colline in Puccini's *La bohème*, the Doctor in Barber's *Vanessa*, Le Roi in Thomas's *Hamlet*, and Superintendent Budd in Britten's *Albert Herring*.

**Monica Whicher** is noted for the musical elegance she brings to her concert and opera stage performances. Lully, Brahms, Haydn and Mahler highlighted her last season and reflect her artistic range — her recent performance as Mérope in Lully's *Persée* for Opera Atelier was highly acclaimed. This season's highlights are *Messiah* with the Iseler Singers and the Vancouver Bach Choir, a Mozart concert with the Thunder Bay Symphony and concerts with the Toronto Bach Consort. On the opera stage, she stars for Pacific Opera Victoria as Cleopatra in Handel's *Julius Caesar*. Her discography includes recordings with the Bach Consort, and of Schubert and Hatzis.

**Stephen Ralls** and **Bruce Ubukata** are the founders and co-artistic directors of The Aldeburgh Connection, a Toronto-based group which presents concerts specializing in the song repertoire. This is the third in a trio of special concerts given in celebration of The Aldeburgh Connection's 20th Anniversary. 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.



The Aldeburgh Connection's next presentation will take place on Friday, February 8, 2002 at 8 pm in the Glenn Gould Studio. This recital of works by Benjamin Britten will feature two of today's singers, mezzo **Catherine Robbin** and tenor **Colin Ainsworth**. The programme will include two of Britten's song cycles, *A Charm of Lullabies* and *Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo*, along with his *Canticle II, Abraham and Isaac*, other songs and folk-song settings.

Tickets (\$30/\$25 seniors and students) may be purchased from The Glenn Gould Studio box office at 416 205-5555.

# The Great Song Marathon

Saturday, January 19, 2002

2:30 pm

## Afternoon Session:

*"Let the hot sun shine on!"*  
(Britten, *On this Island*)

*Please reserve your applause until the end of each singer's group of songs* ∞

**Robert Stewart** *baritone*

**Silent Noon** (*Dante Gabriel Rossetti*)

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, —  
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:  
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms  
'Neath billowing clouds that scatter and amass.  
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,  
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge  
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.  
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragon-fly  
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: —  
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.  
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,  
This close-companioned inarticulate hour  
When twofold silence was the song of love.

*Please turn page quietly*



**From *Songs of Travel* (Robert Louis Stevenson)**

**Vaughan Williams**

**The Roadside Fire**

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight  
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.  
I will make a palace fit for you and me  
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen and you shall keep your room,  
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,  
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white  
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,  
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!  
That only I remember, that only you admire,  
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

**Bright is the ring of words**

Bright is the ring of words  
    When the right man rings them,  
Fair the fall of songs  
    When the singer sings them,  
Still they are carolled and said —  
    On wings they are carried —  
After the singer is dead  
    And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies  
    In the field of heather,  
Songs of his fashion bring  
    The swains together.  
And when the west is red  
    With the sunset embers,  
The lover lingers and sings  
    And the maid remembers.



**Darryl Edwards** *tenor*

**From *Three Sonnets of Petrarch***

**Franz Liszt (1811-86)**

**Pace non trovo**

I have no peace, but dare not fight. I fear, I hope, and burn and  
freeze: I fly above the sky and collapse to the earth; I grasp nothing  
while embracing the whole world.

I'm in a prison, not open, not closed, neither a slave, nor free to go,  
love kills me not, nor releases me, nor lets me live, nor lightens my  
load.

Without eyes I stare, without voice I cry: wishing to die yet seeking  
help, I hate myself and love others.

I fulfill myself in grief and laugh in tears; I am balanced between life and death. Lady, this is the state I'm in because of you, O Laura, because of you!

**Benedetto sia 'l giorno**

Blest be the day, the month, the year, the season, the weather, the hour, the moment, the lovely land and place, where I first met the pair of eyes whose beauty bound me to them.

And blest be the first sweet stab of love that overcame me, the bow and the arrows that hit me and the wounds that reached into my heart.

Blest be the countless echoes, which respond to the name of Laura. And the sighing, the crying, and the pining.

And blest be my many folios in which her fame is published, and my thoughts of her alone, those shared with no one.



**Valdine Anderson soprano**

From *Canciones amatorias* (Rodriguez) Enrique Granados (1867-1916)

**Mira que soy niña**

See that I am a child, love, leave me! Ah, I would die! Let me pass, love, don't refuse my will, don't wish me harm, but wish me well until you see me, without drawing near. Ah, I would die!

Don't be daring now, capriciously. Ah, Be grateful to the one who adores you, or you will blemish my love and your faith. Ah, I would die!

**Mañana era**

It was daybreak, the morning of Saint John was dawning when in a fresh garden that goddess Venus was enjoying the cool air under the shadow of a jasmine. With her hair, she resembled a seraph. With her cheeks and her lips of a ruby colour and the design of her face she looked like a cherub. There she was making a rich cushion of flowers in bloom, a garland of roses for the one who was coming to die, loyally, of love without revealing it to anybody.

**Gracia mía**

My graceful one, I swear to God you are such a fair creature, were beauty to be lost, it would be found in you. My life would be blessed to be lost in you, for it would be lost only to gain.

Oh! You would be two beauties in just one body, were beauty to be lost, it would be found in you. In your little green eyes you show us your courage that inspires love, and the eyelashes are heavens, born for our own good.



Michael Colvin *tenor*From *Seven Elizabethan Lyrics*, Op 12

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

**My life's delight** (*Thomas Campion*)

Come, O come, my life's delight!

Let me not in languor pine:

Love loves no delay, thy sight

The more enjoyed, the more divine.

O come, and take from me

The pain of being deprived of thee.

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,

Like a little world of bliss:

Beauty guards thy looks: the rose

In them pure and eternal is.

Come then! and make thy flight

As swift to me as heavenly light!

**Damask roses** (*anon.*)

Lady, when I behold the roses, sprouting,

Which clad in damask mantles, deck the arbours,

And then behold your lips where sweet love harbours,

My eyes present me with a double doubting;

For, viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes

Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.

**By a fountainside** (*Ben Jonson*)

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears:

Yet slower, yet; O faintly, gentle springs:

List to the heavy part the music bears,

Woe weeps out her division when she sings.

Droop herbs and flowers,

Fall grief in showers,

Our beauties are not ours;

Or I could still,

Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,

Drop, drop, drop, drop,

Since nature's pride is, now, a withered daffodil.

**Fair house of joy** (*Tobias Hume*)

Fain would I change that note

To which fond Love hath charm'd me

Long, long to sing by rote,

Fancying that that harm'd me:

Yet when this thought doth come

'Love is the perfect sum



Of all delight!  
 I have no other choice  
 Either for pen or voice  
 To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much  
 That say thy sweet is bitter,  
 When thy rich fruit is such  
 As nothing can be sweeter.  
 Fair house of joy and bliss,  
 Where truest pleasure is,  
 I do adore thee:  
 I know thee what thou art,  
 I serve thee with my heart,  
 And fall before thee.

**Monica Whicher soprano**

From *On this Island* (W. H. Auden)

Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

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

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

## 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.

## Intermission

Mary Bella *soprano***Der Jäger** (*Friedrich Halm*), Op. 95/4

Johannes Brahms (1833-97)

The hunter: My love is a hunter, and green is his clothing, and blue are his eyes, only his heart is too open. My love is a hunter: he always hits his mark, and he captivates the maidens, as many as he wants.

My love is a hunter — he knows all the paths and trails, but to me he will come only through the door of the church!

**Sapphische Ode** (*Hans Schmidt*), Op. 94/4

Brahms

Sapphic Ode: Roses from the dark hedge I plucked at night; they breathed sweeter fragrance than ever during the day; but the moving branches abundantly shed the dew that showered me.

Thus your kisses' fragrance enticed me as never before, as at night I plucked the flower of your lips: but you too, moved in spirit as they were, shed a dew of tears.

**Botschaft** (*Georg Friedrich Daumer*), Op. 47/1

Brahms

Message: Blow, breeze, gentle and loving, about the cheek of my beloved, play tenderly in her locks, be not swift to fly away.

If then she should ask how things are with poor me, say: "Infinite has been his woe, most critical his state; but now he can hope gloriously to revive, for you, sweet one, are thinking of him."

Russell Braun *baritone*

Die Bürgschaft (*Friedrich von Schiller*), D. 246

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

The hostage

Zu Dionys, dem Tyrannen,  
schlich  
Moros, den Dolch im Gewande:  
Ihn schlugen die Häscher in  
Bande,

"Was wolltest du mit dem  
Dolche? sprich!"

Entgegnet ihm finster der  
Wüterich.

"Die Stadt vom Tyrannen  
befreien!"

"Das sollst du am Kreuze  
bereuen."

"Ich bin", spricht jener, "zu  
sterben bereit  
Und bitte nicht um mein Leben:  
Doch willst du Gnade mir geben,  
Ich flehe dich um drei Tage Zeit,  
Bis ich die Schwester dem Gatten  
gefreit;  
Ich lasse den Freund dir als  
Bürgen —  
Ihn magst du, entrinn' ich,  
erwürgen."

Da lächelt der König mit arger  
List  
Und spricht nach kurzem  
Bedenken:  
"Drei Tage will ich dir schenken;  
Doch wisse, wenn sie verstrichen,  
die Frist,  
Eh' du zurück mir gegeben bist,  
So muß er statt deiner erblassen,  
Doch dir ist die Strafe  
erlassen."

Moros, his dagger concealed in his  
cloak, stealthily  
approached the tyrant Dionysos.  
The henchman clapped him in  
irons.

"What did you intend with your  
dagger? Speak!"

The evil tyrant asked  
menacingly.

"To free this city from  
the tyrant."

"You shall rue this on  
the cross."

"I am," he said, "ready  
to die,  
and do not beg for my life.  
But if you will show me clemency  
I ask from you three days' grace  
until I have given my sister in  
marriage.  
As surety I will leave you my  
friend —  
if I fail, then  
hang him."

The king smiled with evil-  
cunning,  
and after reflecting awhile  
spoke:  
"I will grant you three days,  
but know this: if the time  
runs out  
before you are returned to me  
he must die instead of you,  
but you will be spared  
punishment."



Und er kommt zum Freunde:

"Der König gebeut,  
Daß ich am Kreuz mit dem  
Leben  
Bezahle das frevelnde Streben.  
Doch will er mir gönnen drei Tage  
Zeit,  
Bis ich die Schwester dem Gatten  
gefreit;  
So bleib du dem König zum Pfande,  
Bis ich komme zu lösen die Bande."

He went to his friend.

"The king decrees  
that I am to pay on the cross with  
my life  
for my attempted crime.  
But he is willing to grant me three  
days' grace  
until I have married my sister to  
her spouse.  
Stand surety with the king  
until I return to redeem the bond."

Und schweigend umarmt ihn der  
treue Freund

Und liefert sich aus dem  
Tyrannen;  
Der andere ziehet von dannen.  
Und eh' noch das dritte  
Morgenrot erscheint,  
Hat er schnell mit dem Gatten die  
Schwester vereint  
Eilt heim mit sorgender  
Seele,  
Damit er die Frist nicht  
verfehle.

Silently his faithful friend  
embraced him,  
and gave himself up to the  
tyrant.

Moros departed.  
Before the third day  
dawned  
he had quickly married his sister  
to her betrothed.  
He now hastened home with  
troubled soul  
lest he should fail to meet the  
appointed time.

Da gießt unendlicher Regen herab,  
Von den Bergen stürzen die  
Quellen herab,  
Und die Bäche, die Ströme schwellen.  
Und er kommt an's Ufer mit  
wanderndem Stab —  
Da reißet die Brücke der Strudel  
hinab,  
Und donnernd sprengen die  
Wogen  
Dem Gewölbes krachenden Bogen.

The rain poured down ceaselessly;  
torrents streamed down the  
mountains;  
brooks and rivers swelled.  
When he came to the bank, staff  
in hand,  
the bridge was swept down by  
the whirlpool,  
and the thundering waves  
destroyed  
its crashing arches.

Und trostlos irrt er an Ufers Rand:  
 Wie weit er auch spähet und blicket  
 Und die Stimme, die rufende,  
 schickt —  
 Da stößet kein Nachen vom sich-  
 ern Strand,  
 Der ihn setze an das gewünschte  
 Land,  
 Kein Schiffer lenket die Fähre,  
 Und der wilde Strom wird zum  
 Meere.

Da sinkt er ans Ufer und weint  
 und fleht,  
 Die Hände zum Zeus erhoben:  
 "O hemme des Stromes Toben!  
 Es eilen die Stunden, im Mittag  
 steht  
 Die Sonne, und wenn sie  
 niedergeht  
 Und ich kann die Stadt nicht  
 erreichen,  
 So muß der Freund mir  
 erbleichen."

Doch wachsend erneut sich des  
 Stromes Toben,  
 Und Welle auf Welle zerrinet,  
 Und Stunde an Stunde entrinnet.  
 Da treibt ihn die Angst, da faßt er  
 sich Mut  
 Und wirft sich hinein in die  
 brausende Flut  
 Und teilt mit gewaltigen Armen  
 Den Strom, und ein Gott hat  
 Erbarmen.

Und gewinnt das Ufer und eilet  
 fort  
 Und danket dem rettenden Gotte —  
 Da stürzt die raubende Rotte  
 Hervor aus des Waldes  
 nächtlichem Ort,  
 Den Pfad ihm sperrend, und  
 schnaubt Mord  
 Und hemmet des Wanderers  
 Eile  
 Mit drohend geschwungener Keule.

Disconsolate, he trudged along the  
 bank. However far his eyes  
 travelled, and his shouts  
 resounded  
 no boat left the safety of  
 the banks  
 to carry him to the shore he  
 sought.  
 No boatman steered his ferry  
 and the turbulent river became  
 a sea.

He fell on to the bank, sobbing  
 and imploring,  
 his hands raised to Zeus:  
 "O curb the raging torrent!  
 The hours speed by, the sun  
 stands  
 at its zenith, and when  
 it sets  
 and I cannot reach the  
 city,  
 my friend will die  
 for me."

But the river grew ever more  
 angry;  
 wave upon wave broke,  
 and hour upon hour flew by.  
 Gripped by fear, he took  
 courage  
 and flung himself into the  
 seething flood;  
 with powerful arms he clove  
 the waters, and a god had mercy  
 on him.

He reached the bank and hastened  
 on,  
 thanking the god that saved him.  
 Then a band of robbers  
 stormed from the dark recesses of  
 the forest  
 blocking his path and threatening  
 death.  
 They halted the traveller's swift  
 course  
 with their menacing clubs.

"Was wollt ihr?" ruft er vor  
 Schrecken bleich,  
 "Ich habe nichts als mein Leben,  
 Das muß ich dem Könige geben!"  
 Und entreißt die Keule dem  
 nächsten gleich:  
 "Um des Freundes willen  
 erbarmet euch!"  
 Und drei mit gewaltigen  
 Streichen  
 Erlegt er, die andern entweichen.

Und die Sonne versendet  
 glühenden Brand,  
 Und von der unendlichen Mühe  
 Ermattet sinken die Knie.  
 "O hast du mich gnädig aus  
 Räubershand,  
 Aus dem Strom mich gerettet ans  
 heilige Land,  
 Und soll hier verschmachtet  
 verderben,  
 Und der Freund mir, der liebende,  
 sterben!"

Und horch! da sprudelt es  
 silberhell,  
 Ganz nahe, wie rieselndes Rauschen,  
 Und stille hält er, zu lauschen;  
 Und sieh, aus dem Felsen,  
 geschwätzig, schnell,  
 Springt murmelnd hervor ein  
 lebendiger Quell,  
 Und freudig bückt er sich nieder  
 Und erfrischt die brennenden  
 Glieder.

"What do you want?" he cried,  
 pale with terror,  
 "I have nothing but my life,  
 and that I must give to the king!"  
 He seized the club of the one  
 nearest him:  
 "For the sake of my friend, have  
 mercy!"  
 Then with mighty blows he felled  
 three of them,  
 and the others escaped.

The sun shed its glowing  
 fire  
 and from their ceaseless exertion  
 his weary knees gave way.  
 "You have mercifully saved me  
 from the hands of robbers.  
 You have saved me from the river  
 and brought me to  
 sacred land. Am I to die of thirst  
 here,  
 and is my devoted friend to  
 perish?"

But hark, a silvery bubbling  
 sound  
 close by, like rippling water.  
 He stopped and listened quietly;  
 and lo, bubbling from  
 the rock,  
 a living spring gushed  
 forth.  
 Joyfully he stopped  
 to refresh his burning  
 body.



Und die Sonne blickt durch der  
 Zweige Grün  
 Und malt auf den glänzenden  
 Matten  
 Der Bäume gigantische Schatten;  
 Und zwei Wand'rer sieht er die  
 Straße ziehn,  
 Will eilenden Laufes vorüber  
 fliehn,  
 Da hört er die Worte sie  
 sagen:  
 "Jetzt wird er ans Kreuz  
 geschlagen."

Und die Angst beflügelt den  
 eilenden Fuß,  
 Ihn jagen der Sorge Qualen;  
 Da schimmern in Abendrots  
 Strahlen  
 Von ferne die Zinnen von  
 Syrakus,  
 Und entgegen kommt ihm  
 Philostratus,  
 Des Hauses redlicher Hüter,  
 Der erkennt entsetzt den  
 Gebieter:

"Zurück! du rettetest den Freund  
 nicht mehr,  
 So rette das eigene Leben!  
 Den Tod erleidet er eben.  
 Von Stunde zu Stunde  
 gewartet' er  
 Mit hoffender Seele der Wiederkehr,  
 Ihm konnte den mutigen  
 Glauben  
 Der Hohn des Tyrannen nicht  
 rauben."

"Und ist es zu spät, und kann ich  
 ihm nicht,  
 Ein Retter, willkommen  
 erscheinen,  
 So soll mich der Tod ihm  
 vereinen.  
 Des rühme der blut'ge Tyrann  
 sich nicht,

Now the sun shone through  
 green branches,  
 and upon the radiant  
 fields  
 the trees gigantic shadows.  
 He saw two travellers on  
 the road  
 and with rapid steps was about  
 to overtake them  
 when he heard them speak these  
 words:  
 "Now he is being bound to the  
 cross."

Fear quickened his  
 steps; he was  
 driven on by torments of anxiety;  
 then, in the sun's dying  
 rays,  
 the towers of Syracuse glinted  
 from afar,  
 and Philostratus, his household's  
 faithful steward,  
 came towards him.  
 With horror he recognized his  
 master:

"Turn back!" You will not save  
 your friend now,  
 so save you own life!  
 At this moment he meets his death.  
 From hour to hour he awaited  
 your return  
 with hope in his soul;  
 the tyrant's derision could not  
 weaken  
 his courageous  
 faith."

"If it is too late, if I cannot  
 appear  
 before him as his welcome  
 saviour,  
 then let death  
 unite us.  
 The bloodthirsty tyrant shall  
 never gloat

Daß der Freund dem Freunde  
gebrochen die Pflicht —  
Er schlachte der Opfer zweie  
Und glaube an Lieb' und Treue!"

Und die Sonne geht unter, da  
steht er am Tor,  
Und sieht das Kreuz schon  
erhöht,  
Das die Menge gaffend umsteht;  
Und an dem Seile schon zieht  
man den Freund empor,  
Da zertrennt er gewaltig den  
dichter Chor:  
"Mich, Henker", ruft er,  
"erwürget!  
Da bin ich, für den er gebürget!"

Und Erstaunen ergreift das Volk  
umher,  
In den Armen liegen sich  
beide  
Und weinen vor Schmerzen und  
Freude.  
Da sieht man kein Augen  
tränenleer,  
Und zum Könige bringt man die  
Wundermär;  
Der fühlt ein menschliches  
Rühren,  
Läßt schnell vor den Thron sie  
führen,

Und blickt sie lange verwundert  
an;  
Drauf spricht er: "Es ist euch  
gelungen,  
Ihr habt das Herz mir  
bezwungen;  
Und die Treue ist doch kein  
leerer Wahn —  
So nehmt auch mich zum  
Genossen an.  
Ich sei, gewährt mir die Bitte,  
In eurem Bunde der Dritte."

that one friend broke his pledge to  
another —  
let him slaughter two victims  
and believe in love and loyalty."

The sun set as he reached  
the gate  
and saw the cross already  
raised,  
surrounded by a gaping throng.  
His friend was already being  
hoisted up by the ropes  
when he forced his way through  
the dense crowd.  
"Kill me, hangman!"  
he cried  
"It is I for whom he stood surety."

The people standing by were  
seized with astonishment;  
the two friends were in each  
other's arms.  
weeping with grief and  
joy.  
No eye was without  
tears;  
the wondrous tidings reached  
the king;  
he was stirred by humane  
feelings,  
and at once summoned the friends  
before his throne.

He looked at them long,  
amazed,  
then he spoke: "You have  
succeeded,  
you have conquered this heart of  
mine.  
Loyalty is no vain  
delusion —  
then take me, too, as a  
friend.  
Grant me this request: Admit me as  
the third in your fellowship."

Janet Harach *soprano*

From *Five Poems of Mathilde Wesendonck* Richard Wagner (1813-83)

**Im Treibhaus**

In the hothouse: High-arching leafy crowns, canopies of emerald, you children of distant lands, tell me, why do you lament? Silently you incline your branches, tracing signs in the air, and, mute witness to your sorrows, a sweet perfume rises. Wide, in longing and desire, you spread your arms and embrace, in self-deception, barren emptiness, a fearful void.

Well I know it, poor plant! We share the same fate. Although the light shines brightly round us, our home is not here! And, as the sun gladly quits the empty brightness of the day, so he, who truly suffers, wraps round him the dark mantle of silence. It grows quiet, an anxious rustling fills the dark room; I see heavy drops hanging from the green edges of the leaves.

**Schmerzen**

Torments: Sun, you weep every evening until your lovely eyes are red, when, bathing in the sea, you are overtaken by your early death; but you rise again in your old splendour, the aureole of the dark world, fresh awakened in the morning like a proud and conquering hero!

Ah, then, why should I complain, why should my heart be so heavy, if the sun itself must despair, must go down? And if only death gives birth to life, if only torments brings bliss; then how thankful I am that Nature has given me such torments!

**Träume**

Dreams: Say, what wondrous dreams hold my soul captive, and have not disappeared like bubbles into barren nothingness?

Dreams that every hour of every day bloom most fair, and with their intimations of heaven float blissfully through my mind?

Dreams that like the rays of glory penetrate the soul, there to leave an everlasting imprint; forgetfulness of all, remembrance of one!

Dreams like the kiss of the spring sun drawing blossoms from the snow, so that to undreamed-of bliss the new day may welcome them, so that they grow and flower, spread their scent as in a dream, softly fade upon your breast, then sink into their grave.



All of today's performers are donating their services, for which we are sincerely grateful. The proceeds of the Great Song Marathon will be added to the endowed funds of the Greta Kraus Scholarships and the Lois Marshall Memorial Scholarships. The Aldeburgh Connection is delighted to assist the Faculty of Music in the encouragement and presentation of young singers. Over their years of work here, the singer Lois Marshall and the harpsichordist and pianist Greta Kraus educated generations of Canadian singers. Their help was incalculable and their inspiration lives on. If you would like to contribute to the scholarships established in their names, please contact:

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