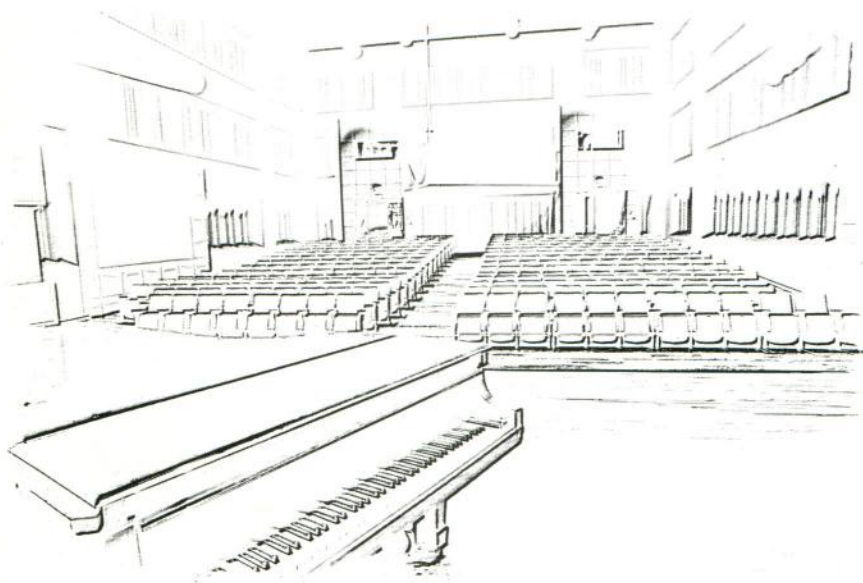


Glenn Gould

Glenn Gould Studio



February 21 - March 2, 2001

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Wednesday, February 21, 2001

8:00 p.m.

The Aldeburgh Connection presents

Valdine Anderson, soprano

with

Stephen Ralls, piano



**Our sincere thanks to James and Connie MacDougall
for their generous
sponsorship of tonight's recital.**

**The MacDougalls have also provided the
floral arrangement on the stage.**

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Scena and rondo:
Ch'io mi scordi di te?
(*Giambattista Varesco*),
K.505

Anton Webern
(1883-1945)

Drei Lieder nach
Hildegard Jone, Op. 25
Wie bin ich froh!
Des Herzens Purpurvogel
fliegt durch Nacht
Sterne, Ihr silbernen Bienen

Enrique Granados
(1867-1916)

Canciones amorias
(Rodriguez)
Mira que soy niña
Mañanica era
Llorad, corazón
No lloreis ojuelos
Iban al pinar
Gracia mía

Intermission

Karol Szymanowski
(1882-1937)

Piesni milosne Hafisza
(Lovesongs of Hafiz)
Op. 24
(Trans.by Hans Bethge after the
Persian of Hafiz: Polish
translator anonymous)
Zyczenia
Zakochany wiatr
Taniec

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Cabaret Songs (W.H. Auden)
Tell me the truth about love
Funeral Blues
Johnny
Calypso

Thomas Adès
(b. 1971)

Fancy: Aria from
Powder her Face
(*Philip Hensher*)

The Performers

Valdine Anderson

Valdine Anderson is originally from Winnipeg and has returned to live in her native city after several extended periods in Europe. Shortly after completing her studies at the University of Toronto's Opera Division, she went to the United Kingdom, where she became involved in the new music scene with a number of young British composers. She first gained international attention in 1995 at the Cheltenham Festival, starring in the successful world première of a new opera by Thomas Adès, *Powder her Face*. In 1998 she made her English National Opera debut in Gavin Bryars' *Dr. Ox's Experiment* and last season she appeared in a concert performance of Elliott Carter's opera *What Next* at the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam. In the U.K. she works regularly with the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, performing Boulez's *Pli selon pli* at the Edinburgh Festival and in an acclaimed performance of Mahler's *Symphony No. 4* last year. Other appearances in the U.K. have included the world première of *Quatre Chants pour franchir le Seuil* by Gerard Grisey with the London Sinfonietta, the *Love Suite* from Harrison Birtwistle's opera *The Second Mrs. Kong*, concerts with the BBC Symphony Orchestra, *Les Noces* with Ensemble Modern at the Barbican Centre and a performance of Berg's *Lulu Suite* with the BBC Symphony Orchestra. In Europe she has sung Gorecki's *Good Night* with the London Sinfonietta in Milan, has toured with Ensemble Modern to Vienna, Frankfurt and Berlin, and on another tour of Europe performed Boulez's *Pli selon pli* with the Ensemble Intercontemporain and Pierre Boulez in celebration of his 75th birthday. She has sung Berg's *Altenberglieder* with the Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France and has appeared in concerts with the Nieuw Ensemble, Orchestre National

de France, the Hilliard Ensemble, Asko Ensemble, the Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestra and the Chamber Orchestra of Europe. On this side of the Atlantic, she has appeared at the Aspen Festival, and has performed with Edmonton Opera, Manitoba Opera and Vancouver Opera, where rôles have included Blonde in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, Micaela and Papagena. This season she sang Gretel for Edmonton Opera, and she has just completed the title rôle in a new production of Floyd's *Susannah* for Calgary Opera. She has also garnered raves at the Winnipeg New Music Festival and in appearances with new music presenters here in Toronto.

Future concerts include engagements with Ensemble Modern, Deutsche Kammerphilharmonie, Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France, the Nash Ensemble, the Royal Flanders Philharmonic Orchestra, the Nieuw Ensemble, the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra and the Cleveland Orchestra.

Her recordings include Maxwell-Davies' *Job* (Collins), Freedman's *Spirit Song*, Adès' *Five Eliot Landscapes* (EMI), Lutoslawski's *Chantefleurs et Chantefables* (BIS), and Bryars' *Adnan's Songbook*. Most recently released is the recording of Adès' *Powder her Face* (EMI) which was nominated for a Grammy, Torke's *Book of Proverbs* (Decca), a CD of the BBC Proms performance of Szymanowski's *Songs of a Fairy Princess* (BBC Music) and a recording of music by Gerald Finzi for CBC Records (SMCD 5204). Future releases include a CD of Webern Songs with the Nieuw Ensemble.

Stephen Ralls, piano

Stephen Ralls began his musical career in England, performing in recitals and in broadcasts for the BBC. He was chief répétiteur with the English Opera Group for Britten's last opera, *Death in Venice*, made recital appearances with

Sir Peter Pears at the Aldeburgh Festival and on the BBC, and taught for many summers at the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh. He is Musical Director of the Opera Division at the University of Toronto, and has accompanied Canada's finest singers in concerts, festivals and broadcasts. He has also worked for the Canadian Opera Company, the Banff Centre and the National Arts Centre. His CBC recordings include *Songs of Oskar Morawetz*, *The Lyrical Art of Mark Pedrotti*, *The Aldeburgh Connection: Schumann, Brahms and Greer*, *Benjamin Britten: The Canticles*, and the Juno award-winning *Songs of Travel*, with baritone Gerald Finley.

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. Artistic directors Stephen Ralls and his co-artistic director, Bruce Ubukata, have visited and worked there for many summers, as

have a number of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.

The final concert in this Series takes place on Thursday, April 26 with one of Canada's favourite tenors, Michael Schade, singing Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin*. The concert will be at 8 p.m., and single tickets (\$25/\$20 students and seniors) may be purchased from Glenn Gould Studio at (416) 205-5555.

Our Sunday Series in Walter Hall continues on March 4 with *The Enchanted Garden*, a programme which looks at the life and the songs of Maurice Ravel, with Nathalie Paulin, Catherine Robbin and Doug MacNaughton, and finishes on April 29 with *Proud Songster*, a centenary tribute to Gerald Finzi, with Colin Ainsworth, Robert Stewart and The Elora Festival Singers (Conductor, Noel Edison). Both concerts are at 2:30 p.m. Single tickets are \$25/\$20 and because of the large subscriber audience for this Series, it is advisable to reserve in advance by calling (416) 444-3976.

We would also like to thank:

The Ontario Arts Council
The City of Toronto through the
Toronto Arts Council
The Julie-Jiggs Foundation
The Charles H. Ivey Foundation
Many individual donors and supporters

Wednesday, February 21, 2001, 8:00 pm

The Aldeburgh Connection presents

Valdine Anderson *soprano* with **Stephen Ralls** *piano*

*Our sincere thanks to James and Connie MacDougall for
their generous sponsorship of tonight's recital.
The MacDougalls have also provided the
floral arrangement on the stage.*

Please reserve applause for the end of each group of songs ♦

Scena and rondo: Ch'io mi scordi di te (*Giambattista Varesco*) K505
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-91)

Nancy Storace was an English soprano of Italian descent. After early successes in Italian opera houses, she was engaged in 1784 at the Imperial Theatre in Vienna. During her stay in the Austrian capital, she made her most important contribution to musical history by appearing as Susanna in the first performance of *Le nozze di Figaro*. Mozart loved her assumption of that most crucial role and their relationship was, perhaps, more than platonic. In 1786, when she was to return to England, Mozart composed this aria for her farewell concert. In its original orchestral version, it includes a part for *obbligato* piano (played by the composer) which intertwines amorously with the voice. Mozart's catalogue lists the aria as being "for Mamselle Storace and myself".

Recitative

Ch'io mi scordi di te?
 Che a lui mi doni puoi
 consigliarmi?
 E puoi voler che in
 vita ... Ah, no!
 Sarebbe il viver mio di morte assai
 peggior.

Venga la morte, intrepida
 l'attendo.
 Ma, ch'io possa struggermi ad
 altra face,
 ad altr'oggetto donar gl'affetti
 miei,
 come tentarlo? Ah, di dolor
 morrei.

That I should forget you?
 That you could advise me
 to give myself to him?
 And you could wish that
 in life ... Ah no!
 My life would be much
 worse than death.
 Let death come, I will
 await it without fear.
 But that I could warm to
 another flame,
 give my affections to
 another creature,
 how could I try? Ah, I would die
 of grief.

Rondo

Non temer, amato bene,
 Per te sempre il cuor sarà.
 Più non reggo a tante pene,
 L'alma mia mancando va.
 Tu sospiri? o duol funesto!
 Pensa almen, che istante è questo!
 Non mi posso, oh Dio! spiegar.
 Stelle barbare, stelle spietate!
 Perchè mai tanto rigor?
 Alme belle, che vedete
 Le mie pene in tal momento,
 Dite voi, s'egual tormento
 Può soffrir un fido cor?

Do not fear, best beloved,
 my heart will always be for you.
 I can no longer suffer such distress,
 my spirit fails me.
 You sigh? o mournful grief!
 Just think what a moment this is!
 O God, I cannot express myself.
 Cruel stars, pitiless stars!
 Why are you so stern?
 Lovely souls, who see
 my distress in such a moment,
 tell me if such torment
 can be suffered by a faithful heart?



Drei Lieder nach Hildegard Jone Op 25 Anton Webern (1883-1945)

The music of Anton Webern represents the twentieth century Viennese school in its purest form. One of the earliest pupils of Arnold Schoenberg, Webern gradually moved towards the serial method of composing, which characterised all his works from about 1926 onward. In 1926, also, he met the writer Hildegard Jone and all of his vocal writing after that date (three choral works, two song cycles and other isolated pieces) consists of settings of texts by her. The critic, Paul Griffiths, writes: "It is clear from his letters that he was deeply impressed by Jone's verse which, though of no great literary quality, gave him the verbal and philosophical materials he required: a view of nature as displaying in its order and symmetry the grace of God, imagery drawn from the lives of insects and plants, a vision of the human soul as a source of warmth and light, and faintly mystic Christian piety."

A love of nature was a crucial part of Webern's personality — expeditions through the Austrian Alps were some of his happiest times. The lure of the heights must also have encouraged the heady transparency of texture and buoyancy of rhythm which Webern strove for in all his later music. The songs of Op. 25 were completed in November 1934.

Three songs on texts by Hildegard Jone

I

Wie bin ich froh!
 Noch einmal wird mir alles grün
 und leuchtet so!
 Noch überblühn die Blumen mir
 die Welt!
 Noch einmal bin ich ganz ins
 Werden hingestellt
 und bin auf Erden.

What great delight!
 Once more now all the green's
 unfurled and shines so bright!
 And still the world is overgrown
 with flowers!
 Once more I in creation's portal
 live my hours,
 and yet am mortal.

Please turn page quietly

II

Des Herzens Purpurvogel fliegt
durch Nacht.
Der Augen Falter, die im Hellen
gaukeln,
sind ihm voraus, wenn sie im
Tage schaukeln.
Und doch ist er's, der sie ans Ziel
gebracht.
Sie ruhen oft, die bald sich neu
erheben
zu neuem Flug. Doch rastet endlich er
am Ast des Todes, müd und
flügelschwer,
dann müssen sie zum letzten
Blick verbeben.

The heart's purple eagle flies
by night.
The eyes, like daylight's butter-
flies that hover,
flutter ahead and fly before
it ever.
Yet it's the bird that brought
them to their goal.
They often rest who soon
must rise to heaven
to fly again. Yet finally he rests
on death's grey branches, tired
with heavy wings:
the butterflies then look their
last and perish.

III

Sterne, Ihr silbernen Bienen
der Nacht um die Blume der Liebe!
Wahrlich der Honig aus ihr
hängt schimmernd an Euch.
Lasset ihn tropfen ins Herz,
in die goldene Wabe,
füllet sie an bis zum Rand.
Ach, schon tropfet sie über,
selig und bis ans Ende mit
ewiger Süße durchtränkt.

Stars, Ye little bright bees
of night round the flower of love!
Truly the honey from it
hangs shimmering on you.
Let it then drop in the heart,
in the gold comb of honey,
fill up the comb to the brim.
Oh, the heart runneth over,
happy and full for ever,
full of the great sweetness of love.



Canciones amorias (Rodriguez)

Enrique Granados (1867-1916)

Granados was clearly influenced by the music of Grieg, Schumann and Liszt, but his nationalistic personality blended such borrowings into something distinctive and did much to establish a new direction for Spanish music in the twentieth century. His *Colección de tonadillas* and *Colección de canciones amorias* are pinnacles of his country's song repertoire. These six songs, taken from the latter volume, present aspects of love taken from the world of Spanish folklore.

Granados achieved great success with his opera *Goyescas*, performed at the Metropolitan Opera in 1916. Travelling back across the Atlantic, his ship was torpedoed. Granados was picked up by a lifeboat but, seeing his wife struggling in the water, he dived in to save her. Both were drowned.

Mira que soy niña

Mira que soy niña, ¡amor, déjame!

¡Ay, ay, ay, que me moriré!

Paso, amor, no seas a mi gusto extraño,

no quieras mi daño,

pues mi bien desea hasta que me veas,

sin llegárteme.

¡Ay, ay, ay, que me moriré!

No seas ahora, por ser, atrevido.

¡Ay! Sé agradecido con la que te adora,

que así se desdora mi amor y tu fe.

¡Ay, ay, ay, que me moriré!

See that I am a child

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!

Mañanica era

Mañanica era, mañana de San

Juan se decía al fin

cuando aquella diosa Venus

dentro de un fresco jardín

tomando estaba la fresca a la

sombra de un jazmín.

Cabellos en su cabeza, parecía un serafín.

Sus mejillas y sus labios como

color de rubí

y el objeto de su cara figuraba

un querubín.

Allí de flores floridas hacía un rico

cojín,

de rosas una guirnalda para el

que venía a morir,

¡ah!, lealmente por amores sin a nadie descubrir.

It was daybreak

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.

Please turn page quietly

Llorad, corazón

Lloraba la niña, y tenía
razón
la prolija ausencia de su ingrato
amor.
Dejola tan niña
que apenas creyó
que tenía los años que ha que la
dejó.
Llorando la ausencia del galán
traidor
la halla la luna y la deja
el sol,
añadiendo siempre pasión a pasión,
memoria a memoria, dolor a dolor.
Llorad, corazón, que tenéis razón!

No lloreis ojuelos

No lloreis ojuelos, porque no es
razón
que llore de celos quien mata de
amor.
Quien puede matar no intente
morir,
si hace con reir más que con
llorar.

Iban al pinar

Serranas de Cuenca iban
al pinar,
unas por piñones, otras por bailar,
la, la, la.
Bailando y partiendo las serranas
bellas
un piñón por
otro,
de amor las saetas huelgan de
trocar.
Unas por piñones, otras por bailar.
Serranas de Cuenca iban
al pinar,
unas por piñones, otras por bailar,
la, la, la.
Entre rama y rama cuando el
ciego Dios

Cry, heart

The girl was lamenting, and
with reason,
the long absence of her ungrateful
lover.
She was such a child that he
almost didn't believe
she was so young when he
left her.
Crying for the absence of her
faithless lover —
the moon finds her and the sun
leaves her,
always adding passion to passion,
memory to memory, sorrow to sorrow.
Cry, heart, you have reason!

Don't cry, little eyes

Don't cry, little eyes, for there is no
reason
that he should cry of jealousy who
kills by love.
The one that can kill shouldn't try
to die,
if he can do more by laughing

Going to the pine grove

Highland girls from Cuenca
were going to the pine grove,
some for nutpines, others
to dance, la la la.
The beautiful highland girls
dancing
and sharing nutpines one with
another,
the arrows of love they don't
bother to exchange.
Some for nutpines, others to dance.
Highland girls from Cuenca were
going to the pine grove,
some for nutpines, others
to dance, la la la.
Between the branches, when the
blind God

pide al sol los ojos por verlas
mejor,
los ojos del sol las veréis pisar.
Unas por piñones, otras por bailar.

asks the sun for its eyes to see
them better,
you'd see them step on the sun's eyes.
Some for nutpines, others to dance.

Gracia mía

Gracia mía, juro a Dios
que sois tan bella criatura
que a perderse la hermosura
se tiene de hallar en su voz.

Fuera bien aventurada
en perderse en vos mi vida,
porque viniera perdida
para salir más ganada.
¡Ah! Sereis hermosuras dos
en una sola figura,
que a perderse la hermosura
se tiene de hallar en vos.
En vuestros verdes ojuelos
nos mostrais vuestro valor
que son causa del amor
y las pestañas son cielos,
nacieron por bien de nos.

My graceful one

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.



Intermission

Pieśni miłosne Hafiza Op. 24

(Trans. Hans Bethge after the Persian of Hafiz, Polish translator anonymous)

Karol Szymanowski (1882-1937)

Karol Szymanowski was the central figure in Polish music of the first half of the twentieth century. Much influenced in his early works by the styles of Wagner and Richard Strauss, he gradually became more susceptible to French music, notably that of Debussy. Just before the First World War, he also became interested in Eastern literature and civilizations; one of the first compositions to exhibit this trend was the cycle of *Love Songs of Hafiz*, composed in 1911. (Hafiz was a famous Persian poet and philosopher of the fourteenth century.) Szymanowski continued to

absorb influences from the Middle East and India and they appear in his opera *King Roger*, in his settings of Rabindranath Tagore and in the *Songs of the Foolish Muezzin*. There is also a second set of *Love Songs of Hafiz* dating from 1914, eight songs for voice and orchestra which include arrangements of the three heard tonight.

Lovesongs of Hafiz

Życzenia

Zaczaruj mnie w jeziora jasną
głąb

I bądź mi słońcem igrającym z
falą.

Zaczaruj mnie w bijące z jaru
źródło

I bądź uśmiechem kwiatu dla mej
toni.

Zaczaruj mnie w zielony
ciern gałązki

I bądź mi blaskiem purpurowym
róży.

Zaczaruj mnie w ziarenko
pośród piasku

I bądź tym ptaszkiem co je tuż
zdziobie!

Wishes

I wish I were a lake in the morning
light

and you the sun reflected
in it.

I wish I were a spring at the
bottom of a meadow

and you the flower smiling
by it.

I wish I were a green
thornbush

and you the rose which
glimmered, red, there.

I wish I were a tiny grain
of sand

and you the bird which
swiftly pecked it up!

Zakochany wiatr

O! Nieszczęsnemu mnie!

Któż wieść przyniesie od mojej
lubej?

Wprawdzie wschodni wiatr na
ucho od niej coś mi zlecić chciał
lecz szepcac jąkał się i mylił
tak,

żem niemógł pojąć nic!

To jedno wiem, to jedno wiem,

On musiał się ten nędzarz

dać upoić i ośnić tak

kochanki mej pięknoscią,

lubej mej pięknoscią.

The east wind in love

Unhappy me!

Who will bring news of my
beloved?

Indeed, the east wind came and whis-
pered a hurried message in my ear,
but it was so stammered and
confused

that I could not understand!

I know well

that the wind itself is to be pitied,
being utterly intoxicated
and crazed

by my beloved's beauty.

Taniec

Wszystkie dziś tańczą, taniec
 płynie w krąg!
 Boski to płas!
 Wiodą płasy w pończoszkach,
 Jdą w sandałkach w tan, lub nago!
 Cześć! wam nago tańczące cześć!
 Pięknością zuchwałę!
 Wszystkie dziś tańczą,
 w krąg!
 Boski to płas!

Dance

Today everyone
 dances!
 Dance is divine!
 Many dance in stockings,
 many only in boots, many naked!
 Long live those naked dancers,
 the fairest and boldest!
 Today, everyone
 dances.
 Dance is divine.

**Cabaret Songs (W.H. Auden)**

Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

"After the show we all have a good party at the theatre & then feeling very cheerful we all sing (all cast & about 20 audience) my blues as well as going thro' most of the music of the play! Then I play & play & play, while the whole cast dances & sings & fools, & gets generally wild." This entry in Britten's diary, 26 February 1937, describes the first night of *The Ascent of F6*, a play by W.H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood, for which the composer had provided incidental music. Throughout the 30s and 40s, Britten made a great many settings of Auden's poetry, both serious (*Our Hunting Fathers*, *On this Island*, *Hymn to St. Cecilia*) and light. Their largest collaboration was the operetta *Paul Bunyan*, written in New York in 1940/41. Michael Kennedy puts it very well: "Auden, brilliant and intellectually arrogant, was like a comet streaking across the impressionable Britten's sky." Quite a number of 'cabaret songs' were composed, mostly with the singer Hedli Anderson (future wife of the poet, Louis MacNeice) in mind. This group of four songs, written between 1937 and 1939, was collected together and published after the composer's death.

I. Tell me the truth about love

Liebe, l'amour, amor, amoris

Some say that Love's a little boy
And some say it's a bird,
Some say it makes the world go
round

And some say that's absurd:
But when I asked the man next
door

Who looked as if he knew,
His wife was very cross indeed
And said it wouldn't do.

Does it look like a pair of pyjamas
Or the ham in a temp'rance hotel,
O tell me the truth about love.
Does its odour remind one
of llamas

Or has it a comforting smell?
O tell me the truth about love.
Is it prickly to touch as a hedge is
Or soft as eiderdown fluff,
Is it sharp or quite smooth
at the edges?

O tell me the truth about love.

I looked inside the summerhouse,
It wasn't ever there,
I've tried the Thames at
Maidenhead

And Brighton's bracing air;
I don't know what the blackbird
sang

Or what the roses said,
But it wasn't in the chicken run
Or underneath the bed.

Can it pull extraordin'ry faces,
Is it usually sick on a swing,
O tell me the truth about love.
Does it spend all its time at the races
Or fiddling with pieces of string,
O tell me the truth about love.
Has it views of its own about money,
Does it think Patriotism enough,
Are its stories vulgar but funny?
O tell me the truth about love.

Your feelings when you meet it, I
Am told you can't forget,
I've sought it since I was a child
But haven't found it yet;
I'm getting on for thirty-five,
And still I do not know
What kind of creature it can be
That bothers people so.

When it comes, will it come without
warning,

Just as I'm picking my nose,
O tell me the truth about love.
Will it knock on my door in the
morning

Or tread in the bus on my toes,
O tell me the truth about love.

Will it come like a change in the
weather,

Will its greeting be courteous or
bluff,

Will it alter my life altogether?
O tell me the truth about love.

II. Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message 'He is Dead',
Tie crepe bands round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love could last for ever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out ev'ry one.
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the woods;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

Please turn page quietly

III. Johnny

O the valley in the summer when I and my John
Beside the deep river walk on and on
While the grass at our feet and the birds up above
Whispered so soft in reciprocal love,
And I leaned on his shoulder, 'O Johnny, let's play';
But he frowned like thunder, and he went away.

O the evening near Christmas as I well recall
When we went to the Charity Matinee Ball,
The floor was so smooth and the band was so loud
And Johnny so handsome I felt so proud;
'Squeeze me tighter, dear Johnny, let's dance till day':
But he frowned like thunder and went away.

Shall I ever forget at the Grand Opera
When music poured out of each wonderful star?
Diamonds and pearls hung like ivy down
Over each gold and silver gown;
'O Johnny I'm in heaven', I whispered to say:
But he frowned like thunder and went away

O but he was as fair as a garden in flower,
As slender and tall as the great Eiffel Tower,
When the waltz throbbed out down the long promenade
O his eyes and his smile went straight to my heart;
'O marry me, Johnny, I'll love and obey':
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O last night I dreamed of you, Johnny, my lover;
You'd the sun on one arm and moon on the other,
The sea it was blue and the grass it was green,
Ev'ry star rattled a round tambourine;
Ten thousands miles deep in a pit there I lay:
But you went away.

IV. Calypso

Driver, drive faster and make a good run
Down the Springfield Line under the shining sun.
Fly like an aeroplane, don't pull up short
Till you brake for the Grand Central Station, New York.

For there in the middle of that waiting hall
Should be standing the one that I love best of all.
If he's not there to meet me when I get to town,
I'll stand on the pavement with tears rolling down.

(Driver, drive faster, driver, drive faster.)
 For he is the one that I love to look on,
 The acme of kindness and perfection.
 He presses my hand and he says he love me
 Which I find an admirable peculiarity.

(Driver, drive faster, driver, drive faster.)
 The woods are bright green on both sides of the line;
 The trees have their loves though they're different from mine.
 But the poor fat old banker in the sunparlour car
 Has no one to love him except his cigar.

(Driver, drive faster, driver, drive faster.)
 If I were the head of the Church or the State
 I'd powder my nose and just tell them to wait.
 (Driver, drive faster, driver, drive faster.)
 For love's more important and powerful than
 Even a priest or a politician,
 (Faster, faster, faster, faster, faster.)



Fancy: Aria from "Powder her Face" (Philip Hensher)

Thomas Adès (b.1971)

Thomas Adès was born in London and studied at the Guildhall School of Music and at King's College, Cambridge, with Hugh Wood, Alexander Goehr and Robin Holloway. Starting with his *Chamber Symphony* of 1990, his prolific and dazzlingly varied compositions gained increasing prominence through the last decade of the century. He is also an accomplished pianist and conductor, and is Artistic Director of the Aldeburgh Festival. His opera, *Powder her Face*, was premiered at Cheltenham in 1995 and has since had successful stagings around the world, from Helsinki to Brooklyn.

The opera tells the story of the rich, beautiful and successful Margaret, Duchess of Argyll, whose career turned to notoriety in a long and incredibly sensational divorce case in 1963. She continued in the public eye, however, giving parties for her friends, who included J. Paul Getty and Prince Michael of Kent. In 1990, she was evicted from her suite at the Dorchester for non-payment of rent; she died in a nursing home in Pimlico in 1993.

In the opera's premiere, Valdine Anderson took the composite role (described by the composer as a *Helden-Soubrette*) of various women who are envious of the Duchess. This aria is sung halfway through Act I by a Waitress, who is contemplating the beautiful excesses of the idle rich.

Fancy.

Fancy being rich.

Fancy being lovely.

Fancy having money to waste, and not minding it.

They've got too much money, and nothing to do.

Nothing to do, but come to a wedding in the middle of the week.

(laughter)

Only fancy.

Fancy eating lobster in the middle of the week standing up.

Fancy drinking champagne in the middle of the day and too drunk to worry and twelve and six a bottle.

Fancy being her.

The food's so lovely, though.

Shining like water, all under aspic.

Cut fruit in aspic vegetable shapes. whole chicken.

Fish swimming in aspic, caught in stiff water.

Preserved.

She doesn't look happy. She looks rich.

(laughter)

I wouldn't want to be happy if I was as rich as that.

I'd be like her. I'd marry rich men.

I wouldn't live in two rooms in Kentish Town,

I'll tell you that for nothing.

I'd wear a tiara for breakfast.

I'd sleep in a hotel if I felt like it in the afternoon.

I'd eat nothing that wasn't lovely in aspic and hard work for someone,

I'd buy a whole shop full of diamonds and have it delivered in a carriage if I felt like it.

And I would feel like it, and I'd look as miserable as sin.

Just like her.

Just fancy being her.

(She takes a bottle of champagne, and, over the next four lines, pulls the cork out.)

Fancy putting milk and almonds in your bath.

Fancy your underclothes costing thirty shilling the ounce.

Yes, fancy having nothing to do but wait for the man for your hair and the girl for your skin and the boy with the telegram with reply paid for.

Fancy purchasing a Duke.

(The bottle explodes. She pours it into a glass while singing, and carries on pouring into the overflowing glass until the bottle is quite empty and the table sopping wet.)

That's what I want.

That's what you want.

You'd love it.



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