

THE
Aldelburgh
CONNECTION

and the
Faculty of Music, University of Toronto



present

Carla Huhtanen *soprano*

Scott Belluz *baritone*

with

Bruce Ubukata *piano*

Walter Hall
Friday, February 5, 1999
8 p.m.

CARLA HUHTANEN soprano

SCOTT BELLUZ baritone

BRUCE UBUKATA piano



Three Duets

Henry Purcell (1659-95)

These three duets date from the final years of Purcell's life and reveal him at the height of his powers. *Sound the trumpet* from his last birthday ode for Queen Mary *Come ye Sons of Art, away* (1694) gives the singers a chance to flaunt their virtuosity over a ground bass. The courtiers in the first audience would have enjoyed the joke that John and William Shore, the royal trumpeters in the band, had to sit mute throughout this movement which bids "the list'ning shores rebound."

No, resistance is but vain is from the incidental music to Thomas Southerne's comedy *The Maid's Last Prayer* (1693) where it is incongruously inserted after the depiction of a public concert of Marx brothers-like pandemonium.

The patriotic and poetic *King Arthur* (1691) was Purcell's "semi-opera" produced in collaboration with John Dryden. The mocking *double entendres* of *Shepherd, leave decoying* were considered risqué enough to be censored by Purcell's Victorian editors.

Sound the Trumpet (*Nahum Tate*)

Sound the trumpet!
Sound the trumpet till around
You make the list'ning shores rebound.
On the sprightly hautboy play,
All the instruments of joy,
That skilful numbers can employ,
To celebrate the glories of this day.

No, resistance is but vain (*Thomas Southerne*)

No, resistance is but vain,
And only adds new weight to Cupid's chain.
A thousand ways, a thousand Arts,
The tyrant knows to captivate our hearts;
Sometimes he sighs, he sighs employs,
And sometimes tries the universal language of the eyes.

The fierce with fierceness he destroys
The soft with tenderness decoys.
He kills the strong with joy, the weak with pain.
No, resistance is but vain,
And only adds new weight to Cupid's chain.

Shepherd, leave decoying (*John Dryden*)

Shepherd, shepherd leave decoying:
Pipes are sweet on summer's day,
But a little after toying,
Women have the shot to pay.
Here are marriage-vows for signing:
Set their marks that cannot write.
After that, without repining,
Play, and welcome, day and night.

L'horizon chimérique (Jean de la Ville de Mirmont) Op. 118

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

For what proved to be his last song cycle, Fauré chose the poems of a young writer killed at the front in 1914. The sea had always been a powerful stimulus to Fauré's imagination; to these songs, it brings a vigorous, incredibly youthful *élan*. The closing words of the fourth song, with the 76 year old composer looking back over his career, have almost unbearable poignancy: "J'ai de grands départs inassouvis en moi."

The elusive horizon

La mer est infinie

La mer est infinie et mes rêves
sont fous.

La mer chante au soleil enbattant
les falaises

Et mes rêves légers ne sentent
plus d'aise

De danser sur la mer comme
des oiseaux soûls.

Le vaste mouvement des vagues
les emporte,

La brise les agite et les roule en
ses plis;

Jouant dans le sillage, ils feront
une escorte

Aux vaisseaux que mon cœur
dans leur fuite a suivis.

Ivres d'air et de sel et brûlés
par l'écume

De la mer qui console et qui lave
des pleurs,

Ils connaîtront le large et sa bonne
amertume;

Les goélands perdus les prendront
pour des leurs.

The sea is boundless

The sea is boundless, and my
dreams are wild.

The sea sings in the sun, beating
against the cliffs,
and my light dreams are no
longer content
to dance over the sea like
drunken birds.

The surge of the waves bears
them away,
the breeze tosses them, rolls them
in the troughs;
playing in their wakes, they will
escort

the ships that my heart has
followed in their flight.

Intoxicated with air and salt, stung
by the spray
of the consoling sea that washes
away tears,
they will discover the open sea and
its bracing bitterness;
gulls that are lost will take them
for their own.

Je me suis embarqué

Je me suis embarqué sur un
vaisseau qui danse
Et roule bord sur bord et tangué
et se balance.

Mes pieds ont oublié la terre et
ses chemins;
Les vagues souples m'ont appris
d'autres cadences
Plus belles que le rythme las des
chants humains.

A vivre parmi vous, hélas!
avais-je une âme?

Mes frères, j'ai souffert sur tous
vos continents.

Je ne veux que la mer, je ne veux
que le vent

Pour me bercer, comme un enfant,
au creux des lames.

Hors du port qui n'est plus
qu'une image effacée

Les larmes du départ ne brûlent
plus mes yeux.

Je ne me souviens pas de mes
derniers adieux...

O ma peine, ma peine, où vous
ai-je laissée?

Diane, Séléné

Diane, Séléné, lune de beau
métal,

Qui reflètes vers nous, par ta
face déserte,

Dans l'immortel ennui du
calme sidéral

Le regret d'un soleil dont
nous pleurons la perte.

O lune, je t'en veux de ta limpidité
Injurieuse au trouble vain des
pauvres âmes,

Et mon couer, toujours las et
toujours agité,

Aspire vers la paix de ta nocturne
flamme.

I have embarked

I have embarked on a ship that is
dancing,
rolling and pitching and
swaying.

My feet have forgotten the
ways of the land;
the supple waves have taught me
new measures,
more beautiful than the weary
rhythms of human songs.

Did I have the heart to live
among you?

My brothers, I have suffered on
every continent.

I want only the sea, I want
only the wind,

to cradle me, like a child, in the
hollows of the waves.

Far out of harbour, now only a
faded image,
tears of parting no longer sting
my eyes.

I can no longer remember my
last farewells;

O my sorrow, my sorrow, where
have I left you?

Diana, Séléné

Diana, Séléné, moon of precious
metal,

reflecting upon us from your
deserted face

in the immortal indifference of
your sidereal calm.

the regret of a sun whose loss
we mourn.

O moon, I envy you your clarity,
mocking the vain troubles of
us poor souls.

And my heart, forever weary
and uneasy,

aspires to the peace of your
nocturnal light.

Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés

Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons
aimés en pure perte;
Le dernier de vous tous est parti
sur la mer.
Le couchant emporta tant de
voiles ouvertes
Que ce port et mon coeur sont à
jamais déserts.
La mer vous a rendus à votre
destinée,
Au-delà du rivage où s'arrêtent
nos pas.
Nous ne pouvions garder vos
âmes enchaînées;
Il vous faut des lointains que je
ne connais pas.
Je suis de ceux dont les désirs
sont sur la terre.
Le souffle qui vous grise emplit
mon coeur d'effroi.
Mais votre appel, au fond des
soirs, me désespère,
Car j'ai de grands départs
inassouvis en moi.

O ships

O ships, our love for you will
prove to be only loss.
The very last of you has set out to
sea.
The setting sun has carried away
so many full sails.
that the harbour, and my heart
are deserted for ever.
The sea has borne you to your
destinations,
beyond the shores where our
steps must halt.
We could not keep your souls
captive;
you require distances that are
unknown to us.
I am one of those whose desires
are bound to the land.
The breath that quickens you fills
my heart with fear,
but your call in the evening light
anguishes me,
for within me there are great
unappeased departures.

Songs from *Spanisches Liederbuch*

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

From October 1889 to April 1890, Hugo Wolf composed his *Spanisches Liederbuch* in a fever of creative intensity, choosing 44 translations by Geibel and Heyse of 16th and 17th-century Spanish verse. The first volume contains religious poetry which smoulders with the Counter Reformation fires of an El Greco. Our selection of *Lieder* comes from the secular volumes in which Wolf evokes his own compelling vision of Iberian passion.

Some of these songs pulse to the rhythms of the fandango and bolero (*Klinge, klinge mein Pandero* and *In dem Schatten meiner Locken*). In a song such as *Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst*, the flowers seem more at home in an Austrian garden. Still Wolf's depictions of the varied states of love — tender, teasing, ardent, hysterical — translate themselves into the universal language of the heart.

We end our group with a duet from Wolf's opera *Der Corregidor*, also set in Spain. The two characters sing blissfully together of the delights of conjugal love. It is very touching to think of the composer — only months away from the asylum where his life would end — in this piece projecting his illicit affair with the devoted Melanie Köchert into a safe and contented domestic idyll.

Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero

Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero
Doch an andres denkt mein Herz.

Wenn du, muntres Ding,
verständest
Meine Qual und sie empfändest,
Jeder Ton, den du entsendest,
Würde klagen meinen Schmerz.

Bei des Tanzes Drehn und Neigen
Schalg' ich wild den Takt zum
Reigen,
Daß nur die Gedanken schweigen,
Die mich mahnen an den Schmerz.

Ach, ihr Herrn, dann will im
Schwingen
Oftmals mir die Brust
zerspringen,
Und zum Angstschrei wird
mein Singen,
Denn an andres denkt mein Herz.

Ring out, ring out, my pandura,
but other thoughts are in my heart.

You merry thing, could you but
understand
and feel my suffering,
your every tone
would be a lament.

While the dancers whirl and curtsy,
madly I beat out the
rhythm,
only to silence the thoughts
which awaken my grief.

Ah! good people, while you
dance
how often I feel that my heart
must break,
and my singing turn to a
cry of anguish,
for other thoughts are in my heart.

Please turn page quietly

Auf dem grünen Balkon mein Mädchen

Auf dem grünen Balkon mein
Mädchen
Schaut nach mir durchs Gitterlein.
Mit den Augen blinzelt sie
freundlich,
Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!
Glück, das nimmer ohne Wanken
Junger Liebe folgt hienieden,
Hat mir eine Lust beschieden,
Und auch da noch muß ich
schwanken.
Schmeicheln hör' ich oder
Zanken,
Komm' ich an ihr Fensterlädchen.
Immer nach dem Brauch der
Mädchen
Träuft ins Glück ein bißchen Pein:
Mit den Augen blinzelt sie
freundlich,
Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!
Wie sich nur in ihr vertragen
Ihre Kälte, meine Glut?
Weil in ihr mein Himmel ruht,
Seh' ich Trüb und Hell sich jagen.
In den Wind gehn meine Klagen,
Daß noch nie die süße Kleine
Ihre Arme schlang um meine;
Doch sie hält mich hin
so fein,
Mit den Augen blinzelt sie freundlich,
Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Schlaf mir mein Geliebter ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? Ach nein!
Sorglich strählt' ich meine krausen
Locken täglich in der Frühe,
Doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,
Weil die Winde sie zerzausen.
Lockenschatten,
Windessausen
Schlieferten den Liebsten ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? Ach nein!

From her green balcony my
loved one
peeps at me through the lattice.
Her eyes smile
kindly,
but with her finger she says: No!
Fortune, ever fickle
to young love in this world of ours,
has a joy in store for me,
and yet I am left
in doubt,
for honeyed words or sharp
reproaches greet me
when I come to her window.
As always when one loves a
maiden
happiness is mixed with pain;
her eyes smile
kindly
but with her finger she says: No!
How can her coldness withstand
the fire of my love?
Since she is the light of my life,
gloom, and sunlight follow each other,
In vain I lament
that my sweet love
has never yet embraced me;
but with gentle art she keeps me
in suspense,
her eyes smile kindly,
but with her finger she says: No!

In the shadow of my tresses
my lover has fallen asleep.
Shall I wake him? Ah, no!
Carefully I comb my curly
tresses every morning,
but in vain is my trouble,
for the winds tousele them.
The shadow of my hair and the
soughing of the wind
have lulled my love to sleep
Shall I wake him? Ah, No!

Hören muß ich, wie ihn gräme,
 Daß er schmachtet schon so lange,
 Daß ihm Leben geb' und nehme
 Diese meine braune Wange.

Und er nennt mich seine Schlange,
 Und doch schlief er bei mir ein.
 Weck' ich ihn nun auf? Ach nein!

Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst

Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst,
 Pflücke die schönsten, dich
 zu schmücken,
 Ach, wenn du in dem Gärtlein stehst,
 Müßtest du dich selber pflücken.

Alle Blumen wissen ja,
 Daß du hold bist
 ohnegleichen.

Und die Blume, die dich sah,
 Farb' und Schmuck muß ihr
 erbleichen.

Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst,
 Pflücke die schönsten, dich
 zu schmücken,
 Ach, wenn du in dem Gärtlein stehst,
 Müßtest du dich selber pflücken.

Lieblicher als Rosen sind
 Die Küsse, die dein Mund
 verschwendet,
 Weil der Reiz der Blumen endet
 Wo dein Liebreiz erst beginnt.

Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst,
 Pflücke die schönsten, dich
 zu schmücken,
 Ach, wenn du in dem Gärtlein stehst,
 Müßtest du dich selber pflücken.

I must hear how much I grieve him,
 how he has languished now so long,
 how this brown cheek of mine
 means life and death to him.

And he calls me his serpent,
 yet he has fallen asleep beside me.
 Shall I wake him? Ah, No!

When amongst the flowers you go,
 gather the fairest for your
 adornment.

Ah, if you are in the garden
 'tis your own self you must gather.

All the flowers well know
 that your loveliness is
 beyond compare,
 and that colour and beauty must fade
 from those which
 behold you.

When amongst the flowers you go,
 gather the fairest for your
 adornment.

Ah, if you are in the garden
 'tis your own self you must gather.

Lovelier than roses are
 the kisses which your lips
 bestow,
 for the flowers' charm endeth
 where your own begins.

When amongst the flowers you go,
 gather the fairest for your
 adornment.

Ah, if you are in the garden
 'tis your own self you must gather.

Bitt' ihn, o Mutter

Bitt' ihn, o Mutter,
 Bitte den Knaben,
 Nicht mehr zu zielen,
 Weil er mich tötet.

Mutter, o Mutter,
 Die launische Liebe
 Höhnt und versöhnt mich,
 Flieht mich und zieht mich.

Ich sah zwei Augen
 Am letzten Sonntag,
 Wunder des Himmels,
 Unheil der Erde.

Was man sagt, o Mutter,
 Von Basilisken,
 Erfuhr mein Herze,
 Da ich sie sah.

Bitt' ihn, o Mutter,
 Bitte den Knaben,
 Nicht mehr zu zielen,
 Weil er mich tötet.

Treibe nur mit Lieben Spott

Treibe nur mit Lieben Spott,
 Geliebte mein;
 Spottet doch der Liebesgott
 Dereinst auch dein!

Magst an Spotten nach Gefallen
 Du dich weiden;
 Von dem Weibe kommt uns allen
 Lust und Leiden.

Treibe nur mit Lieben Spott,
 Geliebte mein;
 Spottet doch der Liebesgott
 Dereinst auch dein!

Bist ach jetzt zu stolz zum
 Minnen,
 Glaub', o glaube;
 Liebe wird dich doch gewinnen
 Sich zum Raube,
 Wenn du spottest meiner Not,
 Geliebte mein;
 Spottet doch der Liebesgott

Implore him, Mother,
 implore the boy [Cupid],
 to take aim at me no longer,
 or he will kill me.

Mother, O Mother,
 wayward love
 derides and mocks me,
 flees from me and lures me.

Two eyes met mine
 last Sunday,
 wonder of heaven,
 bane of the earth!

All that is told
 of basilisks, Mother,
 did my heart endure
 when I beheld those eyes.

Implore him, Mother,
 implore the boy,
 to take aim at me no longer,
 or he will kill me.

You may laugh your lovers to scorn,
 my beloved;
 but Cupid will laugh
 at you, too, some day!

Delight as you will
 in mockery;
 our joys and sorrows
 all come from woman.
 Laugh your lovers to scorn,
 my beloved;
 but Cupid will laugh
 at you, too, some day!

Though you be now too proud
 to love,
 yet believe me,
 love will claim you
 as a victim;
 though you laugh at my longing,
 beloved,
 Cupid will laugh

Dereinst auch dein!

Wer da lebt in Fleisch, erwäge
Alle Stunden;
Amor schläft und plötzlich rege
Schlägt er Wunden.
Treibe nur mit Lieben Spott,
Geliebte mein;
Spottet doch der Liebesgott
Dereinst auch dein!

Ob auch finstre Blicke glitten

Ob auch finstre Blicke glitten,
Schöner Augenstern, aus dir,
Wird mir doch nicht abgestritten,
Daß du hast geblickt nach mir.
Wie sich auch der Strahl bemühte,
Zu verwunden meine Brust,
Gibt's ein Leiden, das die Lust,
Dich zu schaun, nicht reich
vergüte?

Und so tödlich mein Gemüte
Unter deinem Zorn gelitten,
Wird mir doch nicht abgestritten,
Daß du hast geblickt nach mir.

Ach, im Maien war's

Ach, im Maien war's, im Maien,
Wo die warmen Lüfte wehen,
Wo verliebte Leute pflegen
Ihren Liebchen nachzugehn.

Ich allein, ich armer Trauriger,
Lieg' im Kerker so verschmachtet,
Und ich seh' nicht, wann es taget,
Und ich weiß nicht, wann es
nachtet.

Nur an einem Vöglein merkt' ich's,
Das da drauss' im Maien sang;
Das hat mir ein Schütz getötet —
Geb' ihm Gott den schlimmsten
Dank!

at you, too, some day!

Mortals must bear in mind
at all times
that the God of Love sleeps, but sud-
denly wakens and strikes to wound.
You may laugh your lovers to scorn,
my beloved,
but Cupid will laugh
at you, too, some day!

Although black looks have slipped
from you, my darling,
at least it cannot be contested
that you have looked my way.
However hard your gaze tried
to wound my heart,
is there any sorrow that would not
be richly rewarded by the joy
of seeing you?

And however fatally my feelings
have suffered from your anger,
at least it cannot be contested
that you have looked my way.

It happened in May-time
when soft zephyrs are fluttering,
when folks in love are following
their sweetheart's steps.

I alone, poor wretch
lie here in prison languishing,
and I cannot see when it dawns
and I do not know when the night
comes.

Only from a little bird did I glean,
that was singing out there in May-time;
a marksman has slain it;
may God give him the direst
thanks!

Duet from *Der Corregidor* (Act II) (*Rosa Mayreder*)**Wolf**

At evening, the Miller Lukas and his wife Frasquita are discussing the day's events. The town Magistrate (*Der Corregidor*) has attempted to seduce Frasquita and she has indignantly rebuffed him. She brushes aside her husband's rationalizations and reassures him of her devotion. Together they sing:

In such a moment of evening leisure, then I deeply feel all our joy!
My Lukas/ Frasquita I've discovered with you such delightful content!

The first glance of every morning tells me at once: he/she is by me.
And night's release from the troubles of the day tells me: I am by thee.

So flows the time of our waking in blissful loving.
My dearest, let me say: I am so happy and so blessed.

**INTERMISSION**

Five Songs

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

Edvard Grieg considered all his songs love gifts to his wife Nina Hagerup who sang them in a unique way "plumbing the depths of individual words so that they took on a deeper, more distinctive colour." *To brune øjne* from *The heart's melodies* (1864) is an early tribute to their youthful infatuation.

From Norway's greatest writer, Henrik Ibsen, come *Med en vandlilje* and *En svane* where the poet's intense vision is caught by Grieg's luminous and utterly personal harmony.

The composer was sustained by the beauty of his country which finds expression in Vinje's *Langs ei Å* and particularly in *Våren*, a strong and unsentimental hymn to the restorative power of nature.

Langs ei Å Op. 33/5
(Aasmund Olavsson Vinje)

Du skog! som bøyer deg imot
og kysser denne svarte Å,
som grever av di

Hjarterot
of ned i Fanget vil deg få.
Lik deg eg Mangein mund sjå
og allerheist i Livsens Vår,
at han den Handi kyste på,
som slo hans verste Hjartesår.

En svane Op. 25/2 (Henrik Ibsen)

Min hvide svane
du stumme, du stille,
hverken slag eller trille
lod sangrøst ane.

Angst beskyttende
alfen, som sover,
altid lyttende
gled du henover.

Men sidste mødet,
da eder og øgne
var lønlige løgne,
ja da, da lød det!

I toners føden
du sluttet din bane.
Du sang i døden;
du var dog en svane!

Along a Stream

You forest! bending down
and kissing the black stream,
which digs away at your
innermost heart
and would take you down in its embrace.
Like you I have seen many times
and above all in the spring of life,
a man kissing the very hand
which inflicted the most mortal wound.

A Swan

My white swan,
you silent one, still one;
neither grace note nor trill
betrayed your song-voice.

Anxiously guarding
the sleeping elf,
always listening,
you glided on.

But the last meeting,
when oaths and eyes
were mischievous deceit,
yes there, then it sounded!

In the birth of sounds
you finished your life.
You sang in death;
you were indeed a swan.

To brune Øjne Op. 5/1
(Hans Christian Andersen)

To brune Øjne jeg nylig så
i dem mit Hjem og min Verden lå.
Der flammed' Snillet og Barnets
Fred;
jeg glemmer dem aldrig i Evighed!

Våren Op. 33/2
(Aasmund Olavsson Vinje)

Enno ein Gong fekk eg Vetren å sjå
for Våren å røma;
Heggen med Tre som der
Blomar var på,
eg atter såg bløma.
Enno ein Gong fekk eg Isen å sjå
frå Landet å fljota,
Snjoen å bråna og Fossen i Å
å fyssa og brjota,
Graset det grøne eg enno ein Gong
fekk skoda med Blomar;
enno eg høyrde at Vårfuglen song
mot Sol og mot Sumar.

Eingong eg sjølv i den vårlege
Eim,
som mettar mit Auga,
eingong eg der vil meg finna
ein Heim
og symjande lauga.
Alt det, som Våren imøte
meg bar
og Blomen, eg plukka,
Federnes Ånder eg trudde
det var,
som dansa og sukka.
Derfor eg fann millom Bjørkar
og Bar
i Våren ei Gåta;
derfor det Ljod i den Fløyta
eg skar,
meg tyktes å gråta.

Two Brown Eyes

I recently saw two brown eyes,
in them lay my home and my world.
There burned wisdom and
childlike peace;
I will never ever forget them!

Spring

Once again I have seen winter
make way for spring;
the hedgerows which once bore
flowers
I have seen blooming again.
Once again I have seen the ice
flow off the land,
the snow melt and the rapids
in the stream cascade and break.
The grass becomes green
and is made rich with flowers;
again I have heard the spring bird sing
to the sun and to summer.

Again I immerse myself in
the springlike vapour
which fills my eyes,
again I would find myself a
home there
and lie afloat.
Everything that spring has
brought me,
each flower I pick,
I believe was the soul of a
forefather,
dancing and sighing.
Therefore I have found a riddle
amidst birches
and evergreens in spring;
therefore the sound of the flute
I have carved
seems to me like weeping.

Med en vandlilje Op. 25/4
(Henrik Ibsen)

Se, Marie, hvad jeg bringer;
blomsten med de hvide vinger.
På de stille strømme båren
svam den drømmetung i våren.

Vil du den til hjemmet vie
fæst den på dit bryst, Marie;
bag dens blade da sig dølge
vil en dyp og stille bølge.

Vogt dig, barn, for tjernets
strømme.

Farligt, farligt der at
drømme!

Nøkken lader som han sover;
liljer leger ovenover.

Barn, din barm er tjernets
strømme.

Farligt, farligt der at
drømme;

liljer leger ovenover;
nøkken lader som han sover.

Se, Marie, hvad jeg bringer;
blomsten med de hvide vinger.
På de stille strømme båren
svam den drømmetung i våren.

With a Waterlily

See, Marie, what I bring;
the flower with the white wings.
Borne on the quiet stream
it swam dream-laden in springtime.

If you want to take it home
fasten it to your breast, Marie;
behind its petals will be concealed
a deep and silent wave.

Beware, child, the stream's
current.

It is dangerous, dangerous
to dream there!

The water-sprite pretends to sleep;
The lilies play overhead.

Child, your bosom is the stream's
current.

It is dangerous. dangerous
to dream there!

The lilies play overhead;
the water-sprite pretends to sleep.

See, Marie, what I bring;
the flower with the white wings.
Borne on the quiet stream
it swam dream-laden in springtime.

Five Folksongs

Percy Grainger (1882-1961)

In 1906, a wearisome visit to London by the ailing Edvard Grieg was transformed through his meeting with the brilliant Australian pianist and composer Percy Grainger. Already a passionate admirer and interpreter of the older master, Grainger could even converse with him in Norwegian! Grieg was captivated by the intense young man and likened his playing to "the sun breaking through the clouds".

Grainger was one of those dedicated folksong collectors who saved many songs from oblivion by working "in the field" — often with cumbersome recording equipment. Our songs were collected in 1906 in Lincolnshire with the exception of the Danish *The Power of Love*, collected in Jutland in 1922.

Grainger's extensive notes on his arrangements make fascinating reading. They show his respect for the original singers by an almost manic attempt to notate their individual idiosyncrasies. At the same time, a highly individual harmony is used to intensify the strong emotions and kaleidoscopic range of expression in these folksongs. Every arrangement is "Lovingly and reverently dedicated to the memory of Edvard Grieg."

Six Dukes Went a-fishin'

Six Dukes went a-fishin'
down by yon seaside,
one of them spied a dead body
lain by the water side.

They one said to each other,
these words I've heard them say:
"It's the Royal Duke of Grantham
what the tide has washed away".

They took him up to Portsmouth
to a place where he was known,
from there up to London
to the place where he was born.

They took out his bowels
and stretched out his feet,
and they balmed his body
with roses so sweet.

He now lies betwixt two towers.
he now lies in cold clay,
when the Royal Queen of Grantham
went weeping away.

The Sprig of Thyme

Wunst (once) I had a sprig of thyme,
it prospered by night and by day
till a false young man came acourtin' to me
and he stole all this thyme away.

The gardener was standiddn (standing) by;
I bade him choose for me:
he chose me the lily and the violet and the pink,
but I really did refuse them all three.

Thyme is the prettiest thing,
and time it will grow on
and time it'll bring all things to an end,
addend (and) so does my time grow on.

It's very well drinkin' ale
and it's very well drinkin' wine,
but it's far better sittin' by a young man's side
that has won this heart of mine.

Bold William Taylor

I'll sing you a song about two lovers,
O from Lichfeedeld (Litchfield) town they came;
O the young man's name was William Taylor,
and maiden's name was Sally Gray.

Now for a soldier William's 'listed,
for a soldier he 'as gone,
he's gone and left sweet lovely Sally
for to sigh adden (and) for to mourn.

Sally's parents they controlled 'er,
filled 'er 'eart full of grief and woe;
and then at last she vowed an' said
for a soldier she would go.

She dressed herseddelf (herself) idden (in) man's apparel,
man's appariddel (apparel) she put on;
addend (and) for to seek bold William Taylor,
and for to seek him, she 'as gone.

One day as she was exercisin'
exercisin' amongst the rest,
with a silver chain hung down her waistcoat
and there he spied her lilywhite breast.

Please turn page quietly

And then the captain he stepped up to her,
 ast (asked) her what had brought her there:
 "I've come to seek my own true lover,
 he has proved to me so vere (severe)".

"If you've come to seek yer own true lover,
 pray tell to me his name."

"His name it is boddeld (bold) William Taylor,
 from Lichfeedeld town he came."

"If his name it is bold William Taylor
 and he has proved to you so vere,
 he's got married to adden (an) Irish lady,
 he got married the other year."

"If you rise early in the mornin'.
 early by the break of day,
 there you shall spy bold William Taylor
 walkin' with his lady gay."

Then she rose early in the mornin',
 early by the break of day,
 and there she spied bold William Taylor
 a-walking' with this lady gay.

And then she called for a brace of pistils,
 a brace of pistils at her command.
 and there she shot bold William Taylor
 with his bride at his right 'and.

And then the captain he was well pleased,
 was well pleased with what she had one,
 and there he made her a great commander
 aboard of a ship over all his men.

The Power of Love

A green growing tree in my father's orchard stands,
 I really do believe it is a willow tree;
 its branches twine together so close from root to top,
 and so likewise does true love with its heart's desire,
 in summer time.

The British Waterside

Down beyond the British waterside, as I walked along,
 I overheard a fair maid, she was singing a song.
 The song that she did sing, and the words repelid (replied) she:
 "Of all the lads in Engeland is the sailor lad for me."

You may know a jolly sailor lad as he walks down the street,
 He is so neat in his clothing, and so tight on his feet.
 His teeth are white as ivory and his eyes black as sloes;
 You may know a jolly sailor boy by the way that he goes.

North Yarmouth is a pretty place, it shines where it stands;
 The more I look upon it, the more my heart burns.
 If I was at North Yarmouth, I should think myself at home,
 For there I have sweethearts and here I have got none.

I'll go down to yon British waterside and build my love a tower,
 Where the lords, dukes and skewiers (squires) may all it admire.
 The King can but love the Queen, and I can but do the same;
 But you shall be the shepherdess and-ell I will be your swain.



THE ALDEBURGH CONNECTION CONCERT SOCIETY
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Our Sunday Series has two more concerts this season: *Matinée musicale*, a Rossini programme on March 7, with Sally Dibblee, Linda Maguire, Eric Shaw and Bruce Kelly, and *The Lyre of Orpheus*, a programme built around music in the life and writings of Robertson Davies, with Mary Lou Fallis, Catherine Robbin and Daniel Neff. Tickets are \$24/\$18 students and seniors. Telephone (416) 516-1496.

There are also two concerts remaining in our Recital Series, at the Glenn Gould Studio: Friday May 14, *The Songs of Henri Duparc*, with Catherine Robbin and Gerald Finley, and our 1st Annual Greta Kraus Schubertiad on June 11; this festive evening will include a performance of *Die schöne Müllerin* by Benjamin Butterfield. For times and ticket prices, please see our brochure or call the Glenn Gould Studio at (416) 205-5555.



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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.

Carla Huhtanen is the recent recipient of the Canadian Women's Opera Committee Scholarship and a travel scholarship from the Ostrobothnians in Canada Society, and was a top prize winner at the Canadian Music Competition. She has appeared in solo performances at Roy Thomson Hall, the Ford Centre for the Performing Arts and the National Art Gallery and the Toronto Arts and Letters Club. She sang in the Ottawa Opera Lyra productions of *Madame Butterfly* and *Carmen*. She is currently studying and performing in opera at the University of Toronto. Carla can be heard on the latest Kid's Classics recording: *Mozart's Magnificent Voyage* on Sony records.

Scott Belluz is completing a Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance at the University of Toronto, and has also studied at the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh. He was awarded the Greta Kraus Memorial Scholarship this year. In 1997 he participated in masterclasses with pianist Rudolph Jansen at the Mountainview International Festival of Song, and returned to the festival last summer as a guest artist. He has appeared in the University of Toronto Opera Division's productions of *Paul Bunyan* and most notably as the Ballad Singer in Kurt Weill's *The Threepenny Opera*. Oratorio performances include Duruflé *Requiem*, Haydn's *Nelson Mass*, and Handel's *Messiah*. Scott is currently the baritone soloist for the Orpheus Choir of Toronto.

Bruce Ubukata has established a reputation as one of Canada's leading accompanists, working with singers such as Catherine Robbin, and Mary Lou Fallis in her successful one-woman shows, *Primadonna*, *Mrs Bach* and *Fräulein Mozart*, as well as with the Canadian Children's Opera Chorus. His other musical activities have included engagements with Festival Ottawa and the Canadian Opera Company, as well as regular engagements each summer in Aldeburgh, England. Mr Ubukata is also a noted organist and harpsichordist.