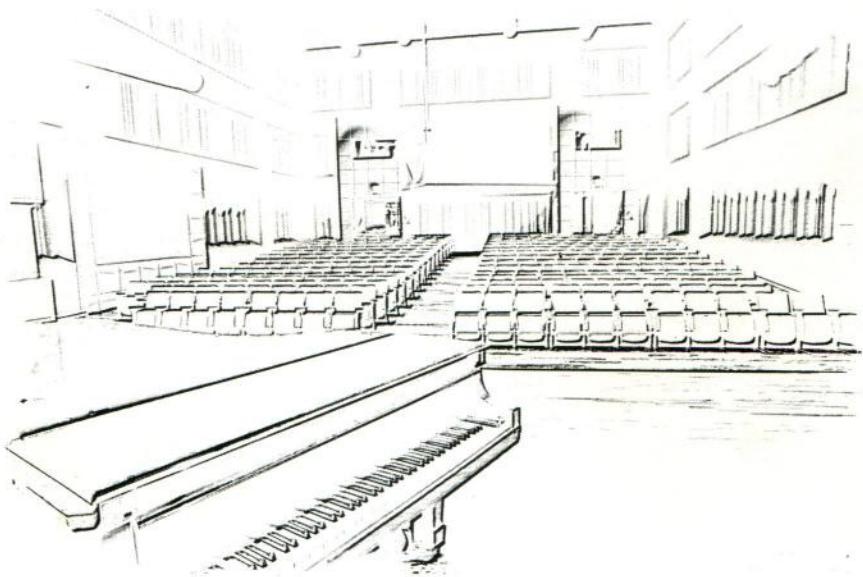


Glen Gould
Glenn Gould Studio



November 6 - 16, 2000

contents

<i>OnStage:</i> James Ehnes and Wendy Chen	page 2
Monday, November 6, 2000	
<i>Music Around Us:</i> Onyx Wind Quintet	page 7
Thursday, November 9, 2000	
<i>The Aldeburgh Connection:</i> Donna Brown	page 10
Friday, November 10, 2000	
<i>OnStage: Alain Lefèvre</i>	page 14
Tuesday, November 14, 2000	
<i>Music Around Us: Stephan Arman and Francis Perron</i>	page 18
Thursday, November 16, 2000	

Vol. 9, No. 4

**Friday, November 10, 2000
8:00 p.m.**

The Aldeburgh Connection presents

Donna Brown, soprano

**with
Bruce Ubukata, piano**



We wish to thank Kenneth and Carol Anderson,
who are pleased to be the sponsors of tonight's recital.

Floral arrangement from Sissinghurst through the generous sponsorship of
James and Connie MacDougall.

programme

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Six songs
Les roses d'Ispahan
(*Leconte de Lisle*), Op. 39/4
Au bord de l'eau (*Armand Sully Prudhomme*), Op. 8/1
Clair de lune (*Paul Verlaine*), Op. 46/2
Spleen (*Verlaine*), Op. 51/3
En sourdine (*Verlaine*), Op. 58/2
Mandoline (*Verlaine*), Op. 58/1

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Five settings of Bourget and Banville
Musique (*Paul Bourget*)
Beau soir (*Bourget*)
Romance: Voici que le printemps (*Bourget*)
Souhait (*Théodore de Banville*)
Fête galante (*Banville*)

Intermission

Claude Debussy

Five settings of Verlaine
Pantomime (*Verlaine*)
En sourdine (*Verlaine*)
Mandoline (*Verlaine*)
Clair de lune (*Verlaine*)
Fantoches (*Verlaine*)

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques (trans. Calvocoressi)
Le réveil de la mariée
Là-bas, vers l'église
Quel galant m'est comparable
Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
Tout gai!

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

French folksong arrangements
La belle est au jardin
Fileuse
Il est quelqu'un sur terre
Quand j'étais chez mon père

The Performers

Donna Brown, soprano

Donna Brown is one of Canada's most distinguished sopranos. Following music studies in Ottawa and Montreal she moved to Paris, where she lived for over a decade as a base for appearances on Europe's major concert stages, in repertoire ranging from baroque to contemporary. Among her many operatic triumphs were Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte* for Opéra Bastille, Paris, Sophie in *Der Rosenkavalier* for English National Opera, Rosina in *The Barber of Seville* for Théâtre du Châtelet, Gilda in *Rigoletto* in Montpellier, and Chimène in the world-première performances of Debussy's unfinished opera, *Rodrigue et Chimène*, under Kent Nagano at Opéra Lyon. She also established a well-deserved reputation for her exquisite and sensitive recital performances, appearing in prestigious venues such as Théâtre des Champs Elysées, the Bastille, Théâtre de la Ville and Musée d'Orsay in Paris, and Montreal's Pollack Hall. While based in Paris, Donna Brown also maintained an active concert and opera career in North America. Since her recent return to live in Ottawa, she has appeared at Festival Lanaudière, the Ottawa Chamber Music Festival and in performances at the National Arts Centre and in Montreal. Highlights of her current season include Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* with the New York Philharmonic under Kurt Masur, concerts in Munich with the Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks, a Schubert *Lieder* recording for Hanssler, Hindemith's *Melancholia* with Jeffrey Tate, a program of Mozart arias with the Manitoba Chamber Orchestra and a concert with Kurt Masur in Berlin.

She is an active recording artist, with more than two dozen CDs to her credit. She is proud to have taken part in numerous first releases, such as

Rodrigue et Chimène (Debussy/Denisov) under Kent Nagano, Leclair's *Scylla et Glaucus* and Berlioz's *Messe Solemnelle* under John Eliot Gardiner, Fanny Mendelssohn *Lieder* with pianist Françoise Gillard, Hanssler's *Requiem der Versöhnung* under Helmuth Rilling and the Juno-nominated *Gitanjali*, written for her voice by R. Murray Schafer, on a CBC Records CD entitled *The Garden of the Heart*.

Bruce Ubukata, piano

Bruce Ubukata has established a reputation as one of Canada's leading accompanists, working with singers such as Catherine Robbin, and with Mary Lou Fallis in her successful one-woman shows, *Primadonna*, *Mrs. Bach* and *Fräulein Mozart*, and he has had a long association with the Canadian Children's Opera Chorus. His other musical activities have included engagements with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, The Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, the Elmer Iseler Singers, Festival Ottawa and the Canadian Opera Company, as well as regular summer engagements in Aldeburgh, England. His recordings include *Liebeslieder & Folk Songs* for CBC Records, and the Britten *Canticles* on the Marquis label. Mr. Ubukata is also an accomplished organist and harpsichordist.

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

Please join us again on Wednesday, February 21 for a recital by another brilliant young Canadian soprano, Valdine Anderson, who has garnered

raves in both North America and England for her thrilling performances, especially of contemporary opera and concert. We finish our series on Thursday, April 26 with one of Canada's favourite tenors, Michael Schade, singing Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin*. All concerts are at 8:00 p.m., and single tickets (\$25/\$20 students and seniors) may be purchased from the Glenn Gould Studio Box Office at (416) 205-5555.

Our Sunday Series begins on November 26, with *Auld Lang Syne* — a musical afternoon with Robert Burns. Joining us are singers Kathryn Domoney, Anita Krause, Nils Brown and Andrew Tees, and Andrew Gillies, reader. Other concerts in this series are our annual *Greta Kraus Schubertiad* on January 28, with Monica Whicher, Susan Platts and John Tessier, a Ravel programme, *The*

Enchanted Garden, on March 4, with Nathalie Paulin, Catherine Robbin and Brett Polegato and *Proud Songster* — a look at the life and music of Gerald Finzi — on April 29, with Colin Ainsworth, Mark Pedrotti and The Elora Festival Singers. All concerts are at 2:30 p.m. Single tickets are \$25/\$20 and because of the large number of subscribers for this series, it is advisable to reserve in advance by calling (416) 444-3976.

And for the talent-spotters in our audience: on Wednesday, December 6 we present the second of our Young Artists Recitals — up-and-coming young singers who have important careers ahead of them! This concert features soprano Mehgan Atchison and mezzo-soprano Andrea Ludwig with Bruce Ubukata, piano. For tickets (\$10/\$5), call (416) 978-3744.

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**

Friday, November 10, 2000, 8:00 pm

The Aldeburgh Connection presents

Donna Brown, soprano with Bruce Ubukata, piano

*We wish to thank Kenneth and Carol Anderson, who are pleased to be
the sponsors of tonight's recital.*

*Floral arrangement provided through the generous sponsorship
of James and Connie MacDougall.*

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

Six songs

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

The songs of Gabriel Fauré were composed over a span of nearly sixty years and display all the successive elements of his stylistic development. The group presented tonight carries us exactly half-way through this period — up to the *Mélodies de Venise* (Op. 58) of 1891. The poets of the first two songs, Leconte de Lisle and Sully Prudhomme, seem rather distant to us, very much men of the mid-nineteenth century. But with Paul Verlaine we come to one of the greatest poets of the *fin de siècle*, a father of modernism, whose verses summoned up the finest response from this composer. Each one of Fauré's settings of Verlaine is a masterpiece. There were hopes for an operatic collaboration; in the event, we have to be content with some of the greatest *mélodies* ever written.

Les Roses d'Ispahan (*Leconte de Lisle*) Op. 39/4

Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaîne de mousse, Le jasmins de Mossoul, les fleurs de l'oranger, Ont un parfum moins frais, ont une odeur moins douce, Ô blanche Leïlah! que ton souffle léger.	The roses of Ispahan in their sheath of moss, the jasmines of Mosul, the orange blossoms, have a fragrance less fresh, an aroma less sweet, O pale Leila, than your light breath!
Ta lèvre est de corail et ton rire léger Sonne mieux que l'eau vive et d'une voix plus douce, Mieux que le vent joyeux qui berce l'oranger, Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante au bord d'un nid de mousse.	Your lips are coral and your light laughter has a softer and lovelier sound than rippling water, lovelier than the joyous breeze that rocks the orange-tree, lovelier than the bird that sings near its nest of moss.
Ô Leïlah! depuis que de leur vol léger Tous les baisers ont fui de ta lèvre si douce, Il n'est plus de parfum dans le pâle oranger, Ni de céleste arôme aux roses dans leur mousse.	O Leila, ever since in their airy flight all the kisses have fled from your lips so sweet, there is no longer any fragrance from the pale orange-tree, no heavenly aroma from the roses in the moss.
Oh! que ton jeune amour, ce papillon léger, Revienne vers mon cœur d'une aile prompte et douce, Et qu'il parfume encor la fleur de l'oranger, Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaîne de mousse!	Oh, if only your youthful love, that light butterfly, would return to my heart on swift and gentle wings, and perfume once more the orange blossom and the roses of Ispahan in their sheath of moss!

Au bord de l'eau (*Armand Sully Prudhomme*) Op. 8/1

S'asseoir tous deux au bord du flot qui passe, Le voir passer; Tous deux s'il glisse un nuage en l'espace, Le voir glisser;	At the water's edge To sit together beside the passing stream and watch it pass; if a cloud glides by in the sky, together to watch it glide;
--	---

À l'horizon s'il fume un toit de chaume
 Le voir fumer;
 Aux alentours si quelque fleur embaume
 S'en embaumer;
 Entendre au pied du saule où l'eau murmure
 L'eau murmurer;
 Ne pas sentir tant que ce rêve dure
 Le temps durer.
 Mais n'apportant de passion profonde
 Qu'à s'adorer,
 Sans nul souci des querelles du monde
 Les ignorer;
 Et seuls tous deux devant tout ce qui lasse
 Sans se lasser,
 Sentir l'amour devant tout ce qui passe
 Ne point passer!

if a thatched house sends up smoke on the horizon, to watch it smoke; if a flower spreads fragrance nearby, to take on its fragrance; under the willow where the water murmurs, to listen to it murmuring; for the time that this dream endures, not to feel its duration; but, having no deep passion except adoration for one another, without concern for the world's quarrels, to ignore them; and alone together, in the face of all wearying things, unwearingly to feel love (unlike all things that pass away) not passing away!

Clair de lune (*Paul Verlaine*) Op. 46 / 2

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
 Que vont charmants masques et bergamasques,
 Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
 Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques!

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
 L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune
 Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur,
 Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
 Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres,
 Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
 Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres!

Moonlight

Your soul is an exquisite landscape enchanted by masquers and revellers playing the lute and dancing and yet somehow sad beneath their fantastic disguises!

Singing in a minor key of love triumphant and of life's pleasures, they seem not to believe their happiness, and their song mingles with the moonlight,

With the calm, sad, beautiful, moonlight which makes the birds dream in the trees, and the fountains sob in ecstasy, the tall slender fountains amid the marble statues!

Spleen (Verlaine) Op. 51/3

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

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

Il pleure sans raison
Dans mon coeur qui s'écoire.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.

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

En sourdine (Verlaine) Op. 58/2

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Mêlons nos âmes, nos coeurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton coeur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

There is weeping in my heart
like the rain falling on the town.
What is this languor
that pervades my heart?

Oh, the soft sound of rain
on the ground and the roofs!
For a heart growing weary,
oh, the sound of the rain!

There is weeping without cause
in this disheartened heart.
What! No betrayal?
There's no reason for this grief.

Truly the worst pain
is not knowing why,
without love or hatred,
my heart feels so much pain!

Muted

Calm in the half-light
cast by the high branches,
Let our love be suffused
With this deep silence.

Let our souls, our hearts and
senses blend
with the vague languours
Of the pines and the arbutus.

Half close your eyes,
Cross your arms upon your breast,
And banish forever all purpose
from your sleeping heart.

Let us be coaxed by the
soft, lulling breeze
that comes to ripple the waves
of russet grass at your feet.

And when evening solemnly
Falls from the black oaks,
The voice of our despair,
The nightingale, will sing.

1985
Mandoline (Verlaine) Op. 58/1

Les donneurs de sérénades
 Et les belles écoutées
 Echangent des propos fades
 Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
 Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
 Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
 Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
 Leurs longues robes à queues,
 Leur élégance, leur joie
 Et leurs molles ombres bleues

Tourbillonent dans l'extase
 D'une lune rose et grise,
 Et la mandoline jase
 Parmi les frissons de brise.

Serenaders
 and their lovely listeners
 exchange sweet nothings
 beneath the singing branches.

Tircis, Aminte,
 the eternal Clitandre,
 and Damis who writes tender
 verses for many a cruel mistress.

Their short silken doublets,
 their long trailing dresses,
 their elegance, their joy
 and their soft blue shadows

Whirl in the ecstasy
 of a pink and grey moon,
 and the mandolin twangs
 in the quivering breeze.

◆

Five settings of Bourget and Banville Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

The Debussy songs in tonight's programme date from the early 1880s, the start of his career, although most were not published (at least in these versions) until after his death. The scholar James Briscoe writes about the composer: "The genre of song first showed the technical innovations and new sensibilities towards literature that he would cultivate in his mature work, which set a pace for twentieth century music." At an early age, Debussy had developed a predilection for the poems of Banville — especially those like *Fête galante* which drew inspiration from the *commedia dell'arte*. Bourget was a personal friend of the composer and would often send him his latest work. It has been argued that Debussy was influenced far more by the literary figures of his day than by his contemporary musicians.

The strongest impulse to song composition, however, came from an infatuation with Marie-Blanche Vasnier, an accomplished amateur singer in her early thirties whom Debussy had met when he accompanied the singing classes of Mme Moreau-Sainti. Between 1881 and 1884,

he composed no fewer than 23 songs for Mme Vasnier. *Musique* and *Voici que le printemps* and the five Verlaine settings to be heard after intermission come from the so-called *Recueil Vasnier*, a manuscript collection dedicated to his green-eyed idol, whom he described as possessing "the lips of a melodious fairy".

Musique (Paul Bourget)

La lune se levait, pure, mais plus
glacée
Que le ressouvenir de
quelqu'amour passée.
Les étoiles, au fond du ciel silencieux,
Brillaient, mais d'un éclat
changeant, comme des yeux
Où flotte une pensée insaisissable
à l'âme.
Et le violon, tendre et doux,
comme une femme
Dont la voix s'affaiblit dans l'ar-
dente langueur,
Chantait: "Encore un soir perdu
pour le bonheur."

Music

The moon was rising, pure,
but icier
than the memory of some
past love.
The stars, deep in the silent sky,
were shining, but with a flickering
light, like eyes
Reflecting a thought that eludes the
soul.
And the violin, soft and tender, like
a woman
whose voice grows faint in her
melancholy ardour,
was singing: "Yet another evening
without happiness."

Beau soir (Bourget)

Lorsque au soleil couchant les
rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les
champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble
sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;
Un conseil de goûter le charme
d'être au monde,
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que
le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons, comme
s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer —nous au tombeau.

Beautiful Evening

When at sunset the rivers
are pink
and a warm breeze ripples the fields
of wheat,
all things seem to advise
content
and rise toward the troubled heart;
Advise us to savour the
gift of life,
while we are young and the evening
fair,
for our life slips by, as that river
does:
it to the sea — we to the tomb.

Romance: Voici que le printemps (Bourget)

Voici que le printemps, ce fils léger
d'Avril,
Beau page en pourpoint vert brodé
de roses blanches,
Paraît leste, fringant et les poings
sur les hanches,
Comme un prince acclamé revient
d'un long exil.

Les branches des buissons verdis
rendent étroite
La route qu'il poursuit en dansant
comme un fol;
Sur son épaulé gauche il porte un
rossignol,
Un merle s'est posé sur son épaulé
droite.

Et les fleurs qui dormaient sous les
mousses des bois
Ouvrent leurs yeux où flotte une
ombre vague et tendre;
Et sur leurs petits pieds se dressent
pour entendre
Les deux oiseaux siffler et chanter
à la fois.

Car le merle siffle et le rossignol
chante;
Le merle siffle ceux qui ne sont pas
aimés,
Et pour les amoureux languissants
et charmés
Le rossignol prolonge une chanson
touchante.

Here is Spring, that light-hearted
son of April,
a handsome page in green doublet
embroidered with white roses.
Here he steps, nimble, with his
hands on his hips,
like an acclaimed prince returning
from a long exile.

The twigs of the verdant bushes
make narrow
the path he takes, dancing like a
jester;
on his left shoulder he carries a
nightingale,
a blackbird has alighted on his
right shoulder.

And the flowers that slept beneath
the wood moss
open their eyes where drifts a
vague and tender shadow;
and on their little feet they stretch
upward to hear
the two birds whistling and singing
together.

For the blackbird is whistling as the
nightingale sings;
the blackbird whistles for those
who are not loved,
and for the languishing and
enchanted lovers
the nightingale sings out a touch-
ing song.

Souhait (Théodore de Banville)

Oh, quand la mort, que rien ne
saurait apaiser,
Nous prendra tous les deux dans
un dernier baiser,
Et jettera sur nous le manteau de
ses ailes,
Puissions-nous reposer sous deux
pièrres jumelles!

Puissent les fleurs de rose aux
parfums embaumés
Sortir de nos deux corps qui se
sont tant aimés,
Et nos âmes fleurir ensemble, et
sur nos tombes
Se regarder longtemps
d'amoureuses colombes!

Fête galante (Banville)

Voilà Sylvander et Lycas et
Myrtile,
Car c'est ce soir fête chez
Cydalise.
Partout dans l'air court un
parfum subtil;
Dans le grand parc où tout
s'idéalise
Avec la rose Aminthe rivalise.
Philis, Églé, que suivent leurs
amants
Cherchent l'ombrage en mille
endroits charmants;
Dans le soleil qui s'irrite et qui
joue,
Lutant d'orgueil avec les diamants,
Sur le chemin, le Paon blanc
fait la roue.

Wish

Oh! when death, which nothing can
appease,
will take us both in a
final kiss
and throw the mantle of its wings
over us:
May we rest under
twin stones!

May perfumed roses
blossom
from our two bodies,
which loved each other so much,
and our souls flower together
and amorous doves
gaze at each other above
our tombs!

There are Sylvandre and Lycas and
Myrtile,
for this evening there's an outing at
Cydalise's.
All about a subtle perfume
fills the air;
In the great park, where all is
perfection
Aminte rivals the rose.
Philis, Eglé, who are following after
their lovers
search among the shadows in a
thousand charming places;
in the bright sun that excites and
plays about,
vying proudly with diamonds,
across their path the white peacock
vaunts his plumage.



Intermission

Five settings of Verlaine

Debussy

As a boy, Debussy took piano lessons from a Mme Mauté de Fleurville, who claimed to be a pupil of Chopin. This cannot be verified; what is certain is the marriage in 1870 of her daughter, Mathilde, to Paul Verlaine. Whether or not Debussy was aware of this at the time (and of the scandalous aftermath involving Arthur Rimbaud), it is clear that Verlaine was another poet to whom the composer felt closely drawn from the start.

Debussy was to make more than twenty settings of Verlaine's poetry, including the *Ariettes oubliées* and the two sets of *Fêtes galantes*. It is instructive to observe the differences between the early songs (this evening's group) and the reworkings which the composer made subsequently. *En sourdine*, *Clair de lune*, *Fantoches* all appeared again in *Fêtes galantes*; by that time, the infinitely fluid and expressive recitative style of *Pelléas et Mélisande* was evolving. In tonight's songs, however, we still hear the soaring, often melismatic, vocal line, deriving in part from Massenet, which was bequeathed to us by Mme Vasnier.

Pantomime

Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre,
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre,
Et, pratique, entame un pâté.

Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue,
Verse une larme méconnue
Sur son neveu déshérité.

Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine
L'enlèvement de Colombine
Et pirouette quatre fois.

Colombine rêve, surprise
De sentir un cœur dans la brise
Et d'entendre en son cœur des voix.

Pierrot, who is no Clitandre,
gulps down a bottle without delay
and, being practical, starts on a pie.

Cassandre, at the end of the avenue,
sheds an unnoticed tear
for his disinherited nephew.

That rogue of a Harlequin schemes
how to abduct Colombine
and pirouettes four times.

Colombine dreams, amazed
to sense a heart in the breeze
and hear voices in her heart.

En sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Mêlons nos âmes, nos coeurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues languours
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écoutieuses
Echangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues

Tourbillonent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Muted

Calm in the half-light
cast by the high branches,
Let our love be suffused
With this deep silence.

Let our souls, our hearts and
senses blend
with the vague languours
of the pines and the arbutus.

Half close your eyes,
cross your arms upon your breast,
and banish forever all purpose
from your sleeping heart.

Let us be coaxed by the
soft, lulling breeze
that comes to ripple the waves
of russet grass at your feet.

And when evening solemnly
falls from the black oaks,
the voice of our despair,
the nightingale, will sing.

Serenaders
and their lovely listeners
exchange sweet nothings
beneath the singing branches.

Tircis, Aminte,
the eternal Clitandre,
and Damis who writes tender
verses for many a cruel mistress.

Their short silken doublets,
their long trailing dresses,
their elegance, their joy
and their soft blue shadows

Whirl in the ecstasy
of a pink and grey moon,
and the mandolin twangs
in the quivering breeze.

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmants masques et
bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements
fantasques!

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur
bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de
lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et
beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les
arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi
les marbres!

Fantoches

Scaramouche et Pulcinella,
Qu'un mauvais dessein rassembla,
Gesticulent noirs sous la lune.

Cependant l'excellent docteur
Bolonais cueille avec lenteur
Des simples parmi l'herbe brune.

Lors sa fille, piquant minois,
Sous la charmille, en tapinois,
Se glisse demi-nue, en quête

De son beau pirate espagnol,
Dont un amoureux rossignol
Clame la détresse à tue-tête.

Moonlight

Your soul is an exquisite landscape
enchanted by masquers and
revellers
playing the lute and dancing and
yet somehow sad beneath their
fantastic disguises!

Singing in a minor key of love
triumphant and of life's pleasures,
they seem not to believe their
happiness,
and their song mingles with the
moonlight,

With the calm, sad, beautiful,
moonlight
which makes the birds dream
in the trees,
and the fountains sob in ecstasy,
the tall slender fountains amid the
marble statues!

Marionettes

Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
brought together by a wicked plan,
are gesticulating, black against the moon.

Meanwhile the excellent doctor
from Bologna slowly gathers herbs
in the brown grass.

Then his daughter,
enticing and pretty, under the bower,
stealthily, slips half naked, looking

For her fine Spanish pirate
whose distress is loudly proclaimed
by an amorous nightingale.

Cinq Mélodies populaires grecques (*trans. Calvocoressi*)

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

In the early years of this century, Ravel belonged to the group of artists who called themselves 'Apaches' (hooligans). One of the causes which drew them together was their partisanship in favour of Debussy's *Pelléas*; they regarded themselves as outlaws against all forms of philistinism and artistic prejudice. Another member of the Apaches was the critic and writer Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi. Of Greek parentage, his enthusiasm for things Greek infected Ravel. In 1904, Pierre Aubry gave a lecture on the songs of oppressed peoples, notably Greeks and Armenians. Calvocoressi taught a singer, phonetically, to sing some Greek songs and Ravel (at thirty-six hours notice!) provided accompaniments. Two of these songs (*Quel galant* and *Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques*) the composer thought worthy of preservation; he later added three more, and the *Cinq Mélodies populaires grecques* were premièred in their final form in 1905 by Marguerite Balaian, at a lecture-recital given by Calvocoressi (who provided French words). The second and fourth songs are the most ancient in origin; the third and fifth are, in fact, popular songs from the nineteenth century.

Five popular Greek melodies

1. Le Réveil de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté,
Mon cœur en est brûlé!

Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

The Bride's Awakening

Wake up, wake up darling partridge!
Spread your wings in the morning!
Three beauty-spots!
they inflame my heart!

See the golden ribbon I bring you
to tie around your hair.
If you wish, my beauty, let's get married.
In our two families, all are
allied.

2. Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costanndino,
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!

Down there by the church, by the
church of Saint Sideros,
O Holy Virgin,
the church of Saint Constantine,
there are gathered,
assembled, an infinite number,
of the world's best people.

3. Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?

Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
Pistolets et sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

What beau can be compared to me
among all those seen passing by?
Tell me, Dame Vassiliki!?

See hanging at my belt,
a pistol and a sharp sword ...
And it's you that I love.

4. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

O joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon coeur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du coeur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.

O lorsque tu paraîs,
Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres coeurs
soupirent!

Song of the mastic gatherers

O joy of my soul,
joy of my heart,
treasure so dear to me;
joy of soul and heart,
you whom I love so passionately,
you are more lovely than an angel.

O when you appear,
angel so sweet,
before our eyes
like a beautiful fair angel
under the bright sun,
alas! all our poor hearts
sigh!

5. Tout gai!

Tout gai, Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse,
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la la.

So merry, ah, so merry!
Lovely leg, tireli, that dances,
Lovely leg, the crockery dances,
tra la la.

French folksong arrangements

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

The Swiss soprano, Sophie Wyss, was the intended interpreter of much of Britten's pre-war vocal music: *Our Hunting Fathers*, *Les Illuminations* and *On This Island*. When he returned to England from America in 1942, he was very much thinking in terms of the tenor voice of Peter Pears when writing songs; but, in December of that year, he produced one last oeuvre for Wyss, a set of eight arrangements of French folksongs. She premiered them some time in 1943/44. Pears and Britten themselves performed several at a concert in Paris after the liberation of France. There is a lightness, sometime an earthiness, here which contrasts interestingly with Britten's better-known arrangements of English folksongs.

La belle est au jardin d'amour

La belle est au jardin d'amour,
Il y a un mois ou cinq semaines.
Laridondon, laridondaine.

Son père la cherche partout,
Son amoureux qui est en peine.

"Berger berger, n'as tu point vu
Passer ici celle que j'aime?"

"Elle est là-bas dans ce vallon,
A un oiseau conte ses peines."

Le bel oiseau s'est envolé,
Et le chagrin bien loin emmène.

The fair one is in love's garden,
full a month or five weeks.
Hey derry-down.

Her father seeks her everywhere,
her lover is broken-hearted.

"Shepherd, have you not seen her?
Has my loved passed by here?"

"She is down in yonder valley,
recounting her grief to a bird."

The pretty bird has stolen her grief
and flies far away with it.

Fileuse

Lorsque j'étais jeunette, je
gardais les moutons,
Tirouli, tiroula, tirouli, tiroulou.
N'étais jamais seulette à songer
par les monts.

Tirouli . . .

Mais d'autres bergerettes avec
moi devisaient.

Tirouli . . .

Parfois de sa musette un berger
nous charmait.

Tirouli . . .

When I was a young girl I tended
the sheep,
tirouli, tiroula, tirouli, tiroulou,
I never dreamt in solitude upon
the mountainside.

Tirouli . . .

But other young shepherdesses
would talk with me.

Tirouli . . .

Sometimes a shepherd would play
the pipes for our delight.

Tirouli . . .

Il nous faisait des rondes, joli'
rondes d'amour.

Tirouli . . .

Mais me voilà vieille, reste
seule toujours.

Tirouli!

He would play pretty love dances
for us.

Tirouli . . .

Yet now I am old, and still on my
own.

Tirouli!

Il est quelqu'un sur terre

Il est quelqu'un sur terre,
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train,
Et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
Il est quelqu'un sur terre,
Vers qui me rêves vont.

Il est dans la vallée,
Va, mon rouet . . .
Il est dans la vallée,
Un moulin près du pont.

L'amour y moud' sa graine,
Va, mon rouet . . .
L'amour y moud' sa graine,
Tant que le jour est long.

La nuit vers les étoiles,
Va, mon rouet . . .
La nuit vers les étoiles,
Soupire sa chanson.

La rou' s'y est brisée.
Va, mon rouet . . .
La rou' s'y est brisée.
Finie est la chanson.

There is someone in the world,
turn, little wheel!

Gently turn, go your way,
and whisper your sweet refrain,
there is someone in the world
to whom my dreams incline.

There is in the valley,
turn, little wheel . . .
there is in the valley,
a windmill by the bridge.

Love grinds the barley there,
turn, little wheel . . .
love grinds the barley there,
for as long as is the day.

Night turns towards the stars,
turn, little wheel . . .
night turns towards the stars,
and sings her song.

The wheel there is broken.
turn, little wheel . . .
the wheel there is broken.
the song is at an end.

Quand j'étais chez mon père

Quand j'étais chez mon père,
Apprenti pastoureaux,
Il m'a mis dans la lande,
Pour garder les troupeaux.

Troupeaux, troupeaux,
Je n'en avais guère.
Troupeaux, troupeaux,
Je n'en avais biaux.

Mais je n'en avais guère,
Je n'avais qu'trois agneaux;
Et le loup de la plaine
M'a mangé le plus biau.

Il était si vorace
N'a laissé que la piau,
N'a laissé que la queue,
Pour mettre à mon chapiau.

Mais des os de la bête
Me fis un chalumiau
Pour jouer à la fête,
À la fêt' du hamiau.

Pour fair' danser l'village,
Dessous le grand orniau,
Et les jeun's et les vieilles,
Les pieds dans les sabots.

When I lived at my father's house
a poor apprentice shepherd,
he sent me to the fields
to watch the flocks.

Flocks, flocks,
I hadn't very many.
Flocks, flocks,
and they were not very bonny.

No, I had but a few,
I had but three lambs;
and the wolf from the plain
ate my best one.

He was so greedy
he left only the pelt,
he left only the tail
to place on my hat.

But from the bones
I made me a pipe
to sing and make merry
at the village fair.

To make the village dance
under the great elms,
young women and old
their feet dancing in their clogs.

Co 15: 50





Glenn Gould Studio Administration

Tom Shipton, General Manager
Lorraine T. Kidd, Assistant General Manager
Mike Carroll, Technical Director
Faiza R. Ansari, Box Office Coordinator
Dennis Patterson, House Technician
Peter Lawlor, Technician

programmed edited by Elizabeth Forster
programme layout by Mary Campbell

Box Office Hours

11:00 am to 6:00 pm
Mondays through Fridays
&
Two hours prior to
performances on evenings,
weekends & holidays

(416) 205-5555

Canadian Broadcasting Centre
250 Front St. West,
Toronto

Glenn Gould Studio is named in tribute to Glenn Gould, one of Canada's most influential musicians and broadcast figures who continues to be celebrated throughout the world for his extraordinary recordings, musical vision and technical creativity.



Canadian Broadcasting Centre, 250 Front Street West, Toronto M5V 3G5