

Events

April 6 - 26, 1998

Glen Gould
Glenn Gould Studio

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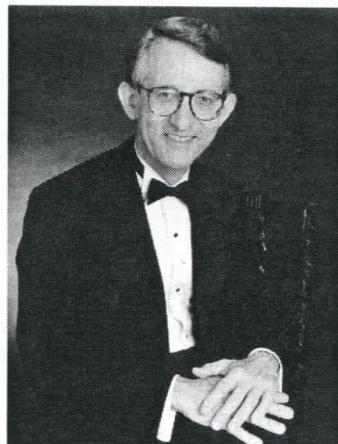
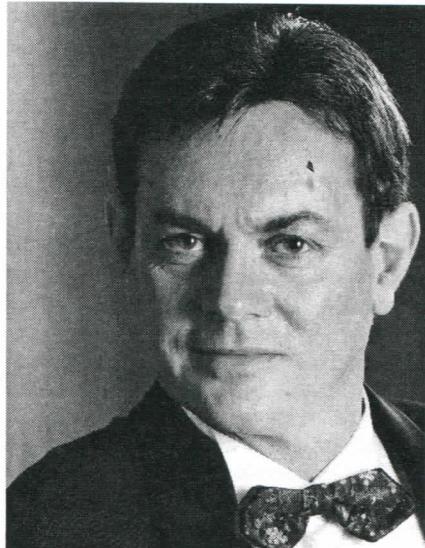
Wednesday, April 15, 1998
8:00 p.m.

The Aldeburgh Connection presents

Mark Pedrotti, baritone

with

Stephen Ralls, piano



Our sincere thanks to The M.M. Webb Foundation for generously sponsoring this recital.

Robert Schumann

(1810-1856)

Dichterliebe, Op. 48

(*Heinrich Heine*)

Intermission

Hugo Wolf

(1860-1903)

**Five songs to poems by
Eduard Mörike**

*Er ist's
Begegnung
Im Frühling
Auf einer Wanderung
Der Gärtner*

Henri Duparc

(1848-1933)

Three songs

*Chanson triste (Jean Lahor)
Testament (Armand Silvestre)
Phidylé (Leconte de Lisle)*

Oskar Morawetz

(b. 1917)

Three songs

*The Chimney-Sweeper
(William Blake)
Grenadier (A.E. Housman)
Mad Song (William Blake)*

programme

Tonight's concert will be broadcast on both ***Take Five*** and ***In Performance***,
CBC Radio Two (94.1 FM) at a later date.

Producer: Neil Crory

Recording Engineer: Bruce Barnett

The Performers

Mark Pedrotti

Mark Pedrotti has established a well-deserved reputation as an international concert artist of the highest calibre. His opera and concert appearances have taken him to Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, the Kennedy Center in Washington, Avery Fisher Hall, to Ireland's Wexford Opera Festival, and to all the major Canadian, Australian and New Zealand opera companies and orchestras. His operatic career has embraced over forty roles, with his most recent appearances as Count di Luna in Verdi's *Il Trovatore* for Opera New Zealand and as Rossini's Figaro for Edmonton Opera winning him accolades from audience and press alike. Upcoming engagements include Marcello (*La Bohème*) for Wellington City Opera and Dandini (*La Cenerentola*) for Opera New Zealand. In Canada, he will perform Brahms's *Requiem* and Bruce Ruddell's *The Spirit of Haida Gwaii* with the Vancouver Bach Choir, and Bach's *Mass in B minor* with the Kitchener-Waterloo Philharmonic Choir. He appears frequently on CBC Radio, and with the Australian Broadcasting Corporation and the New Zealand Broadcasting Corporation; these concerts have featured premières of works by Canadian composers. On film, he has appeared in Rhombus Media's *Whale Song* with the Vancouver Bach Choir for Expo '86 and in *Ravel*, a film on the life of Maurice Ravel. His growing list of recordings includes *Carmina Burana* (New York Choral Society, Newport Classics), *An Evening of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Bach Cantatas, Songs of Oskar Morawetz, Romantic Arias and Duets*, and *The Lyrical Art of Mark Pedrotti*, all for CBC Records.

Stephen Ralls

Stephen Ralls began his musical career in England, following studies at Merton College, Oxford and at the Royal Academy of Music in London, where he won the major accompaniment and chamber music prizes. He was soon involved in frequent recitals throughout England and in regular broadcasts for the BBC. While working with English Opera Group he was selected as chief répétiteur for Britten's last opera, *Death in Venice*, and played the important solo piano part in the first performances and on the Decca recording. This association led to recital appearances with Sir Peter Pears at the Aldeburgh Festival and on the BBC, and to Mr. Ralls's appointment to the staff of the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh. His reputation extended to Canada following his appointment in 1978 to the staff of the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto, where he is now Director of Music in the Opera Division. He has accompanied Canada's finest singers in numerous concerts, festivals and broadcasts. He has also been on the staff of the Canadian Opera Company, the Banff Centre and the National Arts Centre. His recordings include *Songs of Oskar Morawetz*, *The Lyrical Art of Mark Pedrotti*, *The Aldeburgh Connection: Schumann, Brahms and Greer*, *Benjamin Britten: The Canticles* and a soon-to-be released CBC CD 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 Bruce Ubukata have visited and worked there for many summers, as have many of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.

Each year we produce two concert series — this one, the Recital Series, takes place here in the Glenn Gould Studio. Although this is the final concert in this year's Recital Series, we will be returning next season to offer another group of recitals showcasing some of Canada's finest singers. There is one concert remaining in this year's Sunday Series at Walter Hall, University of Toronto. On April 26 we combine the music of two titled English composers, Sir Hubert Parry, Baronet, and the eccentric Lord Berners, in *Noblesse Oblige*. Soloists are soprano Mary Lou Fallis and baritone Daniel Neff. Tickets (\$24/\$18) may be ordered by calling (416) 516-1496.

For information about next season's concerts, please call (416) 516-1496. We will be happy to mail you a brochure as soon as it is available.

We would also like to thank:

The Ontario Arts Council

The City of Toronto through the Toronto Arts Council and the Culture Division
Many individual donors and supporters

PROGRAMME NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

The Aldeburgh Connection is proud to acknowledge its enormous debt to its Honorary Patron, the late Greta Kraus, for her instruction, encouragement and inspiration. We assure her friends and family of our sympathy at this time.

Please reserve your applause until the end of each group of songs

Dichterliebe, Op. 48 (Heinrich Heine)

Robert Schumann (1810-56)

1840 was a wonderful year for Schumann, and also for us. After years of parental opposition and legal wrangling, he was finally able to marry his beloved Clara Wieck — and a burst of happiness and creativity resulted in well over a hundred songs, including three or four of the greatest song-cycles ever written. Of these, *Dichterliebe* is arguably the finest and certainly the most unified. Sixteen poems from Heine's *Lyrisches Intermezzo* tell the story of love burgeoning, blooming and betrayed. The songs are linked musically by related keys and by Schumann's use of recurring motifs or cyphers, usually related (as we know by analogy with his other music) to his love for Clara — compare the end of the twelfth song with the final postlude of the cycle, for instance.

It seems puzzling that a work of Schumann's wedding year should portray an ill-fated love. Of course, this theme is found in Heine's poetry (and in most serious Romantic literature). Schumann was, perhaps, remembering the unhappy period when Clara was forced to renounce him, returning his letters, and there was talk of her marrying another. But, throughout, there is that typically Schumannesque combination of his natural (and ultimately fatal) pessimism with an irresistible lyrical impulse. At the end, as the piano restates a Clara theme (first used in *Mondnacht*, Op. 39/5), we can sense — after final closure of an unhappy story — a feeling of renewal, of love springing afresh, as it did for Schumann in 1840.

A Poet's love

1.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

2.

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

3.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.
Ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine.

In the wondrous month of May
when all the buds burst open,
it was there that my heart,
burst forth with love.

In the wondrous month of May
when all the birds were singing,
it was then that I confessed to her
my yearning and desire.

From my tears burst forth
many full-blown flowers,
and my sighs become
a nightingale chorus.

And if you love me, dear child,
I will give all the flowers to you;
and at your window shall sound
the song of the nightingale.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
once I loved them all blissfully.
I love them no more, I love only
the one who is small, fine, pure;
She herself, the source of all love,
is rose, lily, dove, and sun.
I love only the one who is small,
fine, pure —that one!

4.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelsslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muß ich weinen bitterlich.

5.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben
Wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

6.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strom,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem großen Dome,
Das große, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldenem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

When I gaze into your eyes,
all my pain and sorrow vanishes;
but when I kiss your lips,
I am entirely healed.

When I recline upon your breast
heavenly bliss steals over me;
but when you say, "I love you!"
I shed bitter tears.

I will bathe my soul
in the lily's chalice;
the lily shall ring out
a song belonging to my beloved.

The song shall tremble and quiver
like the kiss from her lips
that she once bestowed on me
in a wonderfully sweet hour.

In the Rhine, in the holy river,
mirrored in the waves,
with its great cathedral,
is great and holy Cologne.

In the Cathedral is an image
painted on golden leather;
into my life's wildness
it cast friendly rays.

Flowers and cherubs hover
above our beloved Lady;
her eyes, lips, cheeks,
are in my beloved's image.

7.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb ! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.
Das weiß ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht.
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frißt,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

I bear no grudge, although my heart is breaking!
Love lost forever! I bear no grudge.
Although you shine in diamond splendour,
no beam falls into the night of your heart.
I've known that for a long time.

I bear no grudge, although my heart is breaking!
Truly I saw you in my dreams,
saw the night within your heart,
and saw the serpent gnawing at your heart;
I saw, my love, how truly pitiful you are.
I bear no grudge.

8.

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie ließen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüßten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldenen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur Eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

If the little blooms knew
how deeply wounded is my heart,
they would weep with me
to heal my pain.

And if the nightingales knew
how sad and sick I am,
joyfully they would let forth
a refreshing song.

And if they knew my grief,
the little golden stars
would come down from their heights
and speak their consolation to me.

But none of them could know this,
one only knows my pain;
for it was she indeed
who broke my heart in two.

9.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmettern darein;
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitsreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.

10.

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzandrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergroßes Weh'.

11.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passiert,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

What fluting and fiddling
and blaring of trumpets;
there, dancing a wedding dance
is my heart's dearest love.

What ringing and roaring,
drumming and piping of shawms
between the sobbing and moaning
of delightful little angels.

I hear the little song sounding
that my beloved once sang.
And my heart almost breaks
from the wild rush of pain.

A dark longing is driving me
up into the high forest;
where into tears dissolves
my own colossal grief.

A young man loved a girl
who had chosen another;
that other loved another girl
and her he wed.

The first girl out of spite
took the first good man
that happened into her path;
the young man is badly hurt.

It is an old story,
yet ever new it remains;
and he to whom it has just happened,
it breaks his heart in two.

Please turn page quietly

12.

Am leuchtenden Sommernorgen
Geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schaun mitleidig mich an:
Sei unsrer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger blasser Mann.

On a shining summer morning
I walk in my garden.
Flowers are whispering and speaking;
but I walk silently.

The flowers are whispering and speaking
and look at me in pity.
"Do not be angry with our sister,
you sad, pale man."

13.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floß noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du verließest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wär'st mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamed you lay in your grave.
I awoke, and my tears
still flowed upon my cheeks.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamed you had abandoned me.
I awoke and I wept on
long and bitterly.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamed you still loved me.
I awoke, and still
my tears are streaming.

14.

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich
Und sehe dich freundlich grüßen,
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich
Zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perlentränentröpfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort
Und gibst mir den Strauß von Cypressen.
Ich wache auf, und der Strauß ist fort,
Und 's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

Nightly in my dreams I see you
I see your friendly greeting,
and weeping loudly, I throw myself
at your sweet feet.

You look at me sorrowfully
and shake your dear, blond head;
from your eyes steal forth
pearly teardrops.

You whisper a secret word to me,
and give me the branch of cypress;
I awake, and the branch is gone,
And I have forgotten the word.

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Hervor mit weißer Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen blühen
Im gold'nen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen,
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodei'n,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmettern drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein.
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt' ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonnen,
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

From ancient fairy tales
a white hand beckons to me,
there is a singing and sounds
from a magical land,

Where gay flowers bloom-
in golden twilight,
and glow sweet-scented
with their bride-like faces,

And where green trees sing
ancient melodies;
where breezes murmur secretly,
and birds warble,

And misty shapes rise
from the earth
and dance airy round-dances
in a strange chorus,

And blue sparks blaze
on every leaf and twig,
and red fires race
in mad, chaotic circles,

And loud springs burst
Out of wild marble stone,
And in the streams
strange reflections shine forth.

Ah! If only I could enter there
And indulge my heart
And give up my pain
And be blissful and free!

Ah! This is the land of bliss
that I see so often in a dream,
but when the morning sun comes,
it melts like mere froth.

16.

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
Die Träume bös' und arg,
Die laßt uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen großen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht, was;
Der Sarg muß sein noch größer,
Wie's Heidelberger Faß.

Und holt eine Totenbahre
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muß sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
Und senken ins Meer hinab;
Denn solchem großen Sarge
Gebührt ein großes Grab.

Wißt ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So groß und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

The old, angry songs,
the dreams angry and wicked,
let us now bury them;
fetch a large coffin.

In it will I lay many things,
but I will still not say quite what;
the coffin must be still larger
like the cask in Heidelberg.

And fetch a death bier
and planks firm and thick;
they must be still longer
than the bridge to Mainz.

And fetch me, too, twelve giants;
they must be still stronger
than St. Christopher the strong
in Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.

They shall bear the coffin away
and sink it down deep in the sea,
for such a great coffin
deserves a great grave.

Do you know why the coffin
must be so large and heavy?
I will fill it with my love
and my deep pain.

◆
Intermission

Five songs to poems by Eduard Mörike

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Eduard Mörike (1804-75) was one of Germany's most outstanding lyric poets. An ardent romantic, constantly in love, unhappily married and an unwilling Protestant minister, he found an outlet in periodic bursts of frenetic creativity. This characteristic was also typical of Wolf's working methods. He composed most of his 53 Mörike-Lieder in the spring of 1888, often writing two, and once three, in a single day. His uncanny mirroring of the character of each poem, scrupulous attention to verbal inflexion and fertility of invention make this collection of songs a pinnacle of the Lieder repertoire.

Er ist's!

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.

Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist!
Dich hab ich vernommen!

Begegnung

Was doch heut Nacht ein Sturm gewesen,
Bis erst der Morgen sich geregelt!
Wie hat der ungebetne Besen
Kamin und Gassen ausgefegt!

Da kommt ein Mädchen schon die Straßen,
Das halb verschüchtert um sich sieht;
Wie Rosen, die der Wind zerblasen,
So unstet ihr Gesichtchen glüht.

Ein schöner Bursch tritt ihr entgegen,
Er will ihr voll Entzücken nahn:
Wie sehn sich freudig und verlegen
Die ungewohnten Schelme an!

It is here!

Spring lets its blue ribbon
flutter once more in the breeze;
sweet, familiar fragrance
drifts portentous through the land.

Violets are dreaming,
soon will be here.
Hark, softly, from afar, a harp!
Yes, Spring, it is you!
I have caught your sound!

Encounter

What a storm there was last night,
raged until this morning!
How that uninvited brush has
swept the streets and chimneys clean!

Along the street a girl comes,
glancing about her, half-afraid,
like roses tossed before the wind,
ever changing is her face's glow.

A handsome lad steps to meet her,
would delightedly approach her:
oh, the joy and embarrassment
in those novice rascal looks!

Please turn page quietly

Er scheint zu Tragen, ob das Liebchen
Die Zöpfe schon zurecht gemacht,
Die heute Nacht im offnen Stübchen
Ein Sturm in Unordnung gebracht.

Der Bursche träumt noch von den Küßen,
Die ihm das süße Kind getauscht,
Er steht, von Anmut hingerissen,
Derweil sie um die Ecke rauscht.

Im Frühling

Hier lieg' ich auf dem Frühlingshügel;
Die Wolke wird mein Flügel,
Ein Vogel fliegt mir voraus.
Ach, sag' mir, alleinige Liebe,
Wo du bleibst, daß ich bei dir bliebe!
Doch du und die Lüfte, ihr habt kein Haus.

Der Sonnenblume gleich steht mein Gemüte offen,
Sehnend,
Sich dehnend
In Lieben und Hoffen.
Frühling, was bist du gewillt?
Wenn werd' ich gestillt?

Die Wolke seh' ich wandeln und den Fluß,
Es dringt der Sonne goldner Kuß
Mir tief bis in's Geblüt hinein;
Die Augen, wunderbar berauschet,
Tun, als schliefen sie ein,
Nur noch das Ohr dem Ton der Biene lauschet.

Ich denke dies und denke das,
Ich sehne mich, und weiß nicht recht, nach was:
Halb ist es Lust, halb ist es Klage:
Mein Herz, o sage,
Was webst du für Erinnerung
In golden grünen Zweige Dämmerung?
— Alte unnennbare Tage!

He seems to ask if his beloved
has put straight her plaits
which, last night, in her open bedroom,
were tousled by a storm.

The lad's still dreaming of the kisses
which that sweet child exchanged.
and stands, captive to her charm,
while she whisks around the corner.

In Spring

Here I lie on the spring hill:
the cloud becomes my wings,
a bird flies before me.
Oh, tell me, one-and-only love,
where you are, that I may be with you!
But you and the breezes have no home.

Sunflower-like my heart lies open,
yearning,
reaching up
in loving and hoping.
Spring, what is your will?
When shall I be stilled?

The cloud I see goes its way, and the river;
the sun kisses its gold
deep into my veins;
my eyes, marvellously enthralled,
close, as if in sleep,
yet, my ear harks still to the humming bee.

I think this and think that,
yearn, and know not quite for what:
half joy it is, and half complaint;
oh say, my heart,
what memories you weave
in golden-green bough twilight?
— Past, unutterable days!

Auf einer Wanderung

In ein freundliches Städtchen tret' ich ein,
In den Straßen liegt roter Abendschein.
Aus einem offnen Fenster eben,
Über den reichsten Blumenflor
Hinweg, hört man Goldglockentöne schweben,
Und eine Stimme scheint ein Nachtigallenchor,
Daß die Blüten beben,
Daß die Lüfte leben,
Daß in höherem Rot die Rosen leuchten vor.

Lang hielte ich staunend, lustbekommen.
Wie ich hinaus vors Tor gekommen,
Ich weiß es wahrlich selber nicht.
Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so licht!
Der Himmel wogt in purpurnem Gewühle,
Rückwärts die Stadt in goldnem Rauch;
Wie rauscht der Erlenbach, wie rauscht im
Grund die Mühle!
Ich bin wie trunken, irgeföhrt —
O Muse, du hast mein Herz berührt
Mit einem Liebeshau.

On a walk

Into a pleasant little town I step,
with streets bathed in evening light.
From an open window,
across the most sumptuous show of flowers,
gold clock-chimes float,
and a single voice seems a chorus of nightingales,
so that the blooms tremble,
breezes stir,
and roses glow a heightened red.

Long I halted, marvelling, oppressed by joy.
How I made my way out of the town,
I cannot, in truth, remember.
Oh, how bright the world here!
The sky a purple, surging whirl,
behind, the town a golden haze.
How the alder brook babbles, the valley
mill roars!
I am as if drunk, as if led astray —
O Muse, you have touched my heart
with a breath of love!

Der Gärtner

Auf ihrem Leibrößlein
So weiß wie der Schnee,
Die schönste Prinzessin
Reit' durch die Allee.

Der Weg, den das Rößlein
Hintanzet so hold,
Der Sand, den ich streute,
Er blinket wie Gold!

Du rosenfarb's Hütlein
Wohl auf und wohl ab,
O wirf eine Feder
Verstohlen herab!

Und willst du dagegen
Eine Blüte von mir,
Nimm tausend für eine,
Nimm alle dafür!

The Gardener

On her favourite mount
as white as snow,
the fairest princess
rides through the avenue.

The path where her steed
so delightfully prances,
the sand that I strewed,
it sparkles like gold.

Little pink hat,
bobbing up, bobbing down,
Oh, throw a feather
secretly down!

If you, in return,
want a flower from me,
for one, take a thousand,
for one, take all!

Three songs

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

This year marks the 150th anniversary of Duparc's birth. He composed fewer than twenty songs, all before 1883; in his mid-thirties he was attacked by an obscure nervous disease and wrote nothing more before his death at the age of 85. Severely self-critical, he destroyed far more than he published; thus, he ensured that the handful of songs on which his reputation rests are all masterpieces. Like Hugo Wolf, he was a confirmed Wagnerian — this aspect is particularly evident from the second of these three songs.

Chanson triste (Jean Lahor)

Dans ton coeur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.
J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste coeur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras!

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous,
Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai.

Testament (Armand Silvestre)

Pour que le vent te les apporte
Sur l'aile noire d'un remord,
J'écrirai sur la feuille morte
Les tortures de mon cœur mort!

Toute ma sève s'est tarie
Aux clairs midis de ta beauté,
Et, comme à la feuille flétrie,
Rien de vivant ne m'est resté;

Tes yeux m'ont brûlé jusqu'à l'âme,
Comme des soleils sans merci!
Feuille que le gouffre réclame,
L'autan va m'emporter aussi...

Mais avant, pour qu'il te les porte
Sur l'aile noire d'un remord,
J'écrirai sur la feuille morte
Les tortures de mon cœur mort!

Melancholy song

In your heart there sleeps a moonlight,
a soft moonlight of summer,
and to escape this troublesome life
I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget the past sorrows,
my love, when you will cradle
my sad heart and my thoughts
in the loving stillness of your arms!

You will let my wounded head,
Oh! sometimes rest on your knees,
and you will recite a ballad
that will seem to speak of us,
and in your eyes filled with sadness,
in your eyes then I shall drink
so many kisses and tender caresses
that perhaps I shall recover.

Testament

So the wind will carry them to you
on the black wing of a regret,
I will write on a dead leaf
the tortures of my dead heart!

All my sap was dried up
in your beauty's clear noon,
and, like the faded leaf,
nothing living was left to me;

Your eyes burned into my soul
like merciless suns;
Like the leaf that the abyss reclaims,
the south wind will also carry me away...

But first, so that it carries them to you
on the black wing of a regret,
I will write on the dead leaf
the tortures of my dead heart!

Please turn page quietly

Phidylé (*Leconte de Lisle*)

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les
frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues
Qui dans les près en fleur germant par
mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne et t'invite au sommeil!
Par le trèfle et the thym, seules, en plein
soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages;

Un chaud parfum circule au détour des
sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Mais quand l'Astre incliné sur sa courbe
éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur
baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente!

Phidylé

The grass is soft for slumbering under
the cool poplar trees
by the slopes of the mossy springs
which in the flowering meadows, sprouting
in the thousands,
lose themselves among the dark thickets.

Rest, oh Phidylé! Noonday on the leaves
sparkles and invites you to slumber!
Among the clover and the thyme, alone
in the full sunshine,
the bees hum in their flight;

a warm perfume fills the air at the turn of
the paths;
the red poppy is drooping,
and the birds, grazing the hill with their wings,
seek the shade of the wild rosebushes.

But, when the orb descending in its
brilliant curve
will cool its smouldering heat,
let your loveliest smile and your tenderest
kiss
reward me for waiting!

Three songs

Oskar Morawetz (b. 1917)

Morawetz was born in Svetla nad Sazavov, in the present Czech Republic. In 1940, he left Europe and completed his musical studies at the University of Toronto, where he later received a Doctorate of Music and taught composition until his retirement in 1982. He has composed songs throughout his career, but these three date from his early days here — the Blake songs from 1947 and the Housman setting from 1950. An intriguing combination of post-Mahlerian technique with a careful attention to the nuances of English poetry has resulted in some of the finest songs in the Canadian repertoire.

The Chimney-Sweeper (*William Blake*)

A little black thing among the snow,
Crying 'weep! 'weep!' in notes of woe!
'Where are thy father and mother? say?'
'They are both gone up to the Church to pray.'

Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smil'd among the winter's snow
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

And because I am happy and dance and sing
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and his Priest and King
Who make up a Heaven of our misery.

Grenadier (*A.E. Housman*)

The Queen she sent to look for me,
The sergeant he did say,
'Young man, a soldier will you be
For thirteen pence a day?'

For thirteen pence a day did I
Take off the things I wore,
And I shall march to where I lie,
And I shall march no more.

My mouth is dry, my shirt is wet,
My blood runs all away,
So now I shall not die in debt
For thirteen pence a day.

Tomorrow after new young men
The sergeant he must see,
For things will all be over then
Between the Queen and me.

And I shall have to bate my price,
For in the grave, they say,
Is neither knowledge nor device
Nor thirteen pence a day.

Mad Song (*William Blake*)

The wild winds weep,
And the night is acold;
Come hither, Sleep,
And my griefs unfold:
But lo! the morning peeps
Over the eastern steeps,
And the rustling beds of dawn
The earth do scorn.

Lo! to the vault
Of paved heaven,
With sorrow fraught
My notes are driven:
They strike the ear of night,
Make weep the eyes of day;
They make mad the roaring winds,
And with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud,
With howling woe
After night I do crowd
And with night will go;
I turn my back to the east
From whence comforts have increas'd;
For light doth seize my brain
With frantic pain.