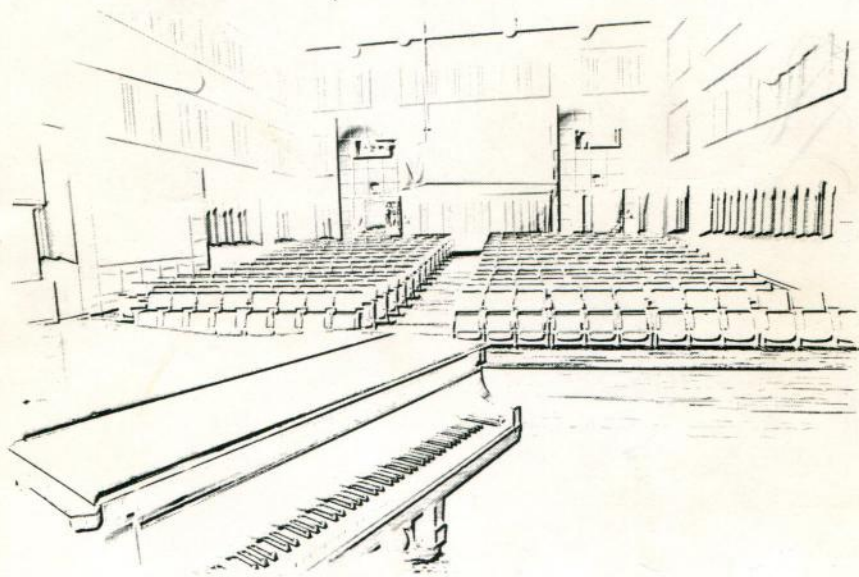


*Glenn Gould*

Glenn Gould Studio



**December 1 - 19, 1998**

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**Tuesday, December 1, 1998**  
**8:00 p.m.**

**The Aldeburgh Connection presents**

**Catherine Robbin,  
mezzo-soprano**



**with**

**Bruce Ubukata, piano**



**and**

**Douglas Perry, viola**

Our sincere thanks to Kenneth and Carol Anderson for sponsoring this recital.

**Henry Purcell**  
(1659-1695)

## Four Songs

*If music be the food of love*  
(3rd version)(Henry Heveningham,  
first line by William Shakespeare)  
*I attempt from love's sickness*  
*to fly (The Indian Queen)*  
(John Dryden and Robert Howard)  
*Fairest isle (King Arthur)*  
(John Dryden)  
*Altisidora's song: From rosy bow'rs*  
(*Don Quixote*)(D'Urfey)

**Gabriel Fauré**  
(1845-1924)

## Mélodies de Venise, Op. 58

(Paul Verlaine)

**Johannes Brahms**  
(1833-1897)

## Two songs for voice and viola, Op. 91

*Gestillte Sehnsucht*  
(Friedrich Rückert)  
*Geistliches Wiegenlied*  
(Lope de Vega,  
trans. Emanuel Geibel)

## Intermission

**Hugo Wolf**  
(1860-1903)

## Five Seasonal Songs

*Nun wandre, Maria*  
(Ocaña, trans. Paul Heyse)  
*Ach, des Knaben Augen*  
(Lopez de Ubeda, trans. Paul Heyse)  
*Die ihr schwebet*  
(Lope de Vega,  
trans. Emanuel Geibel)  
*Schlafendes Jesuskind*  
(Eduard Mörike)  
*Zum neuen Jahr - Kirchengesang*  
(Eduard Mörike)

**Healey Willan**  
(1880-1968)

## Five Songs

*The Little Red Lark* (anon.)  
*The Lake Isle of Innisfree*  
(W.B. Yeats)  
*Avenging and Bright*  
(Thomas Moore)  
*An Old Derry Air* (Will Ransom)  
*A Fairy Tale* (Norah M. Holland)



## The Performers

### Catherine Robbin

Catherine Robbin is an artist of international renown, who is welcomed on the concert and recital stages of the world. At ease in a wide range of vocal music, her interests and career have encompassed a broad repertoire, from Brahms to Britten, Berlioz and Elgar with conductors such as John Nelson, Christopher Hogwood, Edo de Waart, Mario Bernardi and Simon Rattle. This season she travels to Belgium for Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* with the Beethoven Akademie. In Canada she sings *The Musicmakers* by Elgar for the Kitchener Waterloo Philharmonic Choir and then returns to Europe for Bach's *Weihnachts Oratorium* with Christopher Hogwood conducting. Bruno Weil is her conductor for performances and a recording of Mozart's *Requiem* with Tafelmusik, and she sings this work again for the Academy of Ancient Music. She will appear in Calgary in Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, in Vancouver in *Messiah*, and looks forward to recording the Schönberg transcription of Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* for CBC Records.

Last year saw her in performances of both the Pergolesi and Vivaldi *Stabat Mater* at the Mostly Mozart Festival in New York, and with the Philharmonia Baroque at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in the role of Dejanira in Handel's *Hercules*. In Canada, she appeared with the Vancouver Symphony and Montreal Symphony Orchestra, at the Weston Recital Hall in Toronto, and in London with the Philharmonia Orchestra in Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*, conducted by John Eliot Gardiner.

Ms. Robbin's numerous recordings have met with wide critical acclaim. A Marquis recital disc with Paul Nicholson, and Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette* with Gardiner for Philips are

recent releases. Catherine Robbin is a frequent guest with The Aldeburgh Connection and will appear with baritone Gerald Finley on May 14 in a recital of the songs of Henri Duparc.

### Bruce Ubukata, piano

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 include guest appearances with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the Mendelssohn Choir and the Elmer Iseler Singers. Since 1977 he has been associated with the Britten-Pears School for Advanced Musical Studies in Aldeburgh, where, for many summers, he worked as a vocal coach and accompanist for master classes given by such legendary artists as Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Hans Hotter, Galina Vishnevskaya, Ileana Cotrubas and Sergei Leiferkus. Mr. Ubukata is also an accomplished organist and harpsichordist.

### Douglas Perry

Douglas Perry is a most versatile performer. Not only is he a founding member of Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra, but he has also been artistic director of ARRAYMUSIC. He is frequently heard in twentieth-century music, premiering John Beckwith's viola concerto, *Peregrine*, with Toronto's Esprit Orchestra, and playing Luciano Berio's viola concerto, *Voce II*, with the same orchestra with the composer in attendance. He has appeared as viola soloist and conductor at the ISCM World Music Festival, and has performed at the Athens Festival and the Zagreb Biennale. He is currently principal viola of the Canadian Opera Orchestra, the Mississauga Sinfonia, and for the past two summers, has been the principal viola of the Sante Fe Opera. Recent

tours have taken him to Japan, Scotland and the United States, including a concert of solo music at the International Viola Congress. His recording of J.S. Bach's *Brandenburg Concerto No. 6* with Mario Bernardi and the CBC Vancouver Orchestra is available on the SM 5000 Series.

## 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 a large number of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.

We are also delighted to announce that on November 16, The Aldeburgh Connection was honoured as a recipient of a 1998 Lieutenant Governor's Award for the Arts. This prize is given to arts organizations which have demonstrated exceptional support from the private sector and the community, and we wish to thank our faithful members and subscribers, whose commitment and support was a large factor in this award.

There are three concerts remaining in this Series: Friday January 29, *A Poulenc Soirée*, a concert and intermission party celebrating the 100th birthday of the great French composer, with Nathalie Paulin, Brett Polegato and an instrumental ensemble, as part of our Poulenc weekend; Friday May 14, *The Songs of Henri Duparc*, with Catherine Robbin and Gerald Finley; and our *1st Annual Greta Kraus Schubertiad* on June 11, which 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 Box Office at (416) 205-5555.

There are also three remaining concerts in our Sunday Series, at Walter Hall in the Edward Johnson Building, 80 Queen's Park. They are: *Miroir brûlant*, with Rosemarie Landry, Eric Shaw and Mark Pedrotti, on January 31 (this is part of our weekend of Poulenc centenary celebrations); *Matinée musicale*, a Rossini programme on March 7, with Sally Dibblee, Linda Maguire, Benoit Boutet 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, on April 25. All concerts take place at 2:30 p.m. on Sunday afternoons. Single tickets are \$24/\$18 for seniors and students. Call (416) 516-1496.

There will also be two concerts this season in our new *Young Artists Recital Series*, presented in collaboration with the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto. These will take place at 8:00 p.m. in Walter Hall as follows: Friday December 4: Heidi Klann, soprano and Alex Dobson, baritone (music by Bach, Schumann and Debussy) and Friday, February 5: Carla Huhtanen, soprano and Scott Belluz, baritone (songs by Purcell, Wolf and Fauré). Tickets are \$10/\$5 students and seniors, and may be purchased from the Faculty of Music box office at 928-3744.

*We would like to thank:*

The Ontario Arts Council  
The City of Toronto through the  
Toronto Arts Council  
The C.R. Ivey Foundation  
The Julie-Jiggs Foundation  
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# PROGRAMME NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

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

## Four Songs

Henry Purcell (1659-95)

Purcell's *oeuvre* contains some of the finest examples of English word-setting ever composed. He wrote an enormous number of songs for solo voice with continuo, some to devotional words but mostly with secular texts. Indeed, a large number of these songs were written to appear in plays or semi-operas — like three of tonight's songs, for example.

*Altisidora's Song*, from D'Urfey's *Don Quixote* (1695), is of particular significance. The play was not a success, but Purcell provided for it one of his finest theatre songs. Altisidora is attempting to lure Don Quixote away from Dulcinea. In Act V, she makes a final, extravagant effort, using all varieties of heightened passion and feigned madness. The song was printed in *Orpheus Britannicus* (1698), where it is headed: 'The last song the Author Sett, it being in his Sickness'. Purcell was about to die, perhaps from tuberculosis, and we can hear, in the section 'Ah! 'tis in vain', a frightening depiction of the composer's losing battle for life.

The first three songs will be heard in the realisations by Benjamin Britten. *Altisidora's Song* will be performed in a version which sets out to combine the characteristics of Britten's and Tippett's arrangements of Purcell — as Britten said, 'that mixture of clarity, brilliance, tenderness and strangeness which shines out in all Purcell's music'.

## If music be the food of love (3rd version)

(Henry Heveningham, first line by William Shakespeare)

If music be the food of love,  
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;  
For then my list'ning soul you  
move  
To pleasures that can never cloy.  
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue  
declare  
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,  
So fierce the transports are, they  
wound  
And all my senses feasted are,  
Tho' yet the treat is only sound.  
Sure I must perish by your  
charms,  
Unless you save me in your arms.

**I attempt from love's sickness to fly (The Indian Queen)**

(John Dryden and Robert Howard)

I attempt from love's sickness to fly in vain,  
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.  
No more now, fond heart, with pride no more swell;  
Thou canst not raise forces enough to rebel.  
For Love has more pow'r and less mercy than Fate,  
To make us seek ruin and love those that hate.

**Fairest Isle (King Arthur) (John Dryden)**

Fairest Isle, all isles excelling,  
Seat of pleasure and of love;  
Venus here will choose her  
dwelling,  
And forsake her Cyprian grove.  
Cupid from his fav'rite nation  
Care and envy will remove;  
Jealousy that poisons passion,  
And despair that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet  
complaining,  
Sighs that blow the fire of love;  
Soft repulses, kind disdaining  
Shall be all the pains you prove.  
Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,  
Grateful every nymph shall prove;  
And as these excel in beauty.  
Those shall be renown'd for love.

**Altisidora's Song: From rosy bow'rs (Don Quixote) (D'Urfey)**

From rosy bow'rs, where sleeps  
the god of Love,  
Hither, ye waiting Cupids, fly,  
Teach me in soft melodious songs  
to move  
With tender passion my heart's  
darling joy.  
Ah! let the soul of music tune  
my voice  
To win dear Strephon, who my  
soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing  
Is to be brisk and airy,  
With a step and a bound  
And a frisk from the ground  
I will trip like any fairy.  
As once on Ida dancing  
Were three celestial bodies  
With an air and a face  
And a shape and a grace  
Let me charm like Beauty's  
goddess.

Ah! Ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,  
Death and despair must end the  
fatal pain;  
Cold despair, disguis'd like snow  
and rain  
Falls on my breast: bleak winds in  
tempest blow,  
My veins all shiver and my fingers  
glow:  
My pulse beats a dead march for  
lost repose  
And to a solid lump of ice my poor  
fondheart is froze.  
Or say, ye Pow'rs, my peace to  
crown,  
Shall I thaw myself or drown?  
Amongst the foaming billows,  
Increasing all with tears I shed,  
On beds of ooze and crystal  
pillows,  
Lay down my lovesick head?



No, I'll straight run mad,  
That soon my heart will warm;  
When once the sense is fled,  
Love has no pow'r to charm.  
Wild thro' the woods I'll fly,  
Robes, locks shall thus be tore.  
A thousand deaths I'll die  
Ere thus in vain adore.



### Mélodies de Venise (Paul Verlaine) (Op. 58)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Fauré's songwriting career spanned sixty years. His first songs were charming and effective salon pieces; gradually, a greater seriousness entered his work. His earliest setting of Paul Verlaine was the well-known *Clair de lune* of 1887. Four years later came his first major cycle, the songs known as *Mélodies de Venise*. These songs were dedicated to Winnaretta Singer (later Princesse Edmond de Polignac). She inherited a fortune from her father, the inventor of the sewing machine, and used it to cultivate a wide circle of artistic figures, chiefly musicians. She tried to initiate an operatic collaboration between Fauré and Verlaine, but a number of songs was all that materialised.

In 1891, during a time of particular hardship and depression, Fauré had stayed for two months in Winnaretta's Venetian *palazzo*. In gratitude for her hospitality and support, he began this cycle, sketching the first two songs in Venice. The poems are from Verlaine's *Fêtes galantes* and *Romances sans paroles*. Only *A Clymène* and, perhaps *Mandoline* have any Venetian atmosphere; but Fauré's clear intention for this cycle to form a narrative sequence is shown by this letter to Winnaretta, enclosed with the manuscript of the fifth song — in this description of *C'est l'extase*, he also stresses the musical links between the songs: 'You'll see that I've tried out a form which I think is new, at least I don't know anything like it; trying something new is the least I can do when I'm writing for you, the person in this world who is least like anybody else! After the opening theme, which doesn't recur, I introduce for the second stanza a return of *Green*, now calm and restful, and for the third one a return of *En sourdine*, now a cry of frustration, ever deeper and more intense right up to the end. It is a kind of summing up, and makes these five songs into a sort of Suite, a story — and that's what it really is: unhappily, the last chapter isn't true! That isn't my fault!'

### Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades  
Et les belles écouteuses  
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 queue,  
Leur élégance, leur joie  
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

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

### 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 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.

### Mandoline

Serenaders  
and their beautiful listeners  
exchange flirtations  
beneath the singing branches.

There they are: Tircis, Amyntas,  
the eternal Clitander  
and Damis, who composed tender  
verses for many a cruel mistress.

Their silken jackets.  
their long trailing cloaks.  
their elegance, their joy  
and their soft blue shadows

whirl in the ecstasy  
of a pink and grey moon,  
and the mandoline twangs  
in the shivering breeze.

### 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 our senses  
blend with the vague languors  
of the pines and 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.

## Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs,  
des feuilles et des branches  
Et puis voici mon coeur qui ne bat  
que pour vous.

Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux  
mains blanches  
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble  
présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de  
rosée  
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à  
mon front.  
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds  
reposée  
Rêve des chers instants qui la  
délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler  
ma tête  
Toute sonore encor de vos derniers  
baisers;  
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne  
tempête,  
Et que je dorme un peu puisque  
vous reposez.

## Green

Here are fruit, flowers,  
leaves and branches,  
and here is my heart which beats  
only for you.

Do not rend it with your  
two white hands;  
may this humble gift  
be sweet to your beautiful eyes.

I arrive still covered with the  
dew  
which the morning wind has  
frozen on my brow.  
In my weariness let me rest at  
your feet  
and dream of dear memories  
which refresh me.

Let my head lie on your young  
breast,  
still reeling from your latest  
kisses;  
let it be calmed after the sweet  
tempest,  
and let me sleep a little while  
you rest.



### A Clymène

Mystiques barcarolles,  
Romances sans paroles,  
Chère, puisque tes yeux,  
Couleur des cieux,

Puisque ta voix, étrange  
Vision qui dérange  
Et trouble l'horizon  
De ma raison,

Puisque l'arôme insigne  
De ta pâleur de cygne,  
Et puisque la candeur  
De ton odeur,

Ah! puisque tout ton être,  
Musique qui pénètre,  
Nimbés d'anges défunts,  
Tons et parfums,

A, sur d'almes cadences,  
En ces correspondances  
Induit mon cœur subtil,  
Ainsi soit-il !

### C'est l'extase

C'est l'extase langoureuse,  
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,  
C'est tous les frissons des bois  
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,  
C'est vers les ramures grises  
Le chœur des petites voix.

O le frère et frais murmure !  
Cela gazouille et susurre,  
Cela ressemble au cri doux  
Que l'herbe agitée expire...  
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,  
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente  
En cette plainte dormante  
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas ?  
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,  
Dont s'exhale l'humble  
antienne  
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas ?

### To Clymène

Mystic barcarolles,  
songs without words —  
dear one, since your eyes,  
the colour of the sky,

since your voice, strange  
vision that disturbs  
and troubles the horizon  
of my reason,

since the remarkable fragrance  
of your swanlike pallor,  
and since the clarity  
of your aura —

Ah! because your whole being —  
music that penetrates,  
the halos of angels long gone,  
tones and perfumes —

has with kindly cadences  
enticed my subtle heart  
into its intricacies —  
So be it!

### It's Ecstasy

It is the ecstasy of languor,  
it is the lassitude of love,  
it is the trembling of the woods  
in the embrace of the breeze,  
it is a chorus of little voices  
among the grey branches.

O, that delicate, fresh murmuring,  
that chirruping and whispering,  
like the gentle sound breathed out  
by the waving grass —  
you might say, like the muted  
rolling of pebbles beneath swirling  
water.

This sorrowing soul,  
lamenting in sleep,  
is it not ours,  
mine, say, and yours,  
breathing out its humble  
hymn  
very softly upon the warm evening?



## Two songs for voice and viola (Op. 91) Johannes Brahms (1833-97)

In 1863, Brahms's great friend, the violinist Josef Joachim, married the contralto Amalie Schneeweiss. They asked the composer to stand godfather for their first child, christened Johannes, and as a present he composed an arrangement of the old German carol 'Josef, lieber Josef mein' — for the son of Josef, born to a mother whose name (white as snow) symbolised purity and who could impersonate the Virgin singing her lullaby. In the end, though, the piece did not satisfy Brahms and he withdrew it.

Nearly twenty years later, Joachim and his wife were becoming estranged, Brahms thought of revisiting his earlier composition and developing it as a song with viola *obbligato* (for Joachim to play) — performing together might help the couple to resolve their differences. Brahms also provided a companion piece, a setting of Rückert's *Gestillte Sehnsucht*. There was no rapprochement, however. When Amalie Joachim gave the first performance of the songs in Vienna in 1886, it was with a different violist, Josef Hellmesberger. We, happily, are left with one of Brahms's finest vocal works, suffused with the sunset glow of his later years.

### Gestillte Sehnsucht (Friedrich Rückert)

In gold'nen Abendschein getaucht,  
Wie feierlich die Wälder stehn!  
In leise Stimmen der Vöglein haucht  
Des Abendwindes leises Wehn.  
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?  
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.

Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget  
Im Herzen sonder Rast und  
Ruh!

Du Sehnen, das die Brust beweget,  
Wann ruhest du, wann schlum-  
merst du?

Beim Lispeln der Winde, der Vögelein,  
Ihr sehrenden Wünsche,  
Wann schlaft ihr ein?

Ach, wenn nicht mehr in goldne Fernen  
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,  
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen  
Mit sehrendem Blick mein Auge  
weilt;

Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein  
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.

Steeped in the golden light of evening,  
How solemnly the forests stand!  
In the soft voices of birds breathes  
The gentle stirring of the eveningwind.  
What whisper the wind and the birds?  
They whisper the world to sleep.

Desires which always arise  
In the heart that is without peace  
or rest,  
Longings that trouble the soul,  
When will you rest, when will you  
cease?

With whispering wind and the birds,  
You longing desires,  
When will you be lulled to sleep?

If no longer into golden distances  
My spirit hastens on wings of dreams,  
No longer on the eternal distant stars  
My eyes are fixed with a longing  
gaze;

Then the winds, the birds shall lull  
My life and my longings.



## Geistliches Wiegenlied (Lope de Vega, trans. Geibel)

Die ihr schwebet um diese Palmen In Nacht und Wind, Ihr heil'gen Engel, stillt die Wipfel! Es schlummert mein Kind.	You who fly above these palm trees In the night and the wind, You holy angels, silence the treetops! My child is asleep.
Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem im Windesbrausen, Wie mögt ihr heute so zornig sauen! O rauscht nicht also, schweiget, Neiget euch leis und lind, Stillet die Wipfel! Es schlummert mein Kind.	You palms of Bethlehem in the raging wind, How can you rustle so angrily today, O roar not so, be silent Sway softly and gently. Silence the treetops, my child is asleep.
Der Himmelsknabe duldet Bēschwerde, Ach, wie so müd er ward vom Leid der Erde. Ach nun im Schlaf ihm leise gesänftigt, Die Qual zerrinnt, Stillet die Wipfel! Es schlummert mein Kind.	The Child of Heaven suffers pain, He was so weary of the sorrows of the earth. Now gently soothed in sleep, The agony leaves him. Silence the treetops, my child is asleep.
Grimmige Kälte sauset hernieder, Womit nur deck ich des Kindleins Glieder! O all ihr Engel, die ihr geflügelt Wandelt im Wind, Stillet die Wipfel! Es schlummert mein Kind.	Bitter cold descends With what can I cover my child's limbs! All you angels, who on wings Hover in the air, Silence the treetops, my child is asleep.



## Intermission



## Five Seasonal Songs

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Like many nineteenth-century composers, Wolf developed a strong fascination for the culture and history of Spain. His one completed opera, *Der Corregidor*, is based on a German version of *The Three-cornered Hat* by Pedro de Alarcon and, like Schumann before him, he turned to the collections of Spanish poetry available in translation in order to write Spanish songs. *Spanisches Liederbuch* is the title of the collection published by Emanuel Geibel and Paul Heyse in 1852, and Wolf used that title for his own collection of 44 songs, composed in one of his periods of typically frenzied creativity between October 1889 and April 1890. The first ten songs are to religious texts — *Ach, des Knaben Augen* was composed four days before Christmas. *Die ihr schwebet* is, of course, another setting of the poem Brahms used for his *Geistliches Wiegenlied*, but one with a much more dramatic picture of wind-blown treetops.

### Nun wandre, Maria (Ocaña, trans. Paul Heyse)

Nun wandre, Maria,  
Nun wandre nur fort.  
Schon krähen die Hähne,  
Und nah ist der Ort.

Nun wandre, Geliebte,  
Du Kleinod mein,  
Und balde wir werden  
In Bethlehem sein.

Dann ruhest du fein  
Und schlummerst dort.  
Schon krähen die Hähne  
Und nah ist der Ort.

Wohl seh ich, Herrin,  
Die Kraft dir schwinden;  
Kann deine Schmerzen,  
Ach, kaum verwinden.

Getrost! Wohl finden  
Wir Herberg dort.  
Schon krähen die Hähne  
Und nah ist der Ort.

Wär erst bestanden  
Dein Stündlein, Marie,  
Die gute Botschaft,  
Gut lohnt ich sie.

Das Eselein hie  
Gäb ich drum fort!  
Schon krähen die Hähne  
Komm! nah ist der Ort.

Onward, now, Mary,  
just onward, now, on,  
the cocks are crowing,  
and the place is near.

Onward now, beloved,  
my jewel,  
and soon shall we be  
in Bethlehem.

Then shall you rest well  
there, and slumber.  
The cocks are crowing,  
and the place is near.

Well I see, Lady,  
your strength is waning;  
your pains I cannot,  
alas, subdue.

Take heart! We shall find  
lodging there.  
The cocks are crowing  
and the place is near.

If it were over,  
Mary, your hour,  
those good tidings  
would I reward well.

The donkey here  
would I give for that!  
The cocks are crowing,  
come! The place is near.

*Please turn page quietly*

**Ach, des Knaben Augen** (Lopez de Ubeda, trans. Paul Heyse)

Ach, des Knaben Augen sind  
Mir so schön und klar erschienen,  
Und ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen,  
Das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.

Blickt' er doch mit diesen süßen  
Augen nach den meinen hin!  
Säh er dann sein Bild darin,  
Würd' er wohl mich liebend grüßen.

Und so geb' ich ganz mich hin,  
Seinen Augen nur zu dienen,  
Denn ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen,  
Das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.

Ah, the Infant's eyes,  
so beautiful and clear they seemed,  
and from them something shines  
that captures all my heart.

If with those sweet eyes  
He would look into mine!  
If He then saw His image there,  
lovingly would He greet me.

And so I give myself wholly  
to serving only His eyes.  
For from them something shines  
that captures all my heart.

**Die ihr schwebet um diese Palmen** (Lope de Vega, trans. Emanuel)

Die ihr schwebet um diese Palmen  
In Nacht und Wind,  
Ihr heil'gen Engel, stillt die  
Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem im  
Windebrausen,  
Wie mögt ihr heute so zornig  
sauen!  
O rauscht nicht also, schweiget,  
Neiget euch leis und lind,  
Stillt die Wipfel! Es schlummert  
mein Kind.

Der Himmelsknabe duldet Beschwerde,  
Ach, wie so müd er ward vom Leid  
der Erde.  
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm leise gesänftigt,  
Die Qual zerrinnt,  
Stillt die Wipfel! Es schlummert  
mein Kind.

Grimmige Kälte sauset hernieder,  
Womit nur deck ich des Kindleins  
Glieder!  
O all ihr Engel, die ihr geflügelt  
Wandelt im Wind,  
Stillt die Wipfel! Es schlummert  
mein Kind.

You who fly above these palm trees  
In the night and the wind,  
You holy angels, silence the  
treetops!  
My child is asleep.

You palms of Bethlehem in the  
raging wind,  
How can you rustle so angrily  
today,  
O roar not so, be silent  
Sway softly and gently.  
Silence the treetops, my child  
is asleep.

The Child of Heaven suffers pain,  
He was so weary of the sorrows of  
the earth.  
Now gently soothed in sleep,  
The agony leaves him.  
Silence the treetops, my child  
is asleep.

Bitter cold descends  
With what can I cover my child's  
limbs!  
All you angels, who on wings  
Hover in the air,  
Silence the treetops, my child  
is asleep.



Eduard Mörike (1804-75) was a clergyman and several of his poems, which Wolf set in his *Mörike-Lieder* of 1888, are of a devotional nature. *Schlafendes Jesuskind* and *Zum neuen Jahr* were composed on the 6th and 5th of October respectively. In the first song, the poet is gazing at a painted altarpiece, full of significance. In the second, joyful bells ring in the New Year.

### *Schlafendes Jesuskind* (Eduard Mörike)

Sohn der Jungfrau, Himmelskind!	Virgin's son, Child of Heaven,
am Boden,	lying on the floor
Auf dem Holz der Schmerzen	asleep on the wood of
eingeschlafen,	suffering,
Das der fromme Meister, sinnvoll	a meaningful illusion that the
spielend,	pious painter
Deinen leichten Träumen unterlegte;	has set beneath your easy dreams;
Blume du, noch in der Knospe	thou flower, still gleaming in the
dämmernd	bud,
Eingehüllt die Herrlichkeit des Vaters!	the glory of the Father!
O wer sehen könnte, welche Bilder	Oh, to see the picture being painted
Hinter dieser Stirne, diesen schwarzen	behind that forehead, those dark
Wimpern sich in sanftem Wechsel	lashes, gently, one upon
malen!	the other!

### *Zum neuen Jahr — Kirchengesang* (Eduard Mörike)

Wie heimlicher Weise	Softly and secretly
Ein Engelein leise	like a cherub
Mit rosigen Füßen	with rosy feet,
Die Erde betritt,	treading upon the earth
So nahte der Morgen.	so the morning drew near.
Jauchzt ihm, ihr Frommen,	Sing in jubilation, all ye faithful,
Ein heilig Willkommen!	a holy welcome,
Herz, jauchze du mit!	sing along, oh my heart!
In Ihm sei's begonnen,	May this New Year begin with Him
Der Monde und Sonnen	who moves moons and suns
An blauen Gezelten	on blue canopies
Des Himmels bewegt.	of sky.
Du, Vater, du rathe!	Thou, Father, counsel,
Lenke du end wende!	guide and lead us!
Herr, dir in die Hände	Lord, into Thy hands
Sei Anfang und Ende	be placed beginning and end
Sei Alles gelegt.	and all things.





## Five Songs

Healey Willan (1880-1968)

Willan's first significant activity as a composer was in songwriting. As F.R.C. Clarke has said: 'In this medium he first achieved musical maturity and excellence.' He composed more than two hundred songs, including about seventy arrangements of traditional or folk melodies. In his later years, he expressed disappointment that his songs had not made more impact on the musical world — only about thirty original songs of his were ever published.

With tonight's singer in mind, we have chosen five songs with an Irish flavour. The first, third and fourth are settings of traditional melodies, published in *Songs of the British Isles*, (1928). The other two appeared in the second *Song Album* of 1926. *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*, a setting of W.B. Yeats, shows a marked economy of musical means. The poem seems to have had special significance for the composer — the line 'And evening full of the linnet's wings' was written on the scores of two of his chamber works, the *Poem* of 1930 and the third *Sonata* for violin and piano (1922). *A Fairy Tale* is a lively narrative ballad, sustained through its six verses by a vigorous accompaniment.

### The Little Red Lark (anon)

Oh swan of slenderness, Dove of tenderness,  
Jewel of joys, arise!

The little red lark, like a soaring spark  
Of song, to his sunburst flies.

But till thou've risen, Earth is a prison  
Full of my lonesome sighs;

Then awake and discover to thy fond lover  
The morn of the matchless eyes!

The dawn is dark to me; hark, oh hark to me,  
Pulse of my heart, I pray!

And out of thy hiding with blushes gliding,  
Dazzle me with thy day.

Ah, then once more to thee, flying I'll pour to thee  
Passion so sweet and gay;

The lark shall listen, and dewdrops glisten,  
Laughing on ev'ry spray.

**The Lake Isle of Innisfree (W.B. Yeats)**

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;  
There midnight's all aglimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

**Avenging and bright (Thomas Moore)**

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin  
On him who the brave sons of Usna betrayed!  
For ev'ry fond eye which he waken'd a tear in,  
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud which hung over Conner's dark dwelling,  
When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore —  
By the billows of war which so often high swelling,  
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!

We swear to avenge them! — no joy shall be tasted,  
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,  
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,  
Till vengeance be wreaked on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollection,  
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall,  
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes and affections,  
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all.

### An Old Derry Air (Will Ransom)

Across the bay some lonely bird is calling  
As t'ward the west he wings his homeward flight;  
The skies are dark, a sullen rain is falling,  
But faster fall the tears that blind my aching sight.  
Alas my grief! Alas the bitter memory  
Of those far days when you were always near!  
I hear your voice in ev'ry breeze that come to me,  
There's not the softest wave but whispers of my dear.

'Twas here we lov'd, 'twas here we met and parted  
That fatal hour, whose darkness lingers yet,  
When in my pride I left you broken hearted  
And in your eyes the grief, I never can forget.  
Ah, turn again! Take pity on my misery!  
I have no peace but on your loving breast!  
For you alone can say the word would comfort me,  
And only you can bring my troubled soul to rest.

### A Fairy Tale (Norah M. Holland)

With sword at side, on his charger good,  
The King's son of Erin  
Into the depths of the dark green wood  
Forward was faring;  
Golden armoured and golden-curved,  
Faith, the sweetest song in the world  
his heart was bearing!

Onward he rode, with heart elate;  
Gaily he sought her —  
She, the Princess to be his mate,  
The great King's daughter,  
Jewelled fingers and golden crown,  
Slim, young body and eyes as brown  
As the brown bog water.



On he rode through a laughing land:  
The ways grew wider;  
There stood a cottage close at hand,  
And there he spied her —  
O but her feet were brown and bare,  
And brown were her curls, as she stood there  
With her geese beside her.

Alas! for the Princess proud and slim,  
The great King's daughter;  
We'll trust she wasted no thought on him,  
For he straight forgot her,  
Forgot her jewels and golden crown,  
For the goose girl's laughing eyes were brown  
As the brown bog water.

Then straightway down from his steed he sprang  
And bent above her;  
O sweet were the songs the breezes sang  
Across the clover;  
But what the words he said in her ear,  
Since none but her geese were by to hear,  
I can't discover.

And what of the Princess proud and high?  
Good luck upon her!  
Sure, another Prince came riding by,  
And he wooed and won her.  
Now I tell the tale as 'twas told to me  
By a fairy lad, across the sea  
In County Connor.





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