



Events

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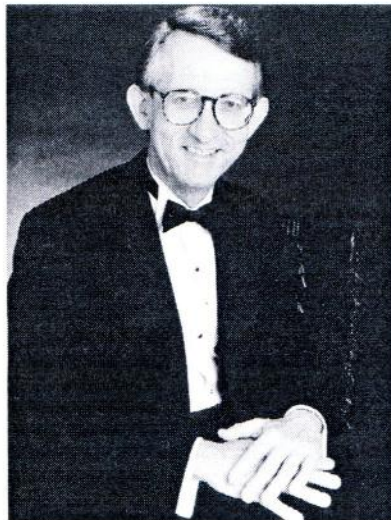
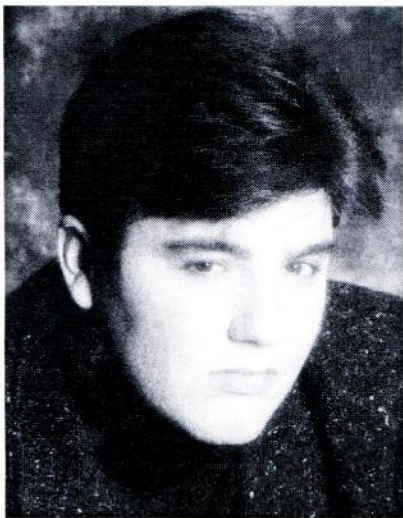
Tuesday, December 9, 1997,
8:00 p.m.

The Aldeburgh Connection presents

James Westman, baritone

with

Stephen Ralls, piano



*Our sincere thanks go to Penelope Nettlefold
for sponsoring tonight's recital*

programme

Henry Purcell
(1659-95)

Music for a while (Dryden and Lea)
I attempt from love's sickness to fly
(Dryden and Howard)
I'll sail upon the Dog-star (D'Urfey)

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

An die ferne Geliebte (Jeitteles), Op. 98

Sergei Rachmaninov
(1873-1943)

She is as fair as the day (Minsky),
Op. 14, No. 9
In the silent night (Fet), Op. 4, No. 3
Christ is risen (Merezhkovsky),
Op. 26, No. 6
Oh, do not leave! (Merezhkovsky),
Op. 4, No. 1

Intermission

George Butterworth
(1885-1916)

Six songs from 'A Shropshire Lad'
(A.E. Housman)

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

Blow, blow, thou winter wind
(Shakespeare), Op. 6, No. 3

Peter Warlock
(1894-1930)

The First Mercy (Blunt)

John Jacob Niles
(1892-1980)

Appalachian Carol

Herbert Howells
(1892-1983)

Holly Song (Traditional)

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée (Morand)

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

Producer: Neil Crory
Recording Engineer: Doug Doctor

The Performers

James Westman is currently a member of the Canadian Opera Company Ensemble Studio, and has appeared to high acclaim in recent COC productions, including the role of Endimione in *La Calisto*, the Messenger in *Oedipus Rex* and the Emperor in *The Emperor of Atlantis*; later this year he will sing the role of Sharpless in *Madama Butterfly*. His concert engagements have included Stravinsky's *Pulcinella* and Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ* with the Canadian Opera Company Orchestra, and several Sunday Series concerts with The Aldeburgh Connection. He is a graduate of the University of Toronto, and of San Francisco Opera's Merola Program, where he participated in productions of *Carmen*, as Escamillo, and *La Cenerentola*, as Dandini, and will return for Merola 1998, as Germont in *La Traviata*. He took top honours in *Les Jeunes Ambassadeurs Lyriques* and the Licia Albanese Puccini Competitions, and is the recipient of the highly prized George London Scholarship. He appeared in the Aldeburgh Festival's productions of *The Fairy Queen* and *Le nozze di Figaro*, and also took master classes with Joan Sutherland and Richard Bonyngne at the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh. Marilyn Horne, a juror in the 1996 D'Angelo Competition, where he was a prize winner, has invited him to sing in her prestigious solo recital series in New York City this December.

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 Musical Director of 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* and *Benjamin Britten: The Canticles*.

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.

This is the first of three concerts in our Recital Series. On Monday, March 9, 1998 we present the internationally acclaimed soprano Adrienne Pieczonka in a rare home-town appearance. Her programme will include songs by Strauss, Tchaikovsky and Zemlinsky, and a new commission by John Greer. The Series concludes on April 15 with a recital by one of our most distinguished and best-loved singers, baritone Mark Pedrotti, in a programme including Schumann's *Dichterliebe* and songs by Mahler and Duparc. All recitals take place at 8:00 p.m. in the Glenn Gould Studio. Tickets (\$23/\$17) may be ordered from the Box Office, (416) 205-5555.

There are also three concerts remaining in our Sunday afternoon Series in Walter Hall. Our concert on February 1, 1998, *A Celebration of Lois Marshall*, is a special tribute to the great artist, who was our honorary patron and friend. Soprano Monica Whicher, mezzo-soprano Catherine Robbin and tenor Benjamin Butterfield will join us in a programme of music associated with Lois Marshall, and including two new commissions by composers who were her long-time friends and associates, John Beckwith and Derek Holman. On March 15, we present a portrait of Richard Wagner, in *The Old Wizard of Bayreuth*, with mezzo-soprano Linda Maguire and baritone Mark Pedrotti. Our season ends on April 26 with *Noblesse Oblige*, a look at the music of two titled English composers, Sir Hubert Parry and Lord Berners, with soprano Mary Lou Fallis and baritone Daniel Neff. For information regarding this and the other concerts in the Sunday Series, please contact our Box Office at the address and telephone number shown below:

The Aldeburgh Connection,
232 Westmount Ave.,
Toronto, M6E 3M8
(416) 654-5150.

We would like to thank the Ontario Arts Council; the Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto, the City of Toronto through the Toronto Arts Council, and many individual supporters for their financial help in presenting these concerts.

Texts and Translations

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

Music for a while (*Dryden and Lea*) (arr. Tippett)

Henry Purcell (1659-95)

Music for a while,
Shall all your cares beguile;
Wond'ring how your Pains were eas'd,
And disdaining to be pleas'd,
Till Alecto free the Dead
From their Eternal Bands,
Til the Snakes drop from her Head;
And the Whip from out her Hands.

I attempt from love's sickness to fly (*Dryden and Howard*) (arr. Britten)

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 can'st not raise forces enough to rebel.
For love has more power and less mercy than fate
To make us seek ruin and love those that hate.

I'll sail upon the Dog-star (*Thomas D'Urfey*) (arr. Britten)

I'll sail upon the Dog-Star and then pursue the morning,
I'll chase the moon till it be noon but I'll make her leave her horning.
I'll climb the frosty mountain, and there I'll coin the weather;
I'll tear the rainbow from the sky and tie both ends together.
The stars pluck from their orbs too, and crowd them in my budget;
And whether I'm a roaring boy, let all the Nation judge it.

♦

An die ferne Geliebte (*Aloys Jeitteles*) (Op. 98)
To the distant beloved

I

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.
Weit bin ich vor dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal
Zwischen uns and unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.
Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.
Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!
Denn vor Liedesklang entweichet
der Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht,
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

II

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem neblichen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!
Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!
Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

On the hill I sit, gazing
into the blue haze,
towards the far meadows
where, beloved, I found you.
Far and wide am I parted from you
mountain and valley come
between us and our peace,
our happiness and our pain.
Ah, you cannot see the look
that hastens so warm your way,
and sighs — they are lost
in the separating space.
Then will nothing reach you any more,
nothing be messenger for my love?
I shall sing songs,
to pour out my pain to you!
For with the sound of song,
time and space recede,
and a loving heart is reached
by what a loving heart has blessed.

Where the blue mountains
from out of the misty grey
look forth,
where the sun's glow fades,
where sky clouds over,
there would I be!
There in the peaceful valley,
pain and torment cease.
Where in the rock
the pensive primrose grows,
and the wind blows so softly,
there would I be!
Away to the thoughtful wood
I am driven by force of love,
by inner pain.
Ah, I would not be drawn away from here,
could I, beloved, only be with you
eternally!

III

Leichte Segler in dem Höhen
Und du Bächlein klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,

Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.
Seht, ihr Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen

In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.
Wird sie an dem Büschen stehen,
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl,
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,

Klagt, ihr Vöglein, meine Qual.
Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen

Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.
Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Laß sie, Bächlein, klein und schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

IV

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein munt'rer Zug
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.

Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!
Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,
In den seid'nen Locken wühlen.

Teilt' ich mit euch diese Lust!
Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ' zurück dann unverweilt!

Light sailing clouds on high,
and you, little brook,
if you spy my love —
a thousand greetings to her.
If, clouds, you see her walking
thoughtfully in the quiet valley,
make me appear to her

in heaven's airy hall.
If she be standing by bushes,
autumn yellow now, and bare,
pour out to her my fate,

pour out, birds, my torment.

Quiet west winds, carry
to my true love
my sighs which fade

as the sun's last ray.

Whisper to her my entreaties,
let her, little brooklet,
see truly in your ripples,
my never-ending tears.

These clouds in the heavens,
this cheerful flight of birds
will see you, O fairest.

Take me along lightly winging.
These west winds will waft
on cheek and breast,
will ruffle your silken tresses.

Would that I might share that joy!

This busy brook hurries
forth to you from those hills.
Should her image be mirrored in you,
flow immediately back to me.

V

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au'.
 Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau.
 Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.
 Die Schwalbe, die kehret zum wirtlichen Dach,
 Sie baut sich so emsig ihr bräutlich Gemach,
 Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.
 Sie bringt sich geschäftig von Kreuz und von Quer
 Manch' weicherer Stück zu dem Brautbett hieher,
 Manch' wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.
 Nun wohnen die Gatten beisammen so treu,
 Was Winter geschieden, verband nun der Mai,
 Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.
 Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au'.
 Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau.
 Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.
 Wenn Alles, was liebet, der Frühling vereint,
 Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühling erscheint,
 Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

VI

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
 Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
 Singe sie dann Abends wieder
 Zu der Laute süßem Klang.
 Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann ziehet
 Nach dem stillen blauen See,
 Und sein letzter Strahl verglüheth
 Hinter jener Bergeshöh';
 Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
 Was mir aus der vollen Brust
 Ohne Kunstgepräg' erklingen,
 Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt;
 Dann vor diesen Liedern weichet,
 Was geschieden uns so weit,
 Und ein liebend Herz erreicht,
 Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.

May returns, the meadow blooms.
 The breezes blow so gentle, so mild.
 The brooks run chattering.
 The swallow returns to the friendly roof,
 And eagerly builds her bridal chamber,
 Wherein love shall dwell.
 From here, from there, busily she brings
 Many soft bits for the bridal bed,
 Many warm bits for the little ones.
 Now the pair live together so true,
 What winter has parted is now joined by May.
 All those who love, May can unite.
 May returns, the meadow blooms,
 The breezes blow so gentle, so mild.
 I alone cannot journey from here.
 When spring is uniting all who love,
 For our love alone does no spring appear,
 And tears are its only gain.

Take then, these songs
 I sang for you, beloved;
 Sing them again at evening to the sweet sound
 Of the lute.
 As the red of evening draws down
 Toward the still blue lake,
 And its last ray fades
 Behind that mountain height,
 And you sing what I sang
 From a full heart
 Without art or show,
 Aware only of longing;
 Then what has parted us
 Must give way before these songs,
 And a loving heart be reached
 By what a loving heart has blessed.

She is as fair as the day (N. Minsky) (Op. 14/9)

Sergei Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

She is as fair as day in the fullness of noon, she is more mysterious than night's darkest hour ... Her eyes have never shed a tear, her soul is a stranger to suffering.

And I, knowing only struggle and sorrow, am destined to long for her. Oh! Thus is the eternally weeping ocean devoted to the silent shore.

In the silent night (*Fet*) (Op. 4/3)

Oh, I will spend long moments, in the mysterious silence of the night, driving from my mind thoughts of your insidious chatter, your smile, your gaze, a casual look, the hair that obeyed your fingers, the thick locks of your hair, and summoning them back again, whispering and correcting words once uttered in conversations I had with you which were awkward, full of shyness, and rending the darkness with the cherished name, intoxicated, blind to reason. Oh, I will spend long moments, in the mysterious silence of the night, rending the darkness with the cherished name.

Christ is risen (*D. Merezhkovsky*) (Op. 26/6)

"Christ is risen" they sing in holy places; but I feel sad ... my soul is silent. So much blood and so many tears are shed in the world and this song of praise before the altars offends like a mockery.

If he was among us and could see the achievements of our glorious age, how brothers have come to hate one another, how man is shamed, and if here, in this glittering church he heard "Christ is risen!", how he would weep bitter tears before the throng!

Oh, do not leave! (*D. Merezhkovsky*) (Op. 4/1)

Oh no, I beseech you, do not leave! All pain is nothing compared to parting, I am too happy to suffer this torture, hold me more tightly to your breast, say "I love you."

I have come, once more, pale, weary and ill. See, how weak I am, how pitiable, how much I need your love ...

I await new torments as though they were caresses or a kiss, and one thing I beg, with longing: Oh, stay with me, do not leave!



Intermission

Six songs from 'A Shropshire Lad' (A.E. Housman)

George Butterworth (1885-1916)

1. Loveliest of trees

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.
Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

2. When I was one-and-twenty

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free".
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue".
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

3. Look not in my eyes

Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see
And there you find your face too clear
And love it and be lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie
Spent in star-defeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I
Perish? Gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well
And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers

4. Think no more, lad

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly:
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around.
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever:
Think no more; 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground.

5. The lads in their hundreds

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.
There's chaps from the town and the fields and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.
I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell,
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.
But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed-at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

6. Is my team ploughing?

"Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?"
Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now:
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.
"Is football playing
Along the river shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?"
Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

"Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,"
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?"
Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented,
Be still, my lad, and sleep.
"Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?"
Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind (*Shakespeare*) (Op. 6/3)

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! etc.

The First Mercy (*Bruce Blunt*)

Ox and ass at Bethlehem
On a night, ye know of them.
We were only creatures small,
Hid by shadows on the wall.
We were swallow, moth and mouse;
The Child was born in our house,
And the bright eyes of us three
Peeped at His nativity.
Hands of peace upon that place
Hushed our beings for a space -
Quiet feet and folded wing,
Nor a sound of anything.

Peter Warlock (1894-1930)

With a moving star we crept
Closer when the Baby slept;
Men who guarded where he lay
Moved to frighten us away.
But the Babe, awakened, laid
Love on things that were afraid;
With so sweet a gesture He
Called us to His company.

Appalachian Carol

I wonder as I wander, out under the sky,
How Jesus the Saviour did come for to die
For poor on'ry people like you and like I ...
I wonder as I wander, out under the sky.
When Mary birthed Jesus, 'twas in a cow's stall,
With wise men and farmers and shepherds and all,
But high from God's heaven a star's light did fall,
And the promise of ages it then did recall.

John Jacob Niles (1892-1980)

If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing,
A star in the sky, or a bird on the wing,
Or all of God's angels in heav'n for to sing,
He surely could have it, 'cause he was the King.

Holly Song (*Traditional*)

Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

Alleluia now sing we.
Here comes holly that is so gent;
To please all men is his intent.
But, lord and lady of this hall,
Whosoever against holly do call,
Whosoever against holly do cry
In a lepe shall he hang full hie.
Whosoever against holly do sing
He may weep and handes wring.
Alleluia now sing we.



Don Quichotte à Dulcinée (*Paul Morand*) Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

1. Chanson romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
A tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherias Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe, et se taire.
Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.
Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier-dieu, la lance au poing,
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.
Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blêmirais dessous le blâme,
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.
O Dulcinée.

Quixotic Song

Were you to tell me that
by turning so much the earth offended you,
I would send Panza to it:
You would see it still and silenced.
Were you to tell me that boredom assailed you from,
a sky too beflowered with stars,
tearing the heavenly bodies,
I would destroy night with one blow.
Were you to tell me that space,
thus emptied, did not please you,
God's-Knight, lance in hand,
I would bespangle the passing wind with stars.
But were you to tell me that my blood
is more mine than yours, my Lady,
I should pale at the charge,
and would die, blessing you.
O Dulcinea.

2. Chanson épique

Bon sait Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pou lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel, veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel

De la Madone au bleu mantel.
D'un rayon du ceil bénissez ma lame,
Et son égale en pureté,
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame,
(O grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
A Vous, Madone au bleu mantel.
Amen

3. Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon coeur, mon âme!
Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit lorsque j'ai bu!
Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geind, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

Epic song

Good St. Michael, who gives me leave
to see my Lady and hear her voice,
good St. Michael who deigns to choose me
for her pleasure and to defend her,
good St. Michael, be pleased to descend
with St. George, upon the altar
of the Madonna in the blue cloak.
With a heavenly beam bless my blade
and its equal in purity
and its equal in piety
as also in modesty and chastity:
my Lady,
(O great St. George and great St. Michael)
the angel who watches over my vigil,
my gentle Lady, so like you,
Madonna in the blue cloak.
Amen.

Drinking song

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,
who to defame me in your gentle eyes,
says that love and old wine
bring misery to my heart and soul!
I drink to happiness!
Happiness is the one goal
to which I go straight ... when I am drunk!
A pox on that jealous man, dark lady,
who whines, who weeps and swears
that he is ever that pallid lover
who waters down his drunkenness!



Glenn Gould Studio

Glenn Gould Studio Administration

Tom Shipton, General Manager

Glen McLaughlin, Technical Director

Lorraine T. Kidd, House Manager

Faiza R. Ansari, Box Office Coordinator

Mike Carroll, House Technician

Box Office Hours

11:00 am to 6:00 pm

Mondays through Fridays

&

**Two hours prior to
performances on evenings,
weekends & holidays**

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