



# ***Events***

**March 9 - 19, 1998**



Glenn Gould Studio

**The Aldeburgh Connection**

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Monday, March 9, 1998  
8:00 p.m.

The Aldeburgh Connection presents

# Adrianne Pieczonka, soprano

with

Stephen Ralls, piano



We wish to thank Magna International Inc.  
for its generous sponsorship of this recital.



Tonight's concert will be broadcast at a future date on **Take Five** with host Shelagh Rogers,  
and **In Performance** with host Eric Friesen, on **CBC Radio Two, (94.1 FM)**.

Music Producer: Neil Crory  
Recording Engineer: Doug Doctor

# programme

**Claude Debussy**

(1862-1918)

**L'année en vain chasse l'année  
(L'enfant prodigue) (Edouard  
Guinand)**

**Alexander Zemlinsky**

(1871-1942)

**Sechs Walzer-Gesänge  
(Gregorovius) Op. 6**

**Richard Strauss**

(1864-1949)

**Six songs**

Du meines Herzens Krönelein

(*Felix Dahn*) Op. 21/2

Nichts (*Hermann Gilm*) Op. 10/2

Die Nacht (*Hermann Gilm*) Op. 10/3

Das Rosenband (*Friedrich*

*Klopstock*) Op. 36/1

Wiegenlied (*Richard Dehmel*)

Op. 41/1

Cäcilie (*Heinrich Hart*) Op. 27/2

**Intermission**

**John Greer**

(b. 1954)

**Allegory of Sweet Desire  
(after Agnolo Bronzino)\***

A song cycle to classical Greek  
and Latin poems.

**Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky**

(1840-1893)

**Four songs**

Ne ver', moy drug (*A. Tolstoy*)

Op. 6/1

Za oknom v teni melkayet (*Polonsky*)

Op. 60/10

Kabi znala ya (*A. Tolstoy*) Op. 47/1

Den li tsarit? (*Apukhtin*) Op. 47/6

*\* First performance: commissioned with the assistance of Kenneth and Carol Anderson.*

# The Performers

## Adrianne Pieczonka

Adrianne Pieczonka has established herself as one of the leading sopranos on the European scene. She was raised in Burlington, Ontario, and studied vocal performance at the University of Western Ontario, and at the University of Toronto, where she graduated with distinction from the Opera Division. In 1989 she joined the Vienna Volksoper, where she garnered high critical acclaim as Tatyana in a Harry Kupfer production of Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, as well as singing leading roles in many operas and operettas. Two years later she joined the Vienna State Opera, where she continues to appear regularly in roles including the Countess, Elvira, Micaela, Mimi, Tatyana, Eva, Antonia in *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, Agathe in *Der Freischütz* and Die Tochter in Hindemith's *Cardillac*. Her Glyndebourne debut in 1995, as Donna Elvira, was also recorded for television and video. She returned to Glyndebourne the next season to sing the title role in Strauss's *Arabella* to unanimous critical acclaim.

Now resident in London, Ms. Pieczonka appears frequently as a guest artist in many of Europe's major houses, including Zurich, Geneva, Hamburg, Munich, Dresden, Cologne, Stuttgart, Barcelona and Florence, under conductors such as Riccardo Muti, Sir Georg Solti, Claudio Abbado, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Sir Neville Marriner, Antonio Pappano and James Conlon. A recent highlight was her South American début as Tatyana at Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires. Upcoming operatic engagements include Ellen Orford in a new Willy Decker production of *Peter Grimes* in Hamburg, Elsa in a new production of *Lohengrin* in Munich, Donna Anna in a new production at the Theater an der Wien under Riccardo Muti, and her American début at the Houston Grand Opera. In 2000 she performs Alice Ford in a new production of *Falstaff* in Munich under Zubin Mehta.

Ms. Pieczonka has appeared in concert with many orchestras in Europe and abroad, most recently performing Strauss's *Four Last Songs* under James Conlon in Cologne and the Palais Garnier in Paris, and Sieglinde in a concert performance of *Die Walküre* at the 1997 Edinburgh Festival. She has recorded Sibelius's *Luonnotar* with the BBC Symphony Orchestra under Kees Barkels, and will record selected Berg and Zemlinsky songs with pianist Ian Burnside, also to be broadcast on BBC Radio. In July she will record the role of Rosalinde in *Die Fledermaus* in Budapest, with Edita Gruberova in the role of Adele.

## 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.

This is the second of three concerts in our Recital Series, which 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 Wolf, Morawetz and Duparc. All recitals take place at 8:00 p.m. in Glenn Gould Studio. Tickets (\$23/\$17) may be ordered from the Box Office, (416) 205-5555.

There are two concerts remaining in our Sunday Series at Walter Hall, University of Toronto. This Sunday, March 15, at 2:30 p.m., we present mezzo soprano Linda Maguire and baritone Mark Pedrotti in *The Old Wizard of Bayreuth*, a portrait of Richard Wagner, created through his reminiscences, those of his family and friends, his own songs and music by other composers whom he influenced. 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.

## §

Tonight's recital is sponsored by **Magna International Inc.**, a leading global supplier of technologically advanced automotive systems, assemblies and components. With headquarters in Aurora, Ontario, Magna employs 33,000 people at 122 manufacturing and product development centres located throughout North America and Europe, in the design, engineering and manufacture of quality automotive products for many of the world's major automotive manufacturers.

*We would also like to thank:*

Kenneth and Carol Anderson

Maja Lutkins

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 TEXTS

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

**L'Année en vain chasse l'année (L'Enfant prodigue) (Edouard Guinand)**

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

*L'Enfant prodigue* was the cantata with which Debussy won the Prix de Rome in 1884. The prize was much coveted, despite being an indication of acceptance by the most conservative artistic minds of the day, the members of the Académie des Beaux-Arts; Gounod was one of the judges. This recitative and aria are sung by Lia, as she laments the absence of her prodigal son. Its style *Massenet* is overlain by a few definite signs of more adventurous music to come.

L'année en vain chasse l'année!  
 A chaque saison ramenée,  
 Leurs jeux et leurs ébats m'attristent malgré  
 moi:  
 Ils rouvrent ma blessure et mon chagrin  
 s'accroît...  
 Je viens chercher la grève solitaire...  
 Douleur involontaire!  
 Efforts superflus!  
 Lia pleure toujours l'enfant qu'elle n'a plus!...  
  
 Azaël! Azaël! Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?...  
 En mon coeur maternel ton image est  
 restée.  
 Azaël! Azaël! Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?...  
 Cependant les soirs étaient doux,  
 Dans la plaine d'ormes plantée,  
 Quand, sous la charge récoltée,  
 On ramenait les grands boeufs roux.  
 Lorsque la tâche était finie,  
 Enfants, vieillards et serviteurs,  
 Ouvriers des champs ou pasteurs,  
 Louaient de Dieu la main bénie;  
 Ainsi les jours suivaient les jours  
 Et dans la pieuse famille,  
 Le jeune homme et la jeune fille  
 Echangeaient leurs chastes amours.  
 D'autres ne sentent pas le poids de la  
 vieillesse,  
 Heureux dans leurs enfants,  
 Ils voient couler les ans,  
 Sans regret comme sans tristesse...  
 Aux coeurs inconsolés que les temps sont  
 pesants!...  
 Azaël! Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?...

The years chase each other away in vain  
 as each season brings back  
 its frolicking games which sadden me in  
 spite of myself:  
 They open my wound and increase my  
 sorrow ...  
 I come to visit the lonely shore.  
 Spontaneous grief!  
 Useless endeavour!  
 Lia forever mourns the child she has no more!...  
  
 Azaël! Azaël! Why did you leave me?  
 Your image lives on in my maternal  
 heart  
 Azaël! Azaël! Why did you leave me?  
 Yet the evenings were mellow  
 in the elm filled meadow  
 when the great russet oxen bearing the  
 harvest yield were brought home.  
 When the tasks were done  
 children, ancients and retainers,  
 the field workers or shepherds  
 praised the blessed hand of God!  
 Thus day followed day  
 and in the pious family  
 youths and maidens  
 exchanged their innocent love!  
 Others do not feel the decline  
 of life,  
 happy with their children,  
 they watch the years go by  
 without regret or sorrow...  
 How heavily time lies on unsolaced  
 hearts!  
 Azaël! Azaël! Why did you leave me?





**Sechs Walzergesänge** (*Ferdinand Adolf Gregorovius, after Tuscan poems*) Op. 6

Alexander Zemlinsky (1872-1942)

The teacher and brother-in-law of Schoenberg and friend of Berg and Webern, Zemlinsky became closely associated with the second Viennese school. However, his musical style never followed theirs into a post-expressionist, twelve-tone world — and the six songs of opus 6 date from very early in his career, when he was in his mid-twenties. With their texts adapted from Italian folk poetry, they follow a clear line of development from Brahms's *Liebeslieder Walzer* and *Zigeunerlieder*. The second song uses a translation of the same Italian poem which Wolf set as *Der Mond hat eine schwere Klag' erhoben* in his *Italienisches Liederbuch* (1890).

**Six waltz songs**

**Liebe Schwalbe**

Liebe Schwalbe, kleine Schwalbe,  
Du fliegst auf und singst so früh,  
Streuest durch die Himmelsbläue  
Deine süßes Melodie.

Die da schlafen noch am Morgen,  
Alle Liebenden in Ruh',  
Mit dem zwitschernden Gesange  
Die Versunkenen weckest du.

Auf! nun auf, ihr Liebesschläfer,  
Weil die Morgenschwalbe reif:  
Denn die Nacht wird den betrügen,  
Der den hellen Tag verschlief.

Dear little swallow,  
you fly up and sing so early,  
speaking your sweet melody  
through the blue sky.

And all those lovers  
who are still peacefully asleep  
you awaken with  
your twittering song.

Up! you lovelorn sleepers,  
when the morning swallow calls,  
for the night will betray  
those who oversleep bright day.

**Klagen ist der Mond gekommen**

Klagen ist der Mond gekommen  
Vor der Sonne Angesicht,  
Soll ihm noch der Himmel frommen,  
Da du Glanz ihm nahmst und Licht.

Seine Sterne ging er zählen  
Und er will vor Leid vergehn:  
Zwei der schönsten Sterne fehlen,  
Die in deinem Antlitz stehn.

The moon has come  
complaining to the sun:  
Heaven looks sadly on her, since you have  
stolen splendour and light from her.

She goes to count her stars  
and will fade away for sorrow:  
two of the brightest stars are missing,  
those which shine in your face.

### **Fensterlein, nachts bist du zu**

Fensterlein, nachts bist du zu,  
Thust auf dich am Tag mir zu Leide;  
Mit Nelken umringelt bist du:  
O, öffne dich, Augenweide!

Fenster aus köstlichem Stein,  
Drinnen die Sonne, die Sterne da draussen,  
O Fensterlein heimlich und klein,  
Sonne da drinnen und Rosen da draussen.

### **Ich geh' des Nachts**

Ich gehe des Nachts wie der Mond thut gehn,  
Ich suche wo den Geliebten sie haben.  
Da hab' ich den Tod, den finstern gesehn,  
Er sprach: Such' nicht, ich hab' ihn begraben.

### **Blaues Sternlein**

Blaues Sternlein, du sollst schweigen,  
Das Geheimniss gieb nicht kund,  
Sollst nicht allen Leuten zeigen  
Unsern stillen Herzensbund.

Mögen andre stehn in Schmerzen,  
Jeder sage was er will.  
Sind zufrieden unsre Herzen  
Sind wir beide gerne still.

### **Briefchen schrieb ich**

Briefchen schrieb und warf in den Wind ich,  
Sie fielen ins Meer und sie fielen auf Sand.  
Ketten von Schnee und von Eise die bind' ich,  
Die Sonne zerschmilzt sie in meiner Hand.

Maria, Maria, du sollst es dir merken:  
Am Ende gewinnt wer dauert im Streit,  
Maria, Maria, das sollst du bedenken.  
Es siegt wer dauert in Ewigkeit.

Little window, at night you are shut,  
at day you open to my sorrow;  
ringed around with carnations,  
Oh! open to my feasting eyes!

Window of precious stones,  
the sun within, the stars without;  
O little, secret window,  
the sun within and roses without.

I go at night, when the moon has set,  
to find where they have taken my beloved.  
There I saw grim Death.  
He said: Seek not, I have buried her.

Little blue star, you should keep quiet,  
don't betray our secret,  
you shouldn't tell everyone  
about our secret love affair.

Others may remain in sorrow,  
let them say what they will.  
Our hearts are content,  
we both prefer to keep silent.

I wrote letters and cast them into the wind;  
they fell into the sea and on to the sand.  
Fetters of snow and ice which I forged,  
the sun melted in my hand.

Maria, mark this well and remember:  
in the end, he wins who endure the fight.  
Maria, you must heed this,  
he wins who endures till eternity.

## Six songs

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Only eight years Zemlinsky's senior, Strauss nevertheless had developed his own personal style well before the end of the nineteenth century. These six songs were composed between 1882 and 1899, and became part of the repertoire which the composer performed in recital with his wife, the Wagnerian soprano, Pauline de Ahna. *Cäcilie*, indeed, was dashed off in a burst of inspiration on the eve of his wedding. It was later orchestrated (along with several others, including *Das Rosenband*) for Pauline to sing during his conducting assignments.

### Du meines Herzens Krönelein (Felix Dahn) Op. 21/2

Du meines Herzens Krönelein,  
Du bist von lautrem Golde,  
Wenn andere daneben sein,  
Dann bist du noch viel holde.

Die andern tun so gern gescheut,  
Du bist gar sanft und stille,  
Daß jedes Herz sich dein erfreut,  
Dein Glück ist's, nicht dein Wille.

Die andern suchen Lieb und Gunst  
Mit tausend falschen Worten,  
Du ohne Mund' und Augenkunst  
Bist wert an allen Orten.

Du bist als wie die Ros' im Wald,  
Sie weiß nichts von ihrer Blüte,  
Doch jedem, der vorüberwallt,  
Erfreut sie das Gemüte.

### You are the coronet of my heart

You are the coronet of my heart,  
of pure gold you are,  
when others stand beside you,  
then you are dearer still.

Others enjoy seeming clever,  
gentle and quiet are you,  
that every heart rejoices in you,  
is your happiness, not your wish.

Others seek love and favour  
with a thousand false words;  
you, with no art of tongue, of eyes,  
are everywhere esteemed.

You are like the rose in the forest,  
knowing nothing of its bloom,  
but gladdening the mind  
of everyone who passes.

*Please turn page quietly*



**Nichts** (*Hermann Gilm*) Op. 10/2

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr, meine  
Königin im Liederreich?  
Toren, die ihr seid, ich kenne  
Sie am wenigsten von euch.

Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,  
Fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,  
Fragt nach Gang und Tanz und Haltung,  
Ach, und was weiß ich davon!

Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle  
Alles Lebens, alles Lichts?  
Und was wissen von derselben  
Ich und ihr und alle? Nichts.

**Die Nacht** (*Hermann Gilm*) Op. 10/3

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,  
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,  
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,  
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,  
Alle Blumen, alle Farben  
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben  
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,  
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,  
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms  
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,  
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele;  
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle  
Dich mir auch.

**Nothing**

Do you say I must name  
my queen in the realm of song?  
Fools that you are,  
I know her least of all.

Ask me the colour of her eyes,  
ask me about the sound of her voice,  
ask about her walk and dancing and bearing  
and oh! what do I know about them?

Is not the sun the source  
of all life, all light?  
And what do we know about it,  
I and you and everybody? Nothing

**Night**

Night steps from the woods,  
slips softly from the trees,  
gazes about her in a wide circle,  
now beware.

All this world's lights,  
all flowers, all colours  
she extinguishes, and steals the sheaves  
from the field.

All that is fair she takes,  
the silver from the stream,  
from the cathedral's copper roof  
the gold.

The bush stands plundered,  
draw nearer, soul to soul;  
oh, I fear the night will also steal  
you, too, from me.

*Please turn page quietly*

**Das Rosenband (Klopstock) Op. 36/1**

Im Frühlings Schatten fand ich sie,  
Da band ich sie mit Rosenbändern:  
Sie fühlt' es nicht und schlummerte.

Ich sah sie an; mein Leben hing  
Mit diesem Blick an ihrem Leben:  
Ich fühlt' es wohl und wußt' es nicht.

Doch lispelt' ich ihr sprachlos zu  
Und rauschte mit den Rosenbändern:  
Da wachte sie vom Schlummer auf.

Sie sah mich an; ihr Leben hing  
Mit diesem Blick an meinem Leben:  
Und um uns ward's Elysium.

**Wiegenlied (Richard Dehmel) Op. 41/1**

Träume, träume, du mein süßes Leben,  
Von dem Himmel, der die Blumen bringt,  
Blüten schimmern da, die leben  
Von dem Lied, das deine Mutter singt.

Träume, träume, Knospe meiner Sorgen,  
Von dem Tage, da die Blume sproß;  
Von dem hellen Blütenmorgen,  
Da dein Seelchen sich der Welt erschloß.

Träume, träume, Blüte meiner Liebe,  
Von der stillen, von der heil'gen Nacht,  
Da die Blume seiner Liebe  
Diese Welt zum Himmel mir gemacht.

**The Rosy ribbon**

In the spring shadows I found her,  
and bound her with rosy ribbons:  
she felt it not and slumbered.

I gazed at her, in that gaze my life  
hung upon hers:  
this I sensed but did not understand.

Wordlessly I murmured to her  
and ruffled the rosy ribbons:  
then she awoke from her slumber .

She gazed at me; in that gaze  
her life hung on mine:  
and all around us was Elysium.

**Cradle song**

Dream, my sweet life, dream  
of heaven that brings the flowers.  
Blossoms gleam there which live  
by the song your mother sings.

Dream, bud of my anxiety,  
dream of the day the flower sprouted;  
of that bright blossoming morning  
when your soul opened to the world.

Dream, blossom of my love,  
dream of that silent, that holy night,  
when the flower of his love  
made this world heaven for me.

### **Cäcilie** (*Heinrich Hart*) Op. 27/2

Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Was träumen heißt von brennenden Küssen,  
Von Wandern und Ruhen mit der Geliebten,  
Aug in Auge,  
Und kosend und plaudernd,  
Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Du neigtest dein Herz!

Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Was bangen heißt in einsamen Nächten,  
Umschauert vom Sturm, da niemand tröstet  
Milden Mundes die kampfmüde Seele,  
Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Du kämest zu mir.

Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Was leben heißt, umhaucht von der Gottheit  
Weltschaffendem Atem,  
Zu schweben empor, lichtgetragen,  
Zu seligen Höh'n,  
Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Du lebstest mit mir!

### **Cecily**

If you knew  
what it is to dream of burning kisses,  
of wandering, resting with one's love,  
gazing at each other,  
and caressing and talking,  
if you knew,  
you would incline your heart!

If you knew  
what fear is on lonely nights,  
in the awesome storm when no one comforts  
with soft voice the struggle-weary soul,  
if you knew,  
you would come to me.

If you knew  
what it is to live enveloped in God's  
world-creating breath,  
to float upwards, borne on light,  
to blissful heights,  
if you knew,  
you would live with me!



## **Intermission**



## Allegory of Sweet Desire (after Agnolo Bronzino)

John Greer (b. 1954)

A song cycle to classical Greek and Latin poems. *First performance: commissioned with the assistance of Kenneth and Carol Anderson.*

### Composer's Note

Shortly after the search began for the ideal text to set for a song cycle for Adrienne Pieczonka, she sent me a beautiful book of prose translations of poetry by Michelle Lovric and Nikiforos Doxiadis Mardas called *The Sweetness of Honey and the Sting of Bees: Words of Love from the Ancient Mediterranean*. As I read the passionate outpourings in the name of Aphrodite, goddess of love and Eros, the young god of sexual passion, one of my favourite paintings from the National Gallery in London grabbed my imagination and would not let go. I decided I would select and assemble some of the Greek and Roman poem translations and write a musical interpretation of Bronzino's enigmatic canvas *An Allegory with Venus and Cupid*, sometimes called *An Allegory of Time*. (A reproduction is on view in the lobby tonight.)

Most critics agree that the painting is an examination of the follies of sensual passion. Folly himself, a simple child with bells around his ankle, is about to shower with roses the entwined lovers, Aphrodite (Venus) and Eros (Cupid), mother and son according to Greek legend. Aphrodite is guiding one of Eros' arrows, indicating her submission to the act and she holds Eris' golden apple in her other hand, her prize won from Paris for her supreme beauty and her promise to bring him happiness in love. The scene is cloaked in night, and the masks at Venus' feet, as well as representing sexual role-playing, are two-dimensional reproductions of decoration from Michelangelo's celebrated tomb of Julius II depicting night and day as man and woman. The dove could represent connubial domesticity, here trod upon by Eros, but is also associated traditionally with Venus and considered a lecherous bird in that connection. Deceit hides behind Folly. She has the head of a beautiful, benign young girl offering a honeycomb to the lovers, but her hindquarters are those of a hideous scaly beast, and she hides the scorpion-like stinger at the end of her long tail in her left hand. Hideous Jealousy writhes in agony behind Eros. The ghastliness of the figure and the unnatural colouring have led some to consider the figure a personification of syphilis. Father Time, hourglass upon his back, reveals the scene to Truth in the upper right corner, who is aghast.

Renaissance dances and textures influenced the musical composition, as did the variety of style and texture in the painting itself. The key progression of the whole cycle is distilled into a chordal progression and accompanies the hypnotic, submissive Refrains to 'inviolable Aphrodite'. III. *Eros Consumed* is an energetic, slightly tipsy, polonaise. V. *Presentation of the Golden Apple of Eris* is an homage to Hugo Wolf, out of gratitude for the inspiration of his *Italienisches Liederbuch*. Cherubino from *Le Nozze de Figaro* kept singing the words of VII. *The Honey of Deceit* in my inner imagination, and I couldn't resist indicating this in the song itself with quotes from Mozart's opera. XI. *Time Reveals, Time Heals* is a loose retrograde inversion of VII. *The Sting of Deceit*, and these two songs frame two short songs of jealousy. I leave it to the

interpreters and the listener to decide whether the last song, *XII. Truth Appeased*, is intended to be sung to "Lydia" or to another beloved. It is written in a popular style much more of our era than Bronzino's and makes musical reference to motifs and harmonic progressions heard throughout the cycle.

I am eternally grateful for this opportunity to write for performers that I have admired so much for so many years, and for the generous collaboration and support of Kenneth and Carol Anderson.

JG

### **I. Dedication to Aphrodite**

How could we live without the rose?  
Rosy-fingered dawn, rosy-armed nymphs,  
Rose-complexioned Aphrodite...

*The Anakreontea - Poem 55*

No one ever has,  
And no one ever will  
Escape love,  
Not while there is beauty  
And not while eyes can see...

*Longus - Daphnis and Chloe I*

*Refrain*

I will sit  
Bound by the altars of inviolable [Aphrodite]

*The Garland of Sulpicia - Poem III, 19*

### **II. The Bells of Child Folly**

Don't ask what will happen tomorrow.  
Whatever the sums of days given to you,  
Think of it as treasure,  
And when you are young,  
Never say no to dancing and sweet desire.

*Horace - Odes I, 9*

### **III. Eros Consumed**

Once, when I was weaving a garland  
I found Eros among the roses.  
I grabbed him by the wings,  
I dropped him my wine cup,  
Picked it up and drank him down.  
And now, inside my body,  
He tickles me deliciously with his wings.

*The Anakreontea - Poem 6*

#### IV. The Masks and Desires of Night

Night banishes shame,  
Wine and love take care of fear.

Ovid - *Amores* I, 6

...Savage love tosses and turns in my vanquished breast.  
Should I give in? Or breathe flame into the fire by resisting?  
I'll give in...

Ovid - *Amores* I, 2

#### V. Presentation of the Golden Apple of Eris (Polyphemus to Galatea)

"I grieve that my mother did not bear me finned like a fish,  
That I might dive down into the ocean,  
And kiss your hand - if not your mouth.  
And I would bring you white lilies or  
The red petals of velvet poppies burst open,  
But even now, my darling, I will learn how to swim...  
So I may taste of the sweetness to be had,  
Lying with you in the dim depths!"

Theokritos - *Idyll* 11 (*The Cyclops*)

#### VI. Aphrodite Guides the Arrow of Eros

I fell in love,  
I kissed,  
I was favoured,  
I carried the day,  
I was dearly loved.  
But who she was,  
And how it happened  
Is a mystery  
Known only  
To the Goddess of Love.

Anon., *The Greek anthology* v. 54

*Refrain:*

I will sit  
Bound by the altars of inviolable [Aphrodite].

*The Garland of Sulpicia* - Poem III, 19

*Please turn page quietly*



## VII. The Honey of Deceit

[*"Che cosa è amor? ...Un desio ch'io non posso spiegar."* L. Da Ponte]

There is no medicine for love;  
nothing you can drink for it,  
nothing you can eat for it,  
[no ointment and no bandage]  
no song you can sing -

[Theokritos - *Idyll 11, The Cyclops*]

There's nothing that works as well  
as kissing, and caressing,  
and lying together naked....  
...My flesh against your flesh.

Longus - *Daphnis & Chloe II*  
Theokritos - *Idyll 2, The Spell*

I don't want anything to come between us.  
Even that thin fabric you wear  
Feels to me like  
The Walls of Babylon.

Paulos Silentarius, *The Greek Anthology*, v. 252

## VIII. The Sting of Deceit

A tear sidles down my cheek,  
A symptom of my inner liquidation  
In slow fires.

Horace - *Odes I, 13*

## IX. The Lecherous Dove

Lydia, when you rave about  
Telephus' rosy neck,  
Or Telephus' soft white arms,  
My god, my hissing liver swells  
With swarming bile!

Horace - *Odes I, 13*

## X. The Torment of Jealousy

Ten mouths  
And as many tongues in them  
Would not be enough  
To describe all the hellish arts of  
Wicked women.

Ovid - *Ars Amatoria I*

*Please turn page quietly*

## XI. Time Reveals, Time Heals

The moon has set,  
And the star of the Pleiades.  
It is midnight;  
Time pours past and I lie alone...

Sappho - fragment 168

*Refrain:*

For me, neither the sweetness of honey nor the sting of bees.

Sappho - fragment 146

## XII. Truth Appeased

Light of my life, may I never ever again  
    cause you such agony  
        as I seem to have done a few days ago.  
Never in all my foolish days of youth  
    did I ever do anything  
        that I can admit to regretting more  
Than that I left you alone that night,  
    waiting to play down my desire for you.

*The Garden of Sulpicia - III, 18*

We shall share  
    A single shore for sleep,  
    A single tree for shelter,  
    Often we will drink from a single spring,  
    And a single narrow bed will hold both lovers.

Propertius - *Elegies II, 26*

Let it always be like this,  
    Just like this,  
        A never-ending festival,  
Lying with you, mouth to mouth,  
    Nothing to do,  
        Nothing to be ashamed of.  
In this there is, there has been,  
    And there will be,  
        For a long time to come,  
Nothing but delight,  
    Never diminishing,  
        Always just beginning

Anon., collected Petronius

*Translations by M. Lovric and N.D. Mardas,  
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## Four songs

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-93)

Tchaikovsky did not publish his first songs (his opus 6) until he was nearly thirty. But from then until the year of his death he composed more than one hundred, which display all the varied aspects of his style. There are love songs of an exaggeratedly passionate nature, like *Does the day reign*, which in their sophistication contrast with others of a deliberately folk-like cast (*Behind the window* or *If I'd only known*). As in the songs of Richard Strauss, the accompaniment becomes an important aspect of the composition, symphonically orchestral in its sweep, yet always retaining the idiomatic character of piano music. Moreover, all of these songs by Tchaikovsky and Strauss could have been sung by their operatic heroines, part of each composer's life-long obsession with the soprano voice.

### **Ne ver', moy druk** (*A. Tolstoy*) Op. 6.1

Do not believe it, my friend, when in a fit of sadness I say that I have ceased to love you — when the tide ebbs, do not believe that the sea is faithless; it will return, lovingly, to the land.

I am already pining, as passionate as I was before, I will again surrender my freedom to you, and already the waves rush noisily back from afar to the beloved shores.

### **Za aknom f teni** (*Polonsky*) Op. 60/10

Behind the window, in the shadow, can be glimpsed a little blond head. You are not asleep, my torment! You are not asleep, little cheat!

Do come out and join me! With greedy kisses I will ardently press your young heart to mine.

Don't be afraid that the stars are shining too brightly: I will cover you with my cloak so no one notices anything.

If the watchman challenges us, answer that you're a soldier; if anyone asks who you were with, say it was your brother.

To be confined under the beady eye of a bigoted old woman is boring — but, like it or not, it does teach you cunning.

*Please turn page quietly*



**Kaby znala ya (A. Tolstoy) Op. 47/1**

If I'd only known, if I'd only realized, I wouldn't have watched through the window as a bold young man rode down our street, his cap at a jaunty angle, riding a dashing bay horse with clattering hooves and a long mane, rearing up in front of the windows!

If I'd only known, if I'd only realized, I wouldn't have dressed up for him, I wouldn't have woven a gold-bordered scarlet ribbon into my long tresses, I wouldn't have risen early before dawn, I wouldn't have rushed out of the village, I wouldn't have got my feet wet in the dew, I wouldn't have watched the country lane to see if he was riding there, a speckled falcon perched on his wrist.

If I'd only known, if I'd only realized, I wouldn't have been sitting late into the evening dejected, on a hillock, on a hillock near a well, lying in wait, trying to guess whether my beloved would be coming. Ah! Ah! Whether my beloved would be coming to water his horse at the ice-cold water!

**Den' li tsarit (Apukhtin) Op. 47/6**

Does the day reign, or is it the darkness of night, in disjointed dreams in the struggle of life, — the same fateful thought follows me everywhere and fills my life, — always of you!

With this thought, the ghosts of the past do not frighten me, my heart is cheered again with living; my faith, dreams and inspired words, all that is dear and holy in the heart, — all is from you.

Whether my days be bright or cheerless, whether I die soon, losing my life, I will know to the edge of the grave, that my ideas, feelings, songs and strength are all for you.





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