FREE CONCERT SERIES IN THE RICHARD BRADSHAW AMPHITHEATRE

CANADIAN OPERA COMPANY

2017/2018 SEASON

VOCAL SERIES

December 5, 2017, 12 p.m.

McGill
Schulich School of Music
École de musique Schulich

LE PRIX D'ART VOCAL WIRTH
THE WIRTH VOCAL PRIZE

Presents

Wirth Vocal Prize Showcase

Simone McIntosh, mezzo-soprano
Stéphane Mayer, piano

THE COC ENSEMBLE STUDIO PROGRAM GENEROUSLY MADE POSSIBLE BY

PETER M. DEEB
MARJORIE AND ROY LINDEN
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The Free Concert Series is made possible in part by the J.P. Bickell Foundation.

Supported by the Free Concert Series Endowment Fund established in honour of Richard Bradshaw by an anonymous donor.

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Program is subject to change. Please refrain from speaking during the performance. The use of electronic devices is strictly prohibited.

FOUR SEASONS CENTRE FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS

THE PROGRAM

Sechs Lieder, Op. 48 ..... Edvard Grieg

1. Gruss
2. Dereinst, Gedanke mein
3. Lauf der Welt
4. Die verschwiegene Nachtigall
5. Zur Rosenzeit
6. Ein Traum

Banalités .....Francis Poulenc

1. Chanson d'Orkenise
2. Hôtel
3. Fagnes de Wallonie
4. Voyage à Paris
5. Sanglots

Sieben frühe Lieder .....Alban Berg

1. Nacht
2. Schilflied
3. Die Nachtigall
4. Traumgekrönt
5. Im Zimmer
6. Liebesode
7. Sommertage

Selected Songs.....Frank Bridge

Thy hand in mine
Go not, happy day
Adoration
Love went a-riding

www.mcgill.ca/music
www.simonemcintosh.com

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Sechs Lieder/Six Songs (Edvard Grieg)

Gruss/Greeting

Lovely bells softly move
Through my heart,
Ring out, little springtime-song,
Ring out into the distance.

Go up to the house,
Where the violets are sprouting,
If you see a rose,
Say, "I welcome it."

(Text: Heinrich Heine)

Dereinst, Gedanke mein/One Day, In My Thoughts

One day, in my thoughts,
You shall be at peace.

Though love's passion
Does not allow calmness,
In the cool earth
You shall sleep well there,
There without love
And without pain
You will be at peace.

What you have not
Found in life,
When life vanishes,
It will be given to you,
Then without wound
And without pain
You will be at peace.

(Text: Emanuel von Geibel)

Lauf der Welt/ The Way of the World

Every evening I walk out,
Along the meadow-path.
She looks out of her summer house,
Which stands close to the path.
We still have not introduced ourselves,
It's only the way of the world.

I don't know how it happened,
Since I kissed her so long ago.
I did not ask, she didn't say: "Yes,"
But she also did not say:"No."

If lips like to rest on lips,
Let us not prevent it, since it gives us pleasure.

The breeze plays with the rose,
It does not ask: "Do you love me?"
The little rose refreshes itself with dew,
It does not say: "Give!"

I love her, she loves me,
But neither say: "I love you!"

(Text: Ludwig Uhland)

Die verschwiegene Nachtigall/ The Secret Nightingale

Under the linden-tree, on the pasture,
Where I sat with my beloved,
There you might find,
How we both broke the flowers and the grass.

By the woods came a sweet sound:
Tandaradei!
Tandaradei!
In the valley, the nightingale sang.

I had come to the meadow,
My sweetheart arrived there before me.
I was received as a noble lady,
I am still delighted by that.

Did he also give me kisses?
Tandaradei!
Tandaradei!
See how red my mouth is!

How I rested there, if anyone found out,
Oh God, I would be ashamed.
How the young man embraced me,
No one will understand it,
Except for him and I.

And a little bird,
Tandaradei!
Tandaradei!
Who will certainly keep our secret.

(Text: Walter von der Vogelweide)

Zur Rosenzeit/ Time of Roses

You are wilting, sweet roses,
My love could not sustain you;
Ah bloom! For the one without hope,
Whose soul now breaks from grief!

Sorrowfully, I think of those days,
Of when, my angle, I clung to you,
Waiting for the first little bud,
I went into my garden early;

All the blossoms, all the fruit
I brought to your feet,
And for your countenance
Hope throbbed in my heart.

You are wilting, sweet roses,
My love could not sustain you;
Ah bloom! For the one without hope,
Whose soul now breaks from grief!

(Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Continued...

Ein Traum/A Dream

I once dreamed a beautiful dream:
I loved a blond maiden,
It was in a green forest glen,
It was in the warm springtime:

The buds were sprouting, the forest brook swelled
Bells rang out from the distant village
We were completely filled with joy,
Immersed in total bliss.

And more beautiful still, than the dream,
Was what occurred in reality:
It was in a green forest glen,
It was in the warm springtime;

The brook swelled, the buds were sprouting,
Bells rang out from the village:
I held you tightly, I held you for a long time
And will never again let you go!

Never again! Never again!
Oh spring-green glen,
You will live in me forever!
There reality became a dream,
There the dream became a reality!

(Text: Friedrich von Bodenstedt)

Banalités/Banalities (Francis Poulenc)

Chanson d'Orkenise/ Song of Orkenise

Through the gate of Orkenise
A carter wanted to enter.
Through the gates of Orkenise
A tramp wanted to leave.

And the guards of the town
Ran towards the tramp:
"What are you are you taking away from the town?"
"I leave my whole heart there."

And the guards of the town
Ran towards the carter:
"What are you bringing into the town?"
"My heart to be married!"

So many hearts in Orkenise!
The guards laughed, laughed.
For the tramp, the road is grey,
Love is grey, oh carter.

The handsome guards of the town
Knitted superbly;
Then the gates of the town
Slowly closed.

Hôtel/Hotel

My room is shaped like a cage
The sun puts its arm through the window
But I, who would like to smoke
To make smoke mirages
At the fire of day, I light my cigarette
I do not want to work
I want to smoke.

Fagnes de Wallonie/ Walloon Uplands

Overwhelming sorrow
Seized my heart in the desolate uplands
When I got tired I rested in the fir thicket
The weight of the kilometers while the west wind rushed strongly
I had left the beautiful woods
The squirrels stayed there
My pipe tried to make clouds in the sky
Which remained obstinately clear

I did not confide any secret
with the exception of
An enigmatic song
To the damp wetlands

The heather that is fragrant with honey
Attracted the bees
And my aching feet
Crushed the bilberries and the mulberries

Tenderly united
North, North
Life twists itself there
With strong trees and still twists
There, life bites death

With good teeth
With good teeth
When the wind howls

Voyage à Paris/Trip to Paris

Ah! How charming
To leave a dreary place
For Paris
Delightful Paris
That once upon a time, love must have created

Continued...

Sanglots/Sobs

Our love is ordered by the calm stars

Now we know that in us many men have their being

Who came from very far away and are one under our brows

This is the song of the dreamers
Who tore out their heart
And carried it in the right hand

Remember dear pride all these memories
Of the sailors who sang like conquerors
Of the crevasses of the Thule of the gentle skies of Ophir
Of the cursed sick people of those who fled from their own shadow
And of the joyous return of happy emigrants

This heart ran with blood
And the dreamer went on thinking
Of his delicate wound

You will not break the chain of these causes

And with pain, said to us

Which are the effects of other causes

My poor heart, my broken heart
Resembling the heart of all men

Here, here are our hands that life has enslaved

Has died of love or so it seems
Has died of love and here it is
This is the way of all things
Tear out yours as well

And nothing will be free until the end of time

Let us leave all to the dead
And hide our sobs

(Text: Guillaume Apollinaire)

Sieben frühe Lieder/ Seven Early Songs (Alban Berg)

Nacht/Night

The clouds darken the night and valley;
The mists float above, the water rushes gently.
Now all at once they unveil themselves:
O listen! Pay heed!

A broad land of wonder has opened up.
Silver mountains rise up, fantastically huge,
Quiet paths lit with silver lead toward the valley from a hidden place;
And the noble world is so dreamily pure.

A mute beech-tree stands by
the path, black with shadows;
A breeze from a distant, lonely
grove wafts gently by.

And from the deep darkness of
the valley, lights flash in the
silent night.

Drink, my soul! Drink in this
solitude!
O listen! Pay heed!

(Text: Carl Hauptmann)

Schilflied/Reed Song

Along a secret forest path I like
to creep in the evening light; I
go to the desolate, reedy
banks, and think of you, my
maiden!

As the bushes grow dark,
The reeds mysteriously hiss,
And lament and whisper, and
thus I have to weep and weep.

And I think that I hear wafting
The gentle sound of your voice,
And down into the pond sinks
your lovely song.

(Text: Nikolaus Lenau)

Die Nachtigall/ The Nightingale

It happened because the
nightingale sang the whole
night long;
From his sweet call,
That echoes and re-echoes,
The roses have bloomed.

Until recently she was a wild
blossom,
And now she walks deep in
thought;
She carries her summer hat in
her hand, quietly enduring the
heat of the sun, not knowing
where to begin.

It happened because the
nightingale sang the whole
night long;
From his sweet call,
That echoes and re-echoes,
The roses have bloomed.

(Text: Theodor Storm)

Traumgekrönt/ Crowned by a dream

It was the day of white
chrysanthemums;
I almost trembled before its
glory...

And then, then you came to me
to take my soul deep in the
night.

I felt so anxious, and you came
so lovingly and gently;
I had just been thinking about
you in a dream.

You came, and softly, like a
fairy tale, the night resounded.

(Text: Rainer Maria Rilke)

Continued...

Im Zimmer/In the Chamber
Autumn sunlight.
The lovely evening quietly peers in.

A little red fire crackles in the stove and flares up.
And with my head upon your knee,
I am content.

When my eyes rest in yours,
How gently the minutes pass!

(Text: Johannes Schlaf)

Liebesode/Love Song
In the arms of love we blissfully fell asleep;
At the open window the summer wind listened
And carried the peacefulness of our breath out into the bright, moonlit night.

And out of the garden, feeling its way randomly, the scent of roses came to our bed of love
And gave us wonderful dreams,
Dreams of intoxication,
Rich with yearning.

(Text: Otto Erich Hartleben)

Sommertage/Summer Days
Now the days drag through the world,
Sent forth from blue eternity;
Time dissipates in the summer wind.

Now at night the Lord weaves wreaths of stars with his blessed hand, above the wandering wonderland.

In these days, o my heart,
What can your brightest wanderer's song then say about your deep, deep pleasure?

The heart falls silent from the meadow-song; now there are no words,
Image upon image visits you and fills you entirely.

(Text: Paul Hohenberg)

Selected Songs (Frank Bridge)

Thy hand in mine
Thy hand in mine,
Thy hand in mine,
And through the world we two will go.
With love before us as a sign,
Our faces set to ev'ry foe.

Thy hand in mine,
Thy hand in mine.

My heart in thine,
My heart in thine.
Through life, through happy death the same,
We two will kneel before the shrine,
And keep a-light the sacred flame.

My heart in thine,
My heart in thine.

(Text: Mary E. Coleridge)

Go not, happy day

Go not, happy day,
From the shinning fields,
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.

When the happy yes
Falters from her lips
Pass and blush the news.
Over glowing ships;

Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the West;

Blush from West to East,
Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,
Blush it thro' the West.

Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.

(Text: Alfred Tennyson)

Adoration

Asleep!
O sleep a little while white pearl!
And let me kneel, and let me pray to thee,
And let me call Heaven's blessing on thine eyes,
And let me breathe into the happy air that doth enfold and touch thee all about,
Vows of my slavery, my giving up,
My sudden adoration, my great love!

(Text: John Keats)

Love went a-riding

Love went a-riding over the earth,
On Pegasus he rode.
The flowers before him sprang to birth,
And the frozen rivers flowed.
Then all the youths and the maidens cried,
'Stay here with us.' 'King of Kings.'
But Love said, 'No! for the horse I ride,
For the horse I ride has wings.'

(Text: Mary E. Coleridge)

COMING UP NEXT AT THE FREE CONCERT SERIES

JAZZ SERIES — Wed. December 6, 2017, 12–1 p.m.
McGill Jazz Quintet
Jazz@McGill
Top jazz students join acclaimed trumpet player and Schulich School of Music professor Kevin Dean in a program of original compositions. Built on a foundation of beloved standards, this intimate jazz combo will bring a *je ne sais quoi* to your lunch hour and put a little swing in your step.

CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES — Thurs. December 7, 2017, 12–1 p.m.
Joshua Morris, cello
Karnsiri Laothamatas, piano
The Golden Hour
Established in 2006, the prestigious Golden Violin Prize honours the extraordinary achievements of the string department at the Schulich School of Music. Multi-talented cellist Joshua Morris has been accumulating numerous awards as both a soloist and as a chamber musician, now adding the 2016/2017 Golden Violin Prize to the ever-growing list.

YOU MIGHT ALSO LIKE...

VOCAL SERIES — Tues. January 23, 2018, 12–1 p.m.
Joshua Guerrero, tenor
Andrea Grant, piano
Interpretations of Love
Proclaimed a "gifted young tenor" (*New York Times*), Joshua Guerrero makes his Canadian and COC debut as The Duke of Mantua in the COC's *Rigoletto*. In this solo recital, he demonstrates his youthful charisma and rich tone while exploring different interpretations of love songs.

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