

**FREE
CONCERT
SERIES** IN THE
**RICHARD BRADSHAW
AMPHITHEATRE**



2017/2018 SEASON

VOCAL SERIES

February 14, 2018, 12 p.m.

The Truth About Love

Claire de Sévigné, soprano

Rachel Andrist, piano

with readings by Huw Montague Rendall

COC.ca

The Free Concert Series is made possible in part by the J.P. Bickell Foundation.

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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

THE PASSION:

"How perfect is this, how lucky are we"–Barbara and Stan,
N.Y.C. park bench

Chanson d'amourGabriel Fauré

Apparition..... Claude Debussy

Was im Netze? Schau einmal!.....Hugo Wolf

Es muß ein Wunderbares sein.....Franz Liszt

THE BOND:

"The most beautiful thing about young love is the truth in our hearts that it will last forever"–Atticus

Lied der Braut I: Mutter, MutterRobert Schumann

Lied der Braut II: Lass mich ihn Busen hangenSchumann

An die NachtRichard Strauss

THE PAIN:

"Hatred is blind, as well as love."–Oscar Wilde

Die Männer sind méchant.....Franz Schubert

Du liebst mich nicht..... Schubert

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder.....Liszt

Verschling' der Abgrund meines Liebsten Hütte.....Wolf

Continued...

THE MEMORY:

"Sometimes you will never know the value of a moment until it becomes a memory"—Dr. Seuss

Aux officiers de la Garde Blanche.....Francis Poulenc

Après un rêve..... Fauré

Je ne t'aime pas Kurt Weill

THE TRUTH:

"Mysterious love, uncertain treasure, hast thou more of pain or pleasure! Endless torments dwell about thee: yet who would live, and live without thee!"—Joseph Addison

I will walk with my loveHerbert Hughes

First I'll try loveAndre Previn

PastoraleAaron Copland

Love went a-ridingFrank Bridge

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

THE PASSION:

Chanson d'amour/ Love Song (Fauré)

I love your eyes, I love your
forehead,
oh my rebellious and fierce
one.

I love your eyes, I love your
mouth
on which my kisses will tire
themselves out.

I love your voice, I love the
strange
gracefulness of everything you
say,
oh my rebellious one, my dear
angel,
my hell and my paradise!

I love all that makes you
beautiful,
from your feet to your hair,
you to whom my hopeful pleas
ascend,
oh my fierce and rebellious
one!

(Text: Armand Silvestre
English: Emily Ezust)

Apparition/Apparition (Debussy)

The moon grew sad. Weeping
seraphim,
dreaming, bows in hand, in the
calm of hazy
flowers, drew from dying violets
white sobs that glided over the
corollas' blue.
—It was the blessed day of your
first kiss.

My dreaming, glad to torment
me,
grew skillfully drunk on the
perfumed sadness
that—without regret or bitter
after-taste—
the harvest of a dream leaves
in the reaper's heart.
And so I wandered, my eyes
fixed on the old paving stones,
when with sun-flecked hair, in
the street
and in the evening, you
appeared laughing before me
and I thought I glimpsed the
fairy with her cap of light
who long ago crossed my
lovely spoilt child's slumbers,
always allowing from her half-
closed hands
white bouquets of scented
flowers to snow.

(Text: Stéphane Mallarmé
English: Richard Stokes)

Continued...

**Was im Netze? Schau
einmal!/What's in the net?
Just look! (Wolf)**

What's in the net? Just look!
But I'm frightened:
Is it a sweet eel I can feel,
Or a snake?
Love is a blind
Fisher-girl;
Tell your child
What she has caught.

Already it's whipping in my
hands,
Oh misery and joy!
By nestling and wriggling
It slithers to my breast.

I marvel as it bites
Its bold way through my skin
And shoots down to my heart!
Love, I'm scared!

What can I do?
The horrible thing
Is snapping inside,
Coiling into a ring!

I must have poison;
Here it's sliding around
Blissfully burrowing,
It will slay me yet.

(Text: Eduard Mörike
English: Eric Sams)

**Es muß ein Wunderbares
sein/ How wondrous it must
be (Liszt)**

How wondrous it must be
When two souls love each
other,
Locking each other wholly in,
Never concealing a single
word,
And sharing with each other
Joy and sorrow, weal and woe;
Talking only of love
From the first kiss unto death.

(Text: Oscar von Redwitz-Schmölz
English: Richard Stokes)

THE BOND:

**Lied der Braut I: Mutter,
Mutter/Bride's Song I:
Mother, mother
(Schumann)**

Mother, mother! Never believe,
Because I love him so,
That I now lack the love
To love you as before!
Mother, mother! Since loving
him
I love you all the more.
Let me press you to my heart
And kiss you, as he kisses me.

Mother, mother! Only since
loving him
Do I truly love you now,
For giving me my life
That has become so radiant.

(Text: Friedrich Rückert
English: Richard Stokes)

**Lied der Braut II: Lass mich
ihn Busen hangen /Bride's
Song II: Let me lay my head
on his heart (Schumann)**

Let me lay my head on his
heart,
Mother, mother! Be not afraid.
Do not ask: how will things
change?
Do not ask: how will it end?
End? Never shall it end,
Change? I don't know how it
could!

(Text: Friedrich Rückert
English: Richard Stokes)

**An die Nacht/To the night
(Strauss)**

Holy night, holy night!
Heavenly peace, encircled in
stars!
All things divided by light,
Are united,
All our wounds
Bleed sweetly in the sunset!
Bielbog's spear, Bielbog's spear
Plunges into the heart of the
drunken earth,
Which with a gesture of bliss
Immerses a rose
In the womb
Of darkened desire!

Holy night! Chaste bride, chaste
bride!
Veil your sweet shame,
When the wedding-cup
Overflows.
Thus does day
Stream into fervent night!

(Text: Clemens Brentano
English: Richard Stokes)

THE PAIN:

**Die Männer sind
méchant/Men are naughty
(Schubert)**

You told me, mother:
he's a young rogue!
I would not believe you
until I had tormented myself
sick.
Yes, I now know he really is;
I had simply misjudged him.
You told me, mother:
"Men are naughty!"

Yesterday, as dusk fell silently,
in the copse outside the village,
I heard a whispered 'Good
evening!'
and then a whispered 'Many
thanks!'
I crept up and listened;
I stood as if transfixed:
it was he, with someone else -
"Men are naughty!"

O mother, what torture!
I must be out with it, I must!
It didn't just stop at whispering,
it didn't just stop at greetings!
It went from greetings to
kisses,
from kisses to holding hands,
from holding hands ... ah, dear
mother,
"Men are naughty!"

(Text: Johann Gabriel Seidl
English: Richard Wigmore)

Continued...

Du liebst mich nicht/You do not love me (Schubert)

My heart is broken; you do not love me.

You gave me to know that you do not love me.

Though I appeared before you, entreating, wooing, zealously loving, you do not love me.

You told me so, you said it in words, all too explicitly: you do not love me.

Then I must forego the stars, the moon and the sun. You do not love me.

What is it to me that the rose blooms, the jasmine and the narcissus? You do not love me.

(Text: August von Platen
English: Richard Wigmore)

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder/My songs are filled with poison (Liszt)

My songs are filled with poison—

How could it be otherwise?
For you have poured poison
Into my blossoming life.

My songs are filled with poison—

How could it be otherwise?
Many serpents dwell in my heart,
And you, beloved, too.

(Text: Heinrich Heine
English: Richard Stokes)

Verschling' der Abgrund meines Liebsten Hütte/ May a chasm engulf my lover's cottage (Wolf)

May a chasm engulf my lover's cottage;

may a lake foam there in its place.

Let the heavens shower lead shot over it;

let a snake dwell in its foundations.

Let a poisonous snake dwell there,

to poison him who was unfaithful to me;

let a snake dwell there bloated with poison

and bring death to him who thought to betray me!

(Text: Paul Heyse
English: Eric Sams)

THE MEMORY:

Aux officiers de la Garde Blanche/Officers of the White Guard (Poulenc)

Officers of the White Guard,
guard me from certain
thoughts at night,
guard me from love's tussle
and the pressure
of a hand upon my hip.
Guard me above all from him
who pulls me by the sleeve
towards the danger of full
hands,
and elsewhere, of water that
shines.

Spare me the tempestuous
torment
of loving him one day more
than today,
and the cold moisture of
expectation
that will press on the windows
and doors
my profile of a woman already
dead.

Officers of the White Guard,
I do not want to weep for him
on earth, I would weep as rain
on his land, on his star of
carved boxwood,
when later I float transparent,
above a hundred steps of
weariness.

Officers of the pure
consciences,
you who beautify faces,
confide in space, to the flight of
the birds,
a message for the seekers of
moderation,

and forge for us chains without
rings.

(Text: Louise Lévêque de Vilmorin
English: Winifred Radford)

Après un rêve/ After a dream (Fauré)

In sleep made sweet by a vision
of you
I dreamed of happiness, fervent
illusion,
Your eyes were softer, your
voice pure and ringing,
You shone like a sky that was
lit by the dawn;
You called me and I departed
the earth
To flee with you toward the
light,
The heavens parted their
clouds for us,
We glimpsed unknown
splendours, celestial fires.

Alas, alas, sad awakening from
dreams!
I summon you, O night, give me
back your delusions;
Return, return in radiance,
Return, O mysterious night!

(Text: Romaine Bussine
English: Richard Stokes)

Continued...

**Je ne t'aime pas/
I don't love you (Kurt Weill)**

Take away your hand—for I
don't love you;
Because you have wished it,
you are only a friend.
Your embrace is for other
people,
Your dear kiss, your slumbering
head.

Don't talk to me when it is
evening
In that very low voice, for it is
too intimate;
And especially don't give me
your handkerchief:
It holds too much of the scent I
love.

Tell me of your loves—for I
don't love you,
Tell me of your most
intoxicating moment.
And if she loved you well, or if
she was ungrateful,
In telling me, don't be
charming—

I haven't cried, I haven't
suffered,
It was only a dream—a kind of
madness.
It is enough to see your clear
eyes,
With neither the regret of
evening nor melancholy.

It is enough to see your joy,
It is enough to see your smile.
Tell me how she stole your
heart,
And tell me especially what
shouldn't be told.

No, rather be silent... I am on
my knees.

The fire has gone out, the door
is closed.

Don't ask me anything, I'm
crying... that's all.
I don't love you, oh my
beloved!

(Text: Maurice Magre
English: Emily Ezust)

THE TRUTH:

**I will walk with my love
(Hughes)**

I once loved a boy and a bold
Irish boy
Who would come and would
go at my request.
And this bold Irish boy was my
pride and my joy,
And I built him a bower in my
breast.
But this girl who has taken my
bonny, bonny boy,
Let her make of him all that she
can.
And whether he loves me or
loves me not.
I will walk with my love now
and then...

First I'll try love (Previn)

First
I'll try love.
Although I've never heard the
word
Referred to even whispered to
Me
First I'll try love.
So when winter comes
And sundown becomes
My time of day,
If anybody asks, I can say,
"First, I tried love."

Pastorale (Copland)

Since you love me and I love
you
The rest matters not.
I will cut grass in the fields
And you will sell it for beasts.

Since you love me and I love
you
The rest matters not.
I will sow maize in the fields
and you will sell it for people.

Love went a-riding (Bridge)

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

VOCAL SERIES

Thu. February 15, 2018, 12–1 p.m.

Artists of the COC Ensemble Studio

Russian Romance

Artists of the COC Ensemble Studio present a rich and romantic program of arias and art songs by Russian composers including beloved favourites by Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninov, as well as lesser known gems.

VOCAL SERIES

Tue. February 20, 2018, 12–1 p.m.

Jane Archibald, soprano

Dominic Desautels, clarinet

Liz Upchurch, piano

Vienna to Paris

Praised for her brilliant vocal technique and artistry, celebrated Canadian soprano Jane Archibald (COC 2017/2018 Artist-in-Residence) joins forces with pianist Liz Upchurch in a varied program that includes the music of Franz Schubert.

YOU MIGHT ALSO LIKE...

VOCAL SERIES

Tue. April 17, 2018, 12–1 p.m.

Owen McCausland, tenor

Stephen Hargreaves, piano

Refuge

Canadian tenor and COC Ensemble Studio graduate, Owen McCausland (Fisherman in the COC's *The Nightingale and Other Short Fables*) and pianist Stephen Hargreaves present a collection of Romantic and early-modern art songs that centre on the theme of refuge.



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