

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



2017/2018 SEASON

VOCAL SERIES

February 15, 2018, 12 p.m.

Russian Romance

Artists of the COC Ensemble Studio:

Lauren Eberwein, soprano
Danika Lorèn, soprano
Samantha Pickett, soprano
Simone McIntosh, mezzo-soprano
Megan Quick, mezzo-soprano
Samuel Chan, baritone
Bruno Roy, baritone
Rachael Kerr, piano
Stéphane Mayer, piano

**THE COC ENSEMBLE STUDIO PROGRAM
GENEROUSLY MADE POSSIBLE BY**

**PETER M. DEEB
MARJORIE AND ROY LINDEN
SHEILA K. PIERCEY**



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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

Morning, Op. 4 No. 2Sergei Rachmaninov
In the Silence of the Secret Night, Op. 4 No. 3

Megan Quick, mezzo-soprano | Rachael Kerr, piano

Kogda bī zhizn (*Eugene Onegin*)Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky
Don Juan's Serenade, Op. 38 No. 1

Bruno Roy, baritone | Stéphane Mayer, piano

Two Poems by Konstantin BalmontIgor Stravinsky
1. Forget-me-nots
2. The Dove

Danika Lorèn, soprano | Rachael Kerr, piano

How lovely it is here, Op. 21 No. 7Rachmaninov
Do not sing, my beauty, Op. 4 No. 4

Samantha Pickett, soprano | Stéphane Mayer, piano

Serenade (*Songs of Dances of Death*) Modest Mussorgsky
The Virgin in the CityGeorgy Sviridov
(*Petersburg, a vocal poem*)

Samuel Chan, baritone | Rachael Kerr, piano

It cannot be!, Op. 34 No. 7Rachmaninov
Music, Op. 34 No. 8
What happiness, Op. 34 No. 12

Simone McIntosh, mezzo-soprano | Rachael Kerr, piano

The Lilacs, Op. 21 No. 4Rachmaninov
Spring Waters, Op. 14 No. 11

Lauren Eberwein, soprano | Stéphane Mayer, piano

TRANSLATIONS

Morning, Op. 4 No. 2 (Rachmaninov)

"I love you!"
Daybreak whispered to day
And, while enfolding the skies,
blushed from that confession,
And a sunbeam, illuminating
nature,
With a smile sent her a burning
kiss.

And the day,
As if still doubting
The fulfillment of his most
cherished dreams,
Descended over the land, and
with a smile dried
Her glittering tears like rows of
diamonds.

(Text: M. Yanov)

In the Silence of the Secret Night, Op. 4 No. 3 (Rachmaninov)

Oh, for a long while, in the
silence of the night,
Your beguiling murmur, smile,
fleeting glance,
A luscious strand of your hair,
obedient to my fingers,
Will I banish from my thoughts
- but then recall again;
Breathing impulsively, alone,
unseen by anyone,
Blushing and burning with
vexation and shame,
I will search for secret
messages
In the words you uttered;

Whisper and reconsider the
phrases

Of my embarrassed
conversations with you,
And, as if intoxicated, against
all reason,
Awake the night with your
cherished name on my lips.

(Text: Afanasy Fet)

Kogda bī zhizn from *Eugene Onegin* (Tchaikovsky)

You wrote to me
Do not deny it, I have read
The confession of an honest
soul,
The claim of an innocent love
Your sincerity is dear to me
For it, I shall repay you
By also telling the truth
Straight as it is
So accept this confession
I submit myself to your
judgement.

Had I wished to limit my life
with a burden of family,
Had I been granted a good
fortune to be a father or a
husband,
Then, having met you, I would
look no further
But I was not created for such
indulgences
My soul is not open to them,
Your great qualities are wasted
on me
For I am not worthy of them,
Believe me, in all honesty
The marital life would be a
torture for you,
No matter how much love I had
for you,

The moment it becomes a habit,
I would love you no more
Then judge for yourself, then,
what kind of roses
Would Hymen have in store for us,
And for how many long days

The dreams and years have fled away,
and shall not return,
I love you like a brother, yes a brother,
And, perhaps, somewhat more tenderly
than a brother would

So listen to me and have no angst
Many times would a young maiden trade
one passing dream
For another one.

(Text: Alexander Pushkin)

Don Juan's Serenade, Op. 38 No. 1 (Tchaikovsky)

The distant Alpujarras are growing dim
In the golden distance,
At the inviting sound of my guitar
Come out, my beloved!

All of those who say that another person
Here can compare to you,
All of them, since I am on fire with love,
All of them, all of them, I shall challenge
all of them to a fight to the death!

The light of the moon
Has set fire to the rim of the sky,

Oh, come out, Nisetta, come out,
Nisetta,
Quickly, out onto the balcony!

From Sevilla to Granada
In the quiet darkness of the night
Serenades can be heard,
The sound of clashing swords can be heard.

A great deal of blood, a great deal of singing
Pours out for the attractive ladies,
As for me, for the most beautiful of them
I shall give everything, my singing and my blood!

The light of the moon
Has set fire to the rim of the sky,
Oh, come out, Nisetta, come out,
Nisetta,
Quickly, out onto the balcony!

(Text: Leo Tolstoy)

Continued...

Two Poems by Konstantin Balmont (Stravinsky)

1. Forget-me-nots

The little forget-me-not, sweet
blossom,
Turns on thee its gentle look,
Pluck it, dearest, for thy bosom
On the margin of the brook.

Over the springs and pools of
water
Lifts that little head of blue
To the morning start that
sought her
Whispering, "I love you."

Little forget-me-not, my
dearest,
Wilt thou mark its tender
glance?
If its voice call till thou hearest,
Wilt thou heed that voice
perchance?

2. The Dove

Flew once where he saw a
tower
A dove, as white as could be,
What it held he fain would see,
Nought it held but crimson
flower.

Little dove began to coo,
Perched upon the crimson
flower
Charmed her with a magic
power,
When she loved him off he
flew.

The little dove as white as
snow,
Oh, come back for half an hour,
Hast forgot that crimson
flower?
Didst thou love so long ago?

(Text: Konstantin Balmont
English: Robert Burness)

**How lovely it is here,
Op. 21 No. 7 (Rachmaninov)**

How lovely it is here...
Look-far away,
The river is a blaze of fire;
The meadows lie like carpets of
colour
The clouds are white.
Here there is no one...
Here it is silent...
Here is only God and I,
The flowers, the old pine tree,
And you, my dream.

(Text: Glafira Galina)

**Do not sing, my beauty,
Op. 4 No. 4 (Rachmaninov)**

Do not sing to me, my beauty,
your sad songs of Georgia;
they remind me
of that other life and distant
shore.

Alas, they remind me,
your cruel melodies,
of the step, the night and
moonlit
features of a poor, distant
maiden!

That sweet and fateful
apparition
I forget when you appear;
but you sing, and before me
I picture that image anew.

Do not sing to me, my beauty,
your sad songs of Georgia;
they remind me
of that other life and distant
shore.

(Text: Alexander Pushin)

Continued...

**Serenade from *Songs of
Dances of Death*
(Mussorgsky)**

Magical languor, blue night,
Trembling darkness of spring.
The sick girl takes in, with her
head dropped,
The whisper of the night's
silence.
Sleep does not close her
shining eyes,
Life beckons towards
pleasures,
Meanwhile under the window in
the midnight silence
Death sings a serenade:
"In the gloom of captivity,
severe and stifling,
Your youth is fading away;
A mysterious knight, with
magic powers
I'll free you up.
Stand up, look at yourself: with
beauty
Your translucent face is shining,
Your cheeks are rosy, with a
wavy plait
Your figure is entwined, like
with a cloud.
The blue radiance of your
piercing eyes
Is brighter than skies and fire.
Your breath flutters with the
midday heat...
You have seduced me.
Your hearing is captured with
my serenade,
Your voice called for a knight,
The knight has come for the
ultimate reward;
The hour of ecstasy has arrived.
Your body is tender, your
trembling is ravishing...
Oh, I'll suffocate you

in my strong embraces: listen
to my seductive chatter! ... be
silent!... You are mine!"

(Text: Arseny Golenishchev-
Kutuzov)

**The Virgin in the City from
Petersburg, a vocal poem
(Sviridov)**

You pass by without a smile,
Your eyelashes cast down,
And in the darkness above the
cathedral
Radiantly shine the golden
domes.
How your face resembles
Those eventide Virgins
With downcast eyelashes,
Who vanish into the darkness...
But a curly-haired boy walks
with you,
Meek and dressed in a white
cap,
You lead him by the hand,
You do not let him fall.
I stand in the shadow of the
doorway,
Where a sharp wind blows,
Clouding my strained eyes
With tears.
I would like to step forward
suddenly
And cry out: "Mother of God!
Why have You brought
This Infant to my black city?"
But my tongue is powerless to
shout out.
You pass by. Behind you
Above your sacred footprints
The blue darkness slumbers.
And I gaze, remembering
Your downcast eyelashes,
And the little boy in his white
cap,
Smiling at you.

(Text: Aleksandr Blok)

**It cannot be!, Op. 34 No. 7
(Rachmaninov)**

It cannot be! It cannot be! She's
alive!
She'll wake up...

See-she wants to talk,
She will open her eyes and
smile;

When she sees me, she will
understand
Why I am weeping
inconsolably,
And suddenly with a smile,
she'll whisper:

"I am alive after all!
what is he crying about?"

But no, she lies there, quietly,
calmly, motionless...

(Text: Apollon Maykov)

**Music, Op. 34 No. 8
(Rachmaninov)**

And swim, and grow, these
wonderful sounds!
They seized me their wave...
It rose, and filled with
mysterious torment
And complete bliss...

And for a moment, the divine
face of elusive sparkling
beauty,
Surfaced like a living vision,

Over this airy, crystal wave, and
reflected, and swayed,
He either smiled... Or shed a
tear...

(Text: Yakov Polonsky)

Continued...

**What happiness,
Op. 34 No. 12
(Rachmaninov)**

What happiness: it's night and
we're alone!
The river is like a mirror,
glistening with stars,
Raise your head and look up:
What depth and purity is above
us!

Oh, call me a madman!
Call me what you like: at this
moment my reason fails me
And I feel such a surge of love
in my heart,
That I cannot keep silent, I will
not, I am not able to!

I am sick, I am in love, but,
tormented and loving,
Oh, listen! Oh hear me!
I cannot hide my passion.
And want to say that I love you,
You, only you I love and desire!

(Text: Afanasy Fet)

**The Lilacs, Op. 21 No. 4
(Rachmaninov)**

In the morning, at daybreak,
Over the dewy grass,
I will go to breathe the crisp
dawn;
And in the fragrant shade,
Where the lilac crowds,
I will go to seek my happiness...

In life, only one happiness
It was fated for me to discover,
And that happiness lives in the
lilacs;
In the green boughs,
In the fragrant bunches,
My poor happiness blossoms...

(Text: Ekaterina Beketova)

**Spring Waters, Op. 14 No. 11
(Rachmaninov)**

The fields are still white with
snow
But the waters of spring are
rising already,
Flooding the sleeping earth,
Sparkling beneath the sky.
They call across the earth:
"Spring is coming, spring is
coming !
We are the young spring's
messengers,
The heralds of her advance.
Spring is coming, spring is
coming !"
The bright, soft days of May
return,
And moving in a crimson dance
They gladly throng to join the
spring.

(Text: Fyodor Tyutchev
English: Gaïané Issaakian-Arnould)

COMING UP NEXT AT THE FREE CONCERT SERIES

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 one of their favorite composers, Franz Schubert.

PIANO VIRTUOSO SERIES

Tue. February 27, 2018, 12–1 p.m.

La Fiammata Duo:
Charissa Vandikas, piano
Linda Ruan, piano

Piano Four Hands

Linda Ruan and Charissa Vandikas (La Fiammata Duo) present virtuosic and dynamic works for piano four-hands, as well as a selection of solo repertoire. Both students at The Glenn Gould School, these two bright young musicians have recently garnered awards for their piano duo performances, including the Grand Prize at the Canadian Music Competition.

YOU MIGHT ALSO LIKE...

VOCAL SERIES

Thu. March 15, 2018, 12–1 p.m.

Millan & Faye
Artists of the COC Ensemble Studio

Opera for All Ages

Soprano and opera educator Kyra Millan, pianist Christina Faye, and special guest artists from the COC Ensemble Studio playfully explore opera in a lively interactive March Break presentation. Audience members of all ages can listen to, learn about, and try their hand at the fascinating art of opera. Fun for the whole family!



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