

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



2017/2018 SEASON

VOCAL SERIES

February 20, 2018, 12 p.m.

Vienna to Paris

**Jane Archibald, soprano
Dominic Desautels, clarinet
Liz Upchurch, piano**

COC.ca

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

The Free Concert Series in the Richard Bradshaw Amphitheatre is 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

Sweeter than roses, Z585 No. 1..... Henry Purcell
If music be the food of love, Z379c

Pierrot, L30 Claude Debussy
Regret, L59
Apparition, L57

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen, D965 Franz Schubert

Sechs Lieder “Brentano-Lieder”, Op. 68 Richard Strauss

- 2. Ich wollt’ ein Sträusslein binden
- 3. Säusle, liebe Myrthe!
- 5. Amor

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Sweeter than Roses (Purcell)

Sweeter than roses, or cool
evening breeze
On a warm flowery shore, was
the dear kiss,
First trembling made me
freeze,
Then shot like fire all o'er.
What magic has victorious
love!
For all I touch or see since that
dear kiss,
I hourly prove, all is love to me.

If music be the food of love (Purcell)

If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you
move
With pleasures that can never
cloy,
Your eyes, your mien, your
tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and
ear,
So fierce the transports are,
they wound,
And all my senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the treat is only sound.
Sure I must perish by your
charms,
Unless you save me in your
arms.

(Text: Henry Heveningham)

Pierrot (Debussy)

Good old Pierrot, watched by
the crowd,

having done with Harlequin's
wedding,
drifts dreamily along the
boulevard of the Temple.
A girl in a flowing blouse
vainly leads him on with her
teasing eyes;
and meanwhile, mysterious and
sleek,
cherishing him above all else,
the white moon with horns like
a bull
ogles her friend
Jean Gaspard Debureau.

(Text: Théodore Faullin de Banville
English: Richard Stokes)

Regret (Debussy)

Beneath the summer sky, warm
and becalmed,
I remember you as in a dream,
And my faithful regret loves
and prolongs
The hours when I was loved.
The stars will shine in the black
night;
The sun will shine in the bright
day;
Something of you hovers in the
air,
Penetrating my memory.

Something of you that was
mine:
For I once filled all your
thoughts,
And my soul, betrayed and
abandoned,
Is still entirely yours.

(Text: Paul Bourget
English: Richard Stokes)

Apparition (Debussy)

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

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen/ The Shepherd on the Rock (Schubert)

When I stand on the highest
rock,
look down into the deep valley
and sing,
the echo from the ravines rises
up
from the dark depths
of the distant valley.

The further my voice carries,
the clearer it echoes back to
me
from below.

My sweetheart dwells so far
from me,
and thus I long so ardently
for her.

I am consumed by deep
sorrow;
my joy has gone,
my hope on this earth has
vanished;
I am so alone here.

So fervently the song
resounded through the forest,
so fervently it resounded
through the night;
it drew hearts heavenwards
with its wondrous power.

Spring will come,
spring, my delight;
now I shall prepare
to go a-wandering.

(Text: Wilhelm Müller
English: Richard Wigmore)

Continued...

Sechs Lieder/Six songs (Strauss)

2. Ich wollt' ein Sträusslein binden/

I meant to make you a posy

I meant to make you a posy,
But dark night then came,
There were no flowers to be
found,
Or I'd have brought you some.
Tears then flowed from my
cheeks
Into the clover,
And now I saw a flower,
That had sprung up in the
garden.

I meant to pick it for you
There in the dark clover,
When it started to speak:
'Ah, do not hurt me!

'Be kind in your heart,
Consider your own suffering
And do not make me die
In torment before my time!'

And had it not spoken these
words,
All alone in the garden,
I'd have picked it for you,
But now that cannot be.

My sweetheart stayed away,
I am utterly alone.
Sadness dwells in loving,
And cannot be otherwise.

3. Säusle, liebe Myrthe!/ Rustle, dear myrtle!

Rustle, dear myrtle!
How silent the world is,
The moon, that shepherd of the
stars,
In the bright Elysian fields,
Already drives the herd of
clouds
To the spring of light,
Sleep, my friend, ah sleep,
Till I am with you again!

Rustle, dear myrtle!
And dream in the starlight,
The turtledove has already
cooed
Her brood to sleep.
Quietly the herd of clouds
travel
To the spring of light,
Sleep, my friend, ah sleep,
Till I am with you again!

Do you hear the fountains
murmur?
Do you hear the cricket
chirping?
Hush, hush, let us listen,
Happy is he who dies while
dreaming;
Happy he who is cradled by
clouds,
While the moon sings a lullaby;
Ah, how happily he can fly,
Who takes flight in dreams,
So that from heaven's blue
vault
He gathers stars as though they
were flowers;
Sleep, dream, fly, I shall wake
You soon and be made happy!

5. Amor/Cupid

The child sat by the fire.
Cupid, Cupid,
And was blind;
With his little wings he fans
The flames and he smiles,
Fans and smiles, the crafty
child!

Alas, the child has burnt his
wing,
Cupid, Cupid,
Runs quickly!
'Ah, how the flames hurt him!'
Beating his wings, he cries
aloud,
Seeks refuge in the
shepherdess's lap,
Crying for help, the crafty child.

And the shepherdess helps the
child
Cupid, Cupid,
Naughty and blind.
Look, shepherdess, your heart's
on fire,
Didn't you recognize the child?
Look how quickly the flames
spread.
Beware the crafty child!
Fans and smiles, the crafty
child!

(Text: Clemens Brentano
English: Richard Stokes)

COMING UP NEXT AT THE FREE CONCERT SERIES

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.

JAZZ SERIES

Wed. February 28, 2018, 12–1 p.m.

Humber College's Contemporary Jazz Workshop

Pat LaBarbera, director

Contemporary Creations

Led by Juno Award-winning saxophonist, Pat LaBarbera, the Humber College Contemporary Jazz Workshop brings together some of the brightest young jazz musicians in the country for an hour of great tunes and masterful musicianship.

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 (Pedrillo in *The Abduction from the Seraglio* this winter, and Fisherman in *The Nightingale and Other Short Fables* this spring) 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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