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present

***TWO MUSICAL GIRLS AND  
THEIR COMPOSER FRIENDS***

**LAURA ALBINO** *soprano*

**TYRSA GAWRACHYNSKY** *soprano*

**JONATHAN ESTABROOKS** *baritone*

with

**BRUCE UBUKATA** *piano*

Walter Hall

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8 p.m.



**Bank Financial Group**

## TWO MUSICAL GIRLS AND THEIR COMPOSER FRIENDS

LAURA ALBINO, soprano  
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We should start with Manuel García (1775-1832). He was the founder of a family of Spanish (later French and English) musicians, whose most famous members were characterised by the critic, Henry Chorley, as "representative artists, whose power, genius and originality have impressed a permanent trace on the record of the methods of vocal execution and ornament".

García was the first Almaviva in Rossini's *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, in 1816. His three children were equally crucial figures in nineteenth century music. His son, Manuel II (1805-1906), invented the laryngoscope and became a renowned teacher of singing in Paris and London, his pupils including Jenny Lind, Mathilde Marchesi and Sir Charles Santley. The elder daughter, Maria Malibran (1808-36), established a brilliant operatic career but died at 28. Her sister Pauline, however, born in 1821, lived until 1906 and was the friend and muse of Rossini, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, Berlioz, Gounod, Saint-Saëns and Hahn, and was one of the greatest of nineteenth century singers in France.

Having retired from the stage, and after the upheavals of the Franco-Prussian War, Pauline settled back in Paris with her husband, Louis Viardot. They lived in the rue de Douai, where she taught and composed and presided over a highly regarded musical salon. Her own songs and those of her friends (Gounod, Saint-Saëns and the rest) were performed by herself and by her talented children. Two, in particular, were fine singers: Claudie (married to Georges Chamerot) and Marianne. In 1872, Saint-Saëns introduced his younger colleague, Gabriel Fauré, to Mme Viardot. He became very much at home in the congenial atmosphere of the salon, where Turgenev and Saint-Saëns would play charades before an audience including luminaries such as George Sand, Flaubert and Henry James. Fauré became close friends with the Viardot children and wrote songs and duets for Claudie and Marianne (as did the other composers).

After a while, Louis and Pauline Viardot became convinced that Fauré would marry their youngest daughter, Marianne. He had, by 1876, been

deeply in love with her for four years. But her response was no more than lukewarm and his normally easy-going temperament began to show signs of exasperation. The help of Claudie and Georges Chamerot was enlisted and eventually Marianne agreed to a marriage date: October 1, 1877. Gounod was to be a witness and would help with the music. During a holiday in Normandy, however, she had second thoughts and broke off the engagement. The intensity of Fauré's love frightened her. As her mother wrote, perceptively, to a friend: "Perhaps it's a good thing for both of them . . . He would have burned her up with his love. She in return could only have offered a gentle but shallow affection. Let's hope it's all for the best."

Our programme presents songs by the chief composers in Pauline Viardot's salon, including several whose texts derive from Italian or Spanish — she particularly enjoyed this kind of piece, presumably because of her own Mediterranean origins. By the chatelaine herself we include three songs, together with a duet in which she arranged several waltzes by Schubert — a clever trick she also played on mazurkas by Chopin and Hungarian dances by Brahms. Of the other duets, *El Desdichado* and the two by Fauré were specifically written for Claudie and Marianne. *La Cloche*, by Saint-Saëns, and *Chanson du pêcheur*, by Fauré, were written for Mme Viardot herself, and *Au bord de l'eau* was dedicated to Claudie Chamerot (who tried, unsuccessfully, to make Fauré's engagement work). At the end of this particular story, in 1878, Fauré composed his *Poème d'un jour* in which he summed up, and shrugged off, the despair he had felt the previous year.

Please reserve your applause until the end of each group ☺

**Duet: L'Arithmétique** (Charles Turpin) Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

**Arithmetic**

L'art de compter avec exactitude	The art of counting accurately
Est fort nécessaire ici bas,	is very necessary around here.
C'est pour avoir négligé son étude,	Because studies are often neglected,
Qu'on trouve tant de fous, hélas!	alas, one finds so many dolts
Qui ne calculent pas.	who can't do figures.
Cultiver cet art salutaire,	To cultivate that useful art
C'est apprendre à garder son bien.	is to learn to safeguard one's wealth.
Car, mes amis, sur cette terre,	For, my friends, in this world,
Sachez, qu'on a souvent affaire	know, that you often have business
A des gens qui comptent trop bien.	with people who count very well.

Jonathan Estabrooks

*ma belle rebelle! (Jean-Antoine de Baïf)*

O ma belle rebelle!  
 Las! que tu m'es cruelle,  
 Ou quand d'une doux souris,  
 Larron de mes esprits,  
 Ou quand d'une parole,  
 Mignardètement molle,  
 Ou quand d'une regard d'yeux  
 Fièrement gracieux,  
 Ou quand d'un petit geste,  
 Tout divin, tout céleste,  
 En amoureuse ardeur  
 Tu plonges tout mon coeur!

O ma belle rebelle!  
 Las! que tu m'est cruelle,  
 Quand la cuisante ardeur  
 Qui me brûle le coeur  
 Fait que je te demande,  
 A sa brûlure grande,  
 Un rafraichissement  
 D'un baiser seulement.  
 O ma belle rebelle!  
 Las, que tu m'es cruelle,  
 Quand d'un petit baiser  
 Tu ne veux m'apaiser.

Me puissé-je un jour, dure!  
 Venger de ton injure;  
 Mon petit maître amour  
 e puisse entrer un jour,  
 Et pour moi langoureuse  
 Il te fasse amoureuse  
 Comme il m'a langoureux  
 Pour toi fait amoureux.  
 Alors, par ma vengeance  
 Tu auras connaissance  
 Quel mal fait du baiser  
 Un amant refuser.

O my fine rebel,  
 how cruel you are to me!  
 When with a gentle smile,  
 you steal my spirits,  
 or when with a word  
 dainty and soft,  
 or with a glance from your eyes  
 full of proud grace,  
 or when with a small gesture  
 so divine, so heavenly,  
 into an amorous flame  
 you plunge my whole heart!

O my fine rebel,  
 how cruel you are to me!  
 When the flames  
 which consume my heart  
 compel me to beg you,  
 to cool and quench  
 this great burning  
 with a single kiss.  
 O my fine rebel,  
 how cruel you are to me,  
 when with one little kiss  
 you will not appease me.

If I could but one day  
 avenge your wronging of me,  
 if only my little master Amor  
 could provoke you one day,  
 and make you fall  
 in love with me  
 who languishes from  
 being in love with you!  
 Then by my revenge  
 you would know  
 what it means to refuse  
 a kiss to a lover.

**Chanson de printemps** (*Eugène Tourneux*)

Viens! enfant, la terre s'éveille,  
Le soleil rit au gazon vert!  
La fleur au calice entr'ouvert  
Reçoit les baisers de l'abeille.  
Respirons cet air pur!  
Environs-nous d'azur!  
Là-haut sur la colline  
Viens cueillir l'aubépine!  
La neige des pompiers  
Parfume les sentiers.

Viens! enfant, voici l'hirondelle,  
Qui passe en chantant dans les airs;  
Ouvre ton âme aux frais concerts  
Eclot sous la feuille nouvelle.  
Un vent joyeux, là-bas,  
Frémit dans les lilas;  
C'est la saison bénie,  
C'est l'amour, c'est la vie!  
Qu'un fleuve de bonheur  
Inonde notre cœur!

Viens! enfant, c'est l'heure charmante  
Où l'on voudrait rêver à deux;  
Mêlons nos rêves et nos vœux  
Sous cette verdure naissante;  
Salut, règne des fleurs,  
Des parfums, des couleurs!  
Les suaves haleines  
Voltigent sur les plaines;  
Le cœur épanoui  
Se perd dans l'infini!

**Ce que je suis sans toi** (*Louis de Peyre*)

Ce qu'est le lierre sans l'ormeau  
Qui fut l'appui de son enfance,  
Lui donnant dans chaque rameau  
Un échelon pour sa croissance;  
Voilà ce que je suis sans toi;  
Par pitié, garde-moi ta foi!

L'oiseau qui vole en gazouillant  
Vers les demeures éternelles  
Et dont soudain un plomb sanglant  
Est venu fracasser les ailes,

**Spring song**

Come, my child, the world awakens,  
the sun smiles down on the green turf!  
The flower half opens its calix  
to receive the kisses of the bee.  
Let us breathe in that pure air!  
Deep blue sky all around us!  
Up there on the hill  
I go to gather hawthorns!  
The snow of the apple blossoms  
scents the pathways.

Come, my child, here is the swallow  
who flies by singing its melodies;  
open your soul to the fresh concerts  
hidden under new leaves.  
A joyful breeze, over there,  
shivers in the lilacs;  
It is the blessed season,  
it is love, it is life!  
It is a river of happiness  
flooding our hearts.

Come, my child, it is the charming hour  
when we two wish to dream together;  
let us mingle our dreams and our pledges  
beneath this newly beginning greenery;  
Hail, kingdom of the flowers,  
of perfumes, of colours!  
The gentle breezes  
flutter in the fields;  
the bursting heart  
loses itself in the infinite!

**This is what I am without you**

This is how the ivy is without the elm  
which supported its young growth,  
giving it, in each branch  
a ladder for its climbing;  
that is what I am without you;  
pity me, give me your trust!

The bird who flies in song  
towards eternal dwellings  
whose wings are suddenly broken  
by a wounding shot,

Voilà ce que je suis sans toi;  
Par pitié, garde-moi ta foi!

Un frêle esquif parmi les flots  
pendant une nuit ténébreuse,  
Sans gouvernail, sans matelots,  
Au sein de la mer orageuse,  
Voilà ce que je suis sans toi;  
Par pitié, garde-moi ta foi!

that is how I am without you;  
pity me, give me your trust!

A frail skiff among the waves  
during a black night,  
with no rudder, without sailors,  
on the breast of a raging sea;  
that is how I am without you,  
pity me, give me your trust!



**Duet: Barcarola** (*Giuseppe Zaffira*)

Gounod

Vedi che bella sera!  
Tutto col di riposa  
La gondola leggiera  
Ci chiama in alto mar!  
Sull'onda silenziosa  
Vien meco a navigar!

Sotto l'immenso manto  
Del ciel che più s'imbruna  
Oh! guarda, dolce incanto  
Le stelle scintillar.  
A' raggi della luna  
Vien meco a navigar.

Là su quell'acque amate  
Pace allo spirito anelo  
Avrem compagni il cielo  
L'aura, le stelle, il mar.  
Sull'onde addormentate.  
Vien meco a navigar.

See how beautiful the night is!  
everything is at rest  
the nimble gondola  
calls us to the deep waters!  
On the hushed waves  
come sail away with me!

Under the infinite mantle  
of the sky at nightfull  
Ah! look, at the soft charms  
of the twinkling stars.  
In the radiance of the moon  
come sail away with me.

There where those sweet waters  
give peace to the thirsting soul  
we have as company the heavens,  
the stars, the sea.  
On the sleeping waves  
come sail away with me.



**Duet: Tes yeux** (*Louis Pomey*)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828) arr. Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

**Your eyes**

La rose nouvelle  
 Dans tes noirs cheveux,  
 Brunette, est moins belle  
 Cent fois que tes yeux.

The rosebud  
 in your black hair,  
 dark one, is a hundred times  
 less beautiful than your eyes.

Hélas, sur ton cou, ma charmante,  
 L'opale a moins de feux.  
 La perle brillante  
 Est moins ravissante  
 Cent fois que tes yeux.

On your neck, my delightful one,  
 alas, the opal has less fire,  
 the shining pearl  
 is a hundred times  
 less alluring than your eyes.

Sans eux tout dans l'ombre  
 S'efface et languit,  
 La nuit la plus sombre  
 Par eux respire.

Without them, all is hidden  
 in shadow and languishes,  
 the darkest night is made  
 resplendent by them.

A ta jalousie  
 Viens-tu par hasard,  
 Ma mort ou ma vie  
 Est dans ton regard.

You come by chance  
 to your window blind,  
 my death or my life  
 is held in your glance.

Errant dans ta rue  
 Chantant plein d'émoi  
 La grâce ingénue  
 Que Dieu mit en toi.

Wandering in your street  
 I am full of agitated song  
 for the artless grace  
 that god has given you.

La nuit tout entière  
 Comme astre des cieux,  
 Je suis la lumière  
 Qui brille en tes yeux.

The whole night long  
 like the star in the heavens,  
 I am the light  
 which shines in your eyes.

Heureux à leur flamme  
 Si je puis brûler  
 Et laisser mon âme  
 Vers toi s'exhaler.

Happy to burn  
 in their flame,  
 let my soul  
 expire for you.

Tyrsa Gawrachynsky

**La Marquise** (*Maurice Vaucaire*)

Montant à sa chaise à porteurs,  
 La marquise en robe de moire,  
 A l'air d'entrer dans une armoire  
 Pour échapper aux séducteurs,  
 Ces amours qui voltigent roses,  
 A droite, à gauche, en haut,  
     partout,  
 Qu'elle soit couchée ou debout  
 En lui chuchotant mille choses.

Montant à sa chaise à porteurs  
 Dont les vitres sont blasonnées  
 Et de jolis cuivres ornées,  
 La marquise avec des pudeurs  
 De jeune naïade surprise  
 Leste se hâte de s'asseoir  
 Dans un flot de peluche grise;

Le Roi daigne dire: "à ce soir!"  
 Et les deux bons vieux domestiques  
 Aux mollets maigres et nerveux,  
 Portent l'objet de tant de vœux  
 Comme on porterait des reliques.

Stepping up into her sedan chair,  
 the Marquise, wearing a dress of taffeta,  
 looks as if she is entering an armoire  
 to escape her seducers,  
 these loves which hover, pink,  
 at her right, at her left, above,  
     everywhere,  
 whether she is reclining or standing,  
 whispering a thousand secrets to her.

Climbing into her sedan chair,  
 the windows emblazoned  
 and with fine decorated copper,  
 the Marquise with the modesty  
 of a surprised young naiad  
 quickly settles into  
 a sea of grey plush.

The King condescends to say "Till tonight!"  
 And the two loyal old servants,  
 moving on weak and nervous legs  
 carry the object of so many desires  
 as one carries a sacred relic.

**Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent** (*René-François Armand Sully-Prudhomme*)

Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent,  
 Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts,  
 Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent  
 Toujours!

Ici-bas les lèvres effleurent  
 Sans rien laisser de leur  
     velours,  
 Je rêve aux baisers qui demeurent  
 Toujours!

Ici-bas, tous les hommes pleurent  
 Leurs amitiés ou leurs amours;  
 Je rêve aux couples qui demeurent  
 Toujours!

Here below, all the lilacs die,  
 all the songs of the birds are short.  
 I dream of summers which last  
 forever.

Here below, lips touch and part  
 without leaving any of their  
     softness behind.  
 I dream of kisses which last  
 forever.

Here, all men weep  
 for their friendship or their loves.  
 I dream of couples who remain together  
 forever.

**Les Filles de Cadix** (*Alfred de Musset*)

Nous venions de voir le taureau,  
Trois garçons, trois fillettes.  
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau  
Et nous dansions un boléro  
Au son des castagnettes.  
"Dites-moi, voisin  
Si j'ai bonne mine?  
Et si ma basquine  
Va bien ce matin?  
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?  
Ah! Les filles de Cadix,  
Ah! aiment assez cela."

Et nous dansions un boléro.  
Un soir, c'était dimanche,  
Vers nous s'en vint un hidalgo,  
Tout cousu d'or, plume  
au chapeau,  
Et le poing sur la hanche.  
"Si tu veux de moi,  
Brune au doux sourire,  
Tu n'as qu'à le dire,  
Cet or est à toi."  
"Passez votre chemin, beau sire.  
Ah! Les filles de Cadix,  
Ah! n'entendent pas cela."

**The Girls of Cadiz**

We have just seen the bull fight,  
three young men, three girls.  
It was lovely on the grass,  
and we danced a bolero  
to the sound of the castanets.  
"Tell me, neighbour,  
if my looks please you,  
and if my skirt  
is becoming this morning.  
Do you think my waist is slender?  
The girls of Cadiz  
like that very much!"

And we danced a bolero.  
One evening, on a Sunday,  
a hidalgo came towards us,  
raiment stitched with gold,  
a feather in his hat,  
his fist on his hip:  
"If you want anything from me,  
brunette with the sweet smile,  
you only have to ask for it;  
this gold is yours."  
"Take your leave, fine sir.  
Ah, the girls of Cadiz  
don't listen to that!"

**Duet: Pastorale** (*Néricault Destouches*) Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

Ici les tendres oiseaux  
Goûtent cent douceurs secrètes,  
Et l'on entend ces côteaux  
Retentir des chansonnettes  
Qu'ils apprennent aux échos.

Sur ce gazon les ruisseaux  
Murmurent leurs amourettes,  
Et l'on voit jusqu'aux ormeaux,  
Pour embrasser les fleurettes,  
Pencher leurs jeunes rameaux.

Here the young birds  
taste a hundred secret joys  
and you can hear these hills  
ring with the little songs  
that they have taught to the echoes.

Across the lawn, the brooks  
murmur their passions,  
and you can even see the elms  
embracing the little flowers  
with their young branches.

Laura Albino

**Rêverie** (*Victor Hugo*)

Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme  
Donne à quelqu'un  
Sa musique, sa flamme,  
Ou son parfum;

Puisqu'ici-bas toute chose  
Donne toujours  
Son épine ou sa rose  
A ses amours;

Puisque l'air à la branche  
Donne l'oiseau;  
Que l'aube à la pervenche  
Donne un peu d'eau;

Puisque, lorsqu'elle arrive  
S'y reposer,  
L'onde amère à la rive  
Donne un baiser;

Je te donne, à cette heure,  
Penché sur toi,  
La chose la meilleure  
Que j'ai en moi!

Reçois donc ma pensée,  
Triste d'ailleurs,  
Qui, comme une rosée,  
T'arrive en pleurs!

Reçois mes vœux sans nombre,  
O mes amours!  
Reçois la flamme ou l'ombre  
De tous mes jours!

Mes transports pleins d'ivresses,  
Purs de soupçons,  
Et toutes les caresses  
De mes chansons!

Mon esprit qui sans voile  
Vogue au hazard,  
Et qui n'a pour étoile  
Que ton regard!

Reçois mon bien céleste,  
O ma beauté,  
Mon cœur, dont rien ne reste,  
L'amour ôté!

Since on this earth  
every living creature offers  
to somebody its music,  
its ardour, its scent,

Since everything  
always gives  
its thorn or its rose  
to its loved one,

Since the air lends the branch  
to the small bird  
so dawn sends the flowers  
the morning dew;

And since, as it comes  
to rest there,  
the bitter wave gives  
the shore a kiss,

I give you now,  
as I lean over you,  
the best that  
I have of myself.

So accept my thoughts,  
once so sad,  
which come to you,  
like dew, in tears!

Accept my numberless vows,  
oh my love,  
accept the light and the shade  
of my life.

My passions full of wildness,  
free of suspicions,  
and all the caresses  
of my songs,

and my soul which drifts  
at random without a sail,  
and for a guiding star  
has only your gaze;

Accept my gift from heaven,  
oh my love!  
My heart, of which nothing remains  
once love is taken away!

**Soirée en mer (Hugo)**

Près du pêcheur qui ruisselle,  
 Quand tous deux au jour baissant,  
 Nous errons dans la nacelle,  
 Laisant chanter l'homme frêle  
 Et gémir le flot puissant;

Sous l'abri que font les voiles  
 Lorsque nous nous asseyons  
 Dans cette ombre où tu te voiles  
 Quand ton regard aux étoiles  
 Semble cueillir des rayons;

Quand tous deux nous croyons lire  
 Ce que la nature écrit,  
 Réponds, ô toi, que j'admire!  
 D'où vient que mon cœur soupire?  
 D'où vient que ton front sourit?

Dis? d'où vient qu'à chaque lame,  
 Comme une coupe de fiel,  
 La pensée emplit mon âme?  
 C'est que moi, je vois la rame,  
 Tandis que tu vois le ciel!

C'est que je vois les flots sombres,  
 Toi, les astres enchantés!  
 C'est que, perdu dans leur nombres,  
 Hélas! je comte les ombres,  
 Quand tu comptes les clartés!

Que sur la vague troublée  
 J'abaisse un sourcil hagard;  
 Mais toi, belle âme voilée,  
 Vers l'espérance étoilée,  
 Lève un tranquille regard!

Tu fais bien, vois les cieux luire,  
 Vois les astres s'y mirer.  
 Un instinct là-haut t'attire,  
 Tu regardes Dieu sourire;  
 Moi, je vois l'homme pleurer!

**La Cloche (Hugo)**

Seule en ta sombre tour aux  
 façtes dentelés,  
 D'où ton souffle descend sur les  
 toits ébranlés,  
 Ô cloche suspendue au milieu  
 des nuées,

**Evening on the sea**

Near the fisherman who rows  
 while, together, as the day dies,  
 we meander in the little boat,  
 listening to the song of the frail man  
 and the groaning of powerful sea;

under the shelter of the sails  
 while we sit in this shadow  
 where you veil yourself  
 as your eyes, gazing at the stars  
 seem to gather rays of light;

as together we think to read  
 what nature writes,  
 answer, o you, whom I admire!  
 How is it that my heart sighs?  
 How does your countenance smile?

Tell me, how is it that at each swell,  
 like a cup of bile,  
 this thought fills my soul?  
 It is because I see the hard rowing,  
 while you are seeing heaven!

It is because I look at the dark waves,  
 and you, the enchanted stars!  
 It is that, lost in their numbers,  
 alas, I count the shadows,  
 while you count the lights!

On the troubled wave  
 I cast a tired brow;  
 but your beautiful veiled soul  
 raises a calm gaze  
 toward star-filled hope!

You do well, see the heaven shining,  
 see the stars reflected there.  
 A higher instinct draws you,  
 you see God smile;  
 me, I see man weep!

**The bell**

Alone in your dark tower with its  
 crenellations  
 from where your breath descends  
 upon the shaken roofs  
 O bell hanging amid the  
 clouds,

Par ton vaste roulis si souvent  
remuées,  
Tu dors en ce moment dans  
l'ombre, et rien ne luit  
sous ta voûte profonde où  
sommeille le bruit!

Oh! Tandis qu'un esprit qui  
jusqu'à toi s'élance,  
Silencieux aussi, contemple  
ton silence,  
Sens-tu, par cet instinct vague et  
plein de douceur  
Qui révèle toujours une soeur à  
la soeur  
Qu'à cette heure où s'endort la  
soirée expirante,  
Une âme est près de toi, non  
moins que toi vibrante,  
Qui bien souvent aussi jette un  
bruit solennel,  
Et se plaint dans l'amour comme  
toi dans le ciel!

so often disturbed by your mighty  
swinging  
You sleep now in the shadows,  
there is no gleam of light  
under your deep vault where the  
sound sleeps!

Oh! while a spirit which leaps  
towards you  
also silent, contemplates your  
silence,  
do you feel with that vague sweet  
instinct  
that one sister always reveals to  
another  
that at this hour when the dying  
evening goes to sleep  
a soul is near you, no less vibrant  
than your own,  
who also speaks at times in  
solemn tones,  
and mourns in love as you do to  
the heavens!



**Duet: El desdichado** (Boléro) (*anon.*)

Saint-Saëns

Qué me importa que florezca  
El arbor de mi esperanza,  
Si se marchitan las flores,  
Y jamas el fruto cuaja.  
Ha!

Dicen que el amor es gloria,  
Y yo digo que es infierno.  
Pues siempre estan los amantes  
En un continuo tormento!  
Ay!

El feliz y el desdichado  
Suspiran con diferencia:  
Unos publican sus gustos,  
Y otros publican sus penas.  
Ha!

**The unhappy lover**

What does it matter to me  
that the tree of my hopes blossom,  
if the flowers wither  
without it ever bearing fruit?  
Alas!

They say that love is glorious,  
and I tell you it is hell,  
because lovers are always  
in ceaseless torment.  
Alas!

The happy and the unhappy  
sigh for different reasons:  
the former to express their joys,  
the latter to express their sorrows.  
Alas!



**Intermission**

**Three songs**

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Tysra Gawrachynsky

**Le Papillon et la fleur** (*Hugo*), Op. 1/1**The butterfly and the flower**

La pauvre fleur disait au papillon  
céleste:

The poor flower said to the celestial  
butterfly:

Ne fuis pas!...

Do not fly away!

Vois comme nos destins sont  
différents, je reste,

How different our destinies; I stay  
here,

Tu t'en vas!

you go away!

Pourtant nous nous aimons,  
nous vivons sans les hommes,

Yet we love each other, we live  
without man

Et loin d'eux!

far from them;

Et nous nous ressemblons et l'on  
dit que nous sommes

we look alike, and they say we  
are

Fleurs tous deux!

both flowers.

Mais hélas, l'air t'emporte, et la  
terre m'enchaîne,

But, alas, the air carries you away,  
and the earth enchains me,

Sort cruel!

cruel fate!

Je voudrais embaumer ton vol de  
mon haleine

I would like to embalm your flight  
and my breath

Dans le ciel!

in the sky!

Mais non, tu vas trop loin, parmi  
des fleurs sans nombre,

But no, you go too far away,  
among the numberless flowers,

Vous fuyez!

you fly away!

Et moi je reste seule à voir tourner  
mon ombre

I remain alone to watch my shadow  
turn

A mes pieds!

at my feet!

Tu fuis, puis tu reviens, puis tu  
t'en vas encore

You flit off, then you return, then  
you go off again

Luire ailleurs!

to glitter somewhere else

Aussi me trouves-tu toujours  
à chaque aurore

You find me always at  
every dawn

Tout en pleurs!

all in tears!

Ah! pour que notre amour coule  
des jours fidèles.

Ah, so that our love may flow on  
through faithful days,

Ô mon roi!

oh my king,

Prends comme moi racine ou  
donne-moi des ailes

take root like me, or give  
me wings

Comme à toi!

like yours!

**Rêve d'amour** (*Hugo*), Op. 5/2**Dream of love**

S'il est un charmant gazon  
Que le ciel arrose,  
Où naisse en toute saison  
Quelque fleur éclore,

If there's a lovely grassy place  
watered by the sky  
where in every season  
some flower blossoms,

Où l'on cueille à pleine main  
Lys, chèvre-feuille et jasmin,  
J'en veux faire le chemin  
Où ton pied se pose!

S'il est un sein bien aimant  
Dont l'honneur dispose,  
Dont le tendre dévouement  
N'ait rien de morose,  
Si toujours ce noble sein  
Bat pour un digne dessein,  
J'en veux faire le coussin  
Où ton front se pose!

S'il est un rêve d'amour,  
Parfumé de rose,  
Où l'on trouve chaque jour  
Quelque douce chose,  
Un rêve que Dieu bénit,  
Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit,  
Oh! j'en veux faire le nid  
Où ton coeur se pose!

where one can freely gather  
lilies, woodbines and jasmnes...  
I would make it the path  
on which you place your feet.

If there is a loving breast  
where honour rules,  
where tender devotion  
is free from all sadness,  
if this noble breast always  
beats for a worthy ideal,  
I would make it the pillow  
on which you lay your head.

If there is a dream of love  
scented with roses,  
where one finds every day  
something gentle and sweet,  
a dream blessed by God  
where soul is joined to soul...  
oh, I would make it the nest  
in which you rest your heart.

**Après un rêve** (*Romain Bussine*), Op. 7/1

Dans un sommeil que charmaient  
ton image  
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent  
mirage,  
Tes yeux étaient plus doux,  
ta voix pure et sonore,  
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel  
éclairé par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre  
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers  
la lumière,  
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient  
leurs nues,  
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs  
divines entrevues,

Hélas! triste réveil des songes,  
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends moi  
tes mensonges,  
Reviens, reviens radieuse,  
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

**After a dream**

In a slumber which held your  
image spellbound  
I dreamed of happiness, passionate  
mirage,  
your eyes were softer, your voice  
pure and sonorous,  
you shone like a sky lit up by  
the dawn;

you called me and I left the earth  
to run away with you towards the  
light,  
the skies opened their clouds  
for us,  
unknown splendours, divine  
flashes glimpsed,

Alas! sad awakening from dreams,  
I call you, O night, give me  
back your lies,  
return, return radiant,  
return, O mysterious night.

## Three songs

Fauré

Jonathan Estabrooks

**Mai** (*Hugo*), Op. 1/2

Puis-que Mai tout en fleurs dans  
 les prés nous réclame,  
 Viens, ne te lasse pas de mêler  
 à ton âme  
 La campagne, les bois, les  
 ombrages charmants,  
 Les larges clairs de lune au bord  
 des flots dormants:  
 Le sentier qui finit où le chemin  
 commence,  
 Et l'air, et le printemps et l'horizon  
 immense,  
 L'horizon que ce monde attache  
 humble et joyeux,  
 Comme une lèvre au bas de la  
 robe des cieus.

Viens, et que le regard des  
 pudiques étoiles,  
 Qui tombe sur la terre à travers  
 tant de voiles,  
 Que l'arbre pénétré de parfums et  
 de chants,  
 Que le souffle embrasé de midi  
 dans les champs;  
 Et l'ombre et le soleil, et l'onde,  
 et la verdure,  
 Et le rayonnement de toute  
 la nature,  
 Fassent épanouir, comme une  
 double fleur,  
 La beauté sur ton front et l'amour  
 dans ton coeur!

**May**

Now May with burgeoning flowery  
 meadows beckons us,  
 come, do not fail to refresh your  
 soul with  
 the countryside, the woods, the  
 shady bowers,  
 the wide moonlight nights beside  
 the sleeping waves:  
 the path that ends where the  
 road begins,  
 and the air, and the Spring and  
 the immense horizon,  
 the horizon where this world joins  
 humbly and joyously  
 like a hem at the bottom of  
 heaven's robe.

Come, and may the gaze of the  
 chaste stars,  
 that fall upon the ground through  
 many veils,  
 and may the tree permeated with  
 scents and songs,  
 and may the wind garnered at  
 midday in the fields,  
 and the shadow, the sunlight, the  
 waves, the greenery,  
 and the radiance of all  
 nature,  
 cause to blossom, like a  
 double flower,  
 the beauty of your face and the  
 love in your heart!

**Les Matelots** (*Théophile Gautier*), Op. 2/2

Sur l'eau bleue et profonde,  
 Nous allons voyageant,  
 Environnant le monde  
 D'un sillage d'argent,  
 Des îles de la Sonde,  
 De l'Inde au ciel brûlé,  
 Jusqu'au pôle gelé!

**The sailors**

Upon the blue, deep water  
 we shall travel,  
 encircling the world  
 with a silver wake,  
 from the Sunda Islands,  
 from India where the sky burns,  
 right to the frozen pole!

Nous pensons à la terre  
 Que nous fuyons toujours,  
 À notre vieille mère,  
 À nos jeunes amours.  
 Mais la vague légère  
 Avec son doux refrain,  
 Endort notre chagrin!

Existence sublime,  
 Bercés par notre nid.  
 Nous vivons sur l'abîme,  
 Au sein de l'infini,  
 Des flots rasant la cîme.  
 Dans le grand désert bleu  
 Nous marchons avec Dieu!

We think of the land  
 which we are always fleeing,  
 of our aging mothers,  
 of our young sweethearts.  
 But the light wave  
 with its sweet refrain,  
 lulls our grief to sleep!

Sublime existence,  
 rocked in our nest.  
 We live upon the edge,  
 on the breast of the infinite,  
 grazing the crests of the waves.  
 In the great blue desert  
 we go with God!

**Lydia** (*Leconte de Lisle*,) Op. 4/2

Lydia, sur tes roses joues  
 Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,  
 Roule étincelant  
 L'or fluide que tu  
 dénoues;

Le jour qui lui est le meilleur;  
 Oublions l'éternelle tombe.  
 Laisse tes baisers de colombe  
 Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse  
 Une odeur divine en ton sein;  
 Ses délices comme un essaim  
 sortent de toi, jeune déesse.

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours.  
 Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie!  
 O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,  
 Que je puisse mourir toujours!

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,  
 and on your neck, so fresh and white,  
 flow sparkingly  
 the fluid golden tresses which  
 you loosen.

This shining day is the best of all;  
 let us forget the eternal grave,  
 let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,  
 sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly  
 a divine fragrance on your breast;  
 numberless delights  
 emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love;  
 kisses have carried away my soul!  
 Oh Lydia, give me back life,  
 that I may ever die!

**Duet: Puis qu'ici-bas toute âme** (*Hugo*), Op. 10/1

Fauré

Puisqu'ici-bas tout âme	Since on this earth
Donne à quelqu'un	every living creature offers
Sa musique sa flamme	to somebody its music,
Ou son parfum,	its ardour, its scent,
Puisqu'ici toute chose	since everything
Donne toujours	always gives
Son épine ou sa rose	its thorn or its rose
A ses amours,	to its loved one,
Puisqu'Avril donne aux chênes	since April lends the oak-tress
Un bruit charmant	a wonderful sound,
Que la nuit donne aux peines	and night gives to our troubles
L'oubli dormant,	forgetful oblivion,
Puisque lorsqu'elle arrive	and since, as it comes
S'y reposer.	to rest there,
L'onde amère à la rive	the bitter wave gives
Donne un baiser,	the shore a kiss,
Je te donne à cette heure,	I give you now,
Penché sur toi	as I lean over you,
La chose la meilleure	the best that
Que j'ai en moi.	I have of myself.
Reçois donc ma pensée	So accept my thoughts,
Triste d'ailleurs	once so sad,
Qui comme une rosée	which come to you,
T'arrive en pleurs!	like dew, in tears!
Reçois mes vœux sans nombre,	Accept my numberless vows,
O mes amours,	oh my love,
Reçois la flamme ou l'ombre	accept the light and the shade
De tous mes jours.	of my life.
Mes transports pleins d'ivresses	My passions full of wildness,
Purs de soupçons	free of suspicions,
Et toutes les caresses	and all the caresses
De mes chansons,	of my songs,
Mon esprit qui sans voile	and my soul which drifts
Vogue au hasard,	at random without a sail,
Et qui n'a pour étoile	and for a guiding star
Que ton regard!	has only your gaze;
Reçois mon bien céleste	Accept my gift from heaven,
O ma beauté!	oh my love!
Mon cœur dont rien ne reste	My heart, of which nothing remains
L'amour ôté!	once love is taken away!

Laura Albino

**Dans les ruines d'une abbaye** (*Hugo*) Op. 2/1

Seuls, tous deux, ravis, chantants,  
Comme on s'aime;  
Comme on cueille le printemps  
Que Dieu sème.  
Quels rires étincelants  
Dans ces ombres,  
Jadis pleines de fronts blancs,  
De coeurs sombres.

On est tout frais mariés,  
On s'envoie  
Les charmants cris variés  
De la joie!  
Frais échos mêlés  
Au vent qui frissonne.  
Gaîté que le noir couvent  
Assaisonne.

Seuls, tous deux. . .

On effeuille des jasmins  
Sur la pierre  
Où l'abbesse joint les mains,  
En prière.  
On se cherche, on se poursuit,  
On sent croître  
Ton aube, Amour, dans la nuit  
Du vieux cloître.

On s'en va se becquetant,  
On s'adore,  
On s'embrasse à chaque instant,  
Puis encore,  
Sous les piliers, les arceaux,  
Et les marbres,  
C'est l'histoire des oiseaux  
Dans les arbres.

**In the ruins of an abbey**

Alone, we two, singing, enraptured,  
how we love one another!  
How we harvest the springtime  
that God sows!  
What sparkling laughter fills  
these shadowy ruins  
which once housed pale faces,  
and sombre hearts.

We are newly wed,  
we exchange  
the charming, varied cries  
that spring from joy —  
these fresh echoes mingle  
with the quivering breeze,  
a gaiety to which the dark abbey  
adds zest.

Alone together . . .

We pluck petals of jasmine  
on the marble sculpture  
Where the abbess joins her hands  
together in prayer.  
We play at hide-and-peek;  
we feel the dawn  
of love grow brighter in the night  
of the old cloister.

We go along cuddling,  
adoring one another;  
at every moment we embrace,  
and kiss again;  
under the pillars, the arches  
and the statues,  
it's the story of the birds  
in the trees.

**Chanson du pêcheur** (*Gautier*), Op. 4/1**Fisherman's lament**

Ma belle amie est morte,  
 Je pleurerai toujours;  
 Sous la tombe elle emporte  
 Mon âme et mes amours.  
 Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,  
 Elle s'en retourna;  
 L'ange qui l'emmena  
 Ne voulut pas me prendre.  
 Que mon sort est amer!  
 Ah! sans amour s'en aller  
 sur la mer!

My beautiful love is dead,  
 I shall weep forever!  
 To her grave she carries  
 my soul and my love.  
 She went back to heaven  
 without waiting for me;  
 the angel that took her  
 didn't want me.  
 How bitter is my fate!  
 Oh! to go out to sea  
 without love!

La blanche créature  
 Est couchée au cercueil;  
 Comme dans la nature  
 Tout me paraît en deuil!  
 La colombe oubliée  
 Pleure et songe à l'absent;  
 Mon âme pleure et sent  
 Qu'elle est dépareillée.  
 Que mon sort est amer!  
 Ah! sans amour s'en aller  
 sur la mer!

The pale creature  
 sleeps in her coffin;  
 everything around me  
 seems to be in mourning.  
 The forgotten dove  
 weeps and dreams of his lost one;  
 My soul weeps  
 that she is gone.  
 How bitter is my fate!  
 Oh! to go out to sea  
 without love!

Sur moi la nuit immense  
 Plane comme un linceul,  
 Je chante ma romance  
 Que le ciel entend seul.  
 Ah! comme elle était belle,  
 Et combien je l'aimais!  
 Je n'aimerai jamais  
 Une femme autant qu'elle  
 Que mon sort est amer!  
 Ah! sans amour s'en aller  
 sur la mer!

The vast night spreads  
 over me like a shroud;  
 I sing my story that  
 only the sky can hear.  
 Oh! how beautiful she was  
 and how much I loved her.  
 Never will I love  
 a woman as much as her!  
 How bitter is my fate!  
 Oh! to go out to sea  
 without love!

**Au bord de l'eau** (*Sully-Prudhomme*), Op. 8/1

S'asseoir tous deux au bord du  
 flot qui passe,  
 Le voir passer;  
 Tous deux s'il glisse un nuage en  
 l'espace,  
 Le voir glisser;  
 À l'horizon s'il fume un toit de  
 chaume,  
 Le voir fumer;  
 Aux alentours si quelque fleur  
 embaume,  
 S'en embaumer;  
 Entendre au pied du saule où l'eau  
 murmure  
 L'eau murmurer;  
 Ne pas sentir tant que ce rêve  
 dure  
 Le temps durer.  
 Mais n'apportant de passion profonde  
 Qu'à s'adorer,  
 Sans nul souci des querelles du  
 monde  
 Les ignorer;  
 Et seuls tous deux, devant tout ce  
 qui lasse,  
 Sans se lasser,  
 Sentir l'amour devant, tout ce qui  
 passe,  
 Ne point passer!

**At the water's edge**

To sit together beside the passing  
 stream  
 and watch it go by;  
 if a cloud glides by  
 in the sky,  
 to watch it glide together;  
 if a thatched house sends up  
 smoke on the horizon,  
 to watch it smoke;  
 if a nearby flower spreads  
 fragrance,  
 to enjoy that fragrance;  
 if the water murmurs at the  
 foot of the willow,  
 to listen to it murmuring;  
 for as long as this dream  
 endures,  
 not to feel its duration;  
 but, having no deep passion  
 except deep love for one another,  
 without concern for the world's  
 quarrels,  
 to ignore them;  
 and alone together, in the face of  
 all things wearisome,  
 unwearied,  
 to feel love, unlike all things that  
 pass away,  
 not passing away!

**Poème d'un jour** (*Charles Jean Grandmougin*), Op. 21  
Jonathan Estabrooks

Fauré

**Rencontre**

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai  
rencontrée,  
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon  
obstiné tourment;  
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme  
inespérée,  
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi  
vainement?  
Ô, passante aux doux yeux,  
serais-tu donc l'amie  
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète  
isolé,  
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme  
affermie,  
Comme le ciel natal sur un  
cœur d'exilé?  
Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne  
pareille,  
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur  
la mer!  
Devant l'immensité ton extase  
s'éveille,  
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle  
âme est cher;  
Une mystérieuse et douce  
sympathie  
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un  
vivant lien,  
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour  
envahie,  
Et mon cœur te chérit sans te  
connaître bien!

**Poem of one day****Encounter**

I was sad and thoughtful when I  
encountered you,  
my persistent torment  
is less today ;  
Tell me, were you the girl I met  
by chance  
the ideal dream I have followed  
in vain?  
A passer-by with gentle eyes,  
were you the dear one  
who brought happiness to a lonely  
poet,  
and did you shine upon my  
strengthened soul  
like the native sky on an exiled  
heart?  
Your shy sadness, so like  
my own,  
loves to watch the sun going down  
over the sea!  
Your delight is awakened before  
its immensity,  
and the evenings spent with  
your lovely spirit are dear to me.  
A mysterious and gentle  
sympathy  
already binds me to you like  
a living bond;  
My soul trembles with  
overwhelming love,  
And my heart cherishes you,  
even without knowing you.

**Toujours**

Vous me demandez de me taire,  
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais,  
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,  
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles  
De tomber dans l'immensité,  
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,  
Au jour de perdre sa clarté,

Demandez à la mer immense  
De dessécher ses vastes flots,  
Et, quand les vents sont en  
démence,  
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!

Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme  
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs  
Et se dépouille de sa flamme  
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

**Always**

You ask me to be quiet,  
to go far away from you forever,  
and to depart, all alone  
without thinking of the one whom I love!

You might more easily ask the stars  
to fall from the vast heavens,  
or the night to lose its veils,  
or the day to rid itself of its brightness!

Ask the immense ocean  
to dry up its vast waves,  
and, when the winds are raging  
dementedly,  
ask them to calm their dark sobbing!

But do not hope that my soul  
can root out its sorrow  
and douse its flame  
like the springtime sheds its flowers!

**Adieu**

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose  
Déclose,  
Et les frais manteaux diaprés  
Des prés;  
Les longs soupirs, les bienaimées,  
Fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger  
Changer,  
Plus vite que les flots des grèves,  
Nos rêves,  
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs,  
Nos coeurs!

À vous l'on se croyait fidèle,  
Cruelle,  
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours  
Sont courts!  
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes,  
Sans larmes,  
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,  
Adieu!

Like everything that dies quickly,  
the blown rose,  
and the iridescent mantles of  
the meadows  
long sighs, loved ones,  
smoke.

One sees in this frivolous world  
change,  
faster than the waves on the beach,  
our dreams,  
faster than hoarfrost on flowers,  
our hearts.

One believed oneself faithful to you,  
cruel one,  
but alas! the longest of loves  
are short!  
And I say on leaving your charms,  
with no tears,  
almost the moment of my vow,  
adieu!

**Duet: Tarentelle** (*Marc Monnier*), Op. 10/2

Fauré

Aux cieux la lune monte et luit.  
 Il fait grand jour en plein minuit.  
 Viens avec moi, me disait-elle,  
 Viens sur le sable grésillant  
 Où saute et glisse en frétilant  
 La tarentelle.

Sus, les danseurs! En voila  
 deux;  
 Foule sur l'eau, foule autour  
 d'eux;  
 L'homme est bien fait, la fille  
 est belle;  
 Mais gare à vous! Sans y penser,  
 C'est jeu d'amour que de danser  
 La tarentelle.

Doux est le bruit du tambourin!  
 Si j'étais fille de marin  
 Et toi pêcheur, me disait-elle  
 Toutes les nuits joyeusement  
 Nous danserions en nous aimant  
 La tarentelle.

In the sky the moon rises bright.  
 It makes full midnight into day.  
 Come with me, she said to me,  
 come to the whirling sands  
 where leaping, flashing, turning, is  
 the tarantella.

Above all, the dancers! There is a  
 couple;  
 twirling around each other  
 on the water,  
 the man is handsome, the girl  
 beautiful;  
 but look out! Without thinking  
 it will become a game of love  
 the tarantella.

Sweet is the sound of the tambourine!  
 If I were a sailor's daughter  
 and you a fisherman, she said to me  
 every happy night  
 we would love each other to dance  
 the tarantella.



### About The Aldeburgh Connection

We present a series of five Sunday afternoon concerts here in Walter Hall. Each programme is built around a musical, historical or literary theme. Our next concert takes place in the MacMillan Theatre on Sunday, March 13, as part of the city-wide Metamorphosis Festival. Our concert *Metamorphoses* will sample music inspired by Ovid's tales by Schubert, Chausson, Walton and Holman, with Britten's *Six Metamorphoses after Ovid*. Singers are soprano **Jennie Such** and **Colin Ainsworth**, tenor, with **Cary Ebli**, oboe. We end the series in Walter Hall on May 1 with *A Country House Weekend*, a visit to England's "long weekend" between the world wars, with **Carla Huhtanen**, soprano, **Norine Burgess**, mezzo and **Peter McGillivray**, baritone. Single tickets are \$40; please call (416) 735-7982.

And, towards the end of the concert season, we are proud to present two of Canada's finest singers in solo recital. Please join us on Thursday, April 14, here in Walter Hall, when baritone **Gerald Finley** will perform Schubert's *Winterreise*, with pianist **Stephen Ralls**. On Wednesday, May 25, tenor **Michael Schade** and **Stephen Ralls** perform *Lieder* by Schubert, Mendelssohn and others at the Glenn Gould Studio. Both concerts are at 8 pm.

For more information, please call (416) 735-7982 or visit [www.aldeburgh-connection.org](http://www.aldeburgh-connection.org) — we will be happy to mail you a brochure.



**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 has a large number of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.

**Laura Albino** holds a Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance from the University of Toronto, and is currently working towards her Masters of Music in Opera Performance. She sang Lauretta in their recent production of Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi* and will appear in the title role in Handel's *Semele*. She has sung *Messiah* with the East York Choir, the Canadian Sinfonietta and the Choir of St. John's York Mills, *Cantata No. 67* in the Toronto Bach Festival, Mozart's *Requiem* with the Cathedral Bluffs Symphony Orchestra and Mendelssohn's *Vom Himmel Hoch* with the MacMillan Singers, and has appeared in the Young Artists Recital Series in Newmarket. She has taken classes with Sir Thomas Allen, Martin Isepp, Gerald Finley, Joan Dornemann, Marlena Malis, Sherrill Milnes and Wendy Nielsen. She was awarded "Most Promising Junior College Singer" from the National Association of Teachers of Singing, won the York Region Celebration of the Arts Opera Scholarship and has received many awards and scholarships at University of Toronto.

**Tyrsa Gawrachynsky** is a graduate in Vocal Performance at the University of Manitoba, studying with Tracy Dahl. She is currently in the Masters programme at the University of Toronto Opera Division, in the studio of Mary Morrison. Recent performances at the University include Mabel in *The Pirates of Penzance*, Despina in Mozart's *Così fan tutte* and Morgana in Handel's *Alcina*, and she will sing the title role in Handel's *Semele* in March. She has appeared with The Boston Early Music Festival Conradi's *Ariadne*, and with Festival Vancouver as Amore and Damigella in Monteverdi's *L'incoronazione di Poppea*. Concert engagements include *Messiah* with Ottawa Valley Festival Chorus, the North American premiere of the ballet set to Orff's *Carmina Burana* in Winnipeg, and the premiere of Abigail Richardson's *Seven Stories* with the Toronto Fine Young Classics series, and she will sing Bach's *Cantata 51* with the Mississauga Choral Society. She has participated in the Britten-Pears Summer Academy in Aldeburgh, and the Hochschule fuer Kuenste Musik in Bremen.

**Jonathan Estabrooks** is in his third year at the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto and has studied with Gary Relyea and Darryl Edwards. He has sung in productions of *The Pirates of Penzance*, Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi* and will appear in Handel's *Semele* in March. He appeared in the 2003 Britten Festival production of *Noye's Fludde*, which was recorded for CBC Television's 'Opening Night'. He has been a featured soloist

with The Queensmen Choir of Toronto, the University of Toronto MacMillan Singers and Trinity College, where he produces an annual concert series. He began performing as a member of the Opera Lyra Ottawa Boys Choir, and later joined the OLO Chorus, where he appeared in *Tosca*, *La bohème* and *La Fille du régiment*. He also played leading roles with The Company of Musical Theatre and Ottawa Little Theatre. He has coached with Craig Rutenberg, Martin Isepp, Jeannette Aster, Michael McMahon and Gerald Finley. In August of 2004, he was Ontario's Open Voice representative at the National Kiwanis Festival held in Prince Edward Island.

**Bruce Ubukata** has established a reputation as one of Canada's leading accompanists, working with singers such as Mary Lou Fallis in her successful one-woman shows, *Primadonna*, *Mrs Bach* and *Fräulein Mozart*, and appearing in many recital engagements with Catherine Robbin here in Canada and on tour in France, and has toured British Columbia in recital performances with Catherine Robbin and soprano Donna Brown. In addition to a long association with the Canadian Children's Opera Chorus, his other musical activities have included performances with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, the Elmer Iseler Singers and the Canadian Opera Company, as well as regular summer engagements on the staff of the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh, England. His recordings include *Liebeslieder & Folk Songs* for CBC Records and the Britten *Canticles* on the Marquis Label. Mr Ubukata is also an accomplished organist and harpsichordist.

In addition to the Aldeburgh Connection, TD's Community Giving Program supports TD Canada Trust Scholarships for Community Leadership, TD Friends of the Environment Foundation, TD Canadian Children's Book Week and the Children's Miracle Network, as well as a host of local, regional and national charitable programmes across Canada.



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