

THE
Aldburgh
CONNECTION

and the

FACULTY
of MUSIC



UNIVERSITY
OF TORONTO

present

Eve-Rachel McLeod *soprano*

Giles Tomkins *baritone*

with

Bruce Ubukata *piano*

Walter Hall

Thursday, October 11, 2001

8 p.m.

sponsored by



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AN ENGLISH SONG RECITAL

EVE-RACHEL MCLEOD, soprano

GILES TOMKINS, baritone

BRUCE UBUKATA, piano

Please reserve your applause until the end of each group ♦

Three duets

Our recital of English songs is framed by groups of duets. They exemplify that delight in vocal chamber music which was part of the English tradition for more than five hundred years. These first three examples spring straight out of the madrigal tradition, with also more than a hint of grease-paint about them.

It was a lover and his lass (*Shakespeare*) Thomas Morley (1557-1603)

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
That o'er the green cornfields did pass.
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
These pretty country folks would lie.

This carol they began that hour,
How that a life was but a flower.

And therefore take the present time
For love is crownèd with the prime.

Will said to his mammy (*anon.*)

Robert Jones (c.1550-c.1617)

Will said to his mammy
 That he would go woo;
 Fain would he wed, but he wot not who.
 Soft awhile, my lammy,
 Stay and yet abide!
 He, like a fool as he was, replied:
 In faith, 'chill* have a wife.

O what a life do I lead for a wife in my bed I may not tell you!
 O there to have a wife,
 O 'tis a smart to my heart, 'tis a rack to my back and to my belly.

Scarcely was he wedded
 Full a fortnight's space,
 But that he was in a heavy case.
 Largely was he headed,
 And his cheeks looked thin,
 And to repent he did thus begin:
 A fig for such a wife!

All you that are bachelors
 Be learned by crying Will,
 When you are well to remain so still.
 Better for to tarry,
 And alone to lie,
 Than like a fool with a fool to cry:
 A fig for such a wife!

* I will

When Myra sings (*Granville*)

Henry Purcell (1659-95), realised by Benjamin Britten

When Myra sings, we seek th'enchnting sound,
 And bless the notes which do so sweetly wound;
 What music needs must dwell upon that tongue
 Whose speech is tuneful as another's song?

Such harmony, such wit, a face so fair,
 So may pointed arrows who can bear?
 The slave that from her wit or beauty flies,
 If she but reach him with her voice, he dies.



Five Elizabethan Songs

Ivor Gurney (1890-1937)

Throughout the twentieth century, English composers returned for inspiration to the poetry of the first Elizabethans. (After all, most of these verses had originally been written for singing.) Gurney, in his first published songs, grouped some well-known lyrics into a cycle which he often referred to as his 'Elizas'. In 1912, he was still a student at the Royal College of Music — but he did not underestimate his achievement, as he indicated in a letter:

"I have done 5 of the most delightful and beautiful songs you ever cast your beaming eyes upon. They are all Elizabethan — the words — and blister my kidneys, bisurate my magnesia if the music is not as English, as joyful, as tender as any lyric of all that noble host. How did such an undigested clod as I make them? That I cannot say. But there they are."

Orpheus (*Shakespeare*)

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:

To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.

In sweet music is such art:
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Tears (*anon.*)

Weep you no more, sad fountains;	Sleep is a reconciling,
What need you flow so fast?	A rest that peace begets;
Look how the snowy mountains	Doth not the sun rise smiling
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!	When fair at e'en he sets?
But my sun's heavenly eyes	Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
View not your weeping,	Melt not in weeping,
That now lies sleeping,	While she lies sleeping,
Softly, now softly lies	Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.	Sleeping.

Under the greenwood tree (*Shakespeare*)

Under the greenwood tree	Who doth ambition shun,
Who loves to lie with me,	And loves to live i' the sun,
And turn his merry note	Seeking the food he eats,
Unto the sweet bird's throat,	And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come	Come hither, come hither, come
hither:	hither:
Here shall he see	Here shall he see
No enemy	No enemy
But winter and rough weather.	But winter and rough weather.

Sleep (*Fletcher*)

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
 Lock me in delight awhile;
 Let some pleasing dream beguile
 All my fancies, that from thence
 I may feel an influence,
 All my powers of care bereaving.

Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,
 Let me know some little joy.
 We, that suffer long annoy,
 Are contented with a thought
 Thro' an idle fancy wrought:
 O let my joys have some abiding.

Spring (*Nashe*)

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
 Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
 And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
 In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!



Five settings of Thomas Hardy

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

Finzi, whose centenary falls this year, was greatly impressed as a young man by the songs of Gurney, particularly *Sleep*, which he first heard when a student in York. He later orchestrated four of the *Five Elizabethan Songs* and did much to publicize Gurney's work, seeing several volumes of songs through the press after the older man's death. Finzi's own songwriting is distinguished by some of the finest word-setting in the repertoire and inhabits a musical style immediately, and unmistakably, recognisable as his.

Early in his twenties, Finzi discovered an affinity for the poetry of Thomas Hardy. His settings of the poet account for three-quarters of his song *oeuvre*; it is apparent that the composer, with his introspective nature, agnosticism and preoccupation with time and transience, found similar characteristics in the poet operating as a creative release. Much of Hardy's greatest poetry is coloured by a sense of remorse after the passing of his first wife, Emma. (Lyonnesse, in our last song, is the mythical name of a part of Cornwall, where they first met.)

Summer schemes

When friendly summer calls again,
 Calls again
 Her little fifers to these hills,
 We'll go - we two - to that arched fane
 Of leafage where they prime their bills
 Before they start to flood the plain
 With quavers, minims, shakes, and trills.
 '— We'll go', I sing; but who shall say
 What may not chance before that day!

And we shall see the waters spring,
 Waters spring
 From chinks the scrubby copses crown;
 And we shall trace their oncreeping
 To where the cascade tumbles down
 And sends the bobbing growths aswing,
 And ferns not quite but almost drown.
 '—We shall', I say; but who may sing
 Of what another moon will bring!

Overlooking the river

The swallows flew in the curves of an eight
 Above the river-gleam
 In the wet June's last beam:
 Like little crossbows animate
 The swallows flew in the curves of an eight
 Above the river-gleam.

Planing up shavings of crystal spray
 A moor-hen darted out
 From the bank thereabout,
 And through the stream-shine ripped his way;
 Planing up shavings of crystal spray
 A moor-hen darted out.

Closed were the kingcups; and the mead
 Dripped in monotonous green,
 Though the day's morning sheen
 Had shown it golden and honeybee'd;
 Closed were the kingcups; and the mead
 Dripped in monotonous green.

And never I turned my head, alack,
 While these things met my gaze
 Through the pane's drop-drenched glaze,
 To see the more behind my back...
 O never I turned, but let, alack,
 These less things hold my gaze!

Epeisodia

Past the hills that peep
 Where the leaze is smiling,
 On and on beguiling
 Crisply-cropping sheep;
 Under boughs of brushwood
 Linking tree and tree
 In a shade of lushwood,
 There caressed we!

Where in wild-winged crowds
 Blown birds show their whiteness
 Up against the lightness
 Of the clammy clouds;
 By the random river
 Pushing to the sea,
 Under bents that quiver
 There shall rest we.

Hemmed by city walls
 That outshut the sunlight,
 In a foggy dun light,
 Where the footstep falls
 With a pit-pat wearisome
 In its cadency
 On the flagstones drearisome
 There pressed we!

To Lizbie Browne

Dear Lizbie Browne,
Where are you now?
In sun, in rain? -
Or is your brow
Past joy, past pain,
Dear Lizbie Browne?

Sweet Lizbie Browne,
How you could smile,
How you could sing! -
How archly wile
In glance-giving,
Sweet Lizbie Browne!

And, Lizbie Browne,
Who else had hair
Bay-red as yours,
Or flesh so fair
Bred out of doors,
Sweet Lizbie Browne?

When, Lizbie Browne,
You had just begun
To be endeared
By stealth to one,
You disappeared
My Lizbie Browne!

Ay, Lizbie Browne,
So swift your life,
And mine so slow,
You were a wife
Ere I could show
Love, Lizbie Browne.

Still, Lizbie Browne,
You won, they said,
The best of men
When you were wed
Where went you then,
O Lizbie Browne?

Dear Lizbie Browne,
I should have thought,
"Girls ripen fast,"
And coaxed and caught
You ere you passed,
Dear Lizbie Browne!

But, Lizbie Browne,
I let you slip;
Shaped not a sign;
Touched never your lip
With lip of mine,
Lost Lizbie Browne!

So, Lizbie Browne,
When on a day
Men speak of me
As not, you'll say,
"And who was he?" -
Yes, Lizbie Browne.

When I set out for Lyonesse

When I set out for Lyonesse,
 A hundred miles away,
 The rime was on the spray,
 And starlight lit my lonesomeness
 When I set out for Lyonesse
 A hundred miles away.

What would bechance at Lyonesse
 While I should sojourn there
 No prophet durst declare,
 Nor did the wisest wizard guess
 What would bechance at Lyonesse
 While I should sojourn there.

When I came back from Lyonesse
 With magic in my eyes,
 All marked with mute surmise
 My radiance rare and fathomless,
 When I came back from Lyonesse
 With magic in my eyes!



INTERMISSION

Five settings of W.H. Auden

Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

Britten first met the poet Wystan Auden in 1935, when both were working for the British Post Office's film unit. *Night Mail*, on which they collaborated, was one of the most celebrated documentaries of the thirties. The next year, Britten bought a copy of Auden's new collection of poems entitled — against the poet's wishes — *Look, Stranger!* (The American edition bore his preferred title, *On This Island*.) In his diary entry of 3 November, Britten noted that the volume "has some splendid things in it. He has written two for me included in it."

The poems Auden dedicated to Britten were *Night covers up the rigid land* and *Underneath the abject willow*. In 1937, Britten chose five other Auden settings (including *Seascape*) as the cycle *On This Island*, published as 'Vol. I' — an indication of a proposed second collection which never appeared. *Fish in the unruffled lakes*, written in 1938, might have formed part of such a publication, but it appeared on its own in 1947. *Johnny* was one of a diverse group of contemporaneous songs which were belatedly issued in 1980 as *Cabaret Songs*.

Seascape

Look, stranger, at this island now
 The leaping light for your delight discovers,
 Stand stable here
 And silent be,
 That through the channels of the ear
 May wander like a river
 The swaying sound of the sea.

Here at the small field's ending pause
 Where the chalk wall falls to the foam, and its tall ledges
 Oppose the pluck
 And knock of the tide,
 And the shingle scrambles after the sucking surf,
 And the gull lodges
 A moment on its sheer side.

Far off like floating seeds the ships
 Diverge on urgent voluntary errands;
 And the full view
 Indeed may enter
 And move in memory as now these clouds do,
 That pass the harbour mirror
 And all the summer through the water saunter.

Night covers up the rigid land

Night covers up the rigid land
 And ocean's quaking moor,
 And shadows with a tolerant hand
 The ugly and the poor.

The wounded pride for which I weep
 You cannot staunch, nor I
 Control the moments of your sleep,
 Nor hear the name you cry,

Whose life is lucky in your eyes,
 And precious is the bed
 As to his utter fancy lies
 The dark caressive head.

For each love to its aim is true,
 And all kinds seek their own;
 You love your life and I love you,
 So I must lie alone.

O hurry to the fêted spot
 Of your deliberate fall;
 For now my dream of you cannot
 Refer to you at all.

Johnny

O the valley in the summer when I and my John
Beside the deep river walk on and on
While the grass at our feet and the birds up above
Whispered so soft in reciprocal love,
And I leaned on his shoulder, 'O Johnny, let's play';
But he frowned like thunder, and he went away.

O the evening near Christmas as I well recall
When we went to the Charity Matinee Ball,
The floor was so smooth and the band was so loud
And Johnny so handsome I felt so proud;
'Squeeze me tighter, dear Johnny, let's dance till day':
But he frowned like thunder and went away.

Shall I ever forget at the Grand Opera
When music poured out of each wonderful star?
Diamonds and pearls hung like ivy down
Over each gold and silver gown;
'O Johnny I'm in heaven', I whispered to say:
But he frowned like thunder and went away

O but he was as fair as a garden in flower,
As slender and tall as the great Eiffel Tower,
When the waltz throbbed out down the long promenade
O his eyes and his smile went straight to my heart;
'O marry me, Johnny, I'll love and obey':
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O last night I dreamed of you, Johnny, my lover;
You'd the sun on one arm and the moon on the other,
The sea it was blue and the grass it was green,
Ev'ry star rattled a round tambourine;
Ten thousands miles deep in a pit there I lay:
But you went away.

Fish in the unruffled lakes

Fish in the unruffled lakes
The swarming colours wear,
Swans in the winter air
A white perfection have,
And the great lion walks
Through his innocent grove;
Lion, fish, and swan
Act, and are gone
Upon Time's toppling wave.

We, till shadowed days are done,
We must weep and sing
Duty's conscious wrong,
The Devil in the clock,
The Goodness carefully worn

For atonement or for luck;
We must lose our loves,
On each beast and bird that moves
Turn an envious look.

Sighs for folly said and done
Twist our narrow days;
But I must bless, I must praise
That you, my swan, who have
All gifts that to the swan
Impulsive Nature gave,
The majesty and pride,
Last night should add
Your voluntary love.

Underneath the abject willow

Underneath the abject willow,
 Lover sulk no more;
 Act from thought should quickly follow;
 What is thinking for?
 Your unique and moping station
 Proves you cold;
 Stand up and fold
 Your map of desolation.

Bells that toll across the meadows
 From the sombre spire,
 Toll for those unloving shadows
 Love does not require.
 All that lives may love; why longer
 Bow to loss
 With arms across?
 Strike and you shall conquer.

Geese in flocks above you flying
 Their direction know;
 Brooks beneath the thin ice flowing
 To their oceans go;
 Coldest love will warm to action,
 Walk then come,
 No longer numb,
 Into your satisfaction.



Six songs

Peter Warlock (1894-1930)

Unfortunately, Britten and his recital partner, tenor Peter Pears, cared little for the music of Gerald Finzi. But they did much by their performances to promote the songs of other composers with whom they felt more sympathy, including those of Warlock. 'Peter Warlock' was the pseudonym of Philip Heseltine, an attempt to mask his catastrophic lack of faith in his own abilities. What success he did have was offset by periods of neglect, exacerbated by self-doubt; finally, he gave up the struggle and committed suicide. He wrote over one hundred songs and — as in the case of Finzi — his music never sounds like anyone's but his own.

The composition of Warlock's last song, *The Fox*, was typical, perhaps, of his working methods. He was staying with the poet, Bruce Blunt, in Wiltshire. After an evening in 'The Fox' at Bramdean, they returned

home, Blunt opened a bottle of Chablis and proceeded to write the poem. Next morning, Warlock made his setting, finishing it at the piano in a music shop in Salisbury. There, at 'The Haunch of Venison', they celebrated the song's completion, text and music, achieved within about eighteen hours!

Lullaby (*Dekker*)

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock a lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock a lullaby.

Sleep (*Fletcher*)

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies, that from thence
There may steal an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving.

Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy.
We, that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought
Thro' an idle fancy wrought:
O let my joys have some abiding.

Jillian of Berry (*anon.*)

For Jillian of Berry she dwells on a hill,
And she hath good beer and ale to sell,
And of good fellows she thinks no ill,
And thither will we go now.

And when you have made a little stay,
You need not ask what is to pay,
But kiss your hostess and go your way,
And thither will we go now.

Fair and true (*Breton*)

Lovely kind, and kindly loving,
 Such a mind were worth the moving;
 Truly fair, and fairly true —
 Where are all these but in you?

Wisely kind, and kindly wise;
 Blessèd life, where such love lies!
 Wise, and kind, and fair, and true —
 Lovely live all these in you.

Sweetly dear, and dearly sweet,
 Blessèd where these blessings meet,
 Sweet, fair, wise, kind, blessèd, true —
 Blessèd be all these in you!

The Fox (*Blunt*)

At 'The Fox Inn'
 The tatter'd ears,
 The fox's grin
 Mock the dead years.
 High on the wall
 Above the cask
 Laughs at you all
 The fox's mask.

The horn is still,
 The huntsmen gone;
 After the kill
 The fox lives on.
 Death's date is there
 In faded gold —
 His eyes outstare
 The dead of old.

Beneath this roof
 His eyes mistrust
 The crumbled hoof,
 The hounds of dust.
 You will not call,
 I shall not stir,
 When the fangs fall
 From that brown fur.

Yarmouth Fair (*Collins*)

As I rode down to Yarmouth Fair
 The birds they sang 'Good day!
 O, I spied a maid with golden hair
 Awalking along my way —
 A tidy little maid so trim and fair,
 And the birds they sang 'Good day!'

I said: 'My dear, will you ride with me?'
 And the birds they sang 'Go on!
 She didn't say 'yes' and she didn't say 'no',
 And the birds they sang 'Heigh ho!'

I lifted her right on to my mare,
 O light as a feather was she,
 I'd never set eyes on a girl so fair,
 So I kissed her bravely one, two, three.

Then on we rode to Yarmouth Fair
 Past field and green hedge row;
 And in our hearts no fret or care,
 And the birds they sang 'Hullo!'

At the fair the fun was fast and free,
 And the birds they sang 'Hurray!'
 The band struck up a lively air
 On fiddle and fife and drum.
 The maid and me we made a pair,
 And we danced to kingdom come.

The lads and lasses cheer'd us on,
 My bonny maid and me,
 We danced till stars were in the sky,
 And the birds they sang 'Goodbye!'



Two duets

It was a lover and his lass (*Shakespeare*) Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

It was a lover and his lass,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
 That o'er the green cornfields did pass.
 In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
 These pretty country folks would lie.

This carol they began that hour,
 How that a life was but a flower.

And therefore take the present time
 For love is crownèd with the prime.

The Mermaid (anon.) Traditional, arranged by Roger Vignoles

O' twas on the broad Atlantic,
 In an equinoctial gale,
 That a fine young man went overboard,
 Among the shark and whale.
 And he went right down so quickly,
 And so quickly down went he,
 That he went out of sight,
 Like a streak of light,
 To the bottom of the deep blue sea,
 Singing:

"Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves!
 And Britons never never shall be
 Married to a mermaid
 At the bottom of the deep blue sea."

Then we got the boats out quickly,
 And we thought to find his corpse,
 When he came to the top with a bag in his hand
 And a hoarse sepulchral voice:
 "O my comrades and my messmates all,
 O don't you weep for me,
 For I'm married
 To a mermaid
 At the bottom of the deep blue sea,"

Singing:
 "Rule, Britannia, ...

"In my chest you'll find my twelve months' pay
 Wrapped round with a lock of hair.
 You may take it and carry it
 To my dear wife with care;
 To my grandmother take my carte de visite,
 Saying: "Don't you weep for me,
 For I'm married
 To a mermaid
 At the bottom of the deep blue sea,"
 Singing:
 "Rule, Britannia, ...

Then the anchor was weighed and the sails unfurled,
 And the ship was running free,
 When we went up to our captain,
 And this we told to he;
 Then the captain he came to the old ship's side
 And out loud bellowed he:
 "Be happy as you can
 With your wife, young man,
 At the bottom of the deep blue sea,"
 Singing:
 "Rule, Britannia, ...



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This year The Aldeburgh Connection celebrates its 20th Anniversary Season with a special line-up of concerts. Our Recital Series begins next week, on Friday, October 19 at 8 pm, with a duo recital by two celebrated Canadian singers, soprano **Donna Brown**, and mezzo **Catherine Robbin**. Other artists appearing in this Recital Series are baritone **James Westman** in a solo recital on Friday, November 9, baritone **Gerald Finley** in a solo anniversary recital on Friday, January 11 and two young

Concert Hall. In the summer of 2000, Eve made her European operatic debut as Amore in *Orfeo ed Euridice* in Casalmaggiore, Italy. She has been the recipient of many awards, grants and scholarships and was awarded first prize in the Austrian-Canadian Mozart Competition in the summer of 2000.

Giles Tomkins has just entered his fourth year at the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto, studying with Lorna MacDonald. This past spring, he was honoured to be the recipient of the "Greta Kraus Memorial Scholarship" from the Faculty. He has competed successfully in many music festivals throughout Ontario and was named "Most Promising Junior College Singer" by the National Association of Teachers of Singing, Ontario Festival, in both 1999 and 2000. He has been a guest soloist with the Toronto Children's Chorus, the MacMillan Singers, and the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, where he performed the role of Pilatus in Bach's *St. John Passion*. His operatic roles include Colline in Puccini's *La Boheme*, the Doctor in Barber's *Vanessa*, Le Roi in Thomas's *Hamlet*, and Superintendent Budd in Britten's *Albert Herring*, which will be presented by the Opera Division in November.

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 he has had a long association with the Canadian Children's Opera Chorus. His other musical activities have included engagements with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir and the Canadian Opera Company, as well as regular summer engagements in Aldeburgh. 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 Outstanding 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 programs across Canada.

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