



Western Music

Don Wright Faculty of Music

FRIDAYS @ 12:30 SERIES

Friday, November 15, 2019
12:30 p.m., von Kuster Hall
Jane Archibald, *soprano*
Liz Upchurch, *piano*

If music be the food of love
Sweeter than roses

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Vorrei spiegarvi, o Dio

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Pierrot
Regret
Apparition

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Go, lovely Rose
Love's Philosophy
Ae Fond kiss

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)
Robert Burns
(1759-1796)

Ich wollt' ein Sträusslein binden
Säusle liebe Myrte
Amor

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Join us for a special Voice Fridays concert "Songs of Many Lands" immediately following this event at 1:30 p.m. in von Kuster Hall. This annual concert of songs in many global languages is in celebration of Western's International Week.

#globalwesternu internationalweek.uwo.ca

THE ARTISTS

Jane Archibald's career trajectory has taken her from Canada to San Francisco to the Vienna State Opera and major opera houses on both continents. Her artistry has generated excitement across Europe and North America with recent engagements including Lucia and Konstanze in Zurich; Adele and Ophélie at the Met; Olympia, Zerbinetta and Cleopatra at the Opéra National de Paris; Sophie at La Scala Milan and in Berlin; Zerbinetta at Baden-Baden Festspielhaus, Covent Garden and in Munich; Donna Anna at Theater an der Wien as well as Semele at the Canadian Opera Company.

After beginning her professional opera career in her native Canada, Jane was an Adler Fellow and Merola participant with the San Francisco Opera. She then moved to the Vienna State Opera as a member of the ensemble, debuting many coloratura roles.

The 2018/19 season saw Jane performing *le Feu/ la Princesse/ le Rossignol* in *L'enfant et les sortilèges* at the BBC Proms and Lucerne Festival under the baton of Sir Simon Rattle; her role debut as Mathilde in Theater an der Wien's production of *William Tell*; as Cunégonde in *Candide* with both the London Symphony Orchestra and the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra and as the title role in Oper Frankfurt's *Daphne*. She also gave numerous concert performances including in Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* with Orchestre National de Lyon; Mozart's *Great Mass in C minor* with Symphony Nova Scotia, and Britten's *Les Illuminations* and Grieg's *Peer Gynt* with the Oregon Symphony.

Masterclass with Jane Archibald, Saturday, November 16, at 10am-1pm, von Kuster Hall

Liz Upchurch is one of the most sought after pianists and vocal coaches in Canada. Currently she is in her 12th season as Music Director of the Ensemble Studio at the Canadian Opera Company in Toronto. In that time, she has helped to train an entire generation of Canadian opera singers including artists such as David Pomeroy, Shannon Mercer, Robert Gleadow, Krisztina Szabo, Joe Kaiser and many more. There she collaborates with celebrated guest artists including, Carol Vaness, Catherine Malfitano and Marlena Malas.

Born and educated in Britain, Liz is a graduate prize-winning soloist of the Royal Academy of Music where she studied with Roger Vignoles. For many years she worked with young artists at the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh where she played for masterclasses with artists such as Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Suzanne Danco, William Pleeth and Dame Joan Sutherland. Upchurch has also worked at the Kammeroper Schloss Rheinsberg festival in Germany and the National Theatre in London. She held a faculty position in the 20th-century Opera and Song program at the Banff Centre for the Arts and was repetiteur and chorus director at Edmonton Opera. She has taught at the University of Toronto and for the COSI summer program in Italy. She has performed and broadcast chamber music and song recitals extensively throughout Europe and North America as well as working at opera houses such as the Glyndebourne Festival.

Masterclass with Liz Upchurch, Friday, November 15, at 2:30-4:30pm, von Kuster Hall

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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.
(Text: unknown)

If music be the food of love
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)

Vorrei spiegarvi, o Dio!
I would like to explain to you, oh God,
what my grief is!
But Fate condemns me to cry and remain silent.
My heart may not burn for he who I wish to love,
making me seem cruel; a barbarous burden.
Alas, Count, leave, run, flee far from me;
your beloved Emilia awaits you.
Don't let her languish, she is worthy of love.
Ah, pitiless stars! You are my enemies.
I am lost if he stays. Leave, run,
do not speak of love, her heart is yours.
(Text: unknown; English: Jane Archibald)

Pierrot
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
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
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 spoil child's
slumbers,
always allowing from her half-closed hands
white bouquets of scented flowers to snow.
(Text: Stéphane Mallarmé; English: Richard Stokes)

Go, Lovely Rose
Go, lovely Rose—
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die—that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!
(text: Edmund Waller)

Love's Philosophy
The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See, the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower could be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,

And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?
(text: Percy Shelley)

Ae Fond Kiss
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!
(text: Robert Burns)

Sechs Lieder/Six songs
2. Ich wollt' ein Sträusslein binden
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 no 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.
(Text: Clemens Brentano; English: Richard Stokes)

3. Säusle, liebe Myrthe!
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!
(Text: Clemens Brentano; English: Richard Stokes)

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!'
(Text: Clemens Brentano; English: Richard Stokes)