



Western Music

Don Wright Faculty of Music

FRIDAYS @ 12:30 SERIES

Friday, January 31, 2020
12:30 p.m., von Kuster Hall
Margie Bernal, *soprano*
James Westman, *baritone*
Olena Bratishko, *piano*

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée
Chanson romanesque
Chanson épique
Chanson à boire

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Tres Arias, Op. 26
I. Romance
II. El Pescador
III. Rima

Joaquín Turina
(1882-1949)

Three songs for baritone
Она как полдень хороша (She is as fair as day)
Христос воскрес (Christ is risen)
В молчаньи ночи тайной (In the silence of night)

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

Three songs for soprano
Сирень (Lilacs)
Здесь хорошо (How fair this spot)
Весенние воды (Spring waters)

Nedda and Silvio duet from *I Pagliacci*
E allor perchè di', tu m'hai stregat

Ruggero Leoncavallo
(1857-1919)

THE ARTISTS

Columbian soprano **Margie Bernal** holds a Master's of Music in Literature and Performance from Western University, and a Bachelor degree in Voice Performance from National University of Colombia. A versatile performer, Margie enjoys to perform in both operatic and recital stages. Her interest in contemporary music has led her to collaborate with various composers, premiering different works. Bernal has been a soloist for different orchestras and ensembles in Colombia, Canada, the United States, and Italy. Bernal's passion for Spanish music and commitment to her Hispanic heritage has led her to delve into the world of Spanish opera, this being the inspiration to concentrate her doctoral research in the creation of an anthology of operatic arias for soprano written by Spanish composers.

Canadian baritone **James Westman** has appeared in many of the world's leading opera, recital and concert halls. Westman's versatility and artistic sensibility has earned him the highest praise from audiences and critics of Grand Opera, Oratorio, Art Song, Baroque, Chamber and Modern classical music. His career has encompassed over 35 years of singing over 60 roles on the opera stage and over 40 oratorios/symphonic works. In recent years, Westman has garnished praise for his vocal training of professional young opera singers in ensembles and Universities/Conservatory programs throughout the world. Westman has recorded with Decca, BBC, CBC, Naxos, Opera Rara and Centre Disc. His recordings have been nominated for four Juno's and two Grammy's. James Westman hosts on CBC radio 2, 'This is my Music' and will contribute to CBC's Saturday Afternoon at the Opera.

A Ukrainian native, **Olena Bratishko** is a recent DMA graduate in collaborative piano from Western University. Bratishko also holds a Master of Arts degree from Ukraine and a Master of Music in collaborative piano from the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee (UWM). In the United States, Bratishko studied with Judit Jaimes, Jeffry Peterson, and Elena Abend. There she enjoyed being a collaborative pianist for the UWM Chamber Institute, the Concert Chorale, Men's Choir, and the Kalliope Vocal Arts Series concerts. The collaboration with the Dance department resulted in a unique project of staging Goldberg Variations by J. S. Bach with a live performance in 2008. Currently, Bratishko is a freelance collaborative pianist and a vocal coach at Western University where she coaches undergraduate and graduate singers. A keen interpreter of song, Bratishko's true passion lies in researching and performing Ukrainian art song. She is privileged to be a part of the Ukrainian Art Song Project directed by Pavlo Hunka

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Don Quichotte à Dulcinée
Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

1. Chanson Romanesque - Romance Song

Were you to tell me that the earth,
turning so much, offended you,
I would hurry Panza to her:
you would see her motionless and fall silent.

Were you to tell me that boredom
comes to you from heaven, adorned with too many stars,
tearing apart the divine decrees,
with one blow I would fell the night.

Were you to tell me that space
thus emptied pleases you not
knight of God, lance in hand,
I would scatter stars in the passing wind.

But were you to tell me that my blood
is more mine than yours, my Lady,
I would grow pale under the reproach
And I would die, still blessing you.

O Dulcinea.
(Text: Paul Morand; English: Christopher Goldsack)

2. Chanson épique - Epic song

Good Saint Michael who give me liberty
to see my Lady and to hear her,
good Saint Michael who deign to choose me
to please and defend her,
good Saint Michael I beg you to come down
with Saint George to the altar
of the Madonna with the blue mantle.
With a ray from heaven bless my blade
and its equal in purity
and its equal in piety
as in modesty and chastity: my Lady.
O great Saint George and Saint Michael
the angel who watches over my vigil,
my sweet Lady so like
you, Madonna with the blue mantle!
Amen
(Text: Paul Morand; English: Christopher Goldsack)

3. Chanson à boire - Drinking song

Away with the bastard, illustrious Lady,
who, to disfavour me in your sweet eyes,
says that love and old wine
place my heart, my soul in mourning!
I drink to happiness!
Happiness is the only goal
to which I go straight
once I have drunk!
Away, dark-haired mistress, with the jealous man
who moans, who weeps and preaches

to be forever that pale lover
who waters down his intoxication!
I drink to happiness!
Happiness is the only goal
to which I go straight
once I have drunk!
(Text: Paul Morand; English: Christopher Goldsack)

Tres Arias, Op. 26
Joaquín Turina (1882-1949)

I. Romance (Duque de Rivas)

On a dapple-grey mare,
leaving his thoughts behind him,
Atarfe the noble warrior
rides proudly into Córdoba.

He who took the Moorish crescents with glory to Toledo,
and returns with a thousand captives,
and laden down with trophies.

The streets and terraces are filled with eager crowds,
gazing upon him and calling, "Viva, viva!"

The Moorish girls on the roofs
wave white handkerchiefs
and cast orange-blossom water into the air
and their praises to the wind.

And amid such festive pomp, he is the envy of the old
men, he charms the womenfolk,
he is an example of the young.

Before Darája's windows,
Darája of the sloe-black eyes
whose gaze flashes fire and burns you on sight,
he stops in humble surrender,
he who, superb and triumphant,
was the scourge of the Christians,
the glory of the Saracens.

But alas! he sees the windows are barred,
very different to earlier times,
when they were hung in his honour with silks and fine-
woven rugs.

And on seeing these signs, and recognising, in sorrow,
that though he has won battles, he has lost his lady's
love,
weeping most tenderly,
he who was so hardhearted,
turns his face to his captives,
saying to them thus:
"Go with God, for you are free men,
you may go home from here,
and take the spoils of war with you,
for I have no one to present them to".

For it is not right for a man to keep any souvenir of his victories when just as he was winning them he was losing Darája's heart.

(Text: *Duque de Rivas*; English: *Susannah Howe*)

II. El Pescador - The fisherman (José de Espronceda)

My little fisher girl,
come down to the bank and listen with pleasure
to my song of love;
sitting on his little boat,
sings to you of his affection,
as no other lover before
your gentle fisherman.

The night envelops the sky and tames the wind to silence,
and the motionless waves grow calm as well:

Come down to my boat,
my sweet, pretty beloved:
your face will light up the dark night.

On your brow a shining garland of conches and coral
and mother-of-pearl
my love, I shall place;
and swearing eternal love to you a thousand times,
as you bring all meaning to my simple life,
I shall find my happiness.

The deep sea shall not frighten you, nor the stormy wind,
for on seeing your lovely face, their anger will subside;
and sylphs and water nymphs with their gentle songs
together
will praise you as queen of the seas.

My little fisher girl, etc.

(Text: *José de Espronceda*; English: *Susannah Howe*)

III. Rima - Rhyme (Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer)

I saw you once, and floating before my eyes
the image of your eyes remained,
like the dark shape edged in fire
that floats and blinds when one looks at the sun.

And wherever my gaze may turn,
I see again their fiery pupils;
but I cannot find you, only your gaze,
a pair of eyes, your eyes, nothing more.

From my alcove in the corner I see them sparkle,
fantastical and free:
when I sleep I feel them watching,
wide open, over me.

I know there are will-o'-the-wisps
who by night lead travellers to their deaths:
I feel myself borne away by your eyes,
but whither they bear me, I know not.

(Text: *Gustavo Adolfo Becquer*; English: *Susannah Howe*)

Three songs for baritone Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

Она как полдень хороша (She is as fair as day), op. 14, no. 9

She is as beautiful as midday,
and more mysterious than midnight.
Her eyes have not wept,
her soul has not suffered.
And I, whose life is grief and struggle,
am fated to yearn for her.
O! Thus the eternally weeping sea
is in love with the silent shore.

(Text: *Nikolai Minsky*; English: *Natalia Challis*)

Христос воскрес (Christ is risen), op. 26, no. 6

"Christ is risen" they sing in church;
but I am sad...my soul is silent.
The world is full of split blood and tears,
and this hymn before the altars
sounds so offensive.
If only He was among us and saw
what our glorious age has achieved,
how brother came to hate his brother,
how disgraced is man.

And if, here in this resplendent temple,
"Christ is risen" He were to hear,
with such bitter tears
He would begin to sob over the crowd.

(Text: *Dimitri Merezhkovsky*; English: *Natalia Challis*)

В молчаньи ночи тайной (In the silence of night), op. 4, no. 3

O, long will I, in the quiet of the secret night
banish from my thoughts
and call to memory again
your smile, beguiling wods and gaze,
your offhand gaze,
your tresses gentle to my touch...
in whispers to improve the thoughts
of which we spoke, timid thoughts,
and then in rapture, against all reason,
with your cherished name awaken
the darkness of the night
with your cherished name awaken
the darkness of the night.

O, long will I, in the quiet of the secret night
with your cherished name awaken
the darkness of the night.

(Text: *Afanasy Fet*; English: *Natalia Challis*)

Three songs for soprano

Сирень (Lilacs), op. 21, no.5

In the morning, at dawn,
through grass wet with dew,
I will go to breathe the fresh air.
In the fragrant shade
where lilacs crowd
I will search for my happiness there...
One happiness only
in my life I will find,
and it dwells in a lilac bower,
on green branches,
in fragrant clusters,
my meek happiness comes into flower...
(Text: Ekaterina Beketova; English: Natalia Challis)

Здесь хорошо (How fair this spot), op. 21, no. 7

How peaceful...
look there, in the distance
shines the river like a flame,
the fields lie like a flowered carpet,
light clouds above us...
here there are no people...
here there is no silence...
here is only God - and I,
flowers - and an aging pine,
and you, my dream!
(Text: Glafira Galina; English: Natalia Challis)

Весенние воды (Spring waters), op. 14, no. 11

In the fields snow still lies,
but torrents resound with the joy of spring,
they surge and awaken the sleeping shore,
flowing, sparkling, proclaiming,
proclaiming to all ends of the earth:
“Spring comes, spring comes,
we are heralds of spring,
we are sent forth to say:
spring comes, spring comes”
And the quiet, warm days of May
in a rosy, bright round dance,
crowd joyfully in spring’s steps.
(Text: Fyodor Tyutchev; English: Natalia Challis)

Nedda and Silvio duet from *I Pagliacci* Ruggero Leoncavallo (1857-1919)

*E allor perchè di’, tu m’hai stregato (Tell me, why then,
did you bewitch me?)*

Silvio:

Why, if you must leave me without pity,
why then, sorceress, have you ensnared me?
Why then, that kiss of yours
in the abandon of your close embrace?
If you forget those fleeting hours,
I cannot do so: I desire still
that warm abandon and that flaming kiss
that kindled such a fire in my blood!

Nedda:

I have forgotten nothing: I have been stirred
and shaken by your burning love.
All I wish is to share a life of love with you,
bound to you ever in a sweet enchantment.
To you I give myself and you I take;
you alone rule me: I am wholly yours.

Nedda and Silvio:

Let us forget everything.

Nedda:

Look into my eyes! Look at me!
Kiss me, kiss me! Let us forget everything!

Silvio:

You will come?

Nedda:

Yes. Kiss me.

Nedda and Silvio:

Yes, I look at you, I kiss you,
I love you, I love you!
(Text: Ruggero Leoncavallo; English: EMI (U.S.) Ltd.,
1954)