



music at convocation hall

Visiting Artist

Donna Brown, soprano

with

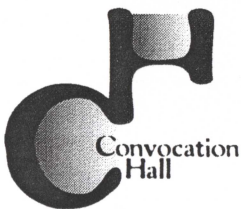
Stéphane Lemelin, piano

Friday, March 23, 2001

7:15 pm *Pre-Concert Introduction*
by **David Gramit**

Main floor, Convocation Hall

8:00 pm *Concert*



Arts Building
University of Alberta

Program

- | | | |
|---|----------------------------|----------------|
| 1 | Im Frühling | Franz Schubert |
| 2 | Der Jüngling auf dem Hügel | (1797-1828) |
| 3 | Die Rose | |
| 4 | Der Jüngling an der Quelle | |
| 5 | Nacht und Träume | |

- | | | |
|---|-------------|----------------|
| 6 | An den Mond | Franz Schubert |
| 7 | Nachtstück | |
| 8 | Auf dem See | |
| 9 | Die Vögel | |

Intermission

- | | | |
|----|----------------------------------|-----------------|
| 10 | Die Lotosblume | Robert Schumann |
| 11 | Röselein, Röselein | (1810-1856) |
| 12 | Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort | Clara Schumann |
| 13 | Das ist ein Tag, der klingen mag | (1819-1896) |
| 14 | O Lust, O Lust | |

- | | | |
|----|-----------------------|-----------------|
| 15 | All mein Gedanken | Richard Strauss |
| 16 | Die Zeitlose | (1864-1849) |
| 17 | Allerseelen | |
| 18 | Schön sind, doch kalt | |
| 19 | Morgen | |

- | | | |
|-----|---------------------|----------|
| 20. | Encore: Die Forelle | Schubert |
|-----|---------------------|----------|

Translation

Im Frühling (Schulze)/In the Springtime

Silently, I sit on the hillside.
The sky is so clear,
The breezes play in the green valley
Where once, in the first rays of spring,
I was, oh, so happy.

Where I walked by her side
So tender and so close,
And saw deep in the dark rocky stream
The fair sky, bleu and bright,
And her reflected in that sky.

See how the colourful spring
Already peeps from bud and blossom.
Not all blossoms are the same to me:
I like most of all to pluck them from the branch
From which she has plucked.

For all is still as it was then.
The Flowers, the fields;
The sun shines no less brightly,
And no less cheerfully,
The sky's blue image bathes in the stream.

Only will and delusion change
And joy alternates with strife;
The happiness of love flies past,
And only love remains;
Love and also, sorrow.

Oh, if only I were a bird,
There on the sloping meadow!
Then I would stay on these branches
And sing a sweet song about her
All summer long.

Der Jüngling auf dem Hügel (Hüttenbrenner)/The Young Man On the Hill

A young man sat on the hill with his sorrow;
His eyes were troubled and full of tears.
Saw lambs at play and green rocky slopes,
Saw the happy little brook flow along the valley;
The butterflies were suckling red flowers,
Like morning dreams, clouds were flying around,
And everything was so lively, and everything swam in happiness,
It was only in his heart that joy did not gaze.

Der Jüngling auf dem Hügel (Hüttenbrenner)/The Young Man On the Hill

(cont'd.)

Ah! now the dampened sound of mourning was heard in the village,
Already from far away arose a plaintive song;
He now saw the glow of the lights,
The black funeral procession,
And he started to weep bitterly,
Because his little rose was being carried away.

Now the coffin was lowered,
The grave digger came,
And gave back to the earth,
What God had taken.

Then the young man fell silent,
And looked on prayerfully,
Already thinking of the happy day when they would see each other again.

And as the stars came,
And the moon sailed up in the sky,
He read in the stars the lofty message of hope.

Die Rose (Schlegel)/The Rose

Lovely warmth convinced me to risk coming into the light;
Wild embers where burning there, this will I always bemoan.

I could blossom for a long time in the mildly warm days;
Now I must wilt early, life passes me by.

When dawn came, I did not hesitate and opened my buds, where all my charms were.
I could smell in a friendly way, and wear my crown;
Then the sun got too hot, it is it I must therefore accuse.

What could the mild evening do?
I must now ask sadly.
It can no longer rescue me, take away my pains.

Dusk has faded away, soon the cold will nail me.
As I am dying, I wanted to tell the story of my short and young life.

Der Jüngling an der Quelle (Salis)/(The Young Man at the Source)

Softly babbling source! You towering, murmuring poplars!
Your slumber noises only awaken love. I sought comfort by you,
And I sought to forget her, the indifferent one,
But leaves and brook sigh after you, Louise.

Nacht und Träume (v. Collin)/Night and Dreams

Holy night, you are falling,
Dreams surge, as your moon light shines through the space,
Through the people's quiet heart.

Nacht und Träume (v. Collin)/Night and Dreams (cont'd.)

They look upon it with joy,
Calling, when the day awakens:
Return, holy night!
Noble dreams, come back!

An den Mond (Hölty)/To the Moon

Once more you quietly fill bush and valley with a misty glow,
And at last you completely unbind my soul as well;
You soothingly extend your gaze over my fields,
Just as my companion's eyes rest gently upon my fate.

My heart feels every reverberation of happy and sad times;
I walk in solitude between joy and sorrow.
Flow, flow, dear river! I will never be happy;
That is how our sporting and kissing slipped away, and faithfulness as well.
(And yet I did once possess that most precious thing!
Why is it, to one's sorrow, that one can never forget it!)

Babble, river, down the valley without pause or letup,
Babble, whisper melodies for my song,
When in winter nights you rage and overflow your banks,
Or when you purl around the springtime splendor of young buds.

Happy is the person who shuts himself off from the world without hatred,
Clasps a friend to his heart and with him enjoys that which, unknown or disregarded by
people,
Walks in the night through the labyrinth of the heart.

Nachtstück (Mayrhofer)/Night Piece

When fog spreads over the mountains,
And the moon fights with the clouds,
Then the old man takes up his harp,
walks, and sings softly into the woods:

"You holy night! It is almost over.
Soon I will sleep the long slumber,
Which will release me from my grief."

The green trees then murmur:
"Sleep well, you old and good man";
The grass whispers, swaying gently:
"We will cover his resting place";
And a loving bird calls:
"O, let him rest on a grassy bed!"

The old man listens,
The old man is silent
Death has bowed down to him.

Auf dem See (Goethe)/On the Lake

Yes, I absorb fresh nourishment and new blood from the outdoors;
How beautiful and kindly is Nature, who clasps me to her breast!
The rocking waves lift our boat to the beat of the oars,
And mountains, rising heavenward through the clouds, come to meet us as we proceed.

Why are you cast down, my eyes?
Are you returning once more, golden dreams?
Away with you, dreams!
Golden though you may be, here too there is love and life.

On the waves a thousand floating stars twinkle;
On all sides soft mists absorb the towering mountains in the distance;
A morning breeze whips around the shadowed bay,
And the ripening fruit is reflected on the lake.

Die Vögel (Schlegel)/The Birds

How wonderful, how joyful it is to soar and to sing.
To look down upon the earth from lofty heights!

People are crazy. They cannot fly.
They moan with worry, we flutter into the sky.

The hunter wants to kill, we would rather peck at fruit;
We must mock him and get our booty!

Die Lotosblume (Heine)/The Lotus Flower

The lotus flower is troubled by the sun's splendor
And, dreaming with lowered head, she awaits the night.
The moon is her paramour;
He wakes her with his light, and to him she gladly unveils her dutiful flower-face.
She blossoms and glows and beams, and gazes silently upward;
She emits fragrance and weeps and trembles with love and love's pain.

Röselein, Röselein! (v. d. Neun)/Little Rose, Little Rose!

Little rose, little rose, must there be thorns?
I once was sleeping by the shadowed brook, dreaming sweetly,
And I saw in the golden sunshine a thornless rose,
I picked it and kissed it: "thornless little rose!"

I awoke and looked around:
"I did have it! Where can it be?"
All around in the sunshine there were only roses with thorns!

The brook laughed at me:
"Let go of your dreams!
And take good note,
Roses must have thorns!"

Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort/Secret Whispering Here and There

Secret whispering here and there,
The murmur of hidden sources,
O woods, sacred place,
Let me gaze at the purest truth of life
In the branches and leaves.

As I walk into the woods
I am greeted by the trees,
You dear, free house of God,
With your powerful storm you embrace me
In your cool spaces.

The soft noises and sounds that surround me,
I want to be true to them,
And what reaches me deep in the heart,
Moved by the spirit of love,
I want to reveal in songs.

Das ist ein Tag, der klingen mag/This Is A Day That May Resound

This is a day that may resound
The quail sings in the cornfield,
The sparrow's song of rejoicing is heard in the bright green meadow,
The hunter sounds his horn.
Lady nightingale calls sweetly,
A whisper goes through the leaves
And is answered by its echo,
Everywhere there is singing and ringing,
This is a spring song!

O Lust, O Lust/O Joy, O joy

O joy, what a joy to sing from the mountain into the land!
The smallest tone rings down, as on giant wings!
The quietest breath from one's breast,
Wrenched out in pain or joy,
Becomes a sound unknowingly sung for the whole world.

The longing of the soul rings out towards earth and heaven
And reaches into the hearts of the whole world whether joyful or in tears.
What otherwise is only heard inside oneself,
Flies out as on wings,
O joy, what a joy it is to sing from the mountain into the land!

All mein Gedanken (Dahn)/All My Thoughts

All my thoughts, my heart and my senses,
Are wandering there where my beloved is.
They go their way through wall and gate,
No locks nor moats can stand in the way;
They fly like little birds through the air,
They need no bridges over the water and chasms.
They find the little town, they find the house,
They seek out her window from among all others,
And knock and call: Open, let us enter,
We come from your beloved and greet you,
Open, open, let us enter.

Die Zeitlose (v. Gilm)/The Saffron

In a freshly mown meadow
Stands a lonely saffron,
With the body of a lily,
And the hue of a rose.
But from that pure cup,
It is poison which streams forth so red.
The last flower, the last love,
Are both beautiful, yet deadly.

Allerseelen (v. Gilm)/All Souls' Day

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring here the last of red asters.
And let us speak again of love,
As long ago in May.
Give me the hand that I may secretly clasp it,
And if it is observed by others, I will not mind;
Give me one of your sweet glances,
As long ago in May.
Today each grave is flowering and fragrant,
Once a year is All Souls' Day, -
Come to my heart that I again may have you,
As long ago in May

Schön sind, doch kalt (v. Schack)/Beautiful, yet cold

Beautiful, yet cold, are the stars of heaven,
The gifts which they bestow are scant;
For one of your glances, gladly
Would I give up their golden glow.
Parted, and so we are eternally longing,
Now they bring forth, in the course of the year,
The autumn, with its glorious raiments,
The spring, with its blossoming splendor:
But your eyes, oh, the blessing
Of the entire year flows generously
From them, as the gentle rain
Brings forth the flowers and fruits alike.

Morgen (Mackay)/Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
And on the path that I will follow,
It shall again unite us, happy ones,
Upon this sun-breathing earth ...
And to the wide shore, with its blue waves,
We will quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless, we shall look into each other's eyes,
And upon us will descend the muted silence of happiness...

Born in Canada, **Donna Brown** studied voice in Canada, France, and Austria. In 1982 she won a scholarship to the Herbert Von Karajan Stiftung in Salzburg where she studied with Edith Mathis. She quickly became one of the leading sopranos in Europe working with many of the world's leading conductors, including Wolfgang Sawallisch, Carlo Maria Giulini, Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Helmuth Rilling, Jeffrey Tate, Kurt Masur, Daniel Barenboim, Armin Jordan, Peter Maag, Trevor Pinnock, Charles Dutoit, Semyon Bychkov, and Kent Nagano.

Her opera roles include Pamina, (Opera de Geneve, Opera Bastille, Opera Bordeaux, Canadian Opera Company, and Tokyo) Sophie, (English National Opera, Opera de Toulouse) Almirena, (Opera de Geneve) Morgana, (Theatre du Chatelet, Vancouver Opera, Opera de Geneve) Gilda, (Opera de Montpellier) Rosina, (Opera Lyra Ottawa) and the world premiere creation of the role of Chimene in Debussy's unfinished opera "Rodrigue et Chimene", for the opening of the new Opera de Lyon.

Donna Brown has also become internationally renowned as a concert recital artist and has sung with such pianists as Michel Dalberto, Roger Vignolles, Alain Planes, Philippe Cassard, Jean Marc Luisada, Maria Joao Pires, Stephane Lemelin, Philippe Bianconi,.....

With over two dozen recordings to her name, Ms. Brown is proud to have taken part in numerous 'first releases' such as "Rodrigue et Chimene" - Debussy/Denisov, under Kent Nagano, "Scylla et Glaucus" - Leclair, under Sir John Eliot Gardiner, "Messe Solonnelle" - Berlioz, under Sir John Eliot Gardiner, "Requiem der Versohnung", under Helmuth Rilling, "Fanny Mendelssohn Lieder", pianist Francoise Tillard, and "Gitanjali" written for her voice by the Canadian composer R. Murray Schafer, under Mario Bernardi. Ms. Brown has also made two recordings with Stephane Lemelin, Fruhlingslieder, released in 1998, and Debussy's Chansons de Jeunesse to be released this spring.

A pianist with a broad and eclectic repertoire that ranges from the Classical period to the twentieth century and from art song literature to the Romantic concerto, Canadian pianist **Stéphane Lemelin** has received particular praise for his interpretations of Schubert, Schumann, Fauré and Ravel. He tours regularly in the United States and Canada and has given numerous performances in Europe.

A frequent participant in summer festivals including the Lanaudière International Festival, Parry Sound, Domaine Forget, Ottawa, and Vancouver Chamber Music Festivals, he has collaborated with artists such as Donna Brown, Boris Berman, Jacques Israelievitch, David Shifrin, Walter Trampler, and the St Lawrence and Muir String Quartets. He has appeared as soloist with most of Canada's major orchestras including the Montreal Symphony under Charles Dutoit. Recital engagements have included London's Wigmore Hall, the Phillips Collection in Washington, the Ladies Morning Musical Club in Montreal and the Vancouver Recital Society.

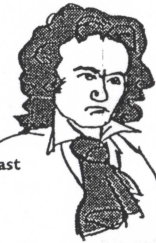
Stéphane Lemelin has made several compact disk recordings as a soloist and chamber musician. His first CD, released by Scandinavian Records in 1992, contains works by Schumann and Schubert "recorded to exquisite effect" (The Washington Post). His recording of the complete Nocturnes of Gabriel Fauré for CBC Records has also received enthusiastic reviews. Two recordings (one of French and the other of American music for cello and piano) showcase his collaboration with cellist Tanya Prochazka (ATMA). Mr. Lemelin's recording of works by piano and orchestra by Saint-Saëns, Fauré and Roussel with the CBC Vancouver Orchestra under Mario Bernardi was nominated for a Juno award in 1999. Other recent releases include: Poulenc's L'Histoire de Babar and Debussy La Boîte à joujoux (Atma), a collection of Frühlingslieder with soprano Donna Brown (Atma), the piano music of little-known French Impressionist composer Gustave Samazeuilh (Atma), and a disc of fantasies for violin and piano with violinist Jacques Israëlievitch (Fleur de Son Classics). He just completed a recording of early Debussy songs with Donna Brown, as well as a disk of piano works by French composer Guy Ropartz (Atma). Mr. Lemelin's concerts and recordings are frequently heard on CBC radio and have been broadcast on NPR affiliate stations in the United States.

Stéphane Lemelin was born in Mont-Joli, Quebec, in 1960. After studying with Yvonne Hubert in Montreal, he worked with Karl-Ulrich Schnabel in New York, Leon Fleisher at the Peabody Conservatory, and Boris Berman and Claude Frank at Yale University where he received the Doctor of Musical Arts degree.

A laureate of the Casadesus International Competition in Cleveland, he is the recipient of several national and international awards, including grants from the Canada Council, the Alberta Foundation for the Arts, and the Austrian Government. Since 1990, Mr. Lemelin has been on the piano faculty of the University of Alberta.

This season, Stéphane Lemelin has given recitals in Japan, China, India, and England as well as several cities in Canada. He also gave master classes at the Glenn Gould School of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto, Mount Royal College, and the Hong Kong Academy for the Performing Arts. This summer he will appear at the Agassiz Festival in Winnipeg, the Ottawa Chamber Music Festival, the Festival of the Sound in Parry Sound, and with the Montreal Symphony Orchestra at Notre Dame Basilica.

The Classics



"Music is well said to be
the speech of angels."
Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881)

Classic Examples
Mon to Wed from 6 to 8 PM, Thu from 6-8:30 PM

Saturday & Sunday Breakfast
Sat from 6 till 9 AM and Sun from 7 till 9 AM

Crescendo
Wed from 8 till 10 PM

Bel Canto
Sun from 8 till 10 PM

Music for a Sunday Night
Sun from 10:30 PM till 1 AM

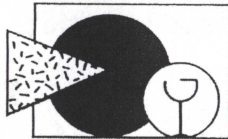
Hear a world of difference!

94.9
FM



THE
EDMONTON ART GALLERY

GOURMET



GOODIES



University
of
Alberta