

# FREE CONCERT SERIES IN THE RICHARD BRADSHAW AMPHITHEATRE

PRESENTED BY



TD READY  
COMMITMENT

VOCAL SERIES

January 9, 2024, 12 p.m.

## *in a dark blue night: From Vienna to New York City*

Sara Schabas, soprano  
Isabelle David, piano  
Robin Elliott, narration

### THE PROGRAM

Sieben frühe Lieder, No. 1, Nacht .....Alban Berg  
Brettl Lieder, No. 6, Galathea.....Arnold Schoenberg  
Six sonnets de Louïze Labé, No. 1, Claire Vénus..... Viktor Ullmann  
Fünf Lieder, No. 5, Ich wandle unter Blumen..... Alma Mahler  
Dreizehn Lieder für eine Singstimme und Klavier, Op. 2, No. 6, Empfängnis....Alexander Zemlinsky  
Four Shakespeare Songs, Op. 31, No. 4, When birds do sing .....Erich Korngold  
in a dark blue night | אין אַ טונקל בלויער נאַכט ..... Alex Weiser  
Evening | אָוונט  
Broadway | בראָדוויי  
Like the Stars in Heaven | ווי די שטערן אויף דעם הימל  
Golden Honey | גילדענער האַניק  
Night Reflex | נאַכט־רעפֿלעקס  
“Marietta’s Lied” (*Die tote Stadt*)..... Korngold

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## COMING UP NEXT AT THE FREE CONCERT SERIES

Wed. Jan. 10, 2024, 12–1 p.m.

### JAZZ SERIES

David Zucchi, saxophone

Adam Sherkin, piano

#### *Songs and Shouts*

Saxophonist David Zucchi and pianist Adam Sherkin explore the rich world of classical-jazz crossover. From Gershwin's own elaborate arrangements of his wildly popular songs, to the modern and free jazz-influenced British composers Mark-Anthony Turnage and Alex Paxton, this program is sure to show you a side of the saxophone you have never heard before.

Thu. Jan. 11, 2024, 5:30–6:30 p.m.

### INSTRUMENTAL SERIES

Dior Quartet

#### *The Glenn Gould School's 23/24 String Quartet-in-Residence*

The Dior Quartet of Noa Sarid (violin), Tobias Elser (violin), Caleb Georges (viola), and Joanne Yesol Choi (cello) is the Quartet-in-Residence at The Royal Conservatory of Music's Glenn Gould School. Most recently, they won the prestigious Concert Artists Guild (CAG) Elmaleh Competition in New York City, resulting in an international management contract with CAG. Formed in 2018 at the Jacobs School of Music, Indiana University, the Dior Quartet has been serving as mentoring artists for the new Oscar Peterson Program at The Royal Conservatory.

## YOU MIGHT ALSO LIKE...

Wed. Feb. 7, 2024, 12–1 p.m.

### VOCAL SERIES

Jane Archibald, soprano

Liz Upchurch, piano

#### *Inspirations of Clara*

While performing the title role in Janáček's *The Cunning Little Vixen*, soprano Jane Archibald reunites with Liz Upchurch, the Ensemble Studio's Head of Music, to perform a program of love and loss. This cycle will dive into the love triangle between Clara Schumann, her husband Robert, and her complicated relationship with Brahms.

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FOUR SEASONS CENTRE  
FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS

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## Nacht

Clouds loom over night and valley.  
Mists hover, waters softly murmur.  
Now at once all is unveiled.  
O take heed! Take heed!

A vast wonderland opens up,  
Silvery mountains soar dreamlike tall,  
Silent paths climb silver-bright valley-yards  
From a hidden womb.

And the glorious world so dreamlike pure.  
A silent beech-tree stands by the wayside  
Shadow-black – a breath from the distant grove  
Blows solitary soft.

And from the deep valley's gloom  
Lights twinkle in the silent night.  
Drink soul! Drink solitude!  
O take heed! Take heed!

*(Text: Carl Hauptmann  
Translation: Richard Stokes)*

## Galathea

Ah, how I'm burning with desire,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
Just to kiss your cheeks,  
Because they're so enchanting.

The rapture that I feel,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
Just to kiss your tresses,  
Because they're so enticing.

Never resist me, till I've finished,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
Kissing your hands,  
Because they're so enticing.

Ah, you do not sense how I burn,

Galathea, lovely child,  
To kiss your knees,  
Because they're so enticing.

And what wouldn't I do, my sweet,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
To kiss your feet,  
Because they're so enticing.

But never expose your lips,  
Sweet girl, to my kisses,  
For the fullness of their charms  
Can only be kissed in fantasy.

*(Text: Franz Wedekind  
Translation: Richard Stokes)*

## Claire Vénus

Radiant Venus, wanderer in the skies,  
Hear my lamenting voice, which will expound,  
As long as in the stars your face is found,  
My song of long distress and anxious cries.

The sight of you will help my sleepless eyes  
More easily to melt and bathe my bed  
With more abundant flow of tears shed,  
Since you are witness to my pangs and sighs.

Now is the time when weary people rest  
And find sweet refuge in the arms of sleep.  
I suffer pain enough when the sun is strong.

And when, utterly broken and depressed,  
I take myself to bed in a crumpled heap,  
Then I must cry my heartache all night long.

*(Text: Louïze Labé  
Translation: Peter Low)*

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### **Ich wandle unter blumen**

I wander among flowers  
And blossom with them;  
I wander as in a dream  
And sway with every step.  
O, hold me fast, beloved!  
Or drunk with love  
I'll fall at your feet –  
And the garden is full of folk.

*(Text: Heinrich Heine  
Translation: Richard Stokes)*

### **Empfängnis**

You, soft night, O come and embrace me.  
You round out my yearning and mature the wine.  
A blissful, mute awe for the Redeemer  
Swells my soul, pure and ready for conception.  
And as I open my arms with longing,  
There fights free from heaven's fruit  
A bright seed, and it falls from God's firmament  
Into the womb of my soul, so devout and full of awe.

*(Text: Paul Wertheimer  
Translation: Emily Ezust)*

### **Evening**

The sun rests on the Palisades,  
Casting her last, sweet glance  
To the forlorn Hudson, which lies  
In its cold silver-bed lost in thought,  
Murmuring a lonely "good night."

Good night to you, princess of light, silent  
As a dream of youth on the shore  
You're sinking, taking joy with you!  
Luminously setting in our splendor,  
Leaving the world alone — good night!

Soon only a red spot remains  
On the horizon like blood, an ache  
Takes shape in the West and a pain

Rocks the fields sleep and calm  
And whispers everywhere: "good night"...

*(Text: Morris Rosenfeld  
Translation: Alex Weiser)*

### **Broadway**

The evening blooms. The street rustles bright as a  
thousand springs.  
Fires swim up from sundust and coral.  
Shop windows - fiery caves.  
Cascades of deep velvet, silks heavy and cool.  
And people in an endless quadrille,  
Meeting each other and losing themselves.  
And there are searching eyes, eyes singing,  
laughing,  
But to me, everything is kneeling.

The wind blossoms blue. Blue shadows fall.  
A car soars by on long black rays.  
A billboard takes shape in heaven like a sword.  
And voices rustle kissing each other, heard and  
unheard,  
And wind upward together like spirals of light.  
And eyes searching, eyes singing, laughing.  
But to me it's tragic: the last watch,  
The final hour of farewell on the earth.

*(Text: Anna Margolin  
Translation: Alex Weiser)*

### **Like the Stars in Heaven**

Like the stars in heaven  
In a dark blue night,  
Your streets are illuminated,  
Your towers are illuminated,  
Great noisy city.  
Your towers are illuminated,  
Your windows are illuminated,  
Illuminated like the stars  
In a dark blue night.

*(Text: Naftali Gross  
Translation: Alex Weiser)*

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### Golden Honey

In the rooms of your skyscrapers  
Golden honey runs - the light  
Through the millions of windows,  
As if through the rooms of a gigantic honeycomb,  
You can see the golden honey,  
The honey of mankind, the light.  
Giant bees have built their beehives here,  
A forest of beehives,  
And overfilled them with honey,  
Mankind's honey, - the light.  
The Hudson is pitch black at night,  
And the honey flows over there,  
And engulfs the blackness of the shores of New  
York.

Such trees with golden fruit,  
A forest with golden fruit,  
Giant cedars,  
Covered with hanging streetlights.

*(Text: Celia Dropkin  
Translation: Alex Weiser)*

### Night Reflex

Against the gentle, flowing gray of evening,  
The skyscrapers scream, like naked giants,  
With dark brows and fiery eyes —  
A mighty cry of the human desire,  
To build wonder within the wonder of the world.  
And wonder-veiled, like a giant black bow  
A bridge stretches curved-taut, from shore to  
shore  
Over a black river.  
And life, drained from days  
And dreams, enchanted in the nights,  
Flow golden through steel veins  
From wonder to wonder,  
Where people have illuminated a window to  
heaven.

*(Text: Reuben Iceland  
Translation: Alex Weiser)*

### Marietta's Lied

Happiness that has stayed with me,  
Move up close beside me, my true love.  
In the grove evening is waning,  
Yet you are my light and day.  
One heart beats uneasily against the other,  
While hope soars heavenward.

How true, a mournful song.  
The song of the true love  
Bound to die.  
I know this song.  
I often heard it sung  
In happier days of yore.  
There is yet another stanza -  
Have I still got it in mind?

Though dismal sorrow is drawing nigh,  
Move up close beside me, my true love.  
Turn your wan face to me.  
Death will not part us.  
When the hour of death comes one day,  
Believe that you will rise again.

*(Text: Julius Korngold  
Translation: Bertram Kottmann)*

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## Sara Schabas – soprano

Toronto-born soprano Sara Schabas has performed leading roles with companies including Pacific Opera Victoria, Vancouver Opera, Tapestry Opera, the Dayton Opera, and the Aspen Opera Theatre. A recent prize winner with the Eckhardt-Grammaté Competition and the Metropolitan Opera Laffont Competition, in 2020 she was nominated for a Dora Award for Outstanding Performance by an Individual for her performance as Anne Frank in Cecilia Livingston's *Singing Only Softly*. Schabas has performed as a member of Barbara Hannigan's Equilibrium Young Artists, with the Vienna's Concentus Musicus, at Opernhaus Zürich's Spiegelsaal, and with the late Maestro Lorin Maazel in Mahler's Symphony No. 4. This season, she debuts with Kitchener's Grand Philharmonic Choir, the Little Opera Company of Winnipeg, and the Orchestre Classique de Montréal. Based in Montreal, Schabas is also a current doctoral student at McGill University, yoga teacher, and the editor of Art Song Canada magazine.



## Isabelle David – piano

Born to a family of musicians, Isabelle David is the youngest of a lineage of pianists dating back five generations. Praised for her "poetic and flexible virtuosity" (*Helsingin Sanomat*), she has performed concerts in North America and Europe, notably at Musiikkitalo (Helsinki), Jordan Hall (Boston), Zipper Hall (Los Angeles), Carnegie Hall (New York), and Wilfrid-Pelletier Hall (Montréal). She has been a guest soloist with orchestras across Canada. Her resume lists dozens of prizes, including the Borromeo String Quartet Guest Artist Award.

With violinist Yolanda Bruno, she released the album *The Wild Swans* (2019), which features the works of 11 outstanding women composers. As an Equilibrium Young Artists alumna, she regularly collaborates with soprano-conductor Barbara Hannigan.

David received her doctorate from the Université de Montréal under the direction of Jean Saulnier. Her focus was the piano literature of Québec composer Auguste Descarries. She has edited Descarries' manuscripts

and recorded a solo album of his works, *Souvenirs d'Auguste Descarries* (Leaf Music, 2022), nominated for a Prix Opus.

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### **Robin Elliott – Narration**

Robin Elliott is a professor of musicology at the University of Toronto who specializes in the history of music in Canada. He has published over a dozen books or editions of music as author, editor, or co-editor, and has written dozens of peer-reviewed articles in edited collections and scholarly journals. His current major research project, titled *European Refugee Musicians in Canada, 1937-1950*, examines the life stories and career experiences of some 100 artists, the vast majority of them Jewish, who fled from Nazi-occupied Europe and found safe haven in Canada. The project is supported by a SSHRC Insight Grant and the Jackman Humanities Institute Scholars-in-Residence program.

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