

FREE CONCERT SERIES IN THE RICHARD BRADSHAW AMPHITHEATRE

PRESENTED BY



TD READY
COMMITMENT

VOCAL SERIES

November 7, 2023, 12 p.m.

SONGS AND SUPPRESSION: A MUSICAL JOURNEY OUT OF EXILE

Samuel Chan, baritone
Constanze Beckmann, piano

THE PROGRAM

Sechs Gesänge, Op. 1Walter Braunfels
An den Nachtwind
Die stillen Kähne
Aus dem 'Jahr der Seele'
Die Tolle
Innere Landschaft

Sechs Gesänge, Op. 4Braunfels
Abbitte
Einziges Geschiedensein
An ein junges Mädchen
Der junge Knabe singt
Flussübergang

Hollywooder LiederbuchHanns Eisler
Der Sohn, I, II
In den Weiden
An den kleinen Radioapparat
Frühling
Speisekammer 1942
Auf der Flucht
Über den Selbstmord
Die Flucht
Gedenktafel für 4000 Soldaten, die im Krieg gegen Norwegen versenkt wurden
Epitaph auf einen in der Flandernschlacht Gefallenen
Hölderlin-Fragmente, I, II, III, IV, V, VI

Photography, video, and audio recording are strictly prohibited during the performance.
You are welcome to take photos before and after the performance and are encouraged to share with us on:



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Programming is subject to change. For complete up-to-date listings, and to sign up for email updates, visit coc.ca/FreeConcerts.

COMING UP NEXT AT THE FREE CONCERT SERIES

INSTRUMENTAL SERIES

Wed. Nov. 8, 2023, 12–1 p.m.

Rogue Duo

Common Thread

Featuring works by composers of Iranian and Ukrainian heritage, this performance depicts the ways in which the human spirit rises above adversity and marches onward. The concert includes new works by Rojin Monibi, Niloufar Shahbazi, Mehrdad Jafari Raad, and Eugene Astapov, which were commissioned by ICOT (Saman Shahi, Keyan Emami, Maziar Heidari) – a collective of composers who have also produced a new work for the program. While extremely diverse in their aesthetics, each of these pieces explore the commonality in what it means to be human.

DANCE SERIES

Tue. Nov. 14, 2023, 12–1 p.m.

SaMel Tanz

CHAMPIONESS

Presented by DanceWorks, join us for excerpts of SaMel Tanz's new work *CHAMPIONESS*. Their explosive choreography combines boxing, contemporary, street, and Latin dance to explore identity and mental health, while celebrating women. Engage in an interactive movement experience and a Q&A session with the artists following the performance.

YOU MIGHT ALSO LIKE...

INSTRUMENTAL SERIES

Tue. Dec. 12, 2023, 12–1 p.m.

Jialiang Zhu, piano

Jennifer Tran, saxophone

cons•tell•ation / 星星 of contemporary wind

Dedicated to all people grappling their own diasporic identities, Jennifer Tran and Jialiang Zhu present a concert program for saxophone and piano featuring East Asian diasporic womxn composers of Turtle Island. Throughout this concert, Tran and Zhu share stories exploring diaspora, memory and inherited memories, home and ethnic origin, identity, and cultural trauma.

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An den Nachtwind (To the Nightwind)

Let the water melt away
Ancient memorial flood
Intoxicated in floating musings
Rock me well
From the hill of the mountains
Greet no light
Night wind, wandering Ferryman
Wrap me tight.

Weigh me well before days
Wait, sweltering night
Youth with a golden scale
Keep watch!

*(Text: Karl Wolfskehl
Translation: Constanze Beckmann)*

Die stillen Kähne (The Silent Barges)

The cloud tracks, pale and empty
Are stretched out in a wide dead bow
From there come barges, black and heavy
Like dark birds drawn on the river;

And all the waters no longer sing,
The smooth waves are like pale lead
The trees become blind and empty
The dark boats pass silently.

*(Text: Walter Wenghöfer
Translation: Constanze Beckmann)*

Aus dem 'Jahre der Seele' (From the Year of the Soul)

Faithfulness still compels me
To watch over you
It's the beauty of your patience
That I stay
My holy aspiration is
To make me sad
So that I can share your sorrow more truly.

Never will a warm call greet me
Until the late hours of our union
Do I have to recognize with fear

The bitter fate of a wintry find.

*(Text: Stephan George
Translation: Constanze Beckmann)*

Die Tolle (The Awesome)

It was the mad hair of dreams
Made lukewarm and restless
Like smoke billowing around dark trees
It was like water weeping in the weary fall
Like vapors of dark blood it flowed into the night.

*(Text: Walter Wenghöfer
Translation: Constanze Beckmann)*

Innere Landschaft (Interior Landscape)

The willows sing
Of silver and sand
And anxious things
To the brown beach
And silver things.
And tall women
Pale from slumber
Lying and looking
Equal to the sources
Lying and looking.

*(Text: Walter Wenghöfer
Translation: Constanze Beckmann)*

Abbitte (Apology)

Holy Nature! I have often disturbed your
Godly rest; and of the more secret,
Deeper pains of life,
Many have you learned from me.
O forget it and forgive!
Like those clouds there,
Before the peaceful moon, I will pass,
And you will rest and shine
In your beauty again,
Your sweet light.

*(Text: Friedrich Hölderlin
Translation: Constanze Beckmann)*

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Einziges Geschiedensein (Sole Divorce)

Slumbering in the swelling green
Are you lying where the breeze is fanning you!
Maiden, what does that smile reflect?
Does this tender glow reflect?
Oh, how it creeps up with pain
Cold my innermost peace
Totally divorced like never before
Feels of your my heart.
What, like a divine breath,
Now life trembles through you
Before you wake up, it will float away
It never pleases me either.

(Text: Friedrich Hebbel)

Translation: Constanze Beckmann)

An ein junges Mädchen (To a Young Maiden)

You hang with sweet looks
Towards my face
You want to make me happy
But you can't.
As the pulses beat
The soul trembles and weeps:
I am a drop of water
Through which the sun shines!

(Text: Friedrich Hebbel)

Translation: Constanze Beckmann)

Der junge Knabe singt (The Young Boy Sings)

I haven't been allowed to exchange
Kiss for kisses yet
No bosom has yet pressed against mine
Only dreams can intoxicate me, of dreams such as the
summer night gives.

My blood rushes to the beat of the gliding song
Which almost displaces life
That I listen to like a stranger's soul
When my soul sings what narrows it.

(Text: Friedrich Hebbel)

Translation: Constanze Beckmann)

Flussübergang (River Crossing)

Seventy tailors had conspired

They wanted to go to the Netherlands together

So they sewed a paper wagon
Who could carry seventy brave tailors,
They harnessed the shaggy goats:
Hott Hott, Meck Meck, you jolly brothers.
They were driving, there, stepped on
A footbridge, to meet the tailors of the goats,

Their little goats,
That looked at the masters quite defiantly.
But underneath there was a hearty man
He put on the copper thimble
And pulled out a rusty needle
And stabbed my little goat, so that it jumped.

Then, the kid shakes his horns violently,
And chased the masters through thistle and thorns.
Tore the collar of the hero too,
Captured many tools in the chariot,
And because sixty-eight jumped into the brook,
So only one lost his life,
Because he couldn't jump, he was too weak.

(Text: Traditional)

Translation: Constanze Beckmann)

Der Sohn I (The Son I)

When at night she lay awake and thought
And her son on the grim sea
She could not fall asleep
Her heart, it beat so loudly.
When her son came to visit her
She would stand outside the hut at night.
She poured water from a pail
Against the wall behind which her son lay
So that he could fall asleep, so that he
Could imagine that he was still on the sea.

(Text: Bertolt Brecht)

Translation: Constanze Beckmann)

Der Sohn II (The Son II)

My young son asks me:
Should I study mathematics?
'What for?' I'd like to ask.
'That two pieces of bread are more than one,'
'That you will notice anyway.'

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My young son asks me:
'Should I study English?'
'What for?' I'd like to ask.
'This state will fall, and
If you just rub your stomach with your flat hand and
groan,
People will understand you.'
My young son asks me:
'Should I study history?'
'What for?' I'd like to ask.
'Learn how to stick your head into the sand
Then you might possibly be spared.'
'Yes! Study mathematics,' I say,
'Study English, yes, study history!'

*(Text: Bertolt Brecht
Translation: Constanze Beckmann)*

In den Weiden (In the Willows)

In the willows along the sound
The screech owl often calls in these spring nights.
According to the superstitions of the farm folk
The screech owl informs people
That they do not have long to live.
I, who know that I have spoken the truth
Do not need the bird of death
To inform me of that.

*(Text: Bertolt Brecht
Translation: Constanze Beckmann)*

An den kleinen Radioapparat (To the Small Radio Device)

You small box, that I carried while fleeing,
So that I wouldn't break its lamps myself,
Carefully from house to ship, from ship to train
That my enemies could continue to talk to me
At my bedside and to my pain,
The last at night, the first in the morning,
To talk about their victories and my efforts:
Promise me, not suddenly to go silent!

*(Text: Bertolt Brecht
Translation: Constanze Beckmann)*

Frühling (Spring)

Waters teeming with fish!
Forests of beautiful trees!

The scent of birches and berries!
Wind of many sounds, rocking through the air
So mild, as if yonder iron milk canisters

That are rolling from the white estate, were standing
open!
Scent and sound and image and meaning
Become blurred.
The refugee sits in the alder-grove and takes up
Again his difficult craft: Hoping

*(Text: Bertolt Brecht
Translation: Constanze Beckmann)*

Speisekammer 1942 (Pantry 1942)

Oh, shady coolness! The scent of a dark pine
Enters you every night with a rush,
And mingles with the sweet milk in a large jug
And that of the smoked bacon on the cold stone.
Beer, goat cheese, fresh bread, and berries
Picked from a grey bush when morning dew is falling!
Oh, if I could only invite you - you across sea,
Who are being held captive by the war of empty
stomachs!

*(Text: Bertolt Brecht
Translation: Constanze Beckmann)*

Auf Der Flucht (On the Run)

As I left my books with my friends, while
Rushing toward the border, I abandoned poetry.
Yet, I take my smoking receptacles with me,
Thereby breaking the third rule of a refugee: Have
nothing!
The books are not much use to someone who only
Waits for those coming to take him prisoner.
The little leather pouch and the old pipes
Can henceforth do more for him.

*(Text: Bertolt Brecht
Translation: Constanze Beckmann)*

Content Warning: The following text deals with topics of self-harm and suicide.

Über Den Selbstmord (About Suicide)

In this country and at this time
Dreary evenings should not be allowed;

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Also high bridges over the rivers.
Even the hours between night and morning,
And the whole wintertime as well. That is dangerous!
Because, in view of this misery, people throw away
Their unbearable life in a moment.

(Text: Bertolt Brecht)

Translation: Constanze Beckmann)

Die Flucht (The Flight)

In the course of my flight from my countrymen
I have now arrived in Finland. Friends,
Whom I did not know yesterday, placed beds
In clean rooms.
Through the loudspeaker
I hear the victory announcements of the scum.
Curious, I gaze upon the map.
High up in Lapland,
Towards the northern polar sea,
I still perceive a small door.

(Text: Bertolt Brecht)

Translation: Constanze Beckmann)

Gedenktafel für 4000 soldaten, die im krieg gegen Norwegen versenkt wurden (Memorial plaque for 4,000 soldiers who went under the sea in the war against Norway)

We are all lying in the Kattegatt.
The cattle ships carried us down.
Fisherman, when your net has caught fish here,
Think of us,
Think of us,
And let one escape!

(Text: Bertolt Brecht)

Translation: Constanze Beckmann)

Epitaph auf einen in der Flandernschlacht gefallenen (Epitaph for one who fell in the battle of Flanders)

That he die a miserable death, that is my last will.
He is the archenemy; listen up, you, that is true.
I can say it, for only the Loire
Knows where I am now. And a cricket.

(Text: Bertolt Brecht)

Translation: Constanze Beckmann)

Hölderlin Fragmente (Hölderlin Fragments)

I. Hope

O hope, benignly active one,
Who do not scorn the house of the sorrowing
And glad to serve to rule between mortals:
Where are you? Where are you?
Little yet have I lived.
But cold my evening breathes.
And silent already, like the shades,
I am already here.
And songlessly slumbers my shuddering heart.

(Text: Walter Wenghöfer)

Translation: Constanze Beckmann)

II. Remembrance

The Northeast blows
Among all the winds the one
I love the best, because it portends
A fiery spirit and a good journey to sailors.

But now I go and greet
The beautiful Garonne,
And the gardens of Bordeaux,
There, whereupon the steep bank
The path leads, and the brook falls far down
Into the river, but from above,
A noble pair of oaks and
Silvery poplars gaze on this scene.

On the feast days
The tanned women walk there
Upon the silky earth, in March,
When day and night are equal,
And over slow pathways,
Heavy with golden dreams,
Lulling breezes pass.

(Text: Bertolt Brecht)

Translation: Constanze Beckmann)

III. Elegy 1943

It is as if the old waters,
Which, transformed into
Another rage, a more awful one, returned.
Thus, it seethed and grew and surged from year to year
The tremendous battle, such that widely

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Veiled with darkness and paleness
Was the head of mankind.

Who brought the curse?
It is not from today and not from yesterday.
And those who first lost their moderation,
Our fathers, did not know it.
Too long, too long already mortals tread
Gladly upon each other's heads, fearing their neighbour.
And still erratically desires blow and stray like chaos,
About the seething race of people
And wild and discouraged and chilled by anxieties is
life.

*(Text: Bertolt Brecht
Translation: Constanze Beckmann)*

IV Home

The boatman turns homeward on the bright river
From distant islands, where he has been
Gathering his harvest.
Gladly would I also turn toward home now.
Ah, what sorrow I have reaped.
Ah, what sorrow I have reaped.
You lovely banks that brought me up,
Ah, can you give me,
When I come to you woods of my childhood,
Can you give me that peace once again?

*(Text: Bertolt Brecht
Translation: Constanze Beckmann)*

V. Ode to a city

Long have I loved you.
I should like, for my pleasure,
To call you "Mother" and to present to you artless song.
To you, the most beautiful city of the Fatherland,
As far as I have seen.
As the bird of the forest flies over the peaks,
So the bridge lightly and strongly swings itself
Across the river, there where the river gleams past you.

The bridge ringing with wagons and people.

As I walked the past,
The magic captured me as well
When the bewitching distance shone into the
mountains for me.

You gave the fleeing one
Cooling shadows,
And all the riverbanks gazed after him.

And the lovely image
Sounded from the waves.
Shrubs bloomed downward to the joyful valley
Where, leaned against the hills or the shore,
Your merry streets
Rest under scented gardens.

*(Text: Bertolt Brecht
Translation: Constanze Beckmann)*

VI Remembrance

Oh holy heart of the nations, oh fatherland!
Forbearing all, like the silent Mother Earth,
And utterly misjudged, even though strangers have
exploited you,
Taking the best from your depths.
From you they harvest the thought, the spirit,
They gladly pick the grape cluster, but they
Scoff at you,
Ill-formed vine, you straggle about
On the ground, swaying and wild.

Yet you cannot hide from me many beauties
Often I stood, letting my gaze wander over
The lovely verdure,
The broad garden high in your airy winds
Upon the bright mountains, and I saw you.
And upon the shores I saw the cities blooming,
The noble ones, where industry falls silent in
the workshop,
I saw knowledge, where your sun
Gently lights the artist's way to solemnity.

*(Text: Bertolt Brecht
Translation: Constanze Beckmann)*

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Samuel Chan – baritone

Named one of CBC Music's "30 hot Canadian classical musicians under 30," Canadian baritone Samuel Chan is establishing himself as a versatile young artist to watch internationally. Recent acclaim by critics include praise for his "Agile and powerful baritone" and "Natural and convincing acting ability" (*Neue Musikzeitung*).

Since 2020, he has been a member of the Opernensemble at Theater Kiel. This season includes four new productions, including him performing as Marcello in *La Bohème* and role debuts as Ford in *Falstaff*, Dandini in *La Cenerentola*, and Ottokar in *Der Freischütz* alongside a return as Papageno in *The Magic Flute*. Last season included the debuts as Robert in *Iolanta*, Lescaut in *Manon Lescaut*, and Guglielmo in *Così fan tutte* alongside returns as Papageno in *The Magic Flute*. Past roles include Montano in *Otello*, Albert in *La Juive*, Pantalon/Farfarello in *The Love for Three Oranges*, the Gurilla in the world premiere of Giovanni Sollima's *Das Dschungelbuch*, and Hans in *Der Vetter aus Dingsda*. He has recently worked with directors Alexandra Liedtke, Luise Kautz, Daniel Karasek,

Pier Francesco Maestrini, and Dirk Schmeding alongside conductors Benjamin Reiners (GMD), Sergi Roca, Stephan Bone, and Daniel Carlberg.

Most recently in Canada, he was a last-minute cover for Figaro in *The Barber of Seville* under the baton of Speranza Scappucci at the Canadian Opera Company. He has appeared across Canada with Saskatoon Opera, City Opera of Vancouver, and the Brott Music Festival. Chan is a graduate of the COC Ensemble Studio, Canada's premiere young artist training program. Particular roles during his tenure include Marcello/Sergeant in *La Bohème*, Sycophantic Senator in the world premiere of *Hadrian*, and the 2nd Japanese Envoy in Robert Lepage's production of Stravinsky's *The Nightingale and Other Fables*.

Concert and recital appearances include Beethoven's 9th Symphony with the Philharmonisches Orchester Kiel, Fauré's *Requiem* with Toronto Mendelssohn Choir and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Handel's *Messiah* with the Kitchener-Waterloo Symphony, and recital performances with the Festival of the Sound, Elora Festival, and Toronto Summer Music. In 2021, he formed a lieder-duo with pianist and curator Constanze Beckmann, with whom he will debut a new recital and film project centring around compositions by suppressed Jewish-German composers Walter Braunfels and Hanns Eisler this year.

Chan has received judges recognition at 2019 Stella Maris International Vocal Competition, 2nd prize with the COC's Centre Stage: Ensemble Studio Competition, and the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions' Western Canada/Ohio districts respectively. He received his Bachelor of Music from the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music.

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Constanze Beckmann – piano

German-born pianist and curator Constanze Beckmann is a passionate advocate for cultural exchange and tolerance through the arts. The legendary conductor Kurt Sanderling praised her as “A musician with extraordinary musical taste and great potential as a performer.” As a soloist, Beckmann has performed throughout Europe, Canada, Israel, and the U.S., including with the Berliner Philharmonie, the Konzerthaus Berlin, the Freie Akademie der Künste Hamburg, Toronto’s Four Seasons Centre and Koerner Hall, and Merkin Hall in New York City.

Working with musicians from the Mahler Chamber Orchestra, Beckmann was acknowledged by Claudio Abbado as “A sensitive and gifted chamber musician.” A sought-after collaborator for singers and string players, Beckmann regularly performs with musicians from the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra, among others.

Beckmann has originated and performed in numerous projects as a pianist and curator, including recitals as part of Holocaust Education Week since 2010, featuring works composed by Holocaust survivors. These were followed by exhibits and lectures in collaboration with well-known artists such as Samuel Bak. At the request of the German Embassy in Ottawa, Beckmann created and performed a musical program in remembrance 80 of years since Kristallnacht, with concerts in Toronto and Ottawa.

In 2019, the German Embassy initiated and sponsored a project in memory of the late George Brady, and the victims of the Terezín concentration camp. With the ongoing support of the Embassy, Beckmann has curated a musical program which includes *The Ethics* (2015), composed for violin, piano, percussion, and chorus by Israeli-American violinist Ittai Shapira. The performances featured the Schulich Singers under the baton of Maestro Jean-Sébastien Vallée in Toronto, Ottawa, and Montreal. In addition, Beckmann has commissioned a chamber version of *The Ethics* with soprano, alto, tenor, and bass soloists, which premiered in Toronto at the Richard Bradshaw Amphitheatre in 2019. The winner of several First Prizes and special awards in competitions, including the International Steinway Competition and “Jugend Musiziert,” Beckmann has performed with renowned orchestras including the Berliner Symphoniker, the Kammerakademie Potsdam, and the Erzgebirgisches Symphony Orchestra. Beckmann received her Performance Diploma in Piano from the The Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto under the tutelage of John Perry. She also holds a Bachelor of Music and Economics from the Thompson Rivers University in British Columbia. She has participated in master classes for some of the world’s finest musicians, including Leon Fleisher, Arie Vardi, and Dmitri Bashkirov. Further mentors include Robert Levin, Elena Richter, and Ilana Vered. She received her Masters of Music at the Manhattan School of Music under the tutelage of Phillip Kawin. Beckmann received an O1 visa in 2020 and not long ago became a permanent resident of the U.S. She is currently working for Sound Potential, Inc. developing projects that focus on the Holocaust. In 2021, Beckmann and Samuel Chan formed a lieder- duo. They will debut their new exploratory recital and film project centering around compositions by suppressed Jewish-German composers Walter Braunfels and Hanns Eisler this year

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