



WELCOME

On behalf of everyone at The Royal Conservatory of Music, we welcome everyone visiting the TELUS Centre for Performance and Learning for the first time, as well as those of you returning for our 2020-21 concert season.

Since opening in September 2009, Koerner Hall has emerged as one of the greatest concert venues in the world today. Beloved for its acoustic excellence, it has become the venue of choice for many of the world's greatest performing artists. As COVID-19 struck the world and everything gradually stopped, we were devastated as we had to suspend the remainder of our 2019-20 concert season right before The Glenn Gould School's annual spring opera was about to open in March. We worked tirelessly to re-schedule most of the remaining concerts and are extremely grateful to everyone who chose to support our efforts by either keeping their tickets for future dates or donating the value of their tickets to us. We cannot thank you enough.

This season, we hope to bring you as many concerts as possible in Koerner Hall, Mazzoleni Concert Hall, and Temerty Theatre. We are following directions and recommendations from Ontario and Toronto Health officials, and we are adhering to health officials' maximum capacity and all recommended safety protocols, including masks and ensuring physical distancing. We thank you in advance for your trust and support, as well as understanding as programming will be shifting throughout the season based on this still changing situation.

Our diverse programming, featuring the world's very best artists and reflecting the rich diversity of our city, has brought together more than a million individuals from around the world in shared cultural experiences. It has enabled Canadian artists to launch international careers and has provided a home for many of Toronto's cultural organizations. Additionally, it has proven to be an invaluable training ground for Canada's next generation of performing artists, the gifted students of The Glenn Gould School and The Phil and Eli Taylor Performance Academy for Young Artists. One of the headlines in the *Independent* in the UK stated in July, "The arts are an essential service – as vital as health, education, defence," and we could not agree more.

We are committed to offering inspiring live music in a way that is safe and responsible. We hope you enjoy the performance and look forward to seeing you again throughout the season.

Dr. Peter Simon
Michael and Sonja Koerner President & CEO
The Royal Conservatory of Music

Mervon Mehta
Executive Director, Performing Arts
The Royal Conservatory of Music

MAZZOLENI MASTERS: SONGMASTERS SERIES 20.21

Elliot Madore and Rachel Andrist: *Let Beauty Awake*

Recorded in Koerner Hall on Sunday, November 22, 2020

Broadcast date Friday, November 27, 2020 at 8pm

Elliot Madore, baritone

Rachel Andrist, piano

PROGRAM

Maurice Ravel: *Don quichotte à dulcinée*

“Chanson Romanesque”

“Chanson épique”

“Chanson à boire”

Gabriel Fauré: *L'horizon chimérique*, op. 118

“La mer est infinie”

“Je me suis embarqué”

“Diane, Sélééné”

“Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés en pure perte”

Francis Poulenc: *Banalités*, FP 107

“Chanson d'Orkenise”

“Hôtel”

“Fagnes de Wallonie”

“Voyage à Paris”

“Sanglots”

Ralph Vaughan Williams: “Let Beauty Awake” from *Songs of Travel*

Vaughan Williams: “The Roadside Fire” from *Songs of Travel*

Samuel Barber: “A Green Lowland of Pianos” from *Three Songs*, op. 45, no. 2

Vaughan Williams: “Silent Noon” from *The English Songbook*

Barber: “O Boundless, Boundless Evening” from *Three Songs*, op. 45, no. 3

Vaughan Williams: “Youth and Love” from *Songs of Travel*

Vaughan Williams: “The Infinite Shining Heavens” from *Songs of Travel*

Vaughan Williams: “Antiphon” from *Five Mystical Songs*

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Don quichotte à dulcinée

Music: Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Text: Paul Morand (1888-1976)

“Chanson Romanesque”

Si vous me disiez que la Terre
A tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier Dieu, la lance au poing,
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous ma Dame,
Je blêmirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais vous bénissant.

Ô Dulcinée...

“Chanson épique”

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame.

Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel,
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
A Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

“Romantic Song”

Were you to tell that the earth
Offended you with so much turning,
I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it:
You'd see it still and silenced.

Were you to tell me that you are wearied
By a sky too studded with stars -
Tearing the divine order asunder,
I'd scythe the night with a single blow.

Were you to tell me that space itself,
Thus denuded was not to your taste -
As a god-like knight, with lance in hand,
I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood
Is more mine, my Lady, than your own,
I'd pale at the admonishment
And, blessing you, would die.

O Dulcinea...

“Epic Song”

Good Saint Michael who gives me leave
To behold and hear my Lady,
Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me
To please her and defend her,
Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray,
With Saint George onto the altar
Of the Madonna robed in blue.

With a heavenly beam 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 great Saint Michael)
Bless the angel watching over my vigil,
My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,
O Madonna robed in blue!
Amen.

“Chanson à boire”

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l’amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme!

Je bois
À la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit... lorsque j’ai bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D’être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l’eau dans son ivresse!

Je bois
À la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...Lorsque j’ai bu!

“Drinking Song”

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,
Says that love and old wine
Are saddening my heart and soul!

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight ... when I’m ... drunk!

A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky mistress,
Who whines and weeps and vows
Always to be this lily-livered lover
Who dilutes his drunkenness!

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight ... when I’m ... drunk!

L’Horizon Chimérique, op. 118

Music: Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Text: Jean de La Ville de Mirmont (1886- 1914)

“La mer est infinie”

La mer est infinie et mes rêves sont fous.
La mer chante au soleil en battant les falaises
Et mes rêves légers ne se sentent plus d’aise
De danser sur la mer comme des oiseaux soûls.

Le vaste mouvement des vagues les emporte,
La brise les agite et les roule en ses plis;
Jouant dans le sillage, ils feront une escorte
Aux vaisseaux que mon cœur dans leur fuite a suivis.

Ivres d’air et de sel et brûlés par l’écume
De la mer qui console et qui lave des pleurs,
Ils connaîtront le large et sa bonne amertume;
Les goélands perdus les prendront pour des leurs.

“Je me suis embarqué”

Je me suis embarqué sur un vaisseau qui danse
Et roule bord sur bord et tangue et se balance.
Mes pieds ont oublié la terre et ses chemins;
Les vagues souples m’ont appris d’autres cadences
Plus belles que le rythme las des chants humains.

À vivre parmi vous, hélas! avais-je une âme?
Mes frères, j’ai souffert sur tous vos continents.
Je ne veux que la mer, je ne veux que le vent
Pour me bercer, comme un enfant, au creux des lames.

“The Sea is Boundless”

The sea is boundless and my dreams are wild.
The sea sings in the sun, as it beats the cliffs,
And my light dreams are overjoyed
To dance on the sea like drunken birds.

The waves’ vast motion bears them away,
The breeze ruffles and rolls them in its folds;
Playing in their wake, they will escort the ships,
Whose flight my heart has followed.

Drunk with air and salt, and stung by the spume
Of the consoling sea that washes away tears,
They will know the high seas and the bracing brine;
Lost gulls will take them for their own.

“I Have embarked”

I have embarked on a ship that reels
And rolls and pitches and rocks.
My feet have forgotten the land and its ways;
The lithe waves have taught me other rhythms,
Lovelier than the tired ones of human song.

Ah! did I have the heart to live among you?
Brothers, on all your continents I’ve suffered.
I want only the sea, I want only the wind
To cradle me like a child in the trough of the waves.

Hors du port qui n'est plus qu'une image effacée,
Les larmes du départ ne brûlent plus mes yeux.
Je ne me souviens pas de mes derniers adieux ...
Ô ma peine, ma peine, où vous ai-je laissée?

"Diane, Séléné"

Diane, Séléné, lune de beau métal,
Qui reflète vers nous, par ta face déserte,
Dans l'immortel ennui du calme sidéral,
Le regret d'un soleil dont nous pleurons la perte.

Ô lune, je t'en veux de ta limpidité
Injurieuse au trouble vain des pauvres âmes,
Et mon cœur, toujours las et toujours agité,
Aspire vers la paix de ta nocturne flamme.

"Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés en pure perte"

Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés en pure perte;
Le dernier de vous tous est parti sur la mer.
Le couchant emporta tant de voiles ouvertes
Que ce port et mon cœur sont à jamais déserts.

La mer vous a rendus à votre destinée,
Au delà du rivage où s'arrêtent nos pas.
Nous ne pouvions garder vos âmes enchaînées;
Il vous faut des lointains que je ne connais pas.

Je suis de ceux dont les désirs sont sur la terre.
Le souffle qui vous grise emplit mon cœur d'effroi,
Mais votre appel, au fond des soirs, me désespère,
Car j'ai de grands départs inassouvis en moi.

Far from the port, now but a faded image,
Tears of parting no longer sting my eyes.
I can no longer recall my final farewells ...
O my sorrow, my sorrow, where have I left you?

"Diana, Selene"

Diana, Selene, moon of beautiful metal,
Reflecting on us, from your deserted face,
In the eternal tedium of sidereal calm,
The regret of a sun whose loss we lament.

O moon, I begrudge you your limpidity,
Mocking the fruitless commotion of wretched souls,
And my heart, ever weary and ever uneasy,
Longs for the peace of your nocturnal flame.

"Ships, We Shall Have Loved You to no Avail"

Ships, we shall have loved you to no avail,
The last of you all has set sail on the sea.
The sunset bore away so many spread sails,
That this port and my heart are forever forsaken.

The sea has returned you to your destiny,
Beyond the shores where our steps must halt.
We could not keep your souls enchained,
You require distant realms unknown to me.

I belong to those with earthbound desires.
The wind that elates you fills me with fright,
But your summons at nightfall makes me despair,
For within me are vast, unappeased departures.

Banalités, FP 107

Music: Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Text: Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918)

"Chanson d'Orkenise"

Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut entrer un charretier.
Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.

Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au va-nu-pieds:
'Qu' emportes-tu de la ville?'
'J'y laisse mon coeur entier.'

Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au charretier:
'Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville?'
'Mon coeur pour me marier!'

"Song of Orkenise"

Through the gates of Orkenise
A waggoner wants to enter.
Through the gates of Orkenise
A vagabond wants to leave.

And the sentries guarding the town
Rush up to the vagabond:
'What are you taking from the town?'
'I'm leaving my whole heart behind.'

And the sentries guarding the town
Rush up to the waggoner:
'What are you carrying into the town?'
'My heart in order to marry.'

Que de coeurs, dans Orkenise!
Les gardes riaient, riaient.
Va-nu-pieds la route est grise,
L'amour grise, ô charretier.

Les beaux gardes de la ville
Tricotèrent superbement;
Puis les portes de la ville
Se fermèrent lentement.

“Hôtel”

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette
Je ne veux pas travailler je veux fumer.

“Fagnes de Wallonie”

Tant de tristesses plénières
Prirent mon coeur aux fagnes désolées
Quand las j'ai reposé dans les sapinières
Le poids des kilomètres pendant que râlait
le vent d'ouest
J'avais quitté le joli bois
Les écureuils y sont restés
Ma pipe essayait de faire des nuages
Au ciel
Qui restait pur obstinément

Je n'ai confié aucun secret sinon une chanson énigmatique
Aux tourbières humides

Les bruyères fleurant le miel
Attiraient les abeilles
Et mes pieds endoloris
Foulaient les myrtilles et les airelles
Tendrement mariée
Nord
Nord
La vie s'y tord
En arbres forts
Et tors
La vie y mord
La mort
À belles dents
Quand bruit le vent

“Voyage à Paris”

Ah! la charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose
Pour Paris
Paris joli
Qu'un jour
Dut créer l'Amour

So many hearts in Orkenise!
The sentries laughed and laughed:
Vagabond, the road's not merry,
Love makes you merry, O waggoner!

The handsome sentries guarding the town
Knitted vaingloriously;
The gates of the town then
Slowly closed.

“Hotel”

My room is shaped like a cage
The sun slips its arm through the window
But I who want to smoke to make mirages
I light my cigarette on daylight's fire
I do not want to work I want to smoke

“Walloon Moss-hags”

So much utter sadness
Seized my heart in the desolate upland moss-hags
When weary I set down in the fir plantation
The weight of kilometres to the roar
Of the west wind
I had left the pretty wood
The squirrels stayed there
My pipe tried to make clouds
In the sky
Which stubbornly stayed clear

I confided no secret but an enigmatic song
To the dank peat-bogs

The honey-fragrant heather
Attracted the bees
And my sore feet
Crushed bilberries and whortleberries
Tenderly united
North
North
Life is gnarled there
In strong trees
And twisted
Life there bites
Death
Voraciously
When the wind howls

“Trip to Paris”

Oh! how delightful
To leave a dismal
Place for Paris
Charming Paris
That one day
Love must have made

“Sanglots”

Notre amour est réglé par les calmes étoiles
Or nous savons qu'en nous beaucoup d'hommes respirent
Qui vinrent de très loin et sont un sous nos fronts
C'est la chanson des rêveurs
Qui s'étaient arraché le coeur
Et le portaient dans la main droite
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous ces souvenirs

Des marins qui chantaient comme des conquérants
Des gouffres de Thulé des tendres cieux d'Ophir
Des malades maudits de ceux qui fuient leur ombre
Et du retour joyeux des heureux émigrants
De ce coeur il coulait du sang
Et le rêveur allait pensant
A sa blessure délicate
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces causes
Et douloureuse et nous disait
Qui sont les effets d'autres causes
Mon pauvre coeur mon coeur brisé
Pareil au coeur de tous les hommes
Voici voici nos mains que la vie fit esclaves
Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout comme
Est mort d'amour et le voici Ainsi vont toutes choses,
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi
Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin des temps
Laissons tout aux morts
Et cachons nos sanglots

“Sobs”

Our love is governed by the calm stars
Now we know that in us many men have their being
Who came from afar and are one beneath our brows
It is the song of the dreamers
Who tore out their hearts
And carried them in their right hands
Remember dear pride all these memories

The sailors who sang like conquerors
The chasms of Thule the gentle Ophir skies
The accursed sick those who flee their shadows
And the joyous return of happy emigrants
This heart ran with blood
And the dreamer kept thinking
Of his delicate wound
You shall not break the chain of these causes
Of his painful wound and said to us
Which are the effects of other causes
My poor heart my broken heart
Like the hearts of all men
Here here are our hands that life enslaved
Has died of love or so it seems
Has died of love and here it is Such is the fate of all things
So tear out yours too
And nothing will be free till the end of time
Let us leave all to the dead
And conceal our sobs

**“Let Beauty Awake” from *Songs of Travel*
Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
Text: Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)**

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
To render again and receive!

“The Roadside Fire” from *Songs of Travel*

Music: Vaughan Williams

Text: Stevenson

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

“A Green Lowland of Pianos” from *Three Songs, op. 45, no. 2*

Music: Samuel Barber (1910-1998)

Text: Jerzy Harsymowicz (1933-1999)/ trans. Czesław Miłosz (1911-2004)

am Abend soweit das Auge reicht lauschen Herden schwarzer Klaviere	in the evening as far as the eye can see herds of black pianos
bis an die Knie im Schlamm den Fröschen	up to their knees in the mire they listen to the frogs
sie glucksen im Wasser in Akkorden der Verzückung	they gurgle in water with chords of rapture
sie sind berauscht von froschiger, mondiger Spontaneität	they are entranced by froggish, moonish spontaneity
nach der Pause verursachen sie Skandale in einer Konzerthalle während des künstlerischen Melkens legen sie sich plötzlich hin wie Kühe	after the vacation they cause scandals in a concert hall during the artistic milking suddenly they lie down like cows
blicken mit Gleichmut auf die weißen Blumen des Publikums	looking with indifference at the white flowers of the audience
auf das Gestikulieren der Platzanweiser	at the gesticulating of the ushers

“Silent Noon” from *The House of Life Songbook*

Music: Vaughan Williams:

Text: Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, -
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sun searched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: -
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

“O Boundless, Boundless Evening” from *Three Songs, op. 45, no. 3*

Music: Barber

Text: Georg Heym (1887-1912)

O weiter, weiter Abend. Da verglühen
Die langen Hügel an dem Horizont,
Wie klarer Träume Landschaft bunt besonnt.
O weiter Abend, wo die Saaten sprühen
Des Tages Licht zurück in goldnem Schein.
Hoch oben singen Schwalben, winzig klein.
Auf allen Feldern glitzert ihre Jagd,
Im Wald des Rohres und in hellen Buchten,
Wo hohe Masten stehn. Doch in den Schluchten
Der Hügel hinten nistet schon die Nacht.

O boundless, boundless evening. Soon the glow
Of long hills on the skyline will be gone,
Like clear dream country now, rich-hued by sun.
O boundless evening where the cornfields throw
The scattered daylight back in an aureole.
Swallows high up are singing, very small.
On every meadow glitters their swift flight,
In woods of rushes and where tall masts stand
In brilliant bays. Yet in ravines beyond
Between the hills already nests the night.

“Youth and Love” from *Songs of Travel*

Music: Vaughan Williams

Text: Stevenson

To the heart of youth the world is a highway side.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

“The Infinite Shining Heavens” from *Songs of Travel*

Music: Vaughan Williams

Text: Stevenson

The infinite shining heavens
Rose, and I saw in the night
Uncountable angel stars
Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,
Dumb and shining and dead,
And the idle stars of the night
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow
The stars looked over the sea,
Till lo! I looked in the dusk
And a star had come down to me.

“Antiphon” from *Five Mystical Songs*

Music: Vaugh Williams

Text: George Herbert (1593–1633)

Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing:
My God and King.
The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither flie;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing:
My God and King.
The Church with psalms must shout,
No doore can keep them out;
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing:
My God and King.

[Elliot Madore website](#)

[Rachel Andrist biography](#)

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