



Western Music

Don Wright Faculty of Music

FRIDAYS @ 12:30 SERIES POETIC PARTNERSHIPS

Friday, April 1, 2022
12:30 p.m., von Kuster Hall
Phillip Addis, *baritone*
Emily Hamper, *piano*

Five Love Songs

- I. The Lost Jewel
- II. Proof
- III. With a Flower
- IV. Bequest
- V. When they come back, if blossoms do

Jean Coulthard
(1908 - 2000)
text: Emily Dickinson
(1830 - 1886)

Dichterliebe Op.48

- I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
- II. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
- III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
- IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh
- V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
- VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
- VII. Ich grolle nicht
- VIII. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
- IX. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
- X. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
- XI. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
- XII. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
- XIII. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
- XIV. Allnächtlich im Traume
- XV. Aus alten Märchen winkt es
- XVI. Die alten, bösen Lieder

Robert Schumann
(1810 - 1856)
text: Heinrich Heine
(1797 - 1856)

THE ARTISTS

Phillip Addis most recently sang Il Conte in *Le nozze di Figaro* at both l'Opéra de Lausanne and the Opéra Royal de Versailles, a role for which he is internationally acclaimed as “an impeccable antagonist”. He is recognized as “the ideal Pelléas of his generation” for his “erotically charged” performances of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* in Parma, Hamburg, Paris, Luxembourg, Cincinnati, Dresden, as well as at the Ruhrtriennale and the BBC Proms. His interpretation of Britten's Billy Budd has been called “lithe, virile and athletic; his allure stems more from an inner goodness than from an outward innocence”. Mr. Addis has performed on the world's major stages, including l'Opéra National de Paris, LA Opera, the Canadian Opera Company, Semperoper Dresden, and the Hamburgischen Staatsoper and the Teatro dell'Opera di Roma. His other leading roles include Eugene Onegin, Don Giovanni, Rossini's Figaro, and Papageno.

Mr. Addis balances his operatic career with extensive concert experience. He was the baritone soloist for *Carmina Burana* with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* with the National Arts Centre Orchestra, and Britten's *War Requiem* with the Cincinnati May Festival and the Britten LA/100 Festival. Addis has given recitals with pianist, Emily Hamper at the l'Opéra National de Paris, The Queensland Music Festival, the Orford Arts Centre, the Vancouver International Song Institute, and the Canadian Art Song Project. Together, Addis and Hamper are co-Artistic Directors of the Stratford Summer Music Vocal Academy, mentoring and inspiring developing artists with a passion for all facets of the classical vocal discipline.

Emily Hamper has earned an excellent reputation for her exceptional skills as a vocal coach and accompanist, being engaged by Calgary Opera, l'Opéra de Montréal, Green Mountain Opera Festival, Opera Atelier and Pacific Opera Victoria, among others. Singers from her coaching studio perform with major opera companies and symphony orchestras around the world.

Notable collaborations for voice recitals include *Die Winterreise* and the Montreal Symphony Orchestra's “Virée Classique” with Michael Schade, and recitals with Phillip Addis at L'Opéra National de Paris, Music Toronto, the Canadian Opera Company, and Queensland Music Festival. In 2011 she won the Best Collaborative Pianist Prize at the Eckhardt-Gramatté National Music Competition and performed across Canada on the National Winner's Tour.

Emily maintains a passion for teaching and mentoring. Recently appointed Conductor and Music Director of Opera at Wilfrid Laurier University, she has also served on the faculty of the Vancouver International Song Institute, the University of Toronto, l'Université de Montréal, The Banff Centre, and Dolora Zajick's Institute for Young Dramatic Voices. Emily is a co-founder and co-artistic director of the Stratford Summer Music Vocal Academy, an élite training program for singers and pianists in Stratford Ontario. In 2020 she joined Brott Opera as Artistic Administrator and Principal Coach. In addition to her work with singers, Ms. Hamper has performed orchestral keyboards with the Kitchener-Waterloo Symphony and London Symphonia, and as a chamber musician with the INNERchamber Ensemble, Stratford.

Born and raised in the Vancouver area, Emily received her undergraduate musical training at UBC. She furthered her studies at the Opera Division at the University of Toronto, where she was appointed to the music staff upon graduation. She is an alumna of the prestigious Merola Opera Program at the San Francisco Opera, and was the recipient of a Merola Career Grant for studies in Munich. She currently lives in Stratford, Ontario.

Music changes lives. So do our donors.

Charitable gifts from music lovers, like you, provide critical support for the Don Wright Faculty of Music's performances and educational programming. To help us to continue to enrich our community through the power of music, donations can be made by phone at (519) 661-2111 x85695 online at music.uwo.ca, or by mail c/o Karmen Ferraro, Alumni and Development Officer, Talbot College, Western University, London, Ontario N6A 3K7.

TRANSLATIONS

I.
In the wondrously beautiful month
of May
When all the buds are springing,
Then there, in my heart,
Is love bursting forth.

In the wondrously beautiful month
of May
When all the birds are singing,
Then did I confess to her
My yearning and longing.

II.
From my tears sprout forth
Many blooming flowers,
And my sighing is as
The chorus of nightingales.

And when you love me, dear child,
I will give you all the flowers;
And before your window shall
sound
The song of the nightingale.

III.
The rose, the lily, the dove, the
sun,
I once loved them all in love's bliss.
I love them no more, I love only
The Small, the Fine, the Pure the
One;

She, love's whole bliss, herself
Is the rose and lily and dove and
sun.
I love only the Small, the Fine
The Pure, the One, the One!

IV.
When I look into your eyes,
All my pain and woe vanishes;
Yet when I kiss your mouth,
I become wholly and entirely
healed.

When I lay upon your breast
I am overcome, as by heavenly
bliss,
Yet when you say, "I love you!"
I must weep bitterly.

V.
I want to plunge my soul
Into the cup of the lily;
The lily shall ring out
A song of my beloved.

The song shall shudder and
tremble
Like the kiss from her mouth
That she once gave me
In a wonderfully sweet hour.

VI.
In the Rhine, in the holy stream,
It is mirrored in the waves,
With its great cathedral:
The great, holy city of Cologne.

In the Cathedral there is an image
Painted on golden leather;
Into the wildness of my life
It has shone amicably.

Flowers and little cherubs hover
All around our beloved Lady;
The eyes, the lips, the cheeks—
Are exactly like those of my
beloved.

VII.
I bear no grudge, though my heart
breaks!
Love, forever lost! I bear no
grudge.
As you shine in diamond splendor,
No beam falls into the night of
your heart.
Long have I known it.

I bear no grudge, though my heart
breaks!
Truly, I saw you in my dreams
And saw the night in your heart's
void,
And saw the snake that gnaws at
your heart;
I saw, my dear, how truly
miserable you are.
I bear no grudge.

VIII.
And if they knew, the little
blossoms,
How deeply wounded is my heart,
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.

And if the nightingales knew
How sad and unwell I am,
They would merrily let out
A refreshing song.

And if they knew of my woe,
The little golden stars,
They would come down from their
heights
And console me.

But none of them can know this,
Only one knows my pain;
She has indeed herself
Torn my heart in two.

IX.
There is a piping and fiddling
With trumpets blaring in;
There in the wedding's circle-
dance
Twirls my whole-heart's beloved.

There is a ringing and roaring,
A drumming and buzzing of
shawms
Amids which are the sobs and
moans
Of the lovely little angels.

X.
I hear the little tune
That once my beloved sang.
And my heart is going to burst
From the wild throbbing of pain.

A dark longing is driving me
Up into the heights of the woods
Where tears can wash away
My enormous woe.

XI.
A young man loved a girl
Who had chosen another;
This other man loved yet another
girl
And wed that one.

The first girl took out of spite
The next decent man
That crossed her path;
The first young man was
overlooked..

It is an old story,
Yet it remains ever new;
And to he whom it has just
happened,
It will break his heart in two.

XII.
On a luminous summer morning
I wander around my garden.
The flowers whisper and speak;
I, however, wander silently.

The flowers are whisper and speak
And look at me sympathetically.
"Do not be angry with our sister,
You sad, pale man."

XIII.
I wept in my dream -
I dreamed you lay in a grave.
I awoke, and my tears
Still flowed down from my cheeks.

I wept in my dream -
I dreamed you had left me.
I awoke and I still wailed
Bitterly for a long time.

I wept in my dream -
I dreamed you were still good to
me.
I awoke, and yet
My flood of tears streams on..

XIV.
Nightly I see you in my dreams
And I see you greet me, friendly,
And crying aloud, I throw myself
At your sweet feet.

You look at me sorrowfully
And shake your blond little head;
From your eyes sneak forth
The pearly teardrops.

You secretly speak a soft word to
me,
And give me a wreath of cypress;
I awake, and the wreath is gone,
And I have forgotten the word.

XV.
From old fairy tales, it calls
Me forth with a white hand,
With a singing and sounding
Of a magical land,

Where multicolored flowers bloom
In golden twilight,
And glow, lovely and fragrant
With their bridal visage,

And where green trees sing
Primeval melodies;
Where breezes secretly resound,
And wherein birds warble,

And mist-figures arise
From the earth
And dance airy round-dances
In an wonderful chorus,

And blue sparks sparkle
On every leaf and twig,
And red lights run about
In a crazed, chaotic cycle,

And loud springs break out
From wild marble stone,
And strangely, in streams,
Shine forth the reflections.
Ah! If I could only go there
And gladden my heart
And give up my agony
And be free and blessed!

Ah! This is the land of bliss
Which I see so often in a dream,
Yet which, when the morning sun
comes,
Melts like mere froth.

XVI.
The old, nasty songs,
The dreams, angry and wicked,
Let us now bury them.
Fetch a large coffin.

In it I will lay many things,
But I will not yet say quite what.
The coffin must be still larger
Than the cask in Heidelberg.

And fetch a death bier
And planks firm and thick;
They must be still longer
Than the bridge to Mainz.

And fetch me also twelve giants;
They must be still stronger
Than that mighty St. Christopher
In the Cathedral of Cologne on the
Rhine.

They should carry the coffin away
And sink it down into the sea,
Since such a great coffin
Deserves a great grave.

Do you know why the coffin
Must be made so large and heavy?
I sank with it my love
And my pain within it.