

# Notes and Translations

## Winners' Recital: Jim and Charlotte Norcop Prize in Song and Gwendolyn Williams Koldofsky Prize in Accompanying

Alex Hetherington, mezzo-soprano

Dakota Scott-Digout, piano

Filmed and edited by Andrew Ascenzo.

Audio recording by Peter Olsen.

### *A word of thanks...*

We would like to offer our sincere thanks to Jim Norcop, whose generosity made this recital possible. We would also like to thank our teachers, Wendy Nielsen and Steven Philcox for their support and guidance through every step this process. Thank you to Monica, Russell, and Andrea for their thoughtful advice on the program. Thank you to Andrew and Peter for their expertise, vision, and patience in the recording process.

Finally, thank you to everyone who is tuning in today, we hope you enjoy!

## Programme

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O Mistress Mine (*Love Songs*)

Ana Sokolović  
(1968)

Gruß

Møte

Ich liebe dich

Et Håb

Edvard Grieg  
(1843-1907)

*Irish Poems for Maureen*

The White Rose

Cradle Song

Frolic

Nocturne

Innocence

The Wise Lover

Jean Coulthard  
(1908-2000)

*Atwood Songs*

Notes Towards a Poem That Can Never Be Written

Memory

Eating Fire

Four Evasions

Tania León  
(1943)

*Selections from Op. 27*

Ruhe, meine Seele

Heimliche Aufforderung

Morgen!

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

I'll Be Seeing You

Sammy Fain  
(1902-1989)

# Programme Notes

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*“Love has always been and always will be an inexhaustible inspiration for human creativity. Love follows us everywhere; love is the cause and the result... All the languages sing about love the same way.”*

-Ana Sokolović

We open our program today with ‘O Mistress Mine’, from Ana Sokolović’s *Love Songs*. The familiar text, taken from Shakespeare’s *Twelfth Night*, is an invitation to love. Written for unaccompanied voice, we offer this invitation to you, the listener, as a prelude of sorts.

As a pairing with ‘O Mistress Mine’, we move directly into a set of four love songs by Edvard Grieg, with texts in German, and Bokmål and Nynorsk (jærsk dialect) Norwegian. In ‘Gruß’ a young lover sends a heartfelt greeting to their beloved through the sounds of spring. ‘Møte’, taken from Grieg’s cycle *Haugtussa*, recounts in a sweet strophic form the first tryst between Veslemøy, the protagonist of the cycle, and her romantic interest. It describes their blushing encounter, and how, as evening falls, they are drawn together in an embrace; the recurring opening figure in the piano a leitmotif signifying their love. In Grieg’s perhaps best-known song, ‘Ich liebe dich’, the melody’s subtle chromaticism and gradual build perfectly reflect the growing conviction in the poem. ‘Et Håb’ describes a heart full to the bursting point with love. The jubilant, breathless energy of the text is given life with short melodic phrases and a racing piano texture, which, at its close, seems to float away on the wind.

Jean Coulthard wrote *Six Irish Poems for Maureen* in 1961 for Maureen Forrester, one of many cycles Coulthard wrote for the esteemed Canadian alto over the course of her career. In ‘The Red Rose’, the speaker contemplates the nature of love. The piano and vocal lines dovetail, creating a texture reminiscent of the shifting ground upon which one seems to stand in the early stages of a relationship. ‘Cradle Song’ mourns the death of a child, the music a memory of a lullaby, wrought with grief. ‘Frolic’ describes the playing of children, comparing it to the perpetual chase between the sun and the moon. Woven through the complex piano part are elements of simple children’s nursery rhymes. In ‘Nocturne’, the speaker, grieving the loss of a loved one, experiences a moment of respite as they lose themselves in memories. ‘Innocence’ praises a childlike state of being, recalling the simplicity and beauty of

life before sorrow strikes. This leads us to the final movement, ‘The Wise Lover’, which cautions the listener on the dangers of loving too deeply. The sweeping musical gestures and strength of the final chords suggest that, despite the suffering it caused, the speaker does not regret their decision to love, and neither should we.

We move now to the rich, evocative musical world of Tania León, with her 2007 cycle, *Atwood Songs*. Each movement features a poem by Margaret Atwood, excerpted from various sources. ‘Notes Towards a Poem that Can Never Be Written’ addresses the fundamental paradox of the traumatic experience- it is something which cannot be expressed, yet cannot be ignored. The fragmentary quality in the music and text represents the traumatic fragmentation of the Self. In ‘Memory’, the speaker has woken up alone, and remembers the sensations of waking up in the arms of her love. The piano alternates between the lush warmth of memory and the cold, stark reality- the sounds of a lonely house at night. In ‘Eating Fire’, a fire-eater describes her vocation with relish; the voice and piano forming an intricate rhythmic pattern with a driving energy. The fire is perhaps metaphorically representative of the all-consuming forces of art and expression. Finally, ‘Four Evasions’ shows a conversation between two people who care about each other very deeply, yet find themselves critically unable to communicate. Marked *Quasi Blues* off the top, the musical development throughout the piece shows the speaker’s inner conflict; the repeated sequence of accented chords at the end, her painful resolve.

Composed in 1894, Richard Strauss’s *Vier Lieder*, Op. 27 contains some of his most enduring and beloved works for voice and piano. Presented to his wife Pauline de Ahna on the occasion of their wedding, these songs convey the many facets of life and love that remain profoundly relevant today. ‘Ruhe, meine Seele’ is a plea for peace through turbulent times, and a poignant reminder to move past adversity. In ‘Heimliche Aufforderung’, Strauss portrays a bustling party scene through sweeping arpeggios, from which two lovers secretly slip away for a moment of intimacy. ‘Morgen!’, the final song in the set, imparts a message of eternal love, imagining a moment spent in blissful silence in the company of those whom we love.

Our program ends today with Sammy Fain’s ‘I’ll Be Seeing You’. We would like to offer this song to our friends and family, and to the entire community, whom we miss so dearly. We’ll be together again soon, and in the meantime, we can find each other in “the old familiar places”: through the profound connections we make with one another when we share our joy, sorrow, and love through music.

-Alex and Dakota

# Texts and Translations

## O Mistress Mine

*William Shakespeare*

O Mistress mine where are you roaming?  
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low.  
Trip no further pretty sweeting.  
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love, 'tis not hereafter,  
Present mirth, hath present laughter:  
What's to come, is still unsure.  
In delay there lies no plenty,  
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty:  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

## Gruß

*Heinrich Heine*

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt  
Liebliches Geläute.  
Klinge, kleines Frühlingslied,  
Kling hinaus ins Weite.  
Zieh hinaus, bis an das Haus,  
Wo die Veilchen sprießen.  
Wenn du eine Rose schaust,  
Sag, ich lass' sie grüßen.

## Greeting

*Translation © Richard Stokes\**

A sweet sound of bells  
Peals gently through my soul.  
Ring out, little song of spring,  
Ring out far and wide.  
Ring out till you reach the house  
Where violets are blooming.  
And if you should see a rose,  
Send to her my greeting.

## Møte

*Arne Garborg*

Ho sit ein Sondag lengtande i Li;  
det strøymer på med desse søte Tankar,  
og Hjerta fullt og tungt i Barmen bankar,  
og Draumen vaknar,  
bivrande og blid.

## The Tryst

*Trans. © Marla Fogderud*

She sits yearning one Sunday on the hillside;  
sweet thoughts flow through her,  
and her heart is full and beats heavily  
in her breast, and her dream is awakened,  
trembling and tender.

Då gjeng det som ei Hildring yver Nuten;  
ho raudner heit;  
der kjem den vene Guten.

Burt vil ho gøyma seg i Ørska brå,  
men stoggar tryllt  
og Augo mot han vender;  
dei tek ein annan i dei varme Hender  
og stend so der og veit seg inkje Råd.  
Då bryt ho ut i dette Undringsord:  
»Men snille deg då ... at du er så stor!«

Og som det lid til svale Kveldings Stund,  
alt meir og meir i Lengt  
dei saman søkjer,  
og brådt um Hals den unge Arm seg krøkjer  
og øre skjelv dei saman  
Munn mot Munn.  
Alt svimrar burt.  
Og der i Kvelden varm  
i heite Sæle søv ho i hans Arm.

## Ich liebe dich

*Hans Christian Andersen*

*Trans. Franz von Holstein*

Du mein Gedanke, du mein Sein und  
Werden!  
De meines Herzens erste Seligkeit!  
Ich liebe dich wie nichts auf dieser Erden,  
Ich liebe dich in Zeit und Ewigkeit!

Then an apparition seems to appear over  
the mountain top; she blushes red;  
there comes her handsome lad.

Suddenly she wants to hide herself  
in a faint, but stops entranced,  
her eyes turned towards him;  
they take one another by their warm hands  
and stand there not knowing what to do.  
Then she utters these admiring words:  
“You sweet boy...how tall you are!”

And as cool evening draws nigh,  
they are drawn to one another  
more and more by desire,  
their young arms suddenly embrace  
and trembling with ecstasy they press  
mouth to mouth.  
Everything fades away.  
and there, in the evening  
she sleeps in his arms warm with hot bliss.

## I Love You

*Trans. Nils Lid Hjort*

You have become the single thought of my  
thoughts,  
You are the first love of my heart.  
I love you as no one else here on Earth,  
I love you for time and eternity!

# Texts and Translations

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## Et Håb

John Olaf Paulsen

Jeg kunde juble for alle Vinde  
min Glæde ud! Vil man den forstå?  
Nei, bedst jeg varsomt den lukker inde  
her hos mig selv i mit Hjertes Vrå.

Mit Hjerte brænder, det bæver, banker  
i Takten, o, til en Jubelsang!  
Mit Hoved gløder af Vårens Tanker.  
Hvor vild og lystelig deres Gang.

Foran mit Øre det bruser, sjunger  
som Tonerne fra et Englekör.  
Med tusind sladrende, søde Tunger,  
det røber mig, hvad i Fremtid bor.

Ak! tør jeg tro det! Jeg vil så gerne.  
Hvor Håbet flammer og kaster Skin!  
Ud fra det tause, det dunkle Fjerne  
en Stjerne stråler - og det er min!

## Hope

*Trans. © Marla Fogderud*

I could send my jubilation out to the four winds!  
Would it be understood?  
No, best that I carefully lock it here inside myself  
In my heart's hideaway.

My heart burns, it shivers, pounds to the beat,  
O, of a jubilation song!  
My mind glows with thoughts of spring  
How wild and full of longing is their course.

Upon my ears echo the songs of an angel choir  
With a thousand chattering, sweet tongues  
it reveals to me What lies in the future.

Ah, dare I believe it?! I will so gladly.  
How the hope flames and shines forth!  
Out from the silence and dark distance a star  
beams and it is mine.

## The White Rose

*John Boyle O'Reilly*

The red rose whispers of passion,  
And the white rose breathes of love;  
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,  
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud,  
With a flush on its petal tips;  
For the love that is purest and sweetest  
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

## Cradle Song

*Padriac Colum*

O men from the fields,  
Come gently within.  
Tread softly, softly  
O men coming in!  
Mavourneen is going  
From me and from you,  
Where Mary will fold him  
With mantle of blue!  
From reek of the smoke  
And cold of the floor  
And the peering of things  
Across the half-door.  
O men of the fields,  
Soft, softly come thro'  
Mary puts round him  
Her mantle of blue.

## Nocturne

*Francis Ledwidge*

The rim of the moon  
is over the corn.  
The beetle's drone  
is above the thorn.  
Grey days come soon  
and I am alone;  
Can you hear my moan  
where you rest, Aroon?

## Frolic

*George William ("A.E.") Russell*

The children were shouting together  
And racing along the sands,  
A glimmer of dancing shadows,  
A dovelike flutter of hands.

The stars were shouting in heaven,  
The sun was chasing the moon:  
The game was the same as the children's,

They danced to the self-same tune.

The whole of the world was merry,  
One joy from the vale to the height,  
Where the blue woods of twilight encircled

The lovely lawns of the light.

When the wild tree bore  
the deep blue cherry,  
In night's deep pall  
our love kissed merry.  
But you come no more  
where its woodlands call,  
and the grey days fall  
on my grief, Asthore!

# Texts and Translations

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## Innocence

*Monk Gibbon*

Now to praise Innocence,  
That lonely flower,  
That branch still out of reach,  
That unspoilt hour,  
That field, its weeds unsprung,  
That day blue-skied,  
That breeze fresh and cool,  
That child clear-eyed.

## The Wise Lover

*Monk Gibbon*

He who loves beauty wisely  
Loves her least touch;  
She can scourge him with arrows  
Who loves too much;  
Who turns aside, who lingers,  
Who leaves the throng,  
She can scourge him with scorpions  
Who loves too long.

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## Notes Towards a Poem that can Never be Written

*Margaret Atwood*

I

This is the place  
you would rather not know about,  
this is the place that will inhabit you,  
this is the place you cannot imagine,  
this is the place that will finally defeat you

where the word why shrivels and empties  
itself. This is famine.

## Memory

*Margaret Atwood*

Memory is not in the head  
only. It's midnight,  
you existed once, you exist

again, my entire skin  
sensitive as an eye,

imprint of you  
glowing against me,  
burnt-out match in a dark room.

## Eating Fire

*Margaret Atwood*

Eating fire  
is your ambition:  
to swallow the flame down  
take it into your mouth  
and shoot it forth, a shout or an incandescent  
tongue, a word  
exploding from you in gold, crimson,  
unrolling in a brilliant scroll

To be lit up from within  
vein by vein

To be the sun  
(Taught by a sideshow man)

## Four Evasions

*Margaret Atwood*

Sitting in the car, houses & wind outside,  
three in the morning, windows  
obliterated by snow

coats & arms around each other, hands  
cold, no place we can go

unable to say how much I want you  
unable even to say  
I am unable  
\*

Not that there is nothing to be  
said but that there is  
too much: this cripples me,

I watch with envy & desire,  
you speak so freely.

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## Ruhe, meine Seele!

*Karl Friedrich Henckell*

Nicht ein Lüftchen,  
Regt sich leise,  
Sanft entschlummert  
Ruht der Hain;  
Durch der Blätter  
Dunkle Hülle  
Stiehlt sich lichter  
Sonnenschein.  
Ruhe, ruhe,  
Meine Seele,  
Deine Stürme  
Gingen wild,  
Hast getobt und  
Hast gezittert,  
Wie die Brandung,

## Rest, my Soul!

*Translation © Richard Stokes\**

Not even  
A soft breeze stirs,  
In gentle sleep  
The wood rests;  
Through the leaves'  
Dark veil  
Bright sunshine  
Steals.  
Rest, rest,  
My soul,  
Your storms  
Were wild,  
You raged and  
You quivered,  
Like the breakers,

# Texts and Translations

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Wenn sie schwillt!  
Diese Zeiten  
Sind gewaltig,  
Bringen Herz und  
Hirn in Not—  
Ruhe, ruhe,  
Meine Seele,  
Und vergiß,  
Was dich bedroht!

When they surge!  
These times  
Are violent,  
Cause heart and  
Mind distress—  
Rest, rest,  
My soul,  
And forget  
What threatens you!

## Heimliche Aufforderung

*John Henry Mackay*

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale  
empor zum Mund,  
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle  
dein Herz gesund.

Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke  
mir heimlich zu,  
Dann lächle ich, und dann trinke  
ich still wie du ...

Und still gleich mir betrachte  
um uns das Heer  
Der trunknen Schwätzer—verachte  
sie nicht zu sehr.

Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale,  
gefüllt mit Wein,  
Und laß beim lärmenden Mahle  
sie glücklich sein.

Doch hast du das Mahl genossen,

## Secret Invitation

*Translation © Richard Stokes\**

Come, raise to your lips  
the sparkling goblet,  
And drink at this joyful feast  
your heart to health.

And when you raise it, give  
me a secret sign,  
Then I shall smile, and drink  
as quietly as you ...

And quietly like me, look  
around at the hordes  
Of drunken gossips—do not  
despise them too much.

No, raise the glittering goblet,  
filled with wine,  
And let them be happy  
at the noisy feast.

But once you have savoured the meal,

den Durst gestillt,  
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen  
festfreudiges Bild,

Und wandle hinaus in den Garten  
zum Rosenstrauch,—  
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten  
nach altem Brauch,

Und will an die Brust dir sinken  
eh' du's gehofft,  
Und deine Küsse trinken,  
wie ehemals oft,

Und flechten in deine Haare  
der Rose Pracht—  
O komm, du wunderbare,  
ersehnte Nacht!

## Morgen!

*John Henry Mackay*

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen  
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,  
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen  
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde ...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,  
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,  
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,  
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes  
Schweigen ...

quenched your thirst,  
Leave the loud company  
of happy revellers,

And come out into the garden  
to the rose-bush,—  
There I shall wait for you  
as I've always done.

And I shall sink on your breast,  
before you could hope,  
And drink your kisses,  
as often before,

And twine in your hair  
the glorious rose—  
Ah! come, O wondrous,  
longed-for night!

## Tomorrow!

*Translation © Richard Stokes\**

And tomorrow the sun will shine again  
And on the path that I shall take,  
It will unite us, happy ones, again,  
Amid this same sun-breathing earth ...

And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,  
We shall quietly and slowly descend,  
Speechless we shall gaze into each other's  
eyes,  
And the speechless silence of bliss shall fall  
on us ...

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\* Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder*, published by Faber, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder ([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))