



RUSSELL BRAUN
BARITONE

CAROLYN MAULE
PIANO

NOVEMBER 20, 2009

*This performance is presented as part of the Windsor Plywood Spectacular Music BC
concert series, a project of MusicFest Vancouver*





Russell Braun

"As *The Traveller*, Russell Braun, his curly dark locks tipped in devilish red, stole every scene in which he appeared, filling the house with his lustrous voice and over-the-top characterizations, which ranged from a ghastly over-rouged elderly fop to an ingratiating chatterbox barber." (Musical America, 15 October 2009)

Thrilling, manic, glorious, superbly sung and malevolently acted, rich, powerful, elegant, soft-grained, and spine-tingling are but a few of the superlatives media have used to describe baritone Russell Braun.

In concert, opera and recital, the international stages of the world are his — whether it be the Metropolitan Opera in New York, ROH Covent Garden, l'Opéra de Paris, the State Opera in Vienna, the Lyric Opera in Chicago, the Los Angeles Opera, La Scala in Milan, the Salzburg or the Glyndebourne Festival. His powerful voice and commanding presence have given vigour to such roles as Billy Budd, Prince Andrei, Figaro, Papageno, Count Almaviva, Don Giovanni, Pelléas, and Eugene Onegin.

Russell's 2009-10 season features a challenging balance of concerts, recitals and opera. He makes role debuts as *The Traveller* in Benjamin Britten's *Death in Venice* at the Theatre an der Wien in Vienna and as Lescaut in the ROH Covent Garden production of *Manon*. As well, he appears with the Chicago, Cleveland, Toronto, Ottawa and Vancouver symphony orchestras, in duo recital with Michael Schade in Kansas City and undertakes an extensive recital tour of Western Canada. Future highlights include returns to the Salzburg Festival to reprise the role of Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliette*, to Teatro alla Scala in the same role, the Metropolitan Opera, and the Canadian Opera Company.

Russell Braun's already impressive discography of award-winning recordings includes the 2008 GRAMMY nominated Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* (Dorian), 2007 JUNO winner Mozart *Arie e duetti* (CBC) and 2006 JUNO nominee *Winterreise* (CBC). His Salzburg Festival DVD of *Romeo and Juliette* has enjoyed both public and critical acclaim. He has also been featured in *Burnt Toast*, a series of eight six-minute comic operas composed by Alexina Louie and written by Dan Redican for television.



Carolyn Maule

"...Carolyn Maule accompanies with subtlety, accentuating delicately" (Das Opernglas, February 2006)

Much in demand as a vocal accompanist, Canadian pianist Carolyn Maule has worked with such renowned artists as Michael Schade, Monica Whicher, Patricia Racette, Isabel Bayrakdarian, Norine Burgess and Elizabeth Turnbull. She also is often heard in recital with her husband, baritone Russell Braun.

Ms. Maule has performed as accompanist in the world's great recital halls, including London's Wigmore Hall, New York's Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall, Barcelona's Gran Teatre del Liceu, the National Arts Centre, and Roy Thomson Hall. She has accompanied recitals in Salzburg, Barcelona, Hamburg, Chicago, Cleveland, New York, and San Diego as well as at music festivals across Canada including Festival Vancouver, the Festival of the Sound in Parry Sound, the Festival international de Lanaudière in Quebec and the Women's Musical Club in Winnipeg.

Ms. Maule's performances have been broadcast on BBC Radio, CBC Radio, Radio-Canada and WQXR-FM in New York. She is featured on several recordings including *Le Souvenir* (CBC Records), which features Canadian songs for parlour and stage, and two CDs of Bach excerpts with the Toronto Bach Consort. Her recent recording of Schubert's *Winterreise* (CBC Records) with Russell Braun was highly praised for her "articulate sensitivity and fine, clear tone" (Opera News).

Mr. Braun and Ms. Maule have requested that you reserve applause for the conclusion of each of the song cycles.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN (1809-1847)

Venetianisches Gondellied, Op. 57, No. 5 [Venetian Gondolier Song]

[Text: Ferdinand Freiligrath, after Thomas Moore]

When over the piazzetta the breeze of evening blows, then, Ninetta, you know who stands here and waits, you know who masks you despite veil and mask; you know how my heart burns with longing. Boatman's garb I'll wear at the same hour, and trembling tell you: the boat is ready!

Oh, come now, while clouds still cover the moon. Through the lagoons, love, let us flee!

Die Liebende schreibt [The love letter]

[Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe]

A look from your eyes into mine, a kiss from your mouth upon my mouth, who, like me, is assured of these, can anything else delight? Far from you, a stranger to my own, constantly I let my thoughts range round, and always to that hour do they return, that only hour; then I begin to weep. Abruptly those tears dry up again: his love, I think, he sends into this silence. should you not reach into the distance? Hark to the whisper of this wafting love; your will is my sole happiness on earth, your loving will towards me; give me a sign!

Neue Liebe [New love]

[Text: Heinrich Heine]

Not long ago I saw the elves riding through the moonlit woods, I heard their horns sound and their bells tinkle. Their little white horses bore golden stags' antlers and flew swiftly along; it was as if wild swans drew through the air. The queen nodded to me and smiled as she rode past. Did she mean my new love, or am I to die?

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810-1856)

Dichterliebe (A poet's love), Op. 48

[Text: Heinrich Heine]

Im wunder schönen Monat Mai [In the wonderful month of May]

In the wondrous month of May, when buds were bursting open, then it was that my heart filled with love. In the wondrous month of May, when the birds were singing, then it was I confessed to her my longing and desire.

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen [Flowers bloom from my tears]

From my tears burst many full-blown flowers, and my sighs become
a nightingale chorus. And if you love me, child, I'll give you all the flowers, and
at your window shall sound the song of the nightingale.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne [The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun]

Rose, lily, dove, sun— all once I blissfully loved. I love them no more, alone I love one
who is small, fine, pure, rare; she, most blissful of all loves, is rose and lily and dove
and sun. Alone I love one who is small, fine, pure, rare.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh' [When I look into your eyes]

When into your eyes I look, all my sorrow flies; but when I kiss your lips, then I am
wholly healed. When I recline upon your breast, ver me steals heavenly bliss; but
when you say: I love you! then bitter tears must I shed.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen [My soul is immersed in the blossom of a lily]

My soul will I bathe in the lily's chalice; the lily shall breathe a song of my
beloved. The song shall tremble and quiver like the kiss her lip bestowed on me
once, in a sweet and lovely hour.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome [In the Rhine, the holy river]

mirrored in the waves, with its great cathedral is great and holy Cologne. The
cathedral has a picture, painted on gilded leather; into my life's wilderness
friendly rays it has cast. Flowers and angels float about Our Lady dear; eyes,
lips, cheeks are the image of my love's.

Ich grolle nicht [I bear no grudge]

I bear no grudge, though my heart breaks, loved one forever lost! I bear no
grudge. However you may gleam in diamond splendor, no ray falls into the night
of your heart. I've known that long, I bear no grudge, though my heart breaks.
For I saw you in my dream, saw the night within your heart, and saw the ser-
pent gnawing at your heart, saw, my love, how pitiful you are. I bear no grudge.

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen

[If they knew it, the flowers would share my grief]

If the little flowers knew how deep my heart is hurt, with me they would weep
to heal my pain. If the nightingales knew how sad I am and sick, joyously they'd
let sound refreshing song. And if they knew my grief, the little golden stars,

from the sky they'd come and console me. But none of them can know, one only knows my pain; for she it was who broke my heart, broke my heart in two.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen [There is music of flutes and violins and trumpets at the wedding of my beloved]

What a fluting and fiddling and a blaring of trumpets! There, dancing her wedding dance will be my dearest love. What a clashing and clanging, drumming and piping; and sobbing and groaning of delightful angels.

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen [I hear songs that my beloved used to sing]

When I hear the song my love once sang, my heart almost breaks from the wild rush of pain. Vague longing drives me up to the high forest, where my immense grief dissolves in tears.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen [Love's course is not smooth]

A boy loves a girl, she chooses another; the other loves another and he weds her. The girl, out of spite, takes the first man to come her way; the boy's badly hurt. It is an old, old story, remains though ever new, and he to whom it happens, his heart is broken in half.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen [On a radiant summer morning]

One bright summer morning I walk in the garden. Flowers whisper and speak, but I walk silently. Flowers whisper and speak, and gaze at me in pity: 'Be not angry with our sister, sad, pale man!'

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet [I wept in my dreams]

I wept in my dream, I dreamt you lay in your grave. I woke, and tears still flowed upon my cheek. I wept in my dream, I dreamt you were leaving me. I woke, and wept on long and bitterly. I wept in my dream, I dreamt you loved me still I woke, and my tears still did stream.

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich [In my dreams I see you every night]

Nightly in my dreams I see you, see your friendly greeting, and weeping loudly, hurl myself at your sweet feet. You look at me wistfully, shaking your little fair head; from your eyes steal teardrops of pearl. A soft word you whisper to me, and give me a bouquet of cypress. I wake, the bouquet is gone, and the word forgotten.

Aus alten Märchen [It harkes from ancient fairy-tales]

A white hand beckons from fairy tales of old, song there is, and sounds of a magic land, where colorful flowers bloom in golden evening light, and, sweet scented, glow with bride-like faces. (and green trees sing old, old melodies, stealthy breezes murmur, and birds warble; and misty shapes rear from the earth, and dance airy dances in strange throng; and blue sparks blaze on every leaf and twig, and red fires race in mad wild circles; and loud springs burst from living marble, and strange in the brooks the reflection shines.) Oh, could I but go there, there gladden my heart, from all pain removed, blissful and free. Oh, that land of joy, in dreams I see it often, but, come morning sun, it's gone like foam.

Die alten, bösen Lieder [Let's bury all our angry thoughts]

The bad old songs, the dreams wicked and bad, let us now bury them— fetch a big coffin. Much will I lay in it, though what, I won't yet say; a bigger coffin must it be than the vat of Heidelberg. And fetch a bier and planks firm and thick; the bier must be longer than the bridge at Mainz. And fetch me twelve giants, who shall be even stronger than St. Christopher the Strong in Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine. They shall bear off the coffin, and sink it in the sea; for such a big coffin belongs in a big grave. Do you know why the coffin should be so heavy and big? I would put my love in and my sorrow too.

INTERMISSION

MAURICE RAVEL (1875-1937)

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée (1932-33)

[Text: Paul Morand]

Chanson romanesque [Romanesque song]

If you were to tell me that the earth in its turning offends you, I would dispatch Pancho: you would see it fixed and silent. If you were to tell me that the sky, full of stars, bored you, destroying the divine order, I would sweep away the night in one stroke. If you were to tell me that space thus emptied did not please you, god-like knight, my lance at ready, I would fill the wind with stars. But if you were to tell me that my blood belongs more to myself than to you, my Lady, I would pale beneath the reproach and I would die, blessing you. O Dulcinea.

Chanson épique [Epic song]

Good Saint Michael, who gives me leave to see my Lady and to hear her, Good Saint Michael, who deigns to elect me to please and defend her, Good Saint Michael, I pray you descend with Saint George upon the altar of the Madonna of the blue mantle. With a ray from heaven bless my sword, and its equal in purity and its equal in piety, as in modesty and chastity: my Lady. (O great Saint George and Saint Michael) the angel who watches over my vigil, my gentle Lady so much resembling you, Madonna of the Blue Mantle! Amen.

Chanson boire [Drinking song]

A fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady, who, to shame me in your sweet eyes, says that love and old wine will bring misery to my heart, my soul! I drink to joy! Joy is the one aim to which I go straight ... when I am drunk! A fig for the jealous fool, dark-haired mistress, who whines, who weeps and vows ever to be this pallid lover who waters the wine of his intoxication! I drink to joy! Joy is the one aim to which I go straight ... when I am drunk!

OPERATIC SELECTIONS TO BE ANNOUNCED FROM THE STAGE

IVOR NOVELLO (1893-1951)

And her mother came too!

We'll gather lilacs

NOEL COWARD (1899-1973)

Someday I'll find you (from Private Lives)

A bar on the piccolo marina

Mr. Braun and Ms. Maule appear courtesy Columbia Artists Management LLC -

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message from the president

This season is unique, not just for the peerless array of artists presented, but because we were so excited about them, we started early this year, in September, with three concerts before the New Year (instead of the usual two) and three after (instead of the usual four). But what three concerts! To come in 2010: the Tokyo String Quartet (one of the world's greatest); the 600-year tradition of the Vienna Choir Boys; and the rising piano star, Avan Yu (who played with Yo Yo Ma last month in Ottawa and who introduced that performance by the Prime Minister at the same concert).

As for next season, there is only one word to describe it - blockbuster! But, alas, I shall have to tease you for now and tell you more in January and when we start renewals at our February concert.

Since we shall not meet again until January, on behalf of our Board and Artistic Director, I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

—Rick Gambrel



Our Next Concert
Tokyo String Quartet
Friday, January 29, 2010

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See "Around the Province" at
www.musicfestvancouver.ca



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2009/10 FALL SERIES in HD: Coast Capital Theatre

MESSIAH - Kings College, Cambridge, Monday, December 21st - Evening 7:00pm

NUTCRACKER - Royal Ballet, Covent Garden - Monday, December 21st - Matinee 2:00pm

- Wednesday, December 23rd - Evening 7:00pm

❖ **NEW - WINTER AND SPRING SERIES FOR 2010**

JAZZ AT LINCOLN CENTRE - Saturday January 9, 7.00 p.m - Willie Nelson & Wynton Marsalis

FALSTAFF - Glyndebourne Opera Festival - Sunday Feb 28, Matinee 2:00 pm

BARBER of SEVILLE - Teatro Real, Barcelona - Sunday April 2, Matinee 2:00 pm

LAST NIGHT of the PROMS - BBC/The Royal Albert Hall May 7, Evening 7.00 p.m.

LA TRAVIATA - The Royal Opera, Covent Garden Sunday May 9, Matinee 2:00 pm

Individual performance tickets \$20.00 **Coast Capital Theatre** Info at www.wrpeninsula.com



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