



ISABEL BAYRAKDARIAN, SOPRANO

WITH SEROUJ KRADJIAN, PIANIST

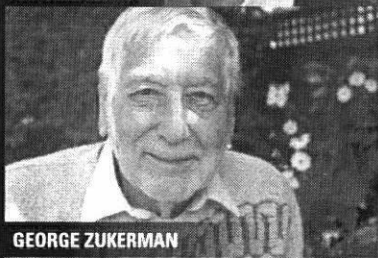
NOVEMBER 4, 2011



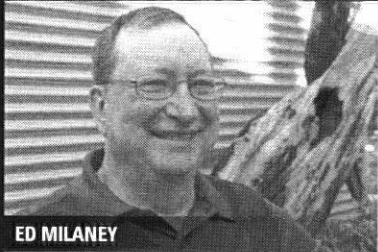
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About the artists



Isabel Bayrakdarian, Soprano

Canadian-Armenian soprano Isabel Bayrakdarian is admired equally for her stunning stage presence and exceptional musicality; she has followed a career path completely her own. Ms Bayrakdarian has an exciting 2011-12 season ahead which includes performances at Wigmore Hall with cellist Steven Isserlis and an extensive recital tour of British Columbia (Canada) with Serouj Kradjian. She will also be heard with the Vancouver Symphony in performances with Bramwell Tovey singing Brahms' Ein deutsches Requiem, and in a new production of Zemlin-sky's Der Zwerg at the Gran Teatro del Liceu (Barcelona, Spain).

Highlights of her 2010-11 season included Mahler's Symphony No. 2 with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra; Cleopatra arias with the Seattle Symphony Orchestra; Gorecki's Symphony No. 3 with the Danish National Symphony Orchestra; her recital debut at Wigmore Hall (London, UK); the premiere of "Trobairitz Ysabella" by Serouj Kradjian with the Manitoba Chamber Orchestra, and return performances at the Canadian Opera Company as Pamina in Mozart's The Magic Flute and Euridice in Gluck's Orfeo ed Euridice. Ms. Bayrakdarian continues to be the on-air host of Opera on Treasure HD.

Ms Bayrakdarian has been honored with many awards including four Juno awards — Canada's highest recording prize — and a 2009 Grammy Nomination for Gomidas Songs on the Nonesuch label. She can also be heard on the Grammy-award winning soundtrack of The Lord of The Rings: The Two Towers.

Be in touch with Ms. Bayrakdarian using the following:

www.bayrakdarian.com

<http://www.facebook.com/IsabelBayrakdarian>

<http://www.youtube.com/IsabelBayrakdarian>

Ms. Bayrakdarian is dressed for this concert by Atelier Rosemarie Umetsu.

Ms. Bayrakdarian appears by arrangement with IMG Artists, 152 West 57th St., 5th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10019

Concert programme subject to change.

Tour coordinated by Syliva Lange and George Zukerman

Programme

I. FRANZ LISZT

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

Im Rhein, im schoenen Strome S. 272

Die drei Zigeuner S. 320

Pace non trovo from Petrarca Sonnetten S. 270, No. 104

Ms Bayrakdarian

Transcendental Etude No. 4 in d minor S. 100

Mr. Karadjian

II. FRENCH CONNECTIONS

Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

Aime-moi based on Chopin Mazurka No. 23

L'Enfant et la mère

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

La mort d'Ophélie

H. 92a Opus 18 No. 2

Ms Bayrakdarian

III. BARBER OF SEVILLE

Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)

Largo al factotum Paraphrase on Figaro's Aria

Piano transcription by Grigory Ginzburg - (1904-1961)

Mr. Karadjian

Una voce poco fa Rosina's Aria

Ms Bayrakdarian

INTERMISSION

IV. ARMENIAN FOLK SONGS AND DANCES

Father Gomidas (1869-1935)

Ah, Dear Maral, Lullaby, Apricot Tree

Ms. Bayrakdarian

Serouj Kradjian (1973-)

Homage to Gomidas

Mr. Karadjian

V. SPANISH FOLK SONGS AND TANGOS

Fernando Obradors (1869-1935)

La mi sola Laureola, Al Amor, El Vito

Ms. Bayrakdarian

Isaac Albeniz (1860-1909)

Tango

Mr. Karadjian

Carlos Gardel (1890-1935)

El Dia que me quieras, Por una cabeza

Astor Piazzolla (1921-1992)

Che tango che

Ms. Bayrakdarian

ISABEL BAYRAKDARIAN, Soprano & SEROUJ KRADJIAN, Pianist/Composer

Vocal text ~ English translations

I. FRANZ LISZT @ 200!

Im Rhein, im schoenen Strome - In the Rhine, The Splendid River

In the Rhine, the splendid 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 images of my love's.

Die drei Zigeuner - The Three Gypsies

Text: Nikolaus Lenau - Translation: Emily Ezust

Three Gypsies I found once lying by a willow,
as my cart with weary torture crawled over the sandy heath.

One, for himself alone, was holding his fiddle in his hands,
playing, as the sunset glow surrounded him, a merry little tune.

The second held a pipe in his mouth and watched his smoke with cheer,
as if from the world he required nothing more for his happiness.

And the third slept comfortably: from the tree hung his cymbalom;
over its strings the wind's breath ran; in his heart a dream was playing.

On the clothing those three wore, were holes and colorful patches;
but, defiantly free, they made a mockery of earthly fate.

Treble they showed me how, when life grows dark for us,
one can smoke, sleep or play it away, and thus treble to scorn it.

At the Gypsies, longer yet I had to gaze in passing,
at their dark brown faces, at their black-locked hair.

Pace non trovo - I cannot find peace

From Petrarch's Sonnet S. 270

Text: Francesco Petrarca

I cannot find peace and don't know how to fight, I fear, and hope,
and burn and am like ice, I fly over the skies and lie on earth,
And I grasp nothing though all the world embrace.

She who holds me captive neither locks me in nor lets me out,
Nor claims me for her own or unties the knot.

Love neither kills me nor does it set me free,

Neither does he want me to live, nor to get me out of trouble.

I see without eyes, I can't find words and yet I cry out, I wish to die and I seek help;

I hate myself and love another; I feed on grief and laugh amidst my tears;

Equally death and life displease me, to such a state you have brought me, woman,

For you.

II. FRENCH CONNECTIONS

Aime-moi - Love me

Text: Louis Pomey

You command me to forget you, it pains me so to obey,

But thus is my darling's wish, Her desire is my desire.

Truly, truly, my desire;

When, joyous, I rush to you, you blush and want to flee,

My love offends you, Why then do you remember it?

But what! Tears, my beauty: Listen, calm yourself,

No more silly quarrels, I adore you; love me,

What! Tears, my beauty, Listen, calm yourself;

No more silly quarrels, I adore you; love me.

La la la la.. Ah!

You command me to forget you, It pains me so to obey,

But thus is my darling's wish, Her desire is my desire.

When joyous I rush to you, You blush and want to flee,

My love offends you, why then do you remember it? Ah!

But what! Tears, my love, have compassion, calm yourself

No more useless quarrels, I adore you; be mine. Ah!

L'enfant et la mère - Mother and child

Text: Anonymous

"Oh! Mother, listen to this voice that sings and attracts me so sweetly."

"Sleep, my child, sleep; It is the nightingale sighing in the woods."

"Oh! How the air is fragrant, Tell me mother, do you know why?"

"Sleep, sleep my beloved child, Sleep; it is the perfume of the rose."

"Mother, do you see this child with blue eyes and golden wings?"

"Sleep, my son, you see the setting sun reflected in the windows."

"Mother, he descends, how beautiful he is!

He smiles at me, I will follow him."

And falling back in his cradle, the child lived no more.

La mort d'Ophélie- The death of Ophelia

Text: Ernest-Wilfrid Legouvé, from Shakespeare's Hamlet

Beside a stream, Ophelia, following the bank, gathered,
In her gentle, tender madness, periwinkles, buttercups,
Opal-tinted irises, and those pale pink blossoms
Called dead men's fingers. Ah!

Then, in her white hands lifting the morning's laughing treasures,
She hung them on the branches, the branches of a nearby willow.
But the branch was too frail, it bent and broke,
and poor Ophelia fell, still holding her garland in her hand.

For a while her wide-spread dress bore her upon the surface,
And like a swelling sail she floated, singing still,
Singing some ancient ballad, singing like a water-nymph
Born in that very stream.

But this strange song ended, brief as a passing sound.
Her dress, made heavy with water,
Soon dragged the poor, mad girl into the depths,
Leaving her melodious song hardly begun. Ah!

III. BARBER OF SEVILLE

“Una voce poco fa” - “A voice a little while ago”

From *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Libretto: Cesare Sterbini

A voice has just echoed here into my heart.

My heart is already wounded and it was Lindoro who shot.

Yes, Lindoro will be mine I've sworn it, I'll win.

The tutor will refuse, I'll sharpen my mind, finally he'll accept, and happy I'll rest.

Yes, Lindoro will be mine I've sworn it, I'll win.

I'm gentle, respectful; I'm obedient, sweet, loving, I let be ruled, I let be guided

But if they touch where my weak spot is, I'll be a viper and a hundred traps

Before giving up I'll make them fall.

.....INTERMISSION.....

IV. ARMENIAN FOLK SONGS AND DANCES

Akh Maral Jan - Ah, Dear Maral

Translation: Serouj Kradjian

Alas, my dear Maral! The rose which I held for you has long wilted,

My dear beautiful one, my heart is in flames. Ah, my dear Maral!

What is the meaning of my life? My dear beautiful one, I am in tears.

Oror- Lullaby

Translation: Serouj Kradjian

You are priceless, flawless too. There is no one who can compare to you.

Sleep, my child.

I could go and bring over the moon to you. The moon and the stars are flawless, too.

Sleep, my child.

Dzirani dzar - Apricot Tree

Translation: Serouj Kradjian

Apricot tree, do not bear fruit, vay! Don't let your branches entwine, vay!

Every time I walk in your shadow, my pain and suffering also entwine!

Give me, Oh, give me back the joy of my heart,

Which, like the wind, has drowned into the sea.

May this terrible year end and never come back!

The pain has plunged me into the black abyss!

How the wind howls, Drowning the laughter of my heart into the sea.

V. SPANISH FOLK SONGS AND TANGOS

La Mi Sola Laureola - My only Laureola

Text: Juan Ponce

My only Laureola, my only, only, only one,
I, the captive Leriano, am so proud to be wounded by the hand,
the only hand in the world.
My only Laureola, my only, only, only one.

Al Amor - To the Beloved

Text: Cristobal de Castillejo

Translation: Alice Rogers-Mendoza

Give me, Love, kisses without number, as the number of hairs on my head,
and give me a thousand and a hundred after that,
and a hundred and a thousand after that...
and after those...many thousands... give me three more!
And so that no one feels bad...Let us tear up the tally and begin counting backwards!

El Vito - The Dance of Fire

Text: Anonymous Translation: Jacqueline Cockburn

An old woman is worth a silver coin and a young girl two copper coins,
but as I am so poor I go for the cheapest.
On with the dancing, on with the dancing, ole!
Stop your teasing, sir, else I'll blush!

El Dia que me quieras - The Day When you Love Me
Lyrics: Alfredo Le Pera

I hear you softly breathing;
that quiet murmur caresses my dream.
How my life seems to laugh when
your big dark eyes look at me with their gleam.
And if I have the comfort of your singing laughter,
whose bursts always seem to make my wounds feel better,
I instantly become a forgetter!

The day when you love me, the lovely roses
clinging to my old house will dress up in all their festive hues.
The wind chimes will be ringing to tell the world that you're mine now;
The fountains will madly sing about how much I am loved by you.
The night when you love me, the jealous stars will see us
from the blue sky above as we walk hand in hand.
A ray of mysterious light will nest in your dark tresses,
And a firefly, ever so curious, will see that you are my consolation!

(Spoken)

The day when you love me all things will be harmonious.
The dawn will be so bright and the spring will be so bubbly.
The quiet breeze will carry the sound of gentle music,
And we will hear the fountains' crystalline voices sing aloud.
The day when you love me the birds will sweeten
Their singing chords beyond belief, life will be full of flowers,
There will be no more grief!

(Sung)

The night when you love me, the jealous stars will see us
from the blue sky above as we walk hand in hand.
A ray of mysterious light will nest in your dark tresses,
And a firefly, ever so curious, will see that you are my consolation!

Por una cabeza - By a Head (of a horse)

Lyrics: Alfredo Le Pera

Losing by a head of a noble horse
who slackens just down the stretch
and when it comes back it seems to say:
Don't forget brother, You know you shouldn't bet.

Losing by a head...instant violent love
of that flirtatious and cheerful woman
who, swearing with a smile on a love she's lying about,
burns all my love in a blaze.

Losing by a head...there was all that madness;
her mouth kisses, wipes out the sadness,
and calms the bitterness.

Losing by a head...if she forgets me,
no matter if I lost my life a thousand times;
what is there to live for?

How many disappointments...Losing by a head...
I swore a thousand times not to play again
but if a look sways me while passing by
I want to kiss her lips of fire once more.
Enough of race tracks, no more gambling,
a photo-finish end I'm not watching again,
but if a pony looks like a sure thing on Sunday,
I'll bet everything again, what can I do?

Che tango Che

Lyrics: Jean-Claude Carrière after Angela Denia Terenzi

Translation: Pascale Roger

Che Tango Che, Slapped spent, Abused and surly, Che Tango Che

Che Tango Che, Who picked me up, Who doped me up, Who ate me up
Che Tango Che

Che Tango Che, Grated gashed, Ground and Grilled, Che Tango Che

Che Tango Che, Who raped me, Who corrupted me, Who dumped me.

Che Tango Che, Broke slotted, Alone and Out of joint, Che Tango Che

Who brushed up against me, Who drove me berserk,
Who jerked me around, Che Tango Che

You made me crash, You made me bonkers

You had stripped me, You had made me run wild

You made me enjoy it, You made me lose myself

Had hounded me down, You had subdued me, You had strung me along
And you left me exhausted.

Che Tango Che, Used-up banged-up, Drugged-up busted-up, Boneless
Che Tango Che

Che Tango Che, Who spoiled me, Who praised me, Who ditched me
Che Tango Che

Blindfolded, Blind comfort, Sleeping bandanna, Worthless neon, Reckless

Che Tango Che, Who made me drunk, Who ripped me off,
Who drowned me.

Che Tango Che, Fondling tango, Fading tango, Fated tango, Che Tango Che

Who went to my head, Who split me up, But who loved me, Che Tango Che



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About the artists (continued)



Serouj Kradjian, pianist, composer

Juno award winning and Grammy-nominated Canadian pianist and composer Serouj Kradjian has appeared with the Vancouver, Edmonton, Toronto, Madrid and Göttingen Symphonies, the Russian National Orchestra, I Musici de Montreal, the Armenian Philharmonic and the Thailand Philharmonic.

Solo, chamber music recitals and premieres of his compositions have taken Mr. Kradjian from all major Canadian cities,, via the U.S - New York (Carnegie Hall), Atlanta , San Francisco , Boston, Miami, Chicago and Los Angeles - to European concert halls in Paris, Munich, Salzburg, Trondheim, Lausanne, Geneva, Madrid, Barcelona and Bilbao and to the Far East in Bangkok, Thailand and Tokyo, Japan. He is regularly invited to the Ottawa, Bergen, Savannah , Colmar and Cortona music festivals.

Serouj Kradjian's discography includes Franz Liszt's Transcendental Etudes and Piano Concerti on the Warner Music Spain label, Robert Schumann's Sonatas for Violin and Piano, songs by Pauline Viardot-Garcia with soprano Isabel Bayrakdarian, "Armenian Chamber Music" with the Amici Chamber Ensemble, and "Gomidias Songs" released on the Nonesuch label, which earned him a Grammy nomination.



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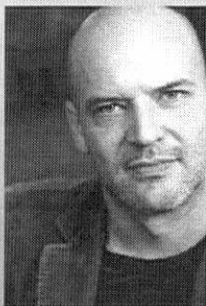


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