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Women on the Verge

Elizabeth McDonald, Emily Martin, Kathryn Tremills
soprano soprano piano



**Sat. May 13, 2017 7 pm.
St. Paul's United Church
Stirling, ON**

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Women on the Verge

PROGRAMME

Als Luise die Briefe...	W.A.Mozart (1756-1791)
Gretchen am Spinnrade	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
<i>Four Mignon Songs</i>	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Heiss mich nicht reden	
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt	
So lasst mich scheinen	
Kennst du das Land	
Au pays ou se fait le guerre	Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

INTERMISSION

<i>Try me, Good King:</i>	Libby Larsen (b.1950)
<i>Last Words of the Wives of Henry VIII</i>	
Katherine of Aragon	
Anne Boleyn	
Jane Seymour	
Anne of Cleves	
Catherine Howard	
I never saw a Moor	Richard Pearson Thomas (b. 1957)
Emily Dickinson	
Will there really be a morning?	Richard Hundley (b. 1931)
Emily Dickinson	
Come ready and see me	Richard Hundley (b. 1931)
James Purdy	
A Birthday	(Robert Aldridge (b. 1954)
Christina Rosetti	



Canadian soprano Elizabeth McDonald is having a diverse career as a performer and teacher. A young artist with both the Santa Fe Opera and the Canadian Opera Company, she made her mainstage debut as *Elettra* in Mozart's *Idomeneo*. A Sessional Instructor of Voice at the University of Toronto, her students have won major awards including the Metropolitan Opera National Council Competition, the Canadian Opera Company Centre Stage Competition, and the Eckhardt-Gramatté Competition. She lives in Prince Edward County with her husband and two children. www.fromthevoiceof.ca



Dr. Kathryn Tremills is in demand as a performer, teacher, coach and adjudicator. Kathryn holds a doctorate from the University of Michigan and is an alumnus of the Eastman School of Music, University of Colorado at Boulder and University of Toronto. Her extensive performing career has taken her to the stages of Roy Thomson Hall, Koerner Hall, the Ottawa Chamber Music Festival, Off Centre Music Salon, the Canadian Art Song Project, Richard Bradshaw Amphitheatre Thursday Noon Concerts, and Pro Musica Detroit, to name a few. Twice a Canada Council Grant recipient, she has appeared as a soloist with numerous orchestras in North America, and has served as musical staff at the Canadian Opera Company, and the Toronto Children's Chorus. Kathryn is a Sessional Lecturer at the University of Toronto, and serves on the faculty at the Centre for Opera in Sulmona, Italy (COSI) and Canadian Operatic Arts Academy (COAA). She resides in Toronto with her husband, bass-baritone Giles Tomkins and their son. www.kathryntremills.com

Women on the Verge

Emily Martin, Elizabeth McDonald, Kathryn Tremills

Women on the Verge was formed in 2016 by American soprano Emily Martin, Canadian soprano Elizabeth McDonald and Canadian pianist Kathryn Tremills. The Trio is connected by their mutual desire to tell the stories of women's lives both past and present - the stories of celebration and condemnation, motherhood and loss, marriage and betrayal, breakdowns and breakups...the stories of every woman. In 2018 they will be singing these stories in Lubbock, TX, Lewisburg, PA, Toronto, ON and the American Cathedral in Paris, France.



American soprano **Emily Martin** has regularly received acclaim for her "enchanting iridescence", and has been called "dramatically energetic and skillful" for her operatic performing in opera houses across the US including The Santa Fe Opera, Palm Beach Opera, Opera Nevada, and the Chautauqua Opera. Emily has graced the stage of Carnegie Hall

in Handel's Messiah and has presented solo recitals across the US and Canada. Emily is currently Assistant Professor of Music and Director of Bucknell Opera Theatre at Bucknell University Pennsylvania where she lives with her husband and daughter. www.emilycmartin.com

Als Luise die Briefe... *Gabriele von Baumberg*

Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie,
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde
Zur Welt gebrachte, geht zu Grunde, Ihr Kinder
der Melancholie!

Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein,
Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen wieder,
Und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder,
Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.
Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben, Ist keine
Spur von euch mehr hier.

Doch ach! der Mann, der euch geschrieben,
Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt ist mir vergällt.
Mein armer Kopf ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn ist mir zerstückt.

Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich
Aus dem Haus.
Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,
Und seiner Rede Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuß!

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft ich fassen
Und halten ihn,
Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt!

When Luise burns the letters of her unfaithful lover....

Generated by ardent fantasy;
in a rapturous hour brought into
this world - Perish, you children of
melancholy!

You owe the flames your existence,
so I restore you now to the fire,
with all your rapturous songs.
For alas! he sang them not to me alone.
I burn you now, and soon, you love-letters,
there will be no trace of you here.

Yet alas! the man himself, who wrote you,
may still perhaps burn long in me.

Translation: Emily Ezust

Gretchen at her Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

Where I do not have him, That is the grave,
The whole world is bitter to me.
My poor head is crazy to me,
My poor mind is torn apart.

For him only, I look
Out the window
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.
His tall walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth's smile,
His eyes' power,
And his mouth's Magic flow,
His handclasp,
and ah! his kiss!

My bosom urges itself
toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!
And kiss him,
As I would wish,
At his kisses
I should die!

Translation: Emily Ezust

TRANSLATIONS

Four Mignon Songs *Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

I. Heiß mich nicht reden,
Heiß mich schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht,
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen, Allein
das Schicksal will es nicht.

I. Don't ask me to speak
Ask me to be silent,
for my secret is a solemn duty to me.
I wish I could bare my soul to you,
but Fate does not will it.

Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
Die finstre Nacht,
und sie muß sich erhellen,
Der harte Fels schließt seinen Busen auf,
Mißgönnt der Erde nicht die tiefverborgnen
Quellen.

At the right time, the sun's course will
dispell the dark night,
and it must be illuminated.
The hard rock will open its bosom;
and ungrudgingly, the earth will release
deep hidden springs.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen
sich ergießen,
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu,
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschließen.

Others may seek calm in the arms of a
friend; there one can pour out one's heart
in lament.
But for me alone, a vow locks my lips,
And only a god has the power to open
them.

Translation: Thierry Morice

II. Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt Weiß,
was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt Von aller Freude,
Seh ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite. Es schwindelt mir,
es brennt Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt Weiß,
was ich leide!

II. Only one who knows longing Knows
what I suffer!
Alone and cut off From all joy,
I look into the firmament
In that direction.
Ach! he who loves and knows me,
Is far away. I am reeling,
My entrails are burning.
Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!

Translation: Lawrence Snyder

III. So laßt mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weiße Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes feste Haus.

III. So let me seem, until I become so;
don't take the white dress away from me!
From the beautiful earth I hasten down into
that solid house.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich laße dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.
(continued...)

There I will repose a moment in peace, until I
open my eyes afresh;
then I will leave behind the spotless garment,
the girdle and the wreath.
(continued...)



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Poetry by Emily Dickenson

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.
I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if a chart were given.

Will there really be a "Morning"?

Is there such a thing as "Day"?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

Poetry by Christina Rossetti

A Birthday

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

Poetry by James Purdy

Come ready and see me,
No matter how late
Come before the years run out,
I'm waiting with a candle
No wind will blow out,
But you must haste
By foot or by sky
For no one can wait forever
Under the bluest sky
I can't wait forever
For the years are running out.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

IV. Kennst du das Land,
wo die Zitronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub
die Gold- Orangenglühn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen
Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still
und hoch der Lorbeer steht?

Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin Möcht ich mit dir,
o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus?
Auf Säulen uht sein Dach.
Es glänzt der Saal,
es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn
und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?

Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin Möcht ich mit dir,
o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen
Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel
seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!

Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! dahin Geht unser Weg!
O Vater, laß uns ziehn!

And those spirits of heaven do not ask
whether one is 'man' or 'woman', and
no clothes, no robes will cover my
transfigured body.

Although I have lived without trouble
and toil, I have still felt deep pain.
Through sorrow I have aged too soon;
Make me forever young again!

Translation: Richard Morris

IV. Do you know
where the lemon blossom grows,
In foliage dark
the orange golden glows,
A gentle breeze blows
from the azure sky,
Still stands the myrtle,
and the laurel, high?

Do you know it well?
'Tis there! 'Tis there Would I with thee,
oh my beloved, fare.

Do you know the house,
its roof on columns fine?
Its hall glows brightly
and its chambers shine,
And marble figures stand
and gaze at me:
What have they done, oh wretched child,
to thee?

Do you know it well?
'Tis there! 'Tis there would I with thee,
oh my protector, fare.

Do you know the mountain with
the misty shrouds?
The mule is seeking passage
through the clouds;
In caverns dwells the dragons' ancient brood;
The cliff rocks plunge under
the rushing flood!

Do you know
'Tis there! 'Tis there Leads our path!
Oh father, let us fare.

Translation: Emily Ezust

Try Me, Good King: Last Words of the Wives of Henry VIII

Libby Larsen

KATHERINE OF ARAGON

Katherine of Aragon to Henry VIII: 7 January 1536

My most dear lord, king and husband, the hour of my death now drawing on, the tender love I owe you forces me to commend myself unto you and to put you in remembrance of the health and welfare of your soul.

My most dear lord, King, and husband, you have cast me into many calamities and yourself into many troubles.

For my part, I pardon you everything, and I wish to devoutly pray God that He will pardon you also.

For the rest I commend unto you our daughter, Mary, beseeching you to be a good father unto her.

Lastly, I make this vow, that my eyes desire you above all things.

ANNE BOLEYN

Anne Boleyn to Henry VIII, 6 May 1536; Henry's love letter to Anne Boleyn; Anne Boleyn execution speech, 19 May 1536

Try me, good king, let me have a lawful trial and let not my enemies sit as my accusers and judges. Try me, good king, let me receive and open trial for my trust shall fear no open shame.

Never a prince had a wife more loyal, more loyal in all duty. Never a prince had a wife more loyal, more loyal in all true affection; never a prince had a wife more loyal, more loyal than you have found in Anne Bulen (sic).

You have chosen me from low estate to be your wife and companion. Do you not remember the words of your own true hand?

"My own darling, I would you were in my arms for I think it long since I kissed you, my mistress and friend."

Do you not remember the words of your own true hand?

Try me, good king, Try me.

If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Bulen (sic) has been pleasing to your ears, then let me obtain this request and my innocence shall be known.

Good Christian people, I am come hither to die, and by the law I am judged to die. I pray God save the King. I hear the executioner's good, and my neck is so little.

JANE SEYMOUR

Jane Seymour to the Council, 12 October 1537; "Tudor Rose", Anonymous

Right trusty and Well Beloved, we greet you well, for as much as be the inestimable goodness of Almighty God, we be delivered of a prince.

I love the rose both red & white, to hear of them is my delight! Joyed may we be, our prince to see, and roses three!"

ANNE OF CLEVES

Anne of Cleves to Henry VIII, 11 July 1540

I have been informed by certain lords of the doubts and questions, which have been found in our marriage. It may please your majesty to know that though this case be most hard and sorrowful I have and do accept the clergy for my judges.

So now the clergy hath given their sentence. I approve. I neither can nor will repute myself for your grace's wife, yet it may please your highness to take me for your sister; for the which I most humbly thank you

Your majesty's most humble sister, Anne the daughter of Cleves.

KATHERINE HOWARD

Recorded at her execution by an unknown Spaniard, 13 February 1541

God have mercy on my soul. Good people, I beg you pray for me. By the journey upon which I am bound, I have not wronged the King.

Brothers, I have not wronged the King. But it is true that long before the King took me, I loved Thomas Culpeper.

I wish to God I had done as Culpeper wished me, for at the time the King wanted me, Culpeper urged me to say that I was pledged to him.

If I had done as he wished me, I should not die this death, nor would he.

God have mercy on my soul. Good people I beg you pray for me.

I die a Queen, but I would rather die the wife of Culpeper.

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