

2000 2001



CD 2001--28

Thursday Noon Series
presents

MUSIC AND POETRY

Dylan Thomas
(1914-1953)

Fern Hill
In My Craft or Sullen Art

Professor Eric Domville, reader

John Hawkins
(born 1944)

Nightsong (1995)
poem by **Dylan Thomas**

Matthew Leigh, baritone
Akemi Mercer and Chris Wilshire, violins
Caitlin Boyle, viola
Ariel Barnes, cello
Danny Tones, marimba
John Hawkins, conductor

The Work of the Painter and the Poet - *Professor Eric Domville*

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Le Travail du Peintre (1956)
Sept Mélodies sur des Poèmes de **Paul Éluard**

- I. Pablo Picasso
- II. Marc Chagall
- III. Georges Braque
- IV. Juan Gris
- V. Paul Klee
- VI. Joan Miró
- VII. Jacques Villon

Matthew Leigh, baritone
John Hawkins, piano

Thursday, March 1, 12:10 p.m.
Walter Hall

Free

Edward Johnson Building
80 Queen's Park Crescent

Baritone **Matthew Leigh** graduated from the University of Toronto's Faculty of Music in 2000 with an honours degree in vocal performance. Upon graduation he was the recipient of the St. Andrew's memorial scholarship. Since that time he has been kept busy investigating the wonderful repertoire of Robert Schumann, and most recently, Francis Poulenc. Matthew is a student of Patricia Kern and hopes to continue his musical education in a post graduate programme.

Eric Domville is a Professor Emeritus of English at Trinity College, University of Toronto. His main research focused on the writings of W.B. Yeats. Currently, he offers courses on opera in the Continuing Education Division of St. Michael's College and collaborates on a course including a history of song in English with his wife, Professor Jean MacPhail, at the Royal Conservatory of Music. For the last few years he has served as a member of the Speakers' Bureau of the Canadian Opera Company. Most recently he gave pre-performance talks on Henze's **Venus und Adonis** and Puccini's **La Fanciulla del West**.

Composer and pianist **John Hawkins** joined the Faculty of Music at the University of Toronto in 1970 and has specialized in the analysis and performance of twentieth-century repertoire. Since 1994 he has organized the Music and Poetry lecture/concert series which features vocal literature of the last century. So far, over 35 works by 21 different composers have been performed. Hawkins' latest work, **Summerdances** for solo clarinet, winds and percussion will receive its first performance on March 31 at 8:00 pm in the MacMillan Theatre. The premiere features clarinet soloist Peter Stoll and the University of Toronto Wind Symphony, under the direction of Stephen Chenette.

Nightsong (1995) John Hawkins

In My Craft or Sullen Art

In my craft or sullen art
Exercised in the still night
When only the moon rages
And the lovers lie abed
With all their griefs in their arms,
I labour by singing light
Not for ambition or bread
Or the strut and trade of charms
On the ivory stages
But for the common wages
Of their most secret heart.

Not for the proud man apart
From the raging moon I write
On these spindrift pages
Nor for the towering dead
With their nightingales and psalms
But for the lovers, their arms
Round the griefs of the ages,
Who pay no praise or wages
Nor heed my craft or art.

Dylan Thomas (1914-1953)

Le Travail du Peintre (1956) Francis Poulenc

Pablo Picasso

Entoure ce citron de blanc d'oeuf informe Enrobe ce blanc d'oeuf d'un azur souple et fin	Surround this lemon with shapeless eggwhite Coat this eggwhite with a supple delicate blue
La ligne droite et noire a beau venir de toi L'aube est derrière ton tableau	Even though the straight black line surely comes from you The dawn lies behind your painting
Et des murs innombrables croulent Derrière ton tableau et toi l'oeil fixe Comme un aveugle comme un fou Tu dresses une haute épée dans le vide	And countless walls are crumbling Behind your painting and you your eyes fixed Like a blind man like a lunatic You are raising a tall sword in the empty space
Une main pourquoi pas une seconde main Et pourquoi pas la bouche nue comme une plume Pourquoi pas un sourire et pourquoi pas des larmes Tout au bord de la toile où jouent les petits clous	A hand why not a second hand And why not a mouth as naked as a feather Why not a smile and why not tears At the very edge of the canvas where the tacks are playing
Voici le jour d'autrui laisse aux ombres leur chance Et d'un seul mouvement des paupières renonce.	This is the daylight of other people let the shadows have their chance And with one blink of your eyelids renounce.

Marc Chagall

Âne ou vache coq ou cheval
 Jusqu'à la peau d'un violon
 Homme chanteur un seul oiseau
 Danseur agile avec sa femme

Couple trempé dans sons printemps

L'or de l'herbe le plomb du ciel
 Séparés par les flammes bleues
 De la santé de la rosée
 Le sang s'irise le coeur tinte

Un couple le premier reflet

Et dans un souterrain de neige
 La vigne opulente dessine
 Un visage aux lèvres de lune
 Qui n'a jamais dormi la nuit.

Ass or cow rooster or horse
 Even the skin of a violin
 A man singing a single bird
 An agile dancer with his wife

A couple steeped in their springtime

Golden grass and leaden sky
 Separated by the blue flames
 Of health and of dew
 The blood grows iridescent the heart rings

A couple the first reflection

And in a tunnel of snow
 The abundant vine sketches
 A moon-lipped face
 Which has never slept at night.

Georges Braque

Un oiseau s'envole,
 Il rejette les nues comme un voile inutile,
 Il n'a jamais craint la lumière,
 Enfermé dans son vol
 Il n'a jamais eu d'ombre.

Coquilles des moissons brisées par
 le soleil.
 Toutes les feuilles dans les bois
 disent oui,
 Elles ne savent dire que oui,
 Toute question, toute réponse
 Et la rosée coule au fond de ce oui.

Un homme aux yeux légers décrit
 le ciel d'amour.
 Il en rassemble les merveilles
 Comme des feuilles dans un bois,
 Comme des oiseaux dans leurs ailes
 Et des hommes dans le sommeil.

A bird takes wing,
 It throws off the clouds like a useless veil,
 It has never feared light,
 Enclosed in its flight
 It has never had a shadow.

Husks of harvest grains shattered.
 by the sun.
 All the forests' leaves
 say yes,
 They can say nothing but yes,
 Every question, every answer
 And the dew flows deep inside that yes.

A man with carefree eyes describes
 the heaven of love.
 He collects its wonders
 Like leaves in a forest,
 Like birds in their wings
 And men in their sleep.

Juan Gris

De jour merci de nuit prends garde
De douceur la moitié du monde
L'autre montrait rigeur aveugle

Aux veines se lisait un présent
sans merci
Aux beautés des contours
l'espace limité
Cimentait tous les joints des
objets familiers

Table guitare et verre vide
Sur un arpent de terre pleine
De toile blanche d'air nocturne

Table devait se soutenir
Lampe rester pépin de l'ombre
Journal délaissait sa moitié

Deux fois le jour deux fois la nuit
De deux objets un double objet
Un seul ensemble à tout jamais.

By day give thanks by night be wary
Half the world was gentleness
The other half showed blind rigidity

A merciless present could be read
in the veins
In the beauties of outlines
limited space
Cemented all the joinings of
familiar objects

Table guitar and empty glass
On an acre of solid earth
And white canvas and night air

The table had to support itself
The lamp to remain a seed of shade
The newspaper abandoned its other half

Twice the day twice the night
From two objects a double object
A single whole forever and ever.

Paul Klee

Sur la pente fatale le voyageur profite
De la faveur du jour, verglas et
sans cailloux,
Et les yeux bleus d'amour,
découvre sa saison
Qui porte à tous les doigts
de grands astres en bague.

Sur la plage la mer a laissé ses oreilles
Et le sable creusé la place
d'un beau crime.
Le supplice est plus dur aux bourreaux
qu'aux victimes,
Les couteaux sont des signes et
les balles des larmes.

On the fatal slope the traveller takes advantage
Of the favourable day, icy-smooth and
without pebbles,
And his eyes blue with love,
discovers his season
Which wears on every finger
great stars as rings.

On the beach the sea has left its ears
And the sand has hollowed out space
for a noble crime.
The torture is worse for the executioners
than for the victims,
Knives are omens and
bullets are teardrops.

Joan Miró

Soleil de proie prisonnier de ma tête
 Enlève la colline, enlève la forêt.
 Le ciel est plus beau que jamais.

Les libellules des raisins
 Lui donnent des formes précises
 Que je dissipe d'un geste.

Nuages du premier jour,
 Nuages insensibles et que rien n'autorise,
 Leurs graines brûlent
 Dans les feux de paille de mes regards.

À la fin, pour se couvrir d'une aube
 Il faudra que le ciel soit aussi pur que
 la nuit.

Predatory sun prisoner of my head
 Remove the hill, remove the forest.
 The sky is more beautiful than ever.

The dragonflies of the grapes
 Give it precise forms
 Which I dispel with a gesture.

Clouds of the primeval day,
 Insensitive clouds sanctioned by nothing,
 Their seeds are burning
 In the straw fires of my gaze.

In the end, in order to clothe itself with dawn
 The sky must be as pure as
 night.

Jacques Villon

Irrémédiable vie
 Vie à toujours chérir

En dépit des fléaux
 Et des morales basses
 En dépit des étoiles fausses
 Et des cendres envahissantes

En dépit des fièvres grinçantes
 Des crimes à hauteur du ventre
 Des seins taris des fronts idiots
 En dépit des soleils mortels

En dépit des dieux morts
 En dépit des mensonges
 L'aube l'horizon l'eau
 L'oiseau l'homme l'amour

L'homme léger et bon
 Adoucissant la terre
 Éclaircissant les bois
 Illuminant la pierre

Et la rose nocturne
 Et le sang de la foule.

Life never curable
 Life ever to be cherished

Despite scourges
 And base morals
 Despite false stars
 And encroaching ashes

Despite grinding fevers
 Crimes below the belt
 Dried up breasts idiotic faces
 Despite the mortal suns

Despite the dead gods
 Despite the lies
 Dawn horizon water
 Bird mankind love

Mankind light-hearted and good
 Sweetening the earth
 Clearing the forests
 Illuminating the stone

And the nocturnal rose
 And the blood of the masses.

Paul Éluard (1895-1952)