

MARY HEGARTY GABRIELA MAYER

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THURS 7 FEB 2019
7:30 pm

**Curtis Auditorium
CIT Cork School of Music**

€20 | €15 (concessions) | €15 ∅ €10 (COS members) | €5 (students)

Mary Hegarty

Soprano Mary Hegarty's early studies at the Cork School of Music led to a place at the National Opera Studio in London and masterclasses with Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Sir Peter Pears. She represented her country at the Cardiff Singer of the World Competition and subsequently built an impressive career throughout Europe on the operatic stage, concert platform and in regular broadcasts with RTE and the BBC.

Since making her professional debut at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, under the baton of Bernard Haitink, Mary has sung principal roles with English National Opera, Opera North, Welsh National Opera, Opera Northern Ireland, City of Birmingham Touring Opera, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Garsington Opera, D'Oyly Carte, Reisopera, La Monnaie, Vlaamse Opera, Adelaide Festival, Buxton Opera, Opera Zuid, Athens Festival, Opera Theatre Company, OPERA 2005, the Dublin Grand Opera Society and R&R Musical Society. Oratorio and concert appearances include the BBC Proms at the Royal Albert Hall, many performances of Messiah, Haydn's Creation, Carmina Burana, Maritana, La Bohème (at the RTE Proms), and the Irish premieres of Paul McCartney's Liverpool Oratorio and Mahler's Eighth Symphony.

She has graced the stages of the Royal Festival Hall, Barbican, Birmingham Symphony Hall, National Concert Hall and others, with the RTE National Symphony Orchestra and Concert Orchestras, BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBC Concert Orchestra, Hallé Orchestra, Philharmonia, Ulster Orchestra, Orchestre Nationale de Belgique and London Symphony Orchestra.

Mary Hegarty's recordings include her solo album *A Voice is Calling*, and CD recordings of *Patience* and *Orpheus in the Underworld* with the D'Oyly Carte (Sony), *Silver Tassie* (ENO) and *Carmen* (Chandos). She has recorded Handel's *Messiah* with both Glyndebourne Opera and the Black Dyke Mills Band and Huddersfield Choral Society. Mary played Gilda in a cameo in Woody Allen's movie *Matchpoint* and has featured in special TV and DVD recordings of *The Silver Tassie*, Bernstein's *Trouble in Tahiti*, Jonathan Dove's *Buzz on the Moon* and Rachel Portman's *The Little Prince*.

Ongoing performance projects include a recital of lieder themed as 'Music of the Art Nouveau', John Corigliano's song cycle based on the poetry of Bob Dylan, and a cabaret production of 'Mary Hegarty sings the Jazz Songbook'. Recent collaborators include the CSM Chamber Orchestra and Geoffrey Spratt in Britten's *Les Illuminations*, the Vanbrugh String Quartet and Cuarteto Casals (West Cork Chamber Music Festival), pianists Ciara Moroney, Gabriela Mayer and Eleanor Malone, and her own stellar jazz quintet.

Mary was nominated for an Opera Bear Award for her portrayal of Miss Wordsworth in Opera North's acclaimed production of Britten's *Albert Herring* and she dipped her toes into the musical theatre world in a very successful production of *Side by Side* by Sondheim at Cork's Everyman Palace Theatre. Recent roles have included Cunagonda in the Cork Operatic Society's production of *Candide* and *Belinda* in Cork Opera House's production of *Dido and Aeneas*, which recently toured nationwide. She has also cemented her status as a Cork icon with a cameo appearance alongside indie band the Frank and Walters at their recent sell-out anniversary concert!

A successful vocal coach and lecturer at the Cork School of Music, Mary's students have performed at English National Opera, the BBC Proms. and the BBC's TV series *The Voice UK*. She also recently acted as the voice and language coach for a British Youth Opera production of *Riders to the Sea*. Mary was awarded a Cork City Council bursary in 2015 to facilitate her further professional development.

Gabriela Mayer

Dr Gabriela Mayer is currently the Head of the Department of Keyboard Studies at the CIT Cork School of Music. Her early training was in her native Romania, as well as Italy and later the USA, where she won numerous awards and scholarships. As a recipient of a Fulbright Graduate Fellowship to Germany in 1997, Dr. Mayer studied piano performance at the Hochschule für Musik 'Hanns Eisler' in Berlin. She also completed a Doctorate in Musical Arts at the University of Maryland in the USA, graduating with the highest honours. In America, she taught at the American University in Washington DC. Since moving to Ireland, she has engaged in teaching as well as performing both solo and chamber music recitals. She is currently involved in activities of the Association of European Conservatoires (AEC) and European Piano Teachers Association (EPTA) through participation in seminars, giving presentations at conferences on pedagogical and performance topics, and as an international representative of the AEC on institutional review panels. She has been involved with the Innovative Conservatoire Seminars (ICON) from the early stages.

Her interest in effective practice and performance preparation has led to being part of the 'Potential to Performance' project, collaboration with colleagues from Finland, the Netherlands, Germany and Australia. A related website is currently under development. Her students have won prizes and awards in piano performance and chamber music competitions and many of the MA graduates she taught have secured professional careers and continue to be active as performers.

As a performer, she continues to be actively involved in concerts and regularly collaborates in chamber music projects with colleagues from the Irish Chamber Orchestra and the CIT Cork School of Music. In addition, she has given concerts and masterclasses as part of the Erasmus programme at European partner institutions.



Curtis Auditorium
CIT Cork School of Music
Thursday 7 February 2019 | 7:30 pm

Mary Hegarty
soprano

Gabriela Mayer
piano

Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)

Soleils couchants Cantique Versailles Chanson

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Ariettes Oubliées (Forgotten Little Songs), L.60

C'est l'extase langoureuse Il pleure dans min cœur L'ombre des arbres

Chevaux de bois (Paysages beiges) Green (Aquarelles)

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Storiella d'amore Sole e amore E l'uccellino (Ninna-nanna)

Morire Terra e mare Sogna d'or Canto d'anime

Interval

Cecil Armstrong Gibbs (1889-1960)

Silver

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Silent noon

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Love's philosophy

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Die Nacht Op. 10 Zueignung Op. 10

Traum durch die Dämmerung Op.29

Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 Ruhe, meine Seele Op. 27

Befreit Op. 39 Allerseelen Op.10 No.8



Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)

Juliette Nadia Boulanger was a French composer, conductor, and teacher. She is notable for having taught many of the leading composers and musicians of the 20th century. Among her students were those who became leading composers, soloists, arrangers, and conductors, including Aaron Copland, Roy Harris, Virgil Thomson, Darius Milhaud, Elliott Carter, David Diamond, Dinu Lipatti, Igor Markevitch, İdil Biret, Daniel Barenboim, John Eliot Gardiner, Philip Glass, Astor Piazzolla, Quincy Jones, and Michel Legrand. The composer Ned Rorem described Nadia Boulanger as "the most influential teacher since Socrates." Boulanger, who liked to be known as "Mademoiselle", made her conducting debut in 1912. She was the first woman to conduct several major symphony orchestras, including the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and in England the Hallé Orchestra of Manchester and the BBC Symphony Orchestra.

Boulanger's compositions, published between 1901 and 1922, include 29 songs for solo singer and piano. The Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians says of Boulanger's music, "Her musical language is often highly chromatic (though always tonally based), and Debussy's influence is apparent ... her self-critical attitude led her to concentrate on teaching." Her younger sister Lili, who was, as Boulanger acknowledged, the more talented composer, won the Premier Grand Prix de Rome in 1913, the first woman composer to do so. By that time, Nadia was firmly established as a teacher, and had little time to compose. Most of her compositions date from before her younger sister's triumph at the Prix de Rome. Lili had never been healthy, and in 1918 she died. After Lili's death, Nadia abandoned composition, publishing only a few songs in 1922, and then nothing more.

Soleils couchants

Paul Verlaine

Une aube affaiblie
Verse par les champs
La mélancolie
Des soleils couchants.
La mélancolie
Berce de doux chants
Mon coeur qui s'oublie
Aux soleils couchants.
Et d'étranges rêves,
Comme des soleils
Couchants sur les grèves,
Fantômes vermeils,
Défilent sans trêves,
Défilent, pareils
À des grands soleils
Couchants sur les grèves.

Cantique

Maurice Maeterlinck

A toute âme qui pleure
A tout péché qui passe
J'ouvre au sein des étoiles
Mes mains pleines de grâces.

Il n'est péché qui vive
Quand l'amour a parlé
Il n'est âme qui meure
Quand l'amour a pleuré.

Et se l'amour s'égare
Aux sentiers d'icibas
Ses larmes me retrouvent
Et ne s'égarent pas.

Sunsets

Paul Verlaine

Enfeebled dawn
Pours through the fields
The melancholy
Of setting suns.
The melancholy
Cradles with its sweet songs
My heart, forgetful
Of setting suns.
And in strange dreams,
Like suns
Setting on the strand,
Crimson phantoms
File by without pause,
File by, equalling
Great suns
Setting on the strand.

Canticle

Maurice Maeterlinck

To all weeping souls
to all sin to pass
I open in the midst of the stars
my hands full of grace.

No sin lives
where love speaks
No soul dies
where love weeps.

And if love gets lost
on the paths of the earth
Its tears will find me
and not go astray.

Ô Versailles, par cette après-midi fanée

Albert Victor Samain

Ô Versailles, par cette après-midi fanée,
Pourquoi ton souvenir m'obsède-t-il ainsi?
Les ardeurs de l'été s'éloignent, et voici
Que s'incline vers nous la saison surannée.

Je veux revoir au long d'une calme journée
Tes eaux glauques que jonche un feuillage roussi,
Et respirer encore, un soir d'or adouci,
Ta beauté plus touchante au déclin de l'année.

Voici tes ifs en cône et tes tritons joufflus,
Tes jardins composés où Louis ne vient plus
Et ta pompe arborant les plumes et les casques.

Comme un grand lys tu meurs, noble et triste, sans bruit;
Et ton onde épuisée au bord moisi des vasques
S'écoule, douce ainsi qu'un sanglot dans la nuit.

Chanson 'Les lilas sont en folie'

Georges Delaquys

Les lilas sont en folie,
Cache-cache
Et les roses sont jolies,
Cachez-vous.
Tirez les rideaux, tirez les rideaux!
Et sous les vertes feuilles
Cachez-vous!
Ah ah! Ah ah! Ah ah!
Lilas et rosiers Ah ah!
La belle, Ah ah! Ah ah!
La plus belle, c'est toi!
Beaux seigneurs et dames belles,
Aime, aime, Dans vos atours de dentelles,
Aimez-vous.
Tirez les rideaux, tirez les rideaux!
Qui voudra de mon âme?
Aimez-vous! Ah ah! Ah ah! Ah ah!
Amours et baisers, ah la belle
Ah ah! Ah la plus belle c'est toi!

Oh Versailles, on this pale afternoon

Albert Victor Samain

Oh Versailles, on this pale afternoon,
why does your memory obsess me so?
The heat of summer is withdrawing, and now
the faded season is bowing towards us.

I'd like to see again, for a long calm day,
your blue-green pools strewn with russet leaves,
and again breathe in, on an evening of soft gold,
your beauty which is more poignant as the year declines.

Here are your cone-shaped yews, your chubby sculpted
tritons,
your orderly gardens where King Louis no longer comes
and your pomp, with its displays of feathers and helmets.

Like a great lily you die, nobly, sadly, without noise;
and your waters, not lapping the basins' mouldy edges,
flow away, as soft as a sob in the night.

Song 'The lilacs are inflamed'

Georges Delaquys

The lilacs are inflamed,
Hide-and-peek,
And the roses are pretty,
Hide yourself.
Draw the curtains, draw the curtains!
And beneath the green leaves
Hide yourself!
Ah ah! Ah ah! Ah ah!
Lilacs and rose-bushes Ah ah!
The fair one, Ah ah! Ah ah!
The fairest one is you!
Handsome lords and beautiful ladies,
Love, love, In your silken finery,
Love.
Draw the curtains, draw the curtains!
Who would like my soul?
Love! Ah ah! Ah ah! Ah ah!
Love and kisses, ah the fair one,
Ah ah! the fairest one is you!

Claude Debussy (1862–1918)

Ariettes Oubliées (Forgotten Little Songs), L.60

Ariettes oubliées (Forgotten Little Songs) is a song cycle for voice and piano by Claude Debussy, based on poems by Paul Verlaine. The six ariettes were composed mostly in Rome in 1886. The first two were completed in Paris in March 1887. They are dedicated to the singer Mary Garden who also sang Mélisande. The poetry of Paul Verlaine had a more profound influence on Claude Debussy's music than did Debussy's closest literary or musical acquaintances.

Debussy and Verlaine were both inspired by subtlety and nuance. Each man sought to innovate by using rhythm and tone colour as the basis for a new form of a pre-existing art. In the Ariettes oubliées, subtlety, nuance, rhythm and tone colour (timbre) converged to create a mature compositional style for Debussy, which, in turn, gave a heightened level of understanding to Verlaine's poetry. This collection of songs set the tone for all of Debussy's future vocal compositions in terms of rhythm, harmony, tone, colour and attention to poetic detail. These settings of some of the best-known poems of Paul Verlaine mark Debussy's transition from a traditional composer in the style of Gounod to a more individual artist, although here the operative word is "individual" rather than "original": the young Debussy, in sauntering away from his French idols, is hooking his arm into that of Richard Wagner. The music is highly chromatic and tonally ambiguous, traits that Debussy would make his own in the next few years.

Debussy set Verlaine's poetry 19 times through his career; the texts are rich in long, lazy vowels and seductively repetitive consonants. The first item in Ariettes oubliées is typical of Verlaine's work and a highly adept musical setting by Debussy: the gauzy, floating melodic line perfectly reflects the text of C'est l'extase langoureuse, in all its languorous ecstasy. Next is Il pleure dans mon cœur, with the piano accompanying the long vocal lines with what would become Debussy's typical "raindrop" music; the singer notes that it rains in her heart as it rains in the town, but can't understand the source of her sadness. "It's pain's darkest state/not to know why/without love, without hate/my heart feels such weight."

The third song is L'ombre des arbres (The Shadows of the Trees), another doleful piece in which the singer's state of mind reflects (rather than is reflected by) a sad, solemn landscape. Everything brightens significantly with Chevaux de bois, initially celebrating the energy of merry-go-round horses turning in their circular route, although midway through the mood changes to sadness and wistfulness, reflecting the knowledge that these are not living creatures.

The last two songs are "Green" and "Spleen" -- the titles are in English, because Verlaine liked their sound. Debussy, following Verlaine, referred to this pair of songs as aquarelles, and the music does have a light, wispy, watercolor character. "Green" is a love song that begins with offerings from nature (fruits, flowers, leaves in the trees) and ends with a falling into slumber. "Spleen" is a song of despair -- the sky is too blue, the sea too green, all because the loved one has done something "atrocious." The vocal line becomes intentionally monotonous, and the music fades away, listlessly.

C'est l'extase langoureuse

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est vers les ramures grises
Le chœur des petites voix.

O le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire?
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

Il pleure dans mon cœur

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie,
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,
Ô le chant de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écoeure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine,
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine
Mon cœur a tant de peine!

'Tis the ecstasy

'Tis the ecstasy so langourous.
'Tis the fatigue so amorous.
Shivers of the wood -- 'tis all
The breezes as they're embracing,
'Tis those grey branches lacing,
Chorus in voices small.

O how frail, yet fresh, that murmur!
D'you hear it babble and whisper,
Resembling the soft, sweet cry
That wild grasses exhale?
You might say, beneath the waters pale,
Like the muffled sound of pebbles rolling, dry.

This spirit which is lamenting
In quiet moans, unrelenting,
It is ours, is it not?
'Tis mine, yes? Also thine -
Humbly breathing this hymn divine
In this quiet night so hot?

There is weeping in my heart

There is weeping in my heart
like the rain falling on the town.
What is this languor
that pervades my heart?

Oh the patter of the rain
on the ground and the roofs!
For a heart growing weary
oh the song of the rain!

There is weeping without cause
in this disheartened heart.
What! No betrayal?
There's no reason for this grief.

Truly the worst pain
is not knowing why,
without love or hatred,
my heart feels so much pain.

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière...

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée,
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.
Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes feuillées, -
Tes espérances noyées.

Chevaux de bois

Tournez, tournez bons chevaux de bois
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur
Tandis qu'autour de tous nos tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou surnois
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur !

C'est étonnant comme ça vous saôule
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête ;
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule !

Tournez dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds,
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin!

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame !

Tournez, tournez, le ciel en velours
D'astres en or revêt lentement
L'Eglise tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours, Tournez !

Voici des fruits, des fleurs (Green)

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds reposée,
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers ;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

The shadow of the trees in the misty river

The shadow of the trees in the misty river
fades and dies like smoke;
while above, among the real branches,
the doves are lamenting.
Oh traveler, how well this pale landscape
mirrored you pallid self!
And how sadly, in the high foliage, your hopes were weeping,
your hopes that are drowned.

Merry-Go-Round

Turn round, turn round, good horses of wood
Turn round a hundred times, turn round a thousand times,
Turn often and go on turning,
Turn round, turn round to the sound of the oboe.

The child all red and the mother white,
The boy in black and the girl in pink,
One with the thing and the other with the fitting,
Each enjoying a Sunday treat.

Turn round, turn round, horses of their heart
Whilst around all our tournaments
The treacherous rogue is blinking
Turn round to the sound of the victorious piston !

It is astonishing how it makes you drunk
To thus go into the animal-circus ;
Nothing in the belly and a bad head,
A mass of bad and a crowd of good !

Turn round, hobby – horses, without need
To even use the spurs
In order to command your round gallop,
Turn round, turn round, without hope for hay !

And hurry up, horses of their soul,
Already here is the bell for the soup
The night which falls and chases away the group
Of merry drinkers starved by their thirst !

Turn round, turn round, the heaven of velvet
Is slowly dressing in stars of gold
The church sadly tolls a knell.
Turn round to the joyful sound of the drums, Turn round !

Here are some fruit, some flowers

Here are some fruit, some flowers, some leaves and some branches,
And then here is my heart, which beats only for you.
Do not rip it up with your two white hands,
And may the humble present be sweet in your beautiful eyes!

I arrive all covered in dew,
Which the wind of morning comes to freeze on my forehead.
Suffer my fatigue as I repose at your feet,
Dreaming of dear instants that will refresh me.

On your young breast allow my head to rest,
Still ringing with your last kisses;
Let it calm itself after the pleasant tempest,
And let me sleep a little, since you are resting.

Cecil Armstrong Gibbs (1889-1960)

Cecil Armstrong Gibbs (who preferred to drop Cecil) was born on August 10, 1889, in Great Baddow, Essex, England. Gibbs is not one of the more widely performed and recorded English composers of the twentieth century, but his songs are highly regarded among connoisseurs and much of the rest of his vast output may be unfairly neglected. Gibbs was both versatile and prolific, producing symphonies, concertos, opera, incidental music, cantatas, choral and sacred music, solo piano works, chamber music, and numerous songs and song collections. Many of his most successful songs were settings of poems by lifelong friend Walter de la Mare.

Gibbs's reputation as a songwriter largely lies in his natural gift for text setting. He insisted on giving priority to the words over the music and had very clear musical ideas on what a song should be: short, possessing a dominant theme, and "[creating] an aura as music is able to heighten."

Gibbs set poems by over fifty different poets, but his best works feature poems by Walter de la Mare. In fact, thirty-eight of his one hundred fifty songs (approximately) are texts by de la Mare. Fellow composer and friend, Herbert Howells, commented in a letter to Gibbs in 1951 that, "You've never yet failed in any setting you've done of beloved Jack de la Mare's poems." De la Mare's poem, "Silver," was set twenty-three times by various composers; however, according to Stephen Banfield, Gibbs's setting of this text may be regarded as the "definitive" version.

Silver

Walter de la Mare

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws, and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

*This is the second of six songs in the cycle, *The House of Life*, one of Vaughan Williams' finest vocal collections from his early years. The songs, scored for voice and piano, are based on the six sonnets of the same collective title by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Probably the most famous of the songs in the set is this one, "Silent Noon," whose text is an expression of the rapturous mood following love-making. Set in the country, it also details many lovely pastoral elements that surround the two lovers ("The pasture gleams and glooms/Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass").*

The song opens in a serene and sunny mood, Vaughan Williams presenting a lovely, soaring melody of rich Romantic character. Here he achieves a passion and intensity of expression, without storming the heights or employing loud sonorities. The piano accompaniment consists of lilting, soothing chords in the outer sections and of delicate writing mostly in the upper register for the middle section, where the vocal line is, once again, lovely and richly Romantic. The transition back to the main theme is particularly touching, the voice yearning gently for a pregnant moment ("So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above") before the opening melody returns for a lovely close. In sum, this is one of the composer's earliest vocal masterpieces, whose ravishing beauty will appeal to most song fanciers.

Silent Noon

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, -
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing clouds that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: -
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Roger Quilter was born in Brighton on 1 November 1877, third son of Sir Cuthbert Quilter. Quilter was a writer of songs, and virtually nothing else. There was an opera, Julia, and a couple of ballets, and the once well-known A Children's Overture. On the other hand he composed more than one hundred songs. At least half of these remain in the repertoire, loved by performers and audiences alike.

In 1900, when Quilter composed his first published songs, the tradition of the drawing-room ballad was still strong. It is true that Parry, Stanford and Somervell were trying to raise the standard of song-writing, but they were exceptional; even Elgar's songs are mostly in the ballad tradition. At first sight Quilter's songs appear to be equally devoted to the popular audience. There are no great technical demands on the performers, nor intellectual demands upon the listener. However, a Quilter song is instantly recognizable as such, with an individuality lacking in most of the composers mentioned above, at least in the field of song-writing. The vocal line has a natural flow, nearly always enhancing the rhythm of the words rather than forcing this rhythm into a preconceived melody. The accompaniments are almost unique in their layout; always providing rhythmic interest and snatches of countermelody for the pianist to find. Quilter succeeded in creating a fully realized piano accompaniment which yet allows the singer full freedom. Pianists, as distinct from accompanists, will tend to find Quilter reasonably interesting and Bellini and Donizetti deadly dull to play.

A third factor which raises Quilter's songs above the level of most of his contemporaries is his choice of poetry. His favourite poets were Shakespeare, Herrick, Shelley and Blake. "Love's Philosophy" is a setting of a poem by Percy Bysshe Shelley published in 1819. The main theme is that of the "connection" that exists between all things in the world in general and between the poet and his object of affection in particular. There is unity in nature. This unity is also found in human relationships and interactions.

Love's Philosophy

Percy Bysshe Shelley

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In another's being mingle -
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother:
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea -
What is all this sweet work worth,
If thou kiss not me?

“Storiella d’amore” (“Little Story of Love”) was composed by Puccini to a poem by Antonio Ghislanzoni in 1833 (a version of the Canto V in Dante Alighieri’s Divine Comedy, which tells the story of Paolo e Francesca). It is Puccini’s first published composition appearing on the 4th of October, 1833, in the weekly illustrated periodical “La Musica Popolare” by Edoardo Sonzogno. This early work hints only dimly at the composer’s stylistic—and dramatic—individuality that was quickly to develop.

“Sole e amore” (“Sun and love”) was composed in 1888. The text is by an anonymous author, probably Puccini himself, and is a parody of the sonnet entitled *Mattinata* by Giosue Carducci. *Sole e amore* is the first draft of what was later to become the quartet at the end of Act 3 of *La Bohème*. It is surprising how little he changed when borrowing it for the opera. **“E l’uccellino”** (“And the Little Bird”) is a lullaby, to words by Renato Fucini, written by Puccini in 1899 for Memmo Lippi, the baby son of a friend of his who died prematurely. This well-known song has a melodic flair, very close to a Neapolitan song.

Puccini wrote **“Terra e mare”** (“Earth and Sun”) to lyrics by the poet Enrico Ponzacchi. In 1902 Edoardo De Fonseca, founding director of arts and letters “*Novissima*”, invited the most famous writers, poets and composers to offer a contribution on the topic “*The Sea*” and this song was Puccini’s offering. **“Sogno d’or”** (“Golden Slumber”) is a setting of a short poem by Puccini’s nephew, Carlo Marsili.

“Canto d’anime” (“Song of Souls”) ~ This album leaf was commissioned by Alfredo Michaelis, manager of the Italian branch of the Gramophone Company, on 15th April 1903. Puccini composed it expressly for the gramophone, while Luigi Illica wrote the lyrics at the composer’s request. In 1904 the Gramophone Company Italia published a collection of five songs composed for the gramophone. These included *Canto d’anime* and four other songs by Mascagni, Franchetti, Leoncavallo and Giordano.

“Morire?” (“To die?”) is Puccini’s last song. It was written to words by Giuseppe Adami in 1917 as part of a collection for the Italian Red Cross. Boito, Leoncavallo, Zandonai, Giordano and Mascagni were some of his fellow contributors. Transposed to the key of G flat major, Puccini later incorporated the music with a new text to the music for his opera *La Rondine*.

Storiella d’amore

Noi leggevamo insieme un giorno per diletto
Una gentile istoria piena di mesti amor
E senz’alcun sospetto ella sedeami a lato
Sul libro avventurato intenta il guardo e il cor.

L’onda dè suoi capelli il volto a me lambia
Eco alla voce mia,
Eco faceano i suoi sospir.
Gli occhi dal libro alzando
Nel suo celeste viso,
Io vidi in un sorriso
Riflesso il mio desir

La bella mano al core strinsi di gioia ansante...
Né più leggemmo avante...
E cadde il libro al suol. Noi leggevamo insieme, Ah! Ah!
Un lungo, ardente bacio congiunse i labbri aneli,
E ad ignorati cieli
L’alme spiegaro il vol.

Sole e amore

Il sole allegramente batte ai tuoi vetri;
Amor pian pian batte al tuo cuore
E l’uno e l’altro chiama.
Il sole dice:
"O dormente mostrati
che sei bella!"
Dice l’amor: "Sorella, col tuo primo pensier
Pensa a chi t’ama! Pensa!"

Little Story of Love

We were reading together one day for fun
A lovely story full of sad love
And without any suspicion she sat next to me
Her eyes and heart intent on the book.

The wave of her hair caressed my face
Her sighs were the echo
to my voice.
She look up from the book
and in her heavenly face
I saw her innocence
reflected in her smile.

I pressed her lovely hand to my heart panting with joy...
We read no further and the book fell to the floor.
We were reading together, ah! ah!
A long passionate kiss brought our ardent lips together
And our souls flew
to unknown skies.

Sun and love

The sun joyfully taps your window;
Love very softly strikes your heart
One then the other calls.
The sun says:
"Oh sleeper, show yourself
you are the beautiful one!"
Love says: "Sister, with your first thought
Think of who loves you! Think!"

E l'uccellino

E l'uccellino canta sulla fronda:
Dormi tranquillo, boccuccia d'amore:
Piegala giù quella testina bionda,
Della tua mamma posala sul cuore.
E l'uccellino canta su quel ramo:
Tante cosine belle imparerai,
Ma se vorrai conoscer quant'io t'amo,
Nessuno al mondo potrà dirlo mai!
E l'uccellino canta al ciel sereno:
Dormi, tesoro mio, qui sul mio seno.

Morire?

Morire? E chi la sa qual è la vita?
Questa che s'apre luminosa e schietta,
ai fascini, agli amori, alle speranze,
o quella che in rinunce s'è assopita?

È la semplicità timida e queta
che si tramanda come ammonimento,
come un segreto di virtù segreta
perché ognuno raggiunga la sua meta,
o non piuttosto il vivo balenare
di sogni nuovi sovra sogni stanchi,
e la pace travolta e l'inesausta
fede d'avere per desiderare?

Ecco io non lo so. Ma voi che siete
all'altra sponda sulla riva immensa
ove fiorisce il fiore della vita,
son certo lo saprete.

Terra e mare

I pioppi, curvati dal vento
rimuggiano in lungo filare.
Dal buio, tra il sonno, li sento
e sogno la voce del mare.

E sogno la voce profonda
dai placidi ritmi possenti;
mi guardan, specchiate dall'onda,
le stelle del cielo fulgenti.

Ma il vento piu' forte tempesta
de' pioppi nel lungo filare.
Dal sonno giocondo mi desta...
Lontana è la voce del mare!

Sogno d'or

Bimbo, mio bimbo d'amor,
mentre tu dormi così
un angiol santo si parte lontan
per incontrarsi con te sul candido origlier.
E t'avvolge di fiabe in un vol
e ti narra di fate e tesori.
Bimbo d'amor, ecco il sogno d'or

And the little bird

And the little bird sings on the branch:
Sleep calmly, Boccuccia my love:
Rest your little, blond head
on your mother's heart.
And the little bird sings on that branch:
You will learn so many beautiful things,
But if you want to know how much I love you,
No-one in the world can ever tell you!
And the bird sings to the serene sky:
Sleep, my treasure, here on my breast.

To die

To die? And who knows what is life?
Is it this one that opens, shining and pure,
to the charms, the loves, the hopes,
or is it the one that dozed off in renunciations?

Is the bashful and calm simplicity
that is handed down as a warning,
like a secret of a secret life
so that everyone can reach his goal,
or rather the lively flash
of new dreams over jaded dreams,
and the overwhelmed peace and the inexhaustible
faith you need to have in order to desire?

There, I don't know. But you who are
on the other side, on the vast shore
where the flower of life blossoms -
I am sure you know.

Earth and Sun

The poplars, bent by the wind
roar again in long rows.
In the dark, half asleep I hear them
and dream of the voice of the sea.

And I dream of the deep voice
with its calm and mighty rhythms,
the stars in the sparkling firmament,
gaze at me reflected in the waves.

But the wind rages louder
through the long row of poplars
and wakes me from my joyful sleep ...
Distant now is the voice of the sea!

Golden Slumber

My child, my beloved child,
as you sleep so sweetly,
a holy angel wings its way
from afar to meet you on your pure pillow.
And he embraces you in flights of fancy,
and tells you tales of fairies and treasure!
O child of love, here's your golden slumber!

Canto d'anime

Fuggon gli anni gli inganni e le chimere
Cadon recisi i fiori e le speranze
In vane e tormentose disianze
Svaniscono le mie brevi primavere.

Ma vive e canta ancora forte e solo
Nelle notti del cuore un ideale
Siccome in alta notte siderale
Inneggia solitario l'usignolo.

Canta, canta ideal tu solo forte
E dalle brume audace eleva il vol lassù,
A sfidar l'oblio l'odio la morte
Dove non son tenèbre e tutto è sol!
Tutto è sol! Tutto è sol!

Song of Souls

The years, deceit and illusion all disappear;
flowers and hopes are cut down.
In pointless tormented desires
My brief Springs vanish.

But an ideal still lives in the depth of my heart
and it still sings out strong and alone
like the solitary nightingale sings forth
in the depth of the starry night.

Sing, sing loudly, my one ideal,
and intrepidly soar above the mists
to defy oblivion, hate and death
to where there are no shadows and everything is light!
Everything is light! Everything is light!

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

"Die Nacht" (*"The Night"*) is an art song composed by Richard Strauss in 1885, setting a poem by the Austrian poet Hermann von Gilm. It was included in the first collection of songs Strauss ever published, as Op. 10 in 1885 (which included also **"Zueignung"**). Alan Jefferson wrote:

Die Nacht is a song of trembling and yearning, a song tinged with fear that the night, which takes away the familiar shapes of daylight, will also steal the beloved...Strauss manages to convey the manner in which the all-embracing power of night is stealing so mercilessly over everything: first by the a powerful (though gentle) rhythmic beat; and then by the minor seconds (two adjacent black and white notes put down together) which create the effect of merging two objects into one until they resolve into something else, musically as well as visually...Die Nacht is a supreme example of Strauss's art.

Norman Del Mar notes that the opening musical phrase for the line *"Aus den Walde tritt die Nacht"* is very similar to the *"wonderful oboe solo from Don Juan, to be composed five years later"*. **"Zueignung"** (*"Devotion"*), also a setting of a poem by Hermann von Gilm, has maybe become the most famous one of the lieder of this creative period. Because of its solemn affection and its emphatic finale it is also often called the *"lied hymn"*.

"Traum durch die Dämmerung" (*"Dream in the Twilight"*) is the first of three songs by Strauss based on love poems by German poet Otto Julius Bierbaum. Strauss composed the song along with the other two of Op. 29, in the summer of 1895, the year after he married Pauline de Ahna, and settled in Munich, the town of his birth. He reportedly completed the song in the only 20 minutes his wife gave him before an errand! Strauss quoted the music, as well as several other early works, in the fifth section of his tone poem *Ein Heldenleben* (A Hero's Life), Op. 40, completed in 1898, which is usually considered autobiographical in tone.

"Ruhe, meine Seele!" (*"Rest My Soul"*) Op. 27, No. 1, is the first in a set of four songs composed by Strauss in 1894, with words by the poet Karl Henckell. Strauss composed the song in May 1894, and that September gave the four Op. 27 songs (which also includes **"Heimliche Aufforderung"**) as a wedding present to his wife, the soprano Pauline de Ahna. Timothy L. Jackson has noted that Strauss had composed the song *"Ruhe, meine Seele!"* for piano and voice in 1894 but did not orchestrate it until 1948, just after he had completed *Im Abendrot* and before he composed the other three of his Four Last Songs. Jackson suggests that the addition of *"Ruhe, meine Seele!"* to the Four Last Songs forms a five-song unified song cycle, if *"Ruhe, meine Seele!"* is performed as a prelude to *"Im Abendrot"*, to which it bears motivic similarity.

"Befreit" (*"Released" or "Liberated"*) was composed in 1898, setting a poem by the German poet Richard Dehmel. Strauss set eleven poems by Dehmel between 1895 and 1901. Dehmel was a controversial figure in the Germany of Kaiser Wilhelm II, a socialist who had been convicted for blasphemy in Berlin during 1897. Whilst Strauss had little interest in the politics of Dehmel, he shared the Nietzschean perspective that human lives are lived among and controlled by physical forces. *"Befreit"* rapidly became one of Strauss' more popular songs. Norman Del Mar wrote:

The title word *"Befreit"* derives from the basic sentiment of the poem, an ultimate devotion which has *"freed"* the loving pair from suffering. The firm serenity of the music reflects the immortal quality of their love which is also emphasised by a phrase recalling the so moving passage of Gretchen's love by Liszt's *Faust* Symphony ... but the true refrain lies in the bitter-sweet phrase *"O Glück"* (*"O Happiness"*, in the midst of sorrow) which crowns each verse in the song, and it is the melodic line which accompanies this which Strauss extracted when he chose *"Befreit"* to join *"Traum durch die Dämmerung"* to represent his Lieder output in the Works of Peace section of his new tone poem *Ein Heldenleben* written the same year.

"Allerseelen" ("All Souls' Day") was composed in 1885, setting a poem by the Austrian poet Hermann von Gilm from his collection *Letzte Blätter* (Last Pages). It is the last in a collection of eight songs which were all settings of Gilm poems from the same volume entitled *Acht Lieder aus Letzte Blätter* (Eight Songs from Last Pages), the first collection of songs Strauss ever published as *Op. 10* in 1885, including also "Zueignung" and "Die Nacht". Interpretations of the poem are various. Alan Jefferson argues that "...the singer's character is trying to take advantage of the day to revive an old love affair which, it seems, has also died." Others see it more as a supernatural encounter: either the dead lover is communicating with the person setting the table, or the singer is communicating with a departed lover. Norman Del Mar, when discussing the *Opus 10* collection, states that "Lastly comes the ever-popular *Allerseelen*... a broad effusion of Strauss' growing lyricism".

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um im weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stromes,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Domes
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Zueignung

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig an das Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

Traum durch die Dämmerung

Weite Wiesen im Dämmergrau;
die Sonne verglomm, die Sterne ziehn,
nun geh' ich zu der schönsten Frau,
weit über Wiesen im Dämmergrau,
tief in den Busch von Jasmin.

Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe Land;
ich gehe nicht schnell, ich eile nicht;
mich zieht ein weiches samtenes Band
durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe Land,
in ein mildes, blaues Licht.

The night

Night steps out of the woods,
And sneaks softly out of the trees,
Looks about in a wide circle,
Now beware.

All the lights of this earth,
All flowers, all colors
It extinguishes, and steals the sheaves
From the field.

It takes everything that is dear,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes away, from the cathedral's copper roof,
The gold.

The shrubs stand plundered,
Draw nearer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear the night will also steal
You from me.

Devotion

Ah, thou know it, dearest soul,
In thine absence, how I languish
Love brings sorrow to the heart!
Thanks, sweet heart!

Once, when merry songs were ringing
I to liberty was drinking,
Thou a blessing did impart.
Thanks, sweet heart!

Thou did lay the wanton spirits
Comfort peace my soul inherits,
Joy and bliss shall thy love impart.
Thanks, sweet heart!

Dreaming through the twilight

Broad meadows in the grey twilight;
the sun's light has died away and the stars are moving,
Now I go to the loveliest of women,
across the meadow in the grey twilight,
deep into bushes of jasmine.

Through the grey twilight to the land of love;
I do not walk quickly, I do not hurry.
I am drawn by a faint, velvet thread
through the grey twilight to the land of love,
into a blue, mild light.

Heimliche Aufforderung

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, 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 erhofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie ehemals oft,
Und flechten in deine Haare der Rose Pracht.
O komme, du wunderbare, ersehnte Nacht

Ruhe, meine Seele!

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, Wenn sie schwillt.

Diese Zeiten Sind gewaltig,
Bringen Herz Und Hirn in Not --
Ruhe, ruhe, Meine Seele,
Und vergiß, Was dich bedroht!

Befreit

Du wirst nicht weinen. Leise, leise
wirst du lächeln: und wie zur Reise
geb' ich dir Blick und Kuß zurück.
Unsre lieben vier Wände! Du hast sie bereitet,
ich habe sie dir zur Welt geweitet --
o Glück!

Dann wirst du heiß meine Hände fassen
und wirst mir deine Seele lassen,
läßt unsern Kindern mich zurück.
Du schenktest mir dein ganzes Leben,
ich will es ihnen wiedergeben --
o Glück!

Es wird sehr bald sein, wir wissen's beide,
wir haben einander befreit vom Leide;
so geb ich dich der Welt zurück.
Dann wirst du mir nur noch im Traum erscheinen
und mich segnen und mit mir weinen --
o Glück!

Secret invitation

Up, raise the sparkling cup to your lips,
And drink your heart's fill at the joyous feast.
And when you raise it, so wink secretly at me,
Then I'll smile and drink quietly, as you...

And quietly as I, look around at the crowd
Of drunken revelers -- don't think too ill of them.
No, lift the twinkling cup, filled with wine,
And let them be happy at the noisy meal.

But when you've savored the meal, your thirst quenched,
Then quit the loud gathering's joyful fest,
And wander out into the garden, to the rosebush,
There shall I await you, as often of old.

And ere you know it shall I sink upon your breast,
And drink your kisses, as so often before,
And twine the rose's splendour into your hair.
Oh, come, you wondrous, longed-for night!

Rest, my soul!

Not a breeze is stirring lightly,
the wood lies slumbering gently;
through the dark cover of leaves
steals bright sunshine.

Rest, rest, my soul,
your storms have gone wild,
have raged and trembled
like the surf when it breaks.

These times are powerful,
bringing torment to heart and mind;
rest, rest, my soul,
and forget what is threatening you!

Freed

You will not weep. Gently
you will smile, and as before a journey,
I will return your gaze and your kiss.
Our dear four walls you have helped build;
and I have now widened them for you into the world.
O joy!

Then you will warmly seize my hands
and you will leave me your soul,
leaving me behind for our children.
You gave me your entire life,
so I will give it again to them.
O joy!

It will be very soon, as we both know -
but we have freed each other from sorrow.
And so I [return]1 you to the world!
You will then appear to me only in dreams,
and bless me and weep with me.
O joy!

Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Atern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahre ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

All Souls Day

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring in the last red asters,
and let us talk of love again,
as once we did in May.

Give me your hand, so that I may secretly press it;
and if someone sees, it's all one to me.
Just give me one of your sweet glances,
as once you did in May.

Flowers bloom and spread their fragrance today on every
grave;
one day in the year is sacred for the dead.
Come close to my heart, so that I can have you again,
as once I did in May.

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Molly O'Shea Leader
Conor Palliser Conductor

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 "Hymnus amoris" ("Hymn of Love")

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