



The Magic of Hugh Russell

November 4 & 5 | 8 PM Centre In The Square, Kitchener

Edwin Outwater, conductor

Hugh Russell, baritone ^

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791) <i>Symphony No.31 in D major, K.297 (300a) (Paris)</i> I. Allegro assai II. Andantino III. Allegro	17'
Gustav Mahler (1860 - 1911) <i>Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen (Songs of a Wayfarer) ^</i> 1. Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht 2. Ging heut Morgen über's Feld 3. Ich hab' ein glühend Messer 4. Die zwei blauen Augen	16'
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791) <i>The Magic Flute: Papageno's Song "Der Vogelfanger Bin Ich Ja" ^</i>	4'
Intermission	
Johannes Brahms (1833 - 1897) <i>Symphony No.2 in D major, op.73</i> I. Allegro non troppo II. Adagio non troppo III. Allegretto grazioso (Quasi andantino) IV. Allegro con spirito	40'

Please see page 4 for Edwin Outwater's biography.



This concert is dedicated to the memory of Fred P. Schneider

biographies



Hugh Russell
baritone

The young Canadian baritone Hugh Russell has been consistently hailed for his beautiful voice, dramatic gifts and interpretive originality. The Victoria Times Colonist said, “Hugh Russell, singing and acting with easy assurance, does a bravura turn as Papageno. He is immensely entertaining as the bumpkin.”

Mr. Russell makes his UK debut as Virginio in Mercadante’s *Virginia* at the Wexford Festival. He joins Edo de Waart and the Milwaukee Symphony for performances of Vaughan Williams’ *Sea Symphony* and sings Papageno in his debut with Manitoba Opera. Mr. Russell began the 2009–2010 season as Lescaut in performances of Massenet’s *Manon* for Angers-Nantes Opéra. He joined Atlanta Opera as Papageno in *Die Zauberflöte* and was heard in concert performances of Mahler’s *Songs of a Wayfarer* and Faure’s *Requiem* with Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra and *Carmina Burana* with Kitchener-Waterloo Symphony Orchestra and Sarasota Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Russell began the 2008–2009 season as Dandini in *La Cenerentola* with Atlanta Opera. He was also heard as Belcore in *L’elisir d’amore* with Arizona Opera, and made his role debut as Papageno in *Die Zauberflöte* with Pacific Opera Victoria and Orchestra London. He continued his success as baritone soloist in *Carmina Burana* with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra and Leonard Slatkin and with Pittsburgh Symphony, Vancouver Symphony, Edmonton Symphony, New Mexico Symphony and National Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Russell began the 2007–2008 season singing *Carmina Burana* with the Toronto Symphony and sang further performances with the Houston Symphony and The Philadelphia

Orchestra at Verizon Hall. He was heard as Guglielmo in *Così fan tutte* with Boston Baroque and Eisenstein in *Die Fledermaus* with Arizona Opera. He also appeared with Vancouver Opera as Taddeo in *L’italiana in Algeri*. During the summer, he sang performances of *Carmina Burana* with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philadelphia, Saratoga Springs, and Vail, and made his debut with The Cleveland Orchestra singing *Carmina Burana* at The Blossom Festival.

Mr. Russell has been seen in recent seasons at the New York City Opera, where he made his company debut singing the title role in *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, as well as the Los Angeles Opera, where he sang Harlequin in *Ariadne auf Naxos* conducted by Kent Nagano. He was both an Adler Fellow and a member of the Merola Opera Program at San Francisco Opera, where he was heard in *Ariadne auf Naxos* and in Messiaen’s *St François d’Assise*. The San Francisco Classical Voice proclaimed, “He seems born for the stage. And with a lyrical voice boasting a strong and exciting top end, he is a complete performer.”

As a member of the Pittsburgh Opera Center, Mr. Russell sang the roles of Malatesta in *Don Pasquale*, the title role in *Pelléas et Mélisande*, and Guglielmo in *Così fan tutte*. Reviewing the latter performance, the Pittsburgh Tribune-Review wrote, “Baritone Hugh Russell was magnificent...His was also the most completely acted performance.” A further triumph with this company was his performance in Dominick Argento’s *Postcard from Morocco*.

He has also been a regular performer with the New York Festival of Song and has sung in the Festival’s recitals at Merkin Concert Hall, the Kaye Playhouse, and the Kennedy Center in Washington, DC, and was cited by the New York Times for his “lovely sound.” On the orchestral concert stage, he has been heard in *Carmina Burana* with the Seattle and San Francisco Symphonies, in Fauré’s *Requiem* with the Orquesta de Sevilla, and in Tobias Picker’s *Tres sonetos de amor* with L’Orchestre Philharmonique de Strasbourg, among many others.

Other recent operatic engagements have included the lead role of the Pilot in Rachel Portman’s *The Little Prince* with Boston Lyric Opera; Valentin in *Faust* with Pittsburgh Opera; and Taddeo in *L’italiana in Algeri* with Arizona Opera.

programnotes



Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Symphony No. 31,
in D, K.297 (300a)
(‘Paris’) (1778)

The ‘Paris’ Symphony was the best thing to come out of a six-month, job-seeking trip that Mozart made in 1778 to Paris, then the reigning musical capital of Europe. Generally, it had been a miserable time for the 22 year-old composer. Accompanied by his mother, he had arrived too late in the season to contribute in a significant way and consequently became cynical and disillusioned. Then his mother died unexpectedly. Still, when commissioned by the leading presenter of orchestral concerts to write a symphony for Paris, Mozart gave his audience exactly what it demanded. He delighted Parisians by incorporating such favourite devices as a flourish from full orchestra at the very opening of the work. They applauded after each movement and even during the finale, once they realised that Mozart was teasing them with the requisite opening flourish by twice delaying it. A full orchestra of double woodwinds (including clarinets), horns, trumpets, timpani and strings is among the largest in any of Mozart’s symphonies. Following Parisian preference, there are three movements, not four, with an alternate middle movement speedily put together once complaints about the length and complexity of the original slow movement reached Mozart.



Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

*Lieder eines fahrenden
Gesellen (Songs of
a Wayfarer)* (1883–
1885, rev.?1891–6)

Personal experience of unrequited love provided the impetus for Mahler’s orchestral song cycle *Songs of a Wayfarer*, his first masterpiece as a composer. Mahler wrote the texts himself, partly in folk style. His melodies are coloured by folk music, though the architecture of the cycle and its use of tonality is complex.

“The songs are a sequence in which a wayfaring craftsman, who has had great sorrow, goes out into the world and wanders aimlessly,” Mahler wrote. The wayfarer starts his sombre wandering knowing of the wedding of his beloved. He manages to shake off his morbid self-pitying with the bright sunshine of a summer morning, but soon turns back to introspection. His beloved’s blue eyes haunt him and his thoughts turn to death. Like Schubert’s wanderer on his winter journey, Mahler’s wayfarer finds consolation in the shade of a linden tree. Unlike Schubert, however, his journey ends there. The music has a deeply tragic tone, a funeral march that hugs the minor key to the very end.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Papageno’s aria *Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja* (‘The birdcatcher am I indeed’) from *The Magic Flute*, K.620 (1791)

Mozart designed the role of Papageno, the bird-catcher in *The Magic Flute*, around the comic talents of Emanuel Schikaneder, a versatile man of the theatre, closely involved in both front-of-house and behind-the-scenes aspects of Mozart’s most successful opera. Clothed in feathers and carrying a bird-cage, the comic Papageno introduces himself to the audience by singing three verses boasting of his freedom, the ease with which he catches birds, and his wish for a wife.



Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Symphony No. 2, in D, Op.
73 (1877)

Brahms found it difficult to step out of the shadow of Beethoven’s symphonies. He wrestled with his heroic, hard-won First Symphony for 15 years. Written in the sunny Carinthian countryside where he spent the summer of 1877, his Second was right away dubbed ‘Brahms’s Pastoral.’ But, for all its rich melodic writing, Brahms’s score is touched with a sense of dark shadows and

impressive heights, like the Carinthian landscape in which the music was born. The symphony raises questions and reveals an undercurrent of foreboding. The seed from which much of the symphony grows is found in the four-note figure (D, C sharp, D, A) at the very opening. The process of thematic transformation is as subtle and carefully worked-out as that of Beethoven, but the expansiveness with which Brahms unfurls his melodies is clearly influenced by Schubert. The slow movement is richly brooding, meditative and introspective. The third is a gentle intermezzo. The finale is tautly constructed, another of Brahms's miracles of concentration, with complex relationships between the themes and the ever-present four-note figure with which the symphony begins. The movement broadens from a subdued, hazy opening to a concluding blaze of joy in one of the most exuberant finales Brahms ever wrote.

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Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen (Songs of a Wayfarer) (text and music: Gustav Mahler)

1. Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,
Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,
Hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!
Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,
Dunkles Kämmerlein,
Weine, wein' um meinen Schatz,
Um meinen lieben Schatz!
Blümlein blau! Verdorre nicht!
Vöglein süß! Du singst auf grüner Heide.
Ach, wie ist die Welt so schön!
Ziküth! Ziküth!
Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!
Lenz ist ja vorbei!
Alles Singen ist nun aus.
Des Abends, wenn ich schlafen geh',
Denk' ich an mein Leide.
An mein Leide!

1. When my darling has her wedding-day

When my darling has her wedding-day,
her joyous wedding-day,
I will have my day of mourning!
I will go to my little room,
my dark little room,
and weep, weep for my darling,
for my dear darling!
Blue flower! Do not wither!
Sweet little bird - you sing on the green heath!
Alas, how can the world be so fair?
Chirp! Chirp!
Do not sing; do not bloom!
Spring is over.
All singing must now be done.
At night when I go to sleep,
I think of my sorrow,
of my sorrow!

2. Ging heut morgen übers Feld

Ging heut morgen übers Feld,
Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:
"Ei du! Gelt? Guten Morgen! Ei gelt?
Du! Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Zink! Zink! Schön und flink!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!"

Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld
Hat mir lustig, guter Ding',
Mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling,
Ihren Morgengruß geschellt:
"Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Kling, kling! Schönes Ding!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt! Heia!"

Und da fing im Sonnenschein
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;
Alles Ton und Farbe gewann
Im Sonnenschein!
Blum' und Vogel, groß und klein!
"Guten Tag, ist's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Ei du, gelt? Schöne Welt?"

Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?
Nein, nein, das ich mein',
Mir nimmer blühen kann!

2. I walked across the fields this morning

I walked across the fields this morning;
dew still hung on every blade of grass.
The merry finch spoke to me:
"Hey! Isn't it? Good morning! Isn't it?
You! Isn't it becoming a fine world?
Chirp! Chirp! Fair and sharp!
How the world delights me!"

Also, the bluebells in the field
merrily with good spirits
tolled out to me with bells (ding, ding)
their morning greeting:
"Isn't it becoming a fine world?
Ding, ding! Fair thing!
How the world delights me!"

And then, in the sunshine,
the world suddenly began to glitter;
everything gained sound and color
in the sunshine!
Flower and bird, great and small!
"Good day, is it not a fine world?
Hey, isn't it? A fair world?"

Now will my happiness also begin?
No, no - the happiness I mean
can never bloom!

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translations

3. Ich hab' ein glühend Messer

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer,
Ein Messer in meiner Brust,
O weh! Das schneid't so tief
In jede Freud' und jede Lust.
Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast!
Nimmer hält er Ruh', nimmer hält er Rast,
Nicht bei Tag, noch bei Nacht, wenn ich schlief.
O Weh!

Wenn ich in dem Himmel seh',
Seh' ich zwei blaue Augen stehn.
O Weh! Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh',
Seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar
Im Winde wehn.
O Weh!

Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'
Und höre klingen uhr silbern' Lachen,
O Weh!
Ich wollt', ich läg auf der schwarzen Bahr',
Könnt' nimmer die Augen aufmachen!

4. Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz,
Die haben mich in die weite Welt geschickt.
Da muß ich Abschied nehmen
Vom allerliebsten Platz!
O Augen blau, warum habt ihr mich angeblickt?
Nun hab' ich ewig Leid und Grämen.

Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht
Wohl über die dunkle Heide.
Hat mir niemand Ade gesagt.
Ade! Mein Gesell' war Lieb' und Leide!
Auf der Straße steht ein Lindenbaum,
Da hab' ich zum ersten Mal im Schlaf geruht!

Unter dem Lindenbaum, der hat
Seine Blüten über mich geschneit,
Da wußt' ich nicht, wie das Leben tut,
War alles, alles wieder gut!
Alles! Alles, Lieb und Leid
Und Welt und Traum!

3. I have a red-hot knife

I have a red-hot knife,
a knife in my breast.
O woe! It cuts so deeply
into every joy and delight.
Alas, what an evil guest it is!
Never does it rest or relax,
not by day or by night, when I would sleep.
O woe!

When I gaze up into the sky
I see two blue eyes there.
O woe! When I walk in the yellow field,
I see from afar her blond hair
waving in the wind.
O woe!

When I start from a dream
and hear the tinkle of her silvery laugh,
O woe!
Would that I lay on my black bier -
Would that I could never again open my eyes!

4. The two blue eyes of my darling

The two blue eyes of my darling -
they have sent me into the wide world.
I had to take my leave
of this well-beloved place!
O blue eyes, why did you gaze on me?
Now I will have eternal sorrow and grief.

I went out into the quiet night
well across the dark heath.
To me no one bade farewell.
Farewell! My companions are love and sorrow!
On the road there stands a linden tree,
and there for the first time I found rest in sleep!

Under the linden tree that
snowed its blossoms onto me -
I did not know how life went on,
and all was well again!
All! All, love and sorrow
and world and dream!

Papageno's Song "Der Vogelfänger Bin Ich Ja"

Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja,
Stets lustig heissa hopsasa!
Ich Vogelfänger bin bekannt
bei Alt und Jung im ganzen Land.
Weiß mit dem Lokken umzugehn
und mich aufs Pfeiffen zu verstehen!
Drum kann ich froh und lustig sein,
Denn alle Vögel sind ja mein.

The birdcatcher I am indeed,
Always happy, heidi heh hey!
I, the birdcatcher, am well known
To old and young throughout the land.
Know how to get around the bird decoys
And be understood on the fife.
Therefore I can be happy and funny,
For all the birds are indeed mine.

Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja,
Stets lustig heissa hopsasa!
Ich Vogenfänger bin bekannt
Bei Alt und Jung im ganzen Land.
Ein Netz für Mädchen möchte ich;
Ich fing sie dutzendweis für mich!
Dann sperrte ich sie bei mir ein
Und alle Mädchen wären mein.

The birdcatcher I am indeed,
Always happy, heidi heh hey!
I, the birdcatcher, am well-known
To old and young throughout the land.
A net for girls is what I would like;
I'd catch them by the dozen for me!
Then I would lock them up with me
And all the girls would be mine.

Wenn alle Mädchen wären mein,
So tauschte ich brav Zucker ein.
Die welche mir am liebsten wär,
der gäb ich gleich den Zucker her.
Und küsste sie mich zärtlich dann,
Wär' sie mein Weib und ich ihr Mann.
Sie schlief an meiner Seite ein;
ich wiegte wie ein Kind sie ein.

If all the girls were mine,
Then I'd dutifully trade for some sugar.
The one I liked the best,
To her I would immediately give the sugar.
And if she kissed me tenderly then,
She would be my wife and I her husband.
She would fall asleep by my side;
I would rock her to sleep like a child.



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