

# Let Us Garlands Bring

**Bass-baritone: Josiah Maxfield**

**Piano: Megan Crane**

**Saturday, June 11th, 2022 at 7:30pm**  
**St. Augustine's Anglican Church**



## A Warm Welcome

Nuit d'Espagne  
- Jules Massenet-

Toreador's Song  
(from Carmen)  
- Georges Bizet-

## The Gathering of the Clouds

What Power Art Thou?  
(from King Arthur)  
- Henry Purcell-

O Mistress Mine  
(from Let Us Garlands Bring)  
- Gerald Finzi-

Die Beiden Grenadiere  
- Robert Schumann-

## The Clouds Burst

Why Do the Nations So Furiously Rage Together?  
(from Messiah HWV 56)  
- George Frederick Handel -

Crucifixus  
(from Messa di Gloria - Credo)  
- Giacomo Puccini

Come Away Death  
*and*  
Fear No More the Heat O' the Sun  
(from Let Us Garlands Bring)  
- Gerald Finzi -

## The Return Journey

Vi ravviso  
(from La Sonnambula)  
- Vincenzo Bellini -

Verborgenheit  
- Hugo Wolf -

Mache dich mein Herze rein  
(from St. Matthew Passion)  
- Johann Sebastian Bach -

It was A Lover and His Lass  
*and*  
Who is Sylvia?  
(from Let Us Garlands Bring)  
- Gerald Finzi -

# Program Notes

Welcome and thank you for coming to Let Us Garlands Bring, my senior voice recital! I am excited to perform this program which I have been developing during my studies with Jolaine Kerley at Concordia University of Edmonton this past year. Let Us Garlands Bring is the title of the song cycle by Gerald Finzi, which I will perform throughout my recital. The song cycle, which premiered in the midst of the Second World War, played a large part in the inspiration for my recital themes of war, tribulation and peace.

My recital program is connected by a story. Some may notice that the titles of my sections are chapter titles from one of my favourite stories, The Hobbit, by J.R.R. Tolkien. The story is of a storm, but the storm represents more than rain, wind, lightning and thunder. It is the storm of war, of disease and of tribulation.

The story begins with a warm welcome, a setting of calm and peace. It is warm and comfortable, but something is on the rise. The white clouds that seemed harmless gather together to form a dark cloud. Word is spread of a storm that is coming soon. Many fear the storm, some ignore the storm, others wish to prove their worth and fearlessly challenge the storm. But you cannot defeat a storm, you can only survive a storm. The clouds burst and those who are afraid shudder and try to find comfort in their homes at the furious wind, the lightning and thunder. Those who challenge it learn fear when they find that they are no match. Those who ignore the storm ignore it still, and many are lost. The storm rages, and it seems like an age before it ends, but it does end. Those who live to see another day are grateful, but they are changed. Perhaps they lost someone, perhaps they lost part of themselves. The world that they knew is gone, yet they remain. The only path is forward, to rebuild. The clouds linger as survivors try to heal and move on. There is no return journey to the days of the past. There is however a rainbow that forms as the sun shines through clouds. Hope is not lost, for spring is here.

Thank you for coming and supporting me, and enjoy my program.  
Please join us for a reception after the recital!

My first piece, *Nuit d'Espagne*, by Jules Massenet, paints a peaceful picture of a serene night, where the speaker implores his lover to live in the moment and allow him to find peace and comfort in her company. The audience does not find out whether his advances and pleas are accepted or spurned, but he is ignorant to the world, all that is on his mind is the thought of her and their (potential) love.

The Toreador's Song from Bizet's *Carmen* is a direct contrast to the opening piece. Escamillo, a toreador, sings a song that praises violence and chaos with himself at the centre. He knows that he is wanted due to his status as a wealthy and famous entertainer and sings this song in an attempt to win over Carmen. The glorification of violence foreshadows the unwanted violence that is to come.

Purcell's *What Power Art Thou?* continues the foreshadowing of something evil. The Cold Genius, an ominous character personifying winter and death has been disturbed and wishes to return to his dormant state, perhaps knowing that it is better this way. But winter is imminent and full of trials.

*O Mistress Mine* is the first of the *Let Us Garlands Bring* song cycle that I am singing in this recital. Similarly to *Nuit d'Espagne* it features a one sided conversation of lover speaking to his mistress urging her to settle down with him, because the future is uncertain, and they won't be young forever. It is reminiscent of the tradition of soldiers proposing or marrying before they are sent off to war.

Schumann's *Die Beiden Grenadier* follows the story of two French soldiers returning home from Russia after a lost war, and their despair at finding out that their emperor has been captured. Their patriotic fantasies of saving their emperor with little regard for their own lives and families reminds me of the German novel *Im Westen Nichts Neues* when Kantorek, a school master, recruits his students through the romanticization of war and blind nationalism.

Why do the Nations Rage So Furiously Together? is a bass aria from Handel's famous oratorio, The Messiah. It occurs during the second section, which focuses on the Passion of Christ. The text is taken from the book of Psalms 2:1-2 and speaks of the nations and rulers who conspire and turn against God, foretelling the betrayal and Crucifixion of Christ in the Gospels. The piece has a frantic feel to it expressing rage and confusion.

Crucifixus is from the Credo (Creed) movement from Puccini's Messa di Gloria. It confesses the death and suffering of Jesus Christ under Pontius Pilate. In the context of my recital, this piece represents the sacrifices made during times of trial to protect and save others, imitating Christ's ultimate sacrifice on the cross.

The next two pieces from Finzi's Let Us Garlands Bring are set at the time of death, but contrast in nature. The speaker in Come Away Death laments their own loneliness at the time of their death, while the speaker in Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun comforts one who is near death with a lullaby, reminding them that the trials of human life will no longer plague them in death.

Vi Ravviso, sung by the character Count Rodolfo in Bellini's opera, La Sonnambula, is a song of nostalgia. Count Rodolfo notices that the town he has entered is his childhood home, reminding him of his youth. He reminisces fondly, but recognises that those days are gone, never again to return.

Hugo Wolf's Verborgenheit is a song of heartbreak and mental agony. In my program it represents the mental toll of tribulation, such as the effects of PTSD and other mental health issues that stem from past trauma.



Mache Dich Mein Herze Rein comes from the St. Matthew Passion by J.S. Bach. This piece is sung after Jesus is removed from the cross and Joseph of Arimathia asks Pilate for the body of Christ to bury in a new tomb. The speaker compares their heart to this tomb, pleading for a pure heart, fitting for Jesus to be buried within.

The last two pieces from Finzi's song cycle Let Us Garlands Bring focus on love, new life, and remembrance. It was a lover and his lass is a song of love and spring, which represents a new life after the winter. No matter what suffering has been endured, spring and new life will come.

Who is Sylvia? is a song of praise to an amazing woman. Sylvia represents all that is good in the world, and the speaker tells that she should be celebrated and honoured. The last line, Let us garlands bring, represents this honour. As we remember those who have passed with garlands of flowers and poppies, we should celebrate and be thankful for what excellent and good things (and people) we have now.

# Texts and Translations

Nuit d'Espagne - Jules Massenet (1842-1912)  
Poet - Louis Gallet (1835-98)

L'air est embaumé, la nuit est sereine  
Et mon âme est pleine de pensers joyeux;  
Ô bien-aimée, viens! Ô bien-aimée,  
Voici l'instant de l'amour!

The air is balmy, the night is serene  
And my soul is filled with joyful thoughts;  
O my beloved, come! my beloved,  
Now is the moment of love!

Dans le bois profond où les fleurs s'endorment,  
Où chantent des sources,  
Vite, enfuyons-nous, enfuyons-nous!  
Vois, la lune est claire et nous sourit dans le ciel.

Into the deep woods, where flowers slumber  
And where the streams sing,  
Quickly, let us flee, let us flee!  
Look, the bright moon smiles at us from the sky.

Les yeux indiscrets ne sont plus à craindre,  
Viens, ô bien-aimée,  
la nuit protège ton front rougissant!  
La nuit est sereine, apaise mon cœur;  
C'est l'heure d'amour! C'est l'heure!

Prying eyes need no longer be feared,  
Come, my beloved,  
night conceals your blushing brow!  
The night is serene, soothe my heart!  
It is the hour of love! The hour!

Dans le sombre azur les blondes étoiles  
Écartent leurs voiles pour te voir passer,  
Ô bien-aimée, viens! Ô bien-aimée,  
Voici l'instant de l'amour!

In the dark blue sky the pale stars  
Draw aside their veils to see you pass,  
O my beloved, come! my beloved,  
Now is the moment of love!

J'ai vu s'entr'ouvrir ton rideau de gaze,  
Tu m'entends cruelle,  
Et tu ne viens pas, tu ne viens pas!  
Vois, la route est sombre sous les rameaux enlacs!

I saw your muslin curtains move,  
You can hear me, cruel one,  
And you do not come, do not come!  
Look, the path is dark beneath entwined branches!

Cueille en leur splendeur tes jeunes années,  
Viens! Car l'heure est brève,  
Un jour effeuille les fleurs du printemps!  
La nuit est sereine, apaise mon cœur!

Gather your youthful years in their splendour,  
Come, for time is short!  
A single day scatters the flowers of spring!  
The night is serene, soothe my heart!



Toreador's Song - George Bizet (1838-1875)  
Librettists - Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy

Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre  
Señor, señor, car avec les soldats  
Oui, les toreros peuvent s'entendre  
Pour plaisir, pour plaisir, ils ont les combats!

Le cirque est plein, c'est jour de fête!  
Le cirque est plein du haut en bas  
Les spectateurs perdant la tête  
Les spectateurs s'interpellent à grands fracas!

Apostrophes, cris et tapage  
Poussés jusque s'à la fureur!  
Car c'est la fête du courage!  
C'est la fête des gens de coeur!  
Allons! en garde! Allons! allons! ah!

Chorus:  
Toréador, en garde! Toréador! Toréador!  
Et songe bien, oui, songe en combattant  
Qu'un oeil noir te regarde  
Et que l'amour t'attend  
Toréador, l'amour, l'amour t'attend!

Tout d'un coup, on fait silence  
Ah que se passe-t-il?  
Plus de cris, c'est l'instant!  
Le taureau s'élançe  
En bondissant hors du toril!  
Il s'élançe! Il entre, il frappe!  
Un cheval roule, entraînant un picador

Ah! Bravo! Toro! hurle la foule  
Le taureau va, il vient,  
Il vient et frappe encore!

En secouant ses banderilles  
Plein de fureur, il court!  
Le cirque est plein de sang!  
On se sauve, on franchit les grilles!  
C'est ton tour maintenant!  
Allons! En garde! Allons! allons! ah!

Chorus  
Toréador, Toréador! L'amour t'attend!

Your toast, I render it unto you  
Sirs, sirs, for along with the soldiers  
Yes, the Toreadors can understand;  
For pleasures, for pleasure they fight!

The arena is full, it is the feast day  
The arena is full from top to bottom.  
The spectators, losing their heads,  
The spectators begin a big brawl!

Shouts, cries, and the uproar  
Grows into a furor!  
Because it is a celebration of courage!  
It is the celebration of people with heart!  
Go! On guard! Go! Go! Ah!

Chorus:  
Toreador, on guard! Toreador, Toreador!  
And dream well, yes, dream of fighting  
There is a pair of black eyes watching you,  
That await your love.  
Toreador, love, love awaits you!

All at once, there is silence  
Ah, what has happened?  
More cries, it is the moment!  
The bull rushes out,  
Bounding out of the bullpen!  
He charges out! He enters, he strikes!  
A horse rolls, dragging a Picador,

Ah! Bravo! Bull! The crowd shrieks!  
The bull goes, he comes,  
He comes and strikes again!

Shaking his banderillos,  
Full of fury, he runs!  
The arena is full of blood!  
They save themselves, they pass the gates  
It is your turn now. Go!  
On guard! Go! Go! Ah!

Chorus  
Toreador, Toreador! Love awaits you!

What Power Art Thou? - Henry Purcell (1659-94)  
Librettist - John Dryden (1631-1700)

What power art thou, who from below  
hath made me rise unwillingly and slow  
from beds of everlasting snow?

Seest thou not how stiff and wond'rous old,  
far unfit to bear the bitter cold.

I can scarcely move or draw my breath.  
let me freeze again to death.

O Mistress Mine - Gerald Finzi (1901-56)  
Poet - William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O stay and hear, your true love's coming  
That can sing both high and low:  
Trip no further pretty sweeting;  
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure;  
In delay there lies no plenty,  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Die Beiden Grenadiere - Robert Schumann (1810-56)  
Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Nach Frankreich zogen zwei Grenadiere,  
Die waren in Russland gefangen.  
Und als sie kamen in's Deutsche Quartier,  
Sie ließen die Köpfe hangen  
Da hörten sie Beide die traurigen Mähr  
Dass Frankreich verloren gegangen  
Beseigt und geschlagen das tapfere Heer  
Und der Kaiser, der Kaiser gefangen

Da weinten zusammen die Grenadier'  
Wohl ob der Kläglichen Kunde  
Der eine sprach: wie weh' wird mir,  
Wie brennt meine alte wunde  
Der anderer sprache, das leid ist aus,  
Auch ich möcht' mit dir sterben,  
Doch hab ich Weib und Kind zu Haus,  
Die ohne mir verderben,  
Was schert mich Weib' was schert mich,  
Ich trage weit besser Verlangen  
Lass sie betteln gehn, wenn hungrig sind,  
Mein Kaiser, mein Kaiser gefangen!

Gewähr mir Bruder eine Bitt  
Wenn ich jetzt sterben werde  
So nimm meine Leiche nach Frankreich mit  
Begrab' mich in Frankreichs erde.  
Das Ehrenkreuz am roten Band.  
Sollst du auf Herz mir legen,  
Die Flinte gib mir in die Hand,  
Und gürt' mir um den Degen,

So will ich gelegen und horchen still  
Wie eine Schildwach im Grabe  
Bis einst ich höre Kanonen Gebrüll  
Und wiehernder Rosse Getrabe  
Dann reitet mein Kaiser wohl über mein Grab  
Viel Schwerter klirren und blitzen  
Dann steig ich gewanffnet hervor aus den grab  
Den Kaiser, den Kaiser, zu schützen

Two grenadiers were marching back to France  
They had been held captive in Russia,  
And when they reached German lands  
They hung their heads in shame.  
For here they learnt the sorry tale  
That France had been conquered in war,  
Her valiant army beaten and shattered,  
And the Emperor, the Emperor captured.

The grenadiers then wept together,  
As they heard of these sad tidings.  
The first said: 'Ah, the agony;  
How my old wound is burning!'  
The second said: 'This is the end;  
If only we could die together.  
But I've a wife and child at home,  
And they would perish without me.'  
'To hell with wife, to hell with child,  
My aims are for far higher things;  
Let them beg, if they've nothing to eat—  
My Emperor, my Emperor captured!

'Grant me, brother, one request,  
If I am now to die.  
Take my corpse with you to France;  
Bury me in French soil.  
'You shall lay upon my heart  
The Cross of Valour with its red ribbon;  
And place my musket in my hand  
And gird my sword about me.

'So I shall lie and listen  
Like a silent sentry in my grave,  
Until I hear the cannons' roar  
And the horses gallop and neigh.  
'That will be my Emperor riding by my grave;  
Swords will be clashing and flashing;  
And armed, I'll rise up from the grave  
To defend the Emperor, my Emperor!'

Why do the Nations so Furiously Rage Together?  
- George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)  
Text from KJV Bible compiled by Charles Jennens (1700-1773)

Why do the nation so furiously rage together?  
Why do the people imagine an vain thing?

The kings of the earth rise up  
and the rulers take counsel together  
against the lord and against his anointed.

Crucifixus - Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)  
Text from Apostles Creed

Crucifixus etiam pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato,  
passus et sepultus est

He was crucified for us under Pontius Pilate,  
he suffered and was buried

Come Away Death - Gerald Finzi (1901-56)  
Poet - William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Come away death  
And in sad cypress let me be laid  
Fly away breath  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid

My shroud of white stuck all with yew  
O prepare it  
My part of death no one so true  
did share it

Not a flower sweet  
On my black coffin let me be strown  
Not a friend greet  
My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown

A thousand sighs to save  
Lay me, O where  
Sad true lover never find my grave  
To weep there

Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun - Gerald Finzi (1901-56)  
Poet - William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Fear no more the heat o' the sun  
nor the furious winter's rages;  
thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages  
Golden lads and girls all must  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust

Fear no more the frown o' the great  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
to thee the reed is as the oak:  
The scepter learning physic, must  
All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,  
Nor the all dread thunder-stone  
Fear not slander censure rash  
thou hast finished joy and moan  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
consign to thee and come to dust

No exorciser harm thee!  
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
Nothing ill come near thee!  
Quiet consummation have;  
And renowned be thy grave.

Vi Ravviso, o Luoghi Ameni - Vincenzo Bellini (1801-35)  
Librettist - Felice Romani (1788-1865)

Il mulino, il fonte, il bosco,  
e vincin la fattoria!

The mill, the fountain, the forest,  
near the farm!

Vi ravviso, o luoghi ameni  
in cui lieti in cui serenti,  
si tranquilo, i di passai  
della prima gioventu cari luoghi,  
io vi trovai, ma que di non trovo piu

I recognise this pleasant place  
in which the happy, serene  
and peaceful days  
of my youth did pass  
but those days are gone.

Verborgenheit - Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)  
Poet - Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Lass o Welt, O lass mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit liebesgaben  
Lass dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

O world, let me be!  
Do not entice me with gifts of love,  
Let this heart be alone  
In its joy and in its pain!

Was ich traure Weiss ich nicht  
Es ist unbekantes wehe  
Immerdar durch tränen sehen  
Ich der Sonne liebeslicht

Why I mourn, I do not know  
It is an unknown sorrow;  
Always through my tears  
I see the sun's loving light.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst  
Und die helle freude zucket  
Durch die schwere, so mich drucket  
Wonnichlich in meine Brust

Often, I am barely aware,  
And bright joy flashes  
Through the heaviness that presses on me  
Blissful to my breast.

Lass o welt, O lass mich sein  
Locket nicht mit leibesgaben  
Lass dies herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein

O world, let me be!  
Do not entice me with gifts of love,  
Let this heart be alone  
In its joy and in its pain!

Mache Dich Mein Herze Rein - Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)  
Lyricist - Christian Friedrich Henrici (Picander) (1700-1764)

Mache dich mein Herze rein,  
ich will Jesum selbst begraben  
Denn er soll nun mehr in mir,  
für und für seine süße ruhe haben  
Welt, geh aus, lass Jesum ein.

Make yourself pure, my heart,  
I want to bury Jesus myself.  
For then he shall have in me,  
forever and ever, his sweet rest.  
World, get out, let Jesus in!

It Was a Lover and His Lass *and* Who is Sylvia?

- Gerald Finzi (1901-56) -

Poet - William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,  
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
Those pretty country folks would lie,  
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
For love is crownèd with the prime  
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness.  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness,  
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling:  
To her let us garlands bring!



# Thank you:

- To everyone who is here today to support me, both in-person and online, I am so happy to share my music with you!
- To my family and close friends for being there for me and supporting me. especially during my preparations for my recital.
- To Jolaine Kerley for being an amazing instructor, and mentor. Your support and expertise have made me the musician I am today.
- To Megan Crane for her amazing work at the piano. I have enjoyed working with you so much during my time at Concordia.
- To St. Augustine's Anglican Church for such a wonderful space to sing in, and for Mike Malone for recording and live-streaming my recital for those who cannot be here today.
- To Anna Kraemer for taking such amazing pictures for my poster!
- To the choral conductors who have musically influenced and taught me: Aaron Carpenter, Francis Stockwell, Adam Robertson, John Wiebe, Joy Berg, Jordan van Biert, John Brough, and Len Ratzlaff.

To you, let us garlands bring!