

**THE MUSICAL ARTS CLUB OF
OTTAWA**

The Club was originally formed in November of 1938 to provide an informal venue in which musicians could enjoy both the performance and discussion of music. As it grew the Club began awarding scholarships to club members to further their studies. Now the Musical Arts Club of Ottawa supports young Ottawa area musicians through yearly financial contributions to Kiwanis and other music festivals and competitions. Two Club trophies are awarded at Kiwanis: the Janet Mooney Memorial Trophy for the highest mark in the senior or open piano duo or duet class, and the Musical Arts Club Trophy for the winner of the intermediate piano concerto class. Proceeds from this evening's concert will be used for music scholarships.

***MUSICAL ARTS CLUB
of OTTAWA
(founded 1938)***



GALA CONCERT

**October 27, 2001
8:00 p.m.**

**First Unitarian Congregation
30 Cleary Ave., Ottawa**

PROGRAMME

L'ARMI CRUDELI E FIERE Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)
[A tempo giusto-Recitativo-Allegretto-Recitativo-Allegro]

Vickie Classen Iles, soprano
Sonja Deunsch Plourde, virginals
Barbara Zuchowicz, baroque 'cello

SONATA Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)
Heiter bewegt - Sehr langsam - Sehr lebhaft Marsch

Tina Fedeski, flute
Sandra Webster, piano

GRANADA Isaac Albéniz (1860 -1909)
RITUAL FIRE DANCE Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

Barbara Solis, piano

NAD OZEROM (OVER THE LAKE) (OP.44, #5)
YA VIDEL INOGDA (SOMETIMES I SAW) (OP.38, #6)
O, LANDĪSH (O, LILY OF THE VALLEY) (OP.38, #2)
Anton Arensky (1861 -1906)

Donna Klimoska, mezzo-soprano
Dina Namer, piano
Susan Naccache, 'cello

INTERMISSION

POLARITIES (1999) Mary Gardiner (1934 -)

Elaine Keillor, piano

ROMANCE Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Gail Halliday, violin
Joan Milliken, piano

SIX PIECES FOR PIANO DUET (1897)
Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)
*Andante gracioso - Poco Allegro - Rasch - Andante -
Lebhaft - Rasch - Allegro molto*

Jane Perry and Karen Holmes

I HATE MUSIC: A CYCLE OF FIVE KID SONGS FOR SOPRANO AND
PIANO Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

*My Name is Barbara
Jupiter Has Seven Moons
I Hate Music
A Big Indian and a Little Indian (Riddle Song)
I'm a Person Too*

Judy Vachon, soprano
Gloria Fox, piano

Please join us after the concert for refreshments.

TRANSLATIONS

L'ARMI CRUDELI E FIERE (THE CRUEL AND BURNING WEAPONS)

[A tempo giusto]

The cruel and burning weapons of two darting eyes have pierced my heart. And then those unkind eyes, more cruel and pitiless, stole my heart away.

[Recitativo]

To make you believe in the tyranny of the eyes of my Clori, it need only be said that they are jet-black. How cruel is Cupid, when he lets his arrows fly from eyes, if those fiery glances consume you and allow you no peace.

[Allegretto]

If a face seduces you and then stonily turns on you, it is all follies, but a game, it is not cruelty. If the eye pierces you with darts of Love, suffering in the flames you will never find mercy.

[Recitativo]

Truly, the more you gaze on those eyes, the more sparks they let fly. But how on earth can it be, that Love should from the eyes -- when himself a Blind child -- shoot his fiery darts? Ah, you can well boast that your eyes are the eyes of love.

[Allegro]

It was not Love's face which set me on fire; it was his beautiful eyes. Enemies of my repose, I will always call them rebellious eyes.

NAD OZEROM (OVER THE LAKE) (OP.44, #5)

The pensive moon and distant stars from the dark sky admire the waters. Silently I look at the deep waters, my heart feels the enchanting secrets within them. Gentle, they splash and wane caressingly, there are many bewitching powers in their chatter. I hear their boundless thoughts and passions, the mysterious voice that stirs up the soul. It caresses, frightens, and arouses uncertainties. Does this summon me to listen? I would not move from the spot! Does it drive me away? I would flee in confusion! Does it call me into its depths? I would cast myself in without a care.

YA VIDEL INOGDA (SOMETIMES I SAW) (OP.38, #6)

Sometimes I saw how a night star shone in a mirror-like bay, how it shimmered in the springs, and the silvery dust scattering from it dispersed. But do not delude yourself that you can grasp it and beware of catching it! Deceptive are the ray and wave. The darkness of your shadow only falls upon it. You will leave, and it will shine. Thus the restless phantom with radiant joy lures us under the cold gloom. You approach it, and teasingly it runs away. You are beguiled, and it appears again before you.

O, LANDISH (O, LILY OF THE VALLEY) (OP.38, #2)

O, lily of the valley, why do you delight the eye so? There are other flowers more luxuriant and exquisite, brighter in colour and with cheerful aspect but they lack your mysterious charm. What is the secret of this magic? What do you prophesy for the soul? How do you entice and gladden my heart? Do you revive a vision of bygone joys, or do you promise further ecstasy? I know not. But like a spring of wine your fragrance consoles and beckons. Like music it takes away my breath and like the flame of love it nourishes the ardour of my visage.

Translation from the Russian: Donna Klimoska