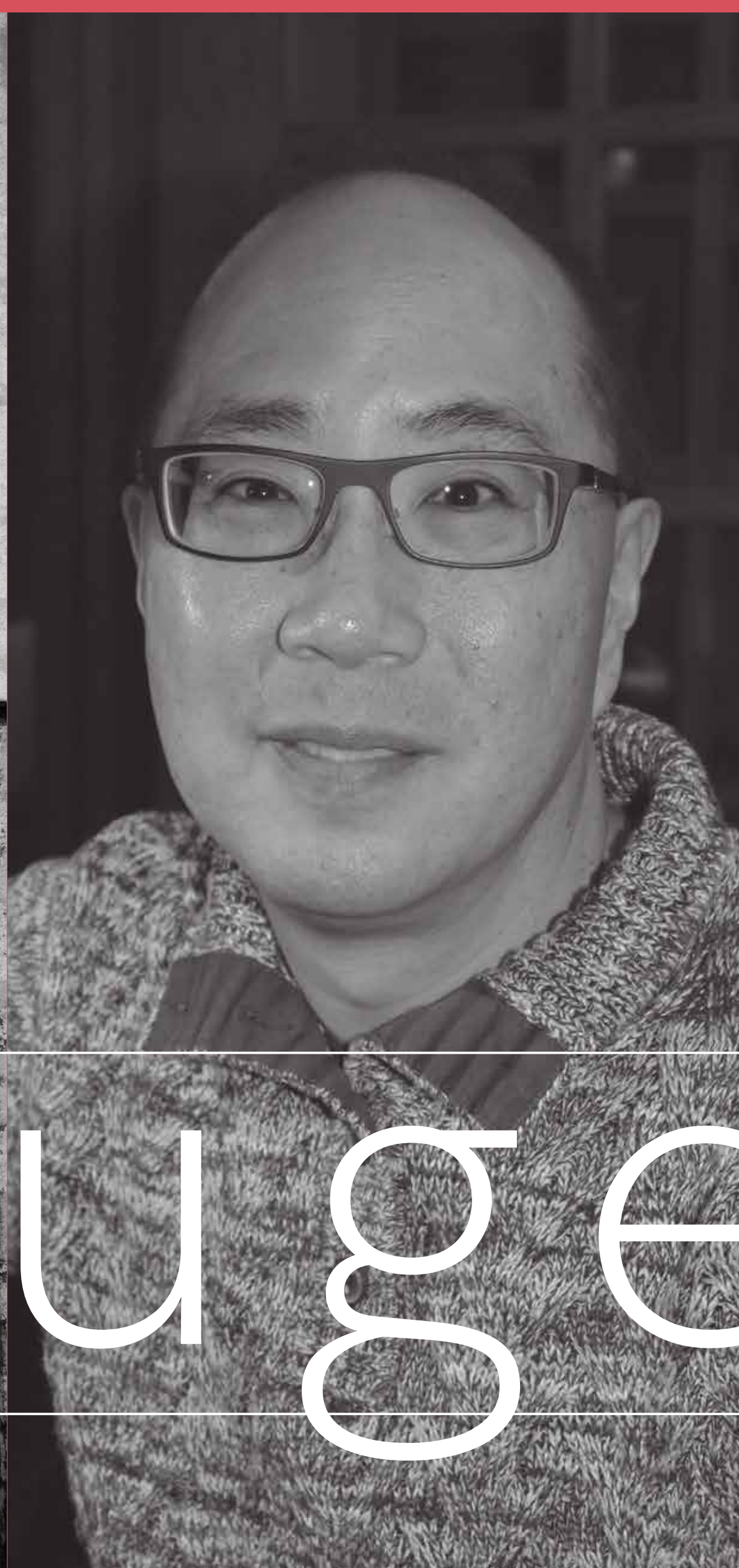




OPEN WIDE AND SAY AWE



Refuge

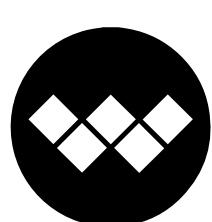
Lara Ciekiewicz - Soprano
Michael Oike - Collaborating Pianist

Performing works by:
Puccini, Strauss, Emery, Gordon, Guettel, Britten, Duparc,

SUNDAY, JANUARY
22, 2023, 3:00 P.M.

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Giacomo Puccini

E l'uccellino

Renato Fucini

E l'uccellino canta sulla fronda:
Dormi tranquillo, boccuccia d'amore:
Piegalà 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.

And The Little Bird

(Renato Fucini, 1843-1921)

And the little bird sings from a leafy branch:
“Sleep softly, sweet little mouth of love:
rest your golden little head
here upon your mama's heart.”

And the little bird sings from his bough:
“You will learn so many wonderful things,
but if you want to know how much I love you,
no one in the world will ever be able to tell you!”

And the little bird sings to the tranquil sky:
“Sleep, my beloved, here on my breast.”



Avanti Urania!

Renato Fucini

Io non ho l'ali, eppur quando dal molo
lancio la prora al mar,
fermi gli alcioni sul potente volo
si librano a guardar.

Io non ho pinne, eppur quando i marosi
niun legno osa affrontar,
trepidando, gli squali ardimentosi
mi guardano passar.

Simile al mio signor,
mite d'aspetto
quanto è forte in cuor,
Le fiamme ho anch'io nel petto,
Anch'io di spazio,
Anch'io di gloria ho smania,
Avanti Urania!!

Onwards, Urania!

Renato Fucini

I have no wings, but when I turn my prow
from the quayside to the open sea,
the gulls pause in their soaring flights
and hover to watch me go.

I have no fins, but when I confront
the breakers no ship dares broach,
even the fearless sharks watch
in trepidation as I steam on.

Like my master
I am mild of manner but brave of heart,
I too have fire in my belly,
I too yearn for the open waters
and for glory...
Onwards, Urania!

Terra e mare

Enrico Panzacchi

I pioppi, curvati dal vento
rimuggghiano 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 nel cielo fulgenti.

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

Land and sea

(Enrico Panzacchi, 1840-1904)

The long row of poplars howl,
bent and bowed by the wind.
In the darkness and in my sleep, I hear them
and dream of the voice of the sea.

I dream of that low-pitched voice
with its placid, powerful rhythms;
the fiery stars in the sky,
reflected in the waves, gaze down on me.

But the wind picks up and sweeps along
the long row of poplars.
It wakes me from my happy sleep...
The voice of the sea is far away!

Donde lieta uscì (from La Bohème)

Luigi Illica/Giuseppe Giacosa

Donde lieta uscì
al tuo grido d'amore,
torna sola Mimì
al solitario nido.
Ritorna un'altra volta
a intesser finti fior.
Addio, senza rancor.

Ascolta, ascolta.
Le poche robe aduna
che lasciai sparse.
Nel mio cassetto
stan chiusi quel cerchietto d'or
e il libro di preghiere.
Involgi tutto quanto in un grembiale
e manderò il portiere...

Bada, sotto il guanciale
c'è la cuffietta rosa.
Se vuoi serbarla a ricordo d'amor!
Addio, senza rancor.

To the place she once happily left

To the place she once happily left
to follow your cry of love,
Mimi returns -
to her solitary nest.
I return there again
to embroider false flowers...
Goodbye, no hard feelings.

Wait, listen...
Gather the few things
I've left behind.
In my drawer
is a small band of gold
and the prayer book.
Wrap them in an apron
and I will send the concierge...

Beware... under the pillow
there is my pink bonnet.
If you want to keep it in memory of our love, you may.
Goodbye, no hard feelings...



Sole e amore

Anonymous

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!"

Sun and love

(Giacomo Puccini, 1858-1924)

The sun cheerily
knocks at your windows,
love knocks o so softly
at your heart,
and both of them call out.
The sun says: "Show yourself,
o sleeping beauty!"

Love says: “Sister,
with your first thought,
think of the one who loves you!”



Richard Strauss

Ich trage meine Minne

Karl Friedrich Henckell

Ich trage meine Minne
Vor Wonne stumm
Im Herzen und im Sinne
Mit mir herum.
Ja, daß ich dich gefunden,
Du liebes Kind,
Das freut mich alle Tage,
Die mir beschieden sind.

Und ob auch der Himmel trübe,
Kohlschwarz die Nacht,
Hell leuchtet meiner Liebe
Goldsonnige Pracht.
Und lügt auch die Welt in Sünden,
So tut mir's weh—
Die arge muß erblinden
Vor deiner Unschuld Schnee.

I carry my love

Translation © Richard Stokes

I bear my love
In silent bliss
About with me

In heart and mind.
Yes, that I have found you,
Sweet child,
Will cheer me all
My allotted days.

Though the sky be dim,
And the night pitch-black,
My love shines brightly
In golden splendour.
And though the world lies and sins,
And it hurts to see it so—
The bad world must be blinded
By your snowy innocence.



Befreit

Richard Dehmel

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 wieder geben;
O Glück!

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

Released

Translation © Richard Stokes

You will not weep. Gently, gently
you will smile; and as before a journey
I shall return your gaze and kiss.
You have cared for the room we love!
I have widened these four walls for you into a world –
O happiness!

Then ardently you will seize my hands
and you will leave me your soul,
leave me to care for our children.
You gave your whole life to me,
I shall give it back to them –
O happiness!

It will be very soon, we both know it,
we have released each other from suffering,
so I returned you to the world.
Then you'll appear to me only in dreams,
and you will bless me and weep with me –
O happiness!



Cäcilie

Heinrich Hart

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was träumen heißt
Von brennenden Küssen,
Vom Wandern und Ruhen
Mit der Geliebten,
Aug' in Auge,
Und kosend und plaudernd –
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du neigtest dein Herz!

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was bangen heißt
In einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm,
Da Niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes
Die kampfmüde Seele –
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du kämest zu mir.

Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was leben heißt,
Umhaucht von der Gottheit
Weltschaffendem Atem,
Zu schweben empor,
Lichtgetragen,
Zu seligen Höh'n,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du lebstest mit mir.

Cecily

Translation © Richard Stokes

If you knew
What it is to dream
Of burning kisses,
Of walking and resting
With one's love,
Gazing at each other
And caressing and talking –
If you knew,
Your heart would turn to me.

If you knew
What it is to worry
On lonely nights
In the frightening storm,

With no soft voice
To comfort
The struggle-weary soul –
If you knew,
You would come to me.

If you knew
What it is to live
Enveloped in God's
World-creating breath,
To soar upwards,
Borne on light
To blessed heights –
If you knew,
You would live with me.



Matthew Emery

For Broken and Tired Am I

Archibald Lampman, excerpt

O endless sun-steeped plain
With forests in dim blue shrouds
And little wisps of rain
Falling from far-off clouds:

I come from the choking air
Of passion, doubt, and strife
With a spirit and mind laid bare
To your healing breadth of life:

O fruitful and sacred ground
O sunlight and summer sky
Absorb me and fold me round
For broken and tired am I.



Sweet, Bide With Me

Eugene Field, excerpt

Sweet, bide with me and let my love
Be an enduring tether;
Oh, wanton not from spot to spot,
But let us dwell together.

So rest you, love, and be my love,
That my enraptured blooming
May fill your sight with tender light,
Your wings with sweet perfuming.

Or, if you will not bide with me
Upon this quiet heather,
Oh, give me wing, thou beauteous thing,
That we may soar together.



Requiescat

Oscar Wilde

Tread lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast,

I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.



Intermission

Henri Duparc

L'invitation au voyage

Charles Baudelaire

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!

Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Invitation to journey

Translation © Richard Stokes

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that is like you!

The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
Hold for my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping,
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.

The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.



Sérénade

Gabriel Marc

Si j'étais, ô mon amoureuse
La brise au souffle parfumé,
Pour frôler ta bouche rieuse,
Je viendrais craintif et charmé.

Si j'étais l'abeille qui vole,
Ou le papillon séducteur,
Tu ne me verrais pas, frivole,
Te quitter pour une autre fleur.

Si j'étais la rose charmante
Que ta main place sur ton cœur
Si près de toi toute tremblante
Je me fanerais de bonheur.

Mais en vain je cherche à te plaire,
J'ai beau gémir et soupirer.
Je suis homme, et que puis-je faire? ...
T'aimer ... Te le dire ... Et pleurer!



Serenade

Translation © Richard Stokes

If, my beloved, I were
The scented breeze,
I would come, timid and rapt,
To brush your laughing lips.

If I were a bee in flight,
Or a beguiling butterfly,
You would not see me skittishly
Leave you for another flower.

If I were the charming rose
Your hand placed on your heart,
I would, quivering so close to you,
Wither with happiness.

But I seek in vain to please you,
In vain I moan and sigh.
I am a man, and what can I do?
Love you... Confess my love... And cry!



Chanson triste

Jean Lahor

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,

Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai.

Song of sadness

Translation © Richard Stokes

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.



Romance de Mignon

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Le connais-tu ce radieux pays
Où brille dans les branches l'or des fruits?
Un doux zéphyr embaume l'air
Et le laurier s'unit au myrte vert.
Le connais-tu? Le connais-tu?

Là-bas, là-bas mon bien-aimé
Courons porter nos pas.

Le connais-tu ce merveilleux séjour
Où tout me parle encore de notre amour?
Où chaque objet me dit avec douleur
Qui t'a ravi ta joie et ton bonheur?
Le connais-tu? Le connais-tu?

Là-bas, là-bas, mon bien-aimé
Courons porter nos pas.

Mignon's Romance

Translation © Richard Stokes

Do you know that radiant land
Where golden fruit shines among the branches?
A gentle breeze scents the air
And the laurel grows by the green myrtle.
Do you know it? Do you know it?

Yonder, yonder, my beloved.
Hasten, thither let us go.

Do you know that marvellous dwelling
Where all still speaks to me of our love?
Where each thing asks with sadness
Who has robbed you of your joy and happiness?
Do you know it? Do you know it?

Yonder, yonder, my beloved
Hasten, thither let us go.



Phidylé

Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,

Qui, dans les prés en fleur germant par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne, et t'invite au sommeil.

Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.
Un chaud parfum circule au détour des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Mais, quand l'Astre,
incliné sur sa courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente!

Phidylé

Translation © Richard Stokes

The grass is soft for sleep beneath the cool poplars
On the banks of the mossy springs
That flow in flowering meadows from a
thousand sources,
And vanish beneath dark thickets.

Rest, O Phidylé! Noon on the leaves
Is gleaming, inviting you to sleep.

By the clover and thyme, alone, in the bright
sunlight, the fickle bees are humming.
A warm fragrance floats about the winding paths,

The red flowers of the cornfield droop;
And the birds, skimming the hillside with their wings,
Seek the shade of the eglantine.

But when the sun,
low on its dazzling curve,
Sees its brilliance wane,
Let your loveliest smile and finest kiss
Reward me for my waiting!



Ricky Ian Gordon

Will There Really Be a Morning?

Emily Dickinson

Will there really be a "Morning"?
Is there such a thing as "Day"?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
[Does it come] from famous places
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!
Please to tell [this] little Pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies!



Benjamin Britten, arr.

The last rose of summer

Traditional, based on Thomas Moore's Irish Melodies

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?



Guettel, Adam

Migratory V

(from Myths and Hymns)

Adam Guettel

We sail above the weather, we search the ocean floor
We rival our creation, still yearning for more
But can we fly together? A migratory V
How wonderful if that's what God could see

A single voice in whispered prayer
Can only pray to travel there
But all as one, we sound the everlasting sound
And sing our salvation

Aloft and in formation, a migratory V
How wonderful if that's what God could see



Our Artists



Lara Ciekiewicz, soprano

Hailed for her “tour-de-force performance” (Winnipeg Free Press) in the title role of Manitoba Opera’s Susannah, Lara has established herself as a dynamic, intelligent, and moving singing-actress. Her facility for fully transforming into a character, regardless of genre, has earned her the reputation of being an artistic chameleon.

Select credits include: Elle, La voix humaine (Manitoba Opera); Musetta, La Bohème; Countess, Le nozze di Figaro (Edmonton Opera); Tatyana, Eugene Onegin (Calgary Opera); title role, Jenůfa; Amelia, Simon Boccanegra; Laretta Gianni Schicchi; Nellie Forbush, South Pacific (Pacific Opera Victoria); Bea, Three Decembers (The Little Opera Company); May, Ours; Cinderella, Into the Woods; Maria, The Sound of Music (Opera on the Avalon); Rosalinde, Die Fledermaus (Toronto Operetta Theatre).

Lara is increasingly in demand as an adjudicator, and teacher. She serves as a Voice Instructor at the University of Manitoba’s Desautels Faculty of Music. Lara also enjoys gardening, is an avid walker, loves fabulous footwear, and is a self-professed prairie-girl forever.



Michael Oike, pianist

Michael has a diverse musical life in his hometown of Winnipeg, Manitoba. For over thirty-five years he has maintained a busy piano teaching studio, held piano workshops and master classes, adjudicated music festivals at the local, provincial and national levels, and heard in performances of chamber music, instrumental and vocal recitals.

Michael's pedagogues have included Alice Nakauchi and Sydney McInnis in Winnipeg, Boris Lysenko at the Royal Conservatory of Music and University of Toronto where he was awarded the Forsythe Scholarship as the outstanding graduating pianist. He has also studied solo piano and chamber music with the renowned Jeaneane Dowis of New York City at her private studio and twice as a Fellowship student at the Waterloo Festival at Princeton University.

Michael has been very fortunate to cover the much beloved vocal-piano repertoire with two of the leading pianists of that genre - Martin Isepp at the Banff Centre and Rudolf Jansen at the Mountainview Festival in Alberta.

Away from the piano, Michael enjoys golfing and curling, cheering for the Jets, Blue Jays and Raiders, and tinkering in the kitchen in search of the perfect sushi, butter tart and blueberry pie

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