

LOS ANGELES MASTER CHORALE

AND SINFONIA OF LOS ANGELES

JOHN CURRIE • MUSIC DIRECTOR

23RD
GALA
SEASON

ROGER WAGNER, FOUNDER AND MUSIC DIRECTOR LAUREATE

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1987 AT 8:00 P.M.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21 AT 2:00 P.M.

MUSIC FROM THE HIGHLANDS

JOHN CURRIE, Conductor
JEAN REDPATH, Folksinger
STUART CANIN, Concertmaster
DOROTHY WADE, Guest Concertmistress

Loch Lomond
The Piper o' Dundee
Willie's Fair

**Air and Reel for Orchestra (Comin' Through the Rye:
The De'il Among the Tailors)**

I'll Aye Ca' in by Yon Toun (Robert Burns; 1759-1796)
Durisddeer Soloist: Diane Demetras, Soprano (Lady John Scott; 1810-1900)
Annie Laurie (Lady John Scott)

JEAN REDPATH

2 Songs of Old Age: John Anderson and The Winter of Life (Robert Burns)

Corn Rigs (Robert Burns)

My Luv'e's in Germanie
The De'il's Awa (Robert Burns)

INTERMISSION

The Bonnie Earl o' Moray

Overture: The Hebrides (Felix Mendelssohn; 1809-1847)
(Fingal's Cave)

Gae bring tae me a Pint o' Wine (Robert Burns)

O My Love is Like a Red,

Red Rose Soloist: Paul Hinshaw, Baritone (Robert Burns)

O, Whistle an' I'll Come Tae ye My Lad (Robert Burns)

JEAN REDPATH

Will Ye No' Come Back Again
Auld Land Syne (Robert Burns)

All the traditional material has been arranged by John Currie

Flowers by Flower View Gardens

The Los Angeles Master Chorale Association sponsors the Los Angeles Master Chorale and Sinfonia of Los Angeles. It does this through the generosity of its volunteer Board of Directors and all those who contribute to The Music Center Unified Fund of the Performing Arts Council. The Association's volunteer affiliate committees provide substantial support for its activities. These concerts are made possible, in part, through the sponsorship of the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors and the Los Angeles County Music and Performing Arts Commission, and through grants from the Cultural Affairs Department of the City of Los Angeles, the National Endowment for the Arts, and the California Arts Council.

Latecomers will not be seated until the first convenient pause in the performance. / Invited guests are welcome backstage after the performance; use performers' entrances: Grand Ave. side of Plaza for Pavilion, corner of Temple & Grand for Ahmanson, and rear of theatre for Forum. / Use of tape recorders and/or cameras prohibited in auditorium. / Your use of a ticket constitutes acknowledgement of willingness to appear in photographs taken in public areas of The Music Center and releases The Music Center Operating Co., its lessees and all others from liability resulting from use of such photograph. / Programs and artists subject to change. / Patrons cannot be paged during a performance. Individuals expecting emergency calls must leave their seat numbers with the House Manager.

Program Notes by John Currie

Scotland's heritage in song is one of the richest in Europe and the world. It is a heritage which stretches from the Middle Ages to the present, and which embraces the great Celtic tradition of the mountains and islands as well as the wonderfully varied songs of the Lowlands and Southern Uplands ("The Borders"). Any great folk-song tradition reflects the romance, the politics, and the exuberance of a nation; the lyrics encompass public as well as personal emotions; the songs are national but also international. Scotland's tradition is no exception, and in this concert we bring to you love-songs, songs of political pride, and songs of sheer mischief and hilarity.

But what gives Scots songs their distinct flavor and peculiar emotional power? A sense of space. The songs are "open," often evoking the great spaces of sea and hill, and the loneliness which is a mark of the Scot and the landscape he so often deserts to live elsewhere. At other times the spaciousness is evoked in a hilarious open-air dance like "The De'il's awa wi' th' exciseman" or a subtle love-dance like "Corn Rigs."

Perhaps it is the sense of space in the songs which always makes it a special pleasure to present them in arrangements for chorus and symphony orchestra. Normally the Los Angeles Master Chorale and the Sinfonia of Los Angeles present great classical, romantic and modern works of the concert-hall repertoire, but here they devote their talents to an evening of folk-songs in settings which are designed to underline the spaciousness and strength of the melodies.



Many of the songs need no introduction: "Loch Lomond" and "Auld Lang Syne" are known and loved world-wide — although it should be mentioned that the latter is presented here in its correct version as a fine nostalgic song about friendship and friends separated by the oceans. It should be noted, too, how many of the songs have lyrics by Robert Burns. Those who love folk-songs owe him a great debt as a collector of songs and old melodies, and as a poet of genius who could revive and renovate a fine old lyric without destroying its earthiness and simplicity. In most of the melodies, I have used the versions found in *The Scots Musical Museum*, (edited by Burns) an eighteenth-century Edinburgh publication.

Less well-known beyond Scotland, perhaps, are the dance-songs: fiddle tunes or pipe tunes which combine song and dance. "The De'il's awa" is the most glorious, "The Piper o' Dundee" a close second. Satan, usually a grotesque comic figure in the Scottish tradition, comes dancing through the town and like a Pied Piper (or rather, a Pied Fiddler) dances away with the hated exciseman, the man who makes whiskey expensive. "Corn Rigs," a man's song, describes, as a dance, the courting of the not unwilling Annie, until by the end of the song the title has a thousand meanings.

There are also love-songs, in many cases touched by war or political strife.

"Gae bring tae me a pint o' wine" is a rumbustious soldier's drinking-song, repeatedly softened by the thought of leaving his beloved Mary. Although it is nowhere stated by Burns in "I'll aye ca' in by yon town" that the lover is a soldier, there are strong resemblances to the soldier's song in "The Jolly Beggars." Whatever his profession, the careless jauntiness of the song seems to spring from the fact that he only calls on his girl from time to time, as duty allows. Similarly comic is the provocative woman's song "O Whistle" describing (somewhat over eagerly?) how she can be called out of her father's house, if love is promised. In more serious vein the finest of traditional Scottish love songs are represented by "Willie's fair," a tragic little ballad from the Vale of Yarrow in the high hills of The Borders; "My love's in Germanie," a wonderful, intensely sad, melody which wanders over the whole range of the voice; and Burns's incomparable "O my love is like a red, red rose."

"The Bonnie Earl o' Moray" and "Will ye no' come back again" are songs arising out of particular civil strifes. The latter is a Jacobite song expressing fanatical devotion to Bonnie Prince Charlie, but it has become widely associated with more general nostalgia at the parting of friends. In "The Bonnie Earl o' Moray," I have not used the original melody, but the dark Victorian melody which has become more widely known. Moray was a popular

romantic hero. The handsomest man of his time, his ill-fated love for Scotland's Danish Queen led to his murder, and the tragedy gave rise to this powerful lament.

Indeed the folk-talents of the nineteenth-century have not been neglected in this traditional program. Lady John Scott, writing in a folk-tradition, produced songs which were clearly touched by European and English Romanticism, and here we include "Durisdeer" and the familiar, but very fine "Annie Laurie." It seemed fitting in this program, too, to include another nineteenth-century act of homage to the landscape from which the Scottish folk-culture springs: Mendelssohn's Overture "Hebrides" (Fingal's Cave). The work typifies, with charm and taste, the early Romantics' attitude to Scottish sights and sounds.

The two most exceptional songs are by Burns: "John Anderson" and "The Winter of Life." Love in old age is rare in folk-songs, where the old are normally treated comically, but "John Anderson" is an old woman's love-song in which death is seen as love's welcome and dignified culmination. In "The Winter of Life" there is no love, but only a lament for the loss of youth. The lyric staggers between conventional English and pungent Scots (a favorite device of Burns), and is set to an extraordinary melody, originally from India, peacefully mixing two-pulse and three-pulse measures.

Texts

Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love where ever went
to gae
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.
O, ye'll tak the high road and I'll tak the low
road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.
'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep sides o' Ben Lomond,
Where in purple hue the hieland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloamin'.
O'ye'll tak the high road etc...

The Piper O' Dundee

A piper came to our town, to our town, to our
town,
A piper came to our town, and he played
bonnielie.
He played a sprig the Laird to please,
a sprig brent new frae yont the seas;
And then he gave his bags a squeeze, and
played another key.
And wasna he a rogie, a rogie, a rogie,
And wasna he a rogie, the Piper o' Dundee.
He played "The Welcome owre the Main" and
"Ye'se be fou an' I'se be fain,"
And "Aul Stewart's back again" wi muckle
mirth and glee.
He played "The Kirk," he played "The Queer,"
The "Mulin Dhu" and "Chevalier,"
And "Lang awa' but welcome here" sae sweet,
sae bonnielie.
And wasna he a rogie etc...

Willie's Fair and Willie's Rare

O Willie's fair and Willie's rare,
And Willie's wondrous bonnie,
And Willie hecht to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.
O came ye by yon water-side?
Pu'd ye the rose or lily?
Or came ye by the meadow green?
Or saw ye my sweet Willie?
She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him broad and narrow,
Syn'e in the clifing o' a crag,
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

I'll Aye Ca In By Yon Town

I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green, again;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
What brings me back the gate again;
But she my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stownlins we sall meet again.
She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin-time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again!
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

Durisdeer

We'll meet nae mair at sunset,
When the weary day is done,
Nor wander hame thegither,
By the lee licht o' the moon.

I'll hear your step nae langer
Among the dewy corn
For we'll meet nae mair my dearest
At eve or early morn.
The yellow broom is waving
Abune the sunny brae
An' the rowan berries dancing
Where the sparkling waters play,
Tho' a' is bricht an' bonny
It's an eerie place to me
For we'll meet nae mair, my dearest,
By burn or rowan tree.

Annie Laurie

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew;
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gi'ed me her promise true.
Gi'ed me her promise true,
That ne'er forgot shall be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'll lay me doun an' dee.
Her brow is like the snawdrift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doun an' dee.

John Anderson my Jo

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent.
But now your brow is beld, John,

Your locks are like the snaw,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John
We clam the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi'ane anither.
Now we maun totter, down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

The Winter of Life

But lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoiced the day,
Through gentle show'rs the laughing flow'rs
In double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa'.
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.
But my white pow nae kindly thow
Shall melt the snows of age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,
Sinks in time's wintry rage.
O, age has weary days!
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why com'st thou not again!

Corn Rigs

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie, O!
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie, O!
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early, O!
Wi' small persuasion she agreed
To see me through the barley, O!

Corn rigs and barley rigs,
Corn rigs are bonnie, O!
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Among the rigs wi' Annie, O!

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly, O!
I set her down wi' right good will
Among the rigs o' barley, O!
I kent her heart was a' my ain,
I love her most sincerely, O!
I kissed her owre and owre again,
Among the rigs o' barley O!

Corn rigs etc...

I locked her in my fond embrace,
Her heart was beating rarely, O!
My blessing on that happy place
Among the rigs o' barley O!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly, O!
She aye shall bless that happy night
Among the rigs o' barley O!

Corn rigs etc...

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear,
I hae been merry drinking, O!
I hae been joyful gath'ring gear,
I hae been happy thinking, O!
But a' the pleasures ere I saw,
Though three times doubled fairly, O!
That happy night was worth them a'
Among the rigs o' barley, O!

Corn rigs etc...

My Love's in Germanie

My love's in Germanie, send him hame, send
him hame.
My love's in Germanie, send him hame.
My love's in Germanie, fighting brave for
royaltie,
He may ne'er his Jeannie see, send him hame,
send him hame.
He may ne'er his Jeannie see, send him hame!
He's brave as brave can be, send him hame,
send him hame.

He's brave as brave can be, send him hame!
He's brave as brave can be, he wad rather fa'
than flee,

But his life is dear to me, send him hame, send
him hame.

But his life is dear to me, send him hame!
He'll ne'er come owre the sea, Willie's slain,
Willie's slain.

He'll ne'er come owre the sea, Willie's gane.
He'll ne'er come owre the sea, to his love and
ain countrie,

O this world's nae mair for me, Willie's gane,
Willie's gane.

O this world's nae mair for me, Willie's gane!

The Deil's Awa Wi' Th' Exciseman

The Deil came fiddling through the town
And danced awa wi' th' exciseman,
And ilka wife cried "Aul Mahoun!
I wish ye luck o' the prize man!"

The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' th' exciseman!
He's danced awa, he's danced awa,
He's danced awa wi' th' exciseman!

We'll make our malt and brew our drink,
And dance and sing and rejoice, man,
An' mony braw thanks to the muckle black
deil,

That danced away wi' th' exciseman!

The deil's awa, the deil's awa etc...

The Bonnie Earl O' Moray

Ye hielands and ye lowlands, o whaur hae ye
been?

They hae slain the Earl o' Moray, an' they laid
him on the green.

He was a braw gallant, an' he rade at the ring,
An' the bonnie Earl o' Moray, he micht hae
been a king.

O lang will his lady look o'er the Castle Doune,
Ere she see the Earl o' Moray come soondin'
thro' the toun.

No wae be tae thee Huntly, an' wherefore did
ye sae?

I bade ye bring him wi' ye, But forbade ye him
tae slay.

He was a braw gallant, an' he played at the
glove,

An' the bonnie Earl o' Moray, he was the
queen's true love.

O lang will his lady look o'er the Castle Doune,
Ere she see the Earl o' Moray come soondin'
thro' the toun.

Gae Bring Tae Me A Pint O' Wine

Gae bring tae me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink, before I go,
A service tae my bonnie lassie;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-Law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody!
It's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

A Red, Red Rose

O, my luv'e's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luv'e's like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luv'e am I;
And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear

And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only luv'e!
And fare thee well a while!
And I will come again, my luv'e,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

O Whistle, And I'll Come To You

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Tho' faither and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when you come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syn'e up the back-stile, and let naeboddy see,
And come as ye were na coming to me,
And come as ye were na coming to me.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad etc...

Will Ye No Come Back Again?

Bonnie Charlie's now awa,
Safely owre the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.

Will ye no come back again?

Will ye no come back again?

Better loved ye canna be.

Will ye no come back again?

Ye trusted in your highland men,
They trusted you, dear Charlie,
They kent your hiding in the glen,
Death and exile braving.

Will ye no come back again?

Mony a gallant soldier fought,
Mony a gallant chief did fall;
Death itself was dearly bought
All for Scotland's king and law.

Will ye no etc...

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

And surely you'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne, my dear etc...

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary fit
Sin auld lang syne.

Sin auld lang syne, my dear etc...

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne, my dear etc...

And there's a hand my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught
For auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne, my dear etc...

BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL

Sunday, March 1, 1987 at 8:00 PM

John Currie celebrates the titan of all composers. This special festival opens with the *Egmont Overture* and continues with the seldom played but charming *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*. Michael Zearott, pianist, will be featured in the *Choral Fantasy*. The ebullient *Mass in C* closes the program with soloists Mary Rawcliffe, Soprano, Thomas Randle, Tenor and Thomas Wilcox, Baritone.

\$27.50, \$22.00, \$16.50, \$11.00

**LOS ANGELES MASTER
CHORALE PERSONNEL****SOPRANO**

Samela Aird Beasom
Joan Beaumier
Pam Chapin
Sara Chason
Jeanne Davenport
Diane Demetras
Rhonda Dillon
Denise Dumeyer
Pamela Erven
Rose Harris
Won-Jung Kim
Cathy Larsen
Susan Montgomery
Holly-Shaw Price
Linda Sauer
Peggy Scheeper
Bonnie Smith

Nancy Fontana

Mary Hinshaw

Eileen Holt

Bridgid Kinney

Nancy O'Brien

Joyce Paxson

Carol Reich

Cheryl Roach

Lori Turner

Jennifer Williams

Barbara Wilson

TENOR

James Beaumier

Chris Bowman

Augie Castagnola

Tim Johnson

Keith Paulson

Jay Pearce

Marshall Ramirez

David Rivinus

Maurice Staples

George Sterne

Scott Whitaker

Robert Stribling

Gary Walker

BASS

Andy Black

David Chang

Kevin Dalbey

David Darling

Phillip Dorfman

Steve Fraider

Paul Hinshaw

Kerry Katz

Craig Kingsbury

Kenneth Knight

Ed Levy

Jim Raycroft

William Roberts

David Schnell

Burman Timberlake

ALTO

Natalie Beck
Sarah Bloxham
Aleta Braxton
Charlotte de Windt
Marilyn Eginton
Sally Etcheto

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN: *The Gondoliers*

Saturday, March 21, 1987 at 2:00 p.m.

Saturday, March 21, at 8:00 p.m.

The fifth in our G & S series, *The Gondoliers* features some of Sullivan's sunniest music. Former D'Oyly Carte principal, Alistair Donkin, will star and direct, and Robert Willoughby Jones is the guest conductor. The cast includes: Ali England, Evelyn de la Rosa, Nancy Fontana, Stephanie Vlahos, Stephen Amerson, Jonathan Mack, John Matthews, and Michael Gallup.

\$27.50, \$22.00, \$16.50, \$11.00

SINFONIA OF LOS ANGELES**First Violins**

Stuart Canin, *Concertmaster*
Dorothy Wade, *Guest Concertmistress*
René Mandel, *Ass't. Concertmaster*
Harold Wolf
Julie Gigante
Karen Jones
Won Mo Kim

2nd Violins

Irma Neumann, *Principal*
Arthur Zadinsky
Russ Cantor
Ron Folsom
Roger Wilkie
Jennifer Woodward

Violas

Mihail Zinovyev, *Principal*
Linn Subotnick
Harry Shirinian
Dan Neufeld

Cellos

Frederick Seykora, *Principal*
Barbara Hunter
David Shamban
Robert Adcock

Basses

David Young, *Principal*
Jay Grauer

Flutes

Sheridan Stokes, *Principal*
Paul Fried

Oboes

Joel Timm, *Principal*
Kathleen Robinson

Clarinets

Dominick Fera, *Principal*
Virginia Loe

Bassoons

Michael O'Donovan, *Principal*
Rose Corrigan

French Horns

James Thatcher, *Principal*
Dorian Marks

Trumpets

Malcolm McNab, *Principal*
Kenneth Larson

Trombones

William Booth, *Principal*
Andrew Malloy
Terry Cravens

Tympani

Kenneth Watson

Librarian

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Personnel Manager

Stuart Canin