

YOUR DIGITAL PROGRAM / TEXT ONLY VERSION

David Greco

In recital with Vatche Jambazian

Dates: 5 Mar 2024

Venue: Elder Hall, The University of Adelaide

Duration: 1hr, no interval

Note: Latecomers will be admitted at a suitable break in the program

THIS DIGITAL PROGRAM INCLUDES

Credits & Program

Lyrics

Biographies

Credits & Program

David Greco, voice

Vatche Jambazian, piano

Edward Elgar

"Pleading"

Gerald Finzi

"It was a lover and his lass"

Dilys Elwyn Edwards

"The Cloths of Heaven"

Herbert Howells

"King David"

Charles Villiers Stanford

Two Nonsense Rhymes

"A Visit of Elizabeth"

"The Complete Virtuoso"

Ivor Gurney

"Down by the Salley Gardens"

George Butterworth

"O fair enough are sky and plain"

Benjamin Britten

"The trees they grow so high"

Benjamin Britten

"Little Sir William"

Dorian La Gallienne

Four divine poems of John Donne:

"A Hymne to God the Father"

"Batter my heart, three person'd God"

Otto Respighi

Notturmo, from 6 Pezzi P. 44; No.3 (piano solo)

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Selections from Songs of Travel:

"The Vagabond"

"Let Beauty Awake"

"The Roadside Fire"

"The Infinite Shining Heavens"

"Bright Is the Ring of Words"

Pleading

Edward Elgar (1857–1934)

Words by Arthur Leslie Salmon (1865–1952)

Will you come homeward from the hills of
Dreamland,
Home in the dusk, and speak to me again?
Tell me the stories that I am forgetting,
Quicken my hope, and recompense my pain?

Will you come homeward from the hills of
Dreamland?

I have grown weary, though I wait you yet;
Watching the fallen leaf, the faith grown fainter,
The mem'ry smoulder'd to a dull regret.

Shall the remembrance die in dim forgetting
All the fond light that glorified my way?

Will you come homeward from the hills of
Dreamland,
Home in the dusk, and turn my night to day?

It Was A Lover And His Lass

Gerald Finzi (1901–1956)

*Words by William Shakespeare (1564–1616), from As
You Like It*

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 spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

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

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

The Cloths Of Heaven

Dilys Elwyn Edwards (1918–2012)

Words by William Butler Yeats (1865–1939)

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

King David

Herbert Howells (1892–1983)

Words by Walter De la Mare (1873–1956)

King David was a sorrowful man:
No cause for his sorrow had he;
And he called for the music of a hundred harps,
To ease his melancholy.

They played till they all fell silent:
Played and play sweet did they;
But the sorrow that haunted the heart of King
David

They could not charm away

He rose: and in his garden
Walked by the moon alone,
A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree,
Jargoned on and on.

King David lifted his sad eyes
Into the dark-boughed tree –
"Tell me, though little bird that singest,
Who taught my grief to thee?"

But the bird in no-wise heeded;
And the king in the cool of the moon
Harkened to the nightingale's sorrowfulness,
Till all his own was gone.

2 Nonsense Rhymes

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852–1924)

Words by Anonymous

1. A Visit of Elizabeth

There was a Young Lady of Joppa,
Who came a society cropper,
One day with a friend,
She went off to Ostend,
And the rest of the story's improper.

2. The Complete Virtuoso

There was an old man of the Isles,
Whose face was pervaded with smiles;
He sang "High dum diddle",
And played on the fiddle,
That amiable man of the Isles.

Down By The Salley Gardens

Ivor Gurney (1890–1937)

Words by William Butler Yeats (1865–1939)

Down by the Salley Gardens my love and I did
meet;
She passed the Salley Gardens with little snow-
white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on
the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her did not
agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-
white hand.

She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on
the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of
tears.

O Fair Enough Are Sky And Plain

George Butterworth (1885–1916)

Words by Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936)

Oh fair enough are sky and plain,
But I know fairer far:
Those are as beautiful again
That in the water are;

The pools and rivers wash so clean
The trees and clouds and air,
The like on earth was never seen,
And oh that I were there.

These are the thoughts I often think
As I stand gazing down
In act upon the cressy brink
To strip and dive and drown;
But in the golden-sanded brooks
And azure meres I spy
A silly lad that longs and looks
And wishes he were I.

The Trees They Grow So High

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

Words by Anonymous

The trees they grow so high
And the leaves they grow so green.
And many a cold winter's night
My love and I have seen.
Of a cold winter's night,
My love, you and I alone have been,
Whilst my bonny boy is young
He's a-growing.
Growing, growing.
Whilst my bonny boy is young
He's a-growing.
O father, dearest father.
You've done to me great wrong,
You've tied me to a boy
When you know he is too young.
O daughter, dearest daughter,
If you wait a little while,
A lady you shall be
While he's growing.
Growing, growing,
A lady you shall be
While he's growing.
I'll send your love to college
All for a year or two,
And then in the mean-time
He will do for you;
I'll buy him white ribbons,
Tie them round his bonny waist
To let the ladies know
That he's married.
Married, married,
To let the ladies know
That he's married.
I went up to the college
And I looked over the wall,
Saw four-and-twenty gentlemen
Playing at bat and ball.
I called for my true love,
But they would not let him come,
All because he was a young boy
And growing.
Growing, growing,
All because he was a young boy
And growing.
At the age of sixteen
He was a married man,
And at the age of seventeen
He was a father to a son;
And at the age of eighteen
The grass grew over him.

Cruel death soon put an end
To his growing.
Growing, growing,
Cruel death soon put an end
To his growing.

And now my love is dead
And in his grave doth lie.
The green grass grows o'er him
So very, very high.
I'll sit and I'll mourn
His fate until the day I die,
And I'll watch all o'er his child
While he's growing.
Growing, growing,
And I'll watch all o'er his child
While he's growing.

Little Sir William

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

Words from Volkslieder (Folksongs)

Easter day was a holiday
Of all the days in the year,
And all the little schoolfellows
Went out to play
But Sir William was not there.
Mamma went to the School Wife House
And knocked at the ring,
Saying, "Little Sir William
if you are there,
Pray let your mother in."
The School Wife open'd the door
And said "He is not here today.
He is with the little schoolfellows
Out on the green
Playing some pretty play."
Mamma went to the Boyne water
That is so wide and deep, saying,
Little Sir William if you are there,
Oh pity your mother's weep."
"How can I pity your weep, mother
And I so long in pain?
For the little penknife
Sticks close to my heart
And the School Wife hath me slain.
Go home, go home my mother dear,
And prepare my winding sheet,
For tomorrow morning before eight o'clock,
You with my body shall meet.
And lay my prayer book at my head,
And my grammar at my feet,
That all the little schoolfellows
as they pass by
May read them for my sake."

Selections from *Four divine poems of*

John Donne

Dorian La Gallienne (1915 – 1963)

Words by John Donne (1572 – 1631)

1 A Hymne to God the Father

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which is my sin though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive those sins, through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin by which I've won
Others to sin? And made my sin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two: but wallow'd in, a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by thy self, that at my death thy Son
shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
And having done that, thou hast done,
I fear no more.

4 Batter My Heart, Three Person'd God

Batter my heart, three person'd God; for you
As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to
mend;
That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me
new.

I, like an usurpt towne, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end,
Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend
But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue.
Yet dearely I love you, and would be loved faine,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy:
Divorce mee, untie, or breake that knot againe,
Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I
Except you enthrall mee, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish mee.

Notturmo, from *6 Pieces for Piano*

Otto Respighi (1879–1936)

(piano solo)

Selections from *Songs of Travel*

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

Words by Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894)

1 The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above,
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

2 Let Beauty Awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful
dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of
day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
To render again and receive!

3 The Roadside Fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.
I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your
room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the
broom;

And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.
And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

6 The Infinite Shining Heavens

The infinite shining heavens
Rose, and I saw in the night
Uncountable angel stars
Showering sorrow and light.
I saw them distant as heaven,
Dumb and shining and dead,
And the idle stars of the night
Were dearer to me than bread.
Night after night in my sorrow

The stars looked over the sea,
Till lo! I looked in the dusk
And a star had come down to me.

8 Bright Is the Ring of Words

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them,
Still they are carolled and said—
On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.
Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.

Biographies

David Greco

Voice

Internationally regarded for his recordings of Schubert lieder and the cantatas of J.S Bach, ARIA Award-nominated baritone David Greco was the first Australian singer in 2012 to be appointed a position with the Sistine Chapel Choir in the Vatican, Rome.

Now an acclaimed interpreter of opera and concert work, he appears regularly with Australia's finest orchestras, most recently in Britten's War Requiem with Melbourne Symphony Orchestra and in Verdi's Requiem in the Sydney Opera House with Sydney Philharmonia Choirs.

David's PhD in 19th century Historical Voice led to his celebrated ABC Classics recordings of Schubert's Winterreise and Die schöne Müllerin with early keyboardist Erin Helyard.

David is a Lecturer in Voice and Opera at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music.

Vatche Jambazian

Piano

Sydney-born pianist Vatche Jambazian completed his Master of music at The Juilliard School following studies at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music.

Having performed globally and nationally throughout North America, Asia, Europe and Australia, he has appeared in Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, Sydney Opera House, Melbourne Recital Centre, UKARIA and City Recital Hall Angel's Place and has been featured on WQXR Radio (New York classical radio) and ABC Classic.

Vatche's recent performances have seen him perform as soloist and chamber musician with artists such as David Greco, Eleanor Lyons, Flinders Quartet, Omega Ensemble, Umberto Clerici, Lauren Fagan, Harry Ward, Lloyd Vant Hoff and Ian Munro as well as being a featured artist in the Bangalow Festival, Adelaide Hills Summer Festival, Bowral Autumn Music Festival and the Orange Festival. In 2022 Vatche premiered Phillip Glass' Third Piano Concerto in City Recital Hall, and recently the world premiere of Grammy Award-winning composer Caroline Shaw's Harpsichord Concerto.

Vatche is currently on faculty at the Australian Institute of Music, Principal Pianist of the Omega Ensemble and Artistic Director of the Bowral Autumn Music Festival.