



Western
Music

Don Wright Faculty of Music

FRIDAYS AT 12:30 SERIES

Friday, October 24, 2025

12:30 p.m., von Kuster Hall and [via livestream](#)

Adrianne Pieczonka, *soprano*

Rachael Kerr, *piano*

Nachtwanderer	Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel (1805-1847)
Die Mainacht	Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel (1805-1847)
Ich stand in dunklen Räumen	Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
Liebst Du um Schönheit	Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
Die Lorelei	Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
Psyché	Émile Paladilhe (1844-1926)
Quand je fus pris au pavillion	Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)
L'enamourée	Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)
The Daisies	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Bessie Bobtail	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
The Seal Man	Rebecca Clark (1886-1979)
<i>"Da geht er hin..."</i> The Marschallin's Monologue	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
By Strauss	George Gershwin (1898-1937)
<i>The Music Man</i> Till there was you	Meredith Wilson (1902-1984)

THE ARTISTS

Internationally celebrated for her interpretations of Wagner, Strauss, Verdi and Puccini heroines, Canadian soprano **Adrianne Pieczonka** has enjoyed a career spanning over 35 years.

After completing her studies at the University of Western Ontario (BMus Honours in Voice Performance 1985) and the University of Toronto's Opera Division (Diploma in Opera 1988), she won First Prize at the s-Hertogenbosch Singing Competition in the Netherlands and First Prize at the Mady Mesple Competition in France in 1988.

She began her career at the Vienna Volksoper in 1989, and in 1991, she joined the Vienna State Opera where she has sung a wide repertoire from Mozart to Wagner for three decades.

Adrianne has sung at many of the world's leading opera house including La Scala, Royal Opera House Covent Garden, Teatro Colon Buenos Aires, Teatro Real Madrid, Teatro Liceu Barcelona, Paris Opéra Bastille, Bavarian State Opera, Dresden Semperoper, Deutsche Oper Berlin, Staatsoper Unter den Linden Berlin, Hamburg, The Metropolitan Opera, Canadian Opera Company, Los Angeles Opera, San Francisco, Houston Grand Opera among many others. Her signature roles include Tosca, The Marschallin (Der Rosenkavalier), Chrysothemis (Elektra), Ariadne, Arabella, Sieglinde (Die Walküre), Senta (Flying Dutchman), Amelia (Un ballo in Maschera) and Elisabetta (Don Carlo).

She has performed at the prestigious Bayreuth Festival, singing Sieglinde in Die Walküre in 2006 and 2007 and Senta in The Flying Dutchman in 2012. She has appeared numerous times at the Salzburg Festival and has appeared at the Glyndebourne Festival, Aix en Provence Festival and the Edinburgh Festival.

Adrianne has performed under Sir Georg Solti, Claudio Abbado, Daniel Barenboim, Riccardo Muti, James Levine, Zubin Mehta, Kirill Petrenko, Yannick Nezet-Seguin, Esa Pekka Salonen, Pierre Boulez, Christian Thielemann, Kent Nagano among many others.

Adrianne has also performed internationally on many concert and recital stages, most recently performing Strauss' Four Last Songs in Montréal and Schubert's Winterreise in Madrid and Toronto. Her recent CD, Lyrical Echoes, was a Juno nominated recording, released on the Analekta Label in 2021. It features Lieder by Clara Schumann, accompanied by pianist Liz Upchurch. Her Puccini Arias CD won a Juno in 2010 and she was awarded a Dora Award in 2004 for her portrayal of Sieglinde in Die Walküre at the COC.

Adrianne was named Kammersängerin by the Vienna State Opera in 2007 and was named Officer of the Order of Canada in 2008. In 2009 she became a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. In 2011 she was awarded the Paul de Hueck and Norman Walford Career Achievement Award. She holds honorary doctorates from The University of McMaster and The University of Western Ontario. Adrianne was named Kammersängerin by the Vienna State Opera in 2007 and was named Officer of the Order of Canada in 2008. In 2009 she became a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. In 2011 she was awarded the Paul de Hueck and Norman Walford Career Achievement Award. She holds honorary doctorates from The University of McMaster and The University of Western Ontario.

Adrianne was appointed Chair in Voice at the Glenn Gould School, Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto, in 2019 where she teaches voice and oversees two opera productions each year. She offers guest masterclasses at music schools throughout Canada and abroad and has mentored emerging artists at young artist opera programs including the COC Ensemble, Montréal Atelier, Bavarian State Opera and the Vienna State Opera. Adrianne was Jury President at the CMIC, Concours Musical Internationale de Montréal in June 2025.

Originally from Grand Rapids, Michigan, pianist **Rachael Kerr** is a versatile performer, frequently appearing as a soloist, collaborator, coach, and chamber musician. She was recently featured in a performance of Messiaen's Oiseaux Exotiques with the Northwestern University Symphonic Wind Ensemble and was invited back to be the soloist for Stravinsky's Concerto for Piano and Winds the next season. Rachael has also received fellowships to the Banff Centre for Arts and Creativity, Toronto Summer Music Festival, Tanglewood Music Center and the Aspen Music Festival.

Rachael has long had an affinity for collaboration with brass and winds, which led to recital appearances with world-renowned artists such as Jens Lindemann, Gail Williams, Michael Henoch, Lawrie Bloom, Dennis Michel, Barbara Butler, and Chris Martin, among others. Most recently, she has collaborated with the Chicago Chamber Musicians Ensemble on their First Mondays Concert Series. She has also been featured in several world premieres of composer David Sampson's chamber works, which have been featured live on WFMT in Chicago. Other recent chamber music appearances include Garth Newel Music Center's main season chamber series, the Lake Forest Lyrica recital series, and performances with the Allium String Quartet at Symphony Center in Chicago.

She obtained double bachelor's degrees in chemistry and piano performance at Johns Hopkins University and Peabody Conservatory, where she was the recipient of the Abrams Double Degree scholarship, studying piano with Yong Hi Moon. There, she performed as a member of the SONAR Contemporary Music Ensemble and was named the Homewood Campus Distinguished Music Scholar for four years in a row. As a graduate student, she studied with Sylvia Wang and Elizabeth Buccheri and was a prizewinner in the 2015 Musicians Club of Women Scholarship Competition and the 2010 Thaviu-Isaak Piano Competition.

Rachael is currently a collaborative pianist in the Toronto area, joining the Canadian Opera Company's Ensemble Studio for the 2017-2018 season. She is also one of the founding members of the MIR trio, with Mark Skazinetsky and Igor Gefter. She has been the rehearsal pianist for several notable TSO concerts, including a semi-staged version of Mozart's Requiem, Shostakovich's magnificent "Babi Yar" Symphony, the Fauré Requiem, Weill's Seven Deadly Sins, and the cornerstone work of the 2016 New Creations Festival, Knocking at the Hellgate by Brett Dean. She has also been a substitute orchestral pianist in the Toronto Symphony, Beijing Symphony, and the Niagara Symphony. She has recently served as a substitute pianist for the Elmer Iseler Singers and the Amadeus Choir of Toronto, in addition to working as an accompanist at the Glenn Gould School of the Royal Conservatory.

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TRANSLATIONS

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel:

Nachtwanderer (text by Joseph von Eichendorff)

Ich wandre durch die stille Nacht
Da schleicht der Mond so heimlich sacht
Oft aus der dunkeln Wolkenhülle
Und hin und her im Tal
Erwacht die Nachtigall
Dann wieder alles grau und stille

O wunderbarer Nachtgesang
Von fern im Land der Ströme Gang
Leis Schauern in den dunkeln Bäumen --
Irrst die Gedanken mir
Mein wirres Singen hier
Ist wie ein Rufen nur aus Träumen

Night wanderer

I wander through the silent night,
the moon creeps secretly and gently
from the dark cloud cover.
And back and forth in the valley the nightingale
awakens.
Then everything is gray and silent again.

O wonderful night song!
From far away in the land of streams
comes a gentle shiver in the dark trees
My thoughts wander,
my singing is s like a wild cry, but only from my
dreams.

Clara Schumann:

Die Mainacht

(text by Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty)
Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche
blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen
streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Selig preis' ich dich dann, flötende Nachtigall,
Weil dein Weibchen mit dir wohnt in Einem Nest,
Ihrem singenden Gatten
Tausend trauliche Küsse giebt.

Überhüllet von Laub girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Thräne rinnt.

The May Night

When the silver moon shines through the
shrubbery
and casts its drowsy light over the grass;
when the nightingale warbles,
I wander mournfully from bush to bush.

Then I deem you blessed, fluting nightingale,
because your sweetheart dwells with you in a
single
nest, and gives a thousand loving kisses
to her warbling mate.

Concealed in foliage, a pair of doves
coo to me in delight; but I turn away
in search of deeper shadows,
and shed a solitary tear.

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen

(text by Heinrich Heine)

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab!

Liebst du um Schönheit

(text by Friedrich Rückert)

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.
Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr.
Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.
Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

I Stood Darkly Dreaming

I stood darkly dreaming
And stared at her picture,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.

About her lips
A wondrous smile played,
And as with sad tears,
Her eyes gleamed.

And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair.
If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
Which is young each year.
If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
Who has many shining pearls.
If you love for love,
Ah yes, love me!
Love me always,
I shall love you ever more.

Die Lorelei (text by Heinrich Heine)

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei,
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

The Loreley

I do not know what it means
that I should feel so sad;
There is a tale from olden times
I cannot get out of my mind.

The air is cool, and twilight falls,
and the Rhine flows quietly by;
The summit of the mountains glitters
in the evening sun.

The fairest maiden is sitting
in wondrous beauty up there,
her golden jewels are sparkling,
she combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb
and sings a song the while;
It has an awe-inspiring,
powerful melody.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff
aith wildly aching pain;
he does not see the rocky reefs,
he only looks up to the heights.

I think at last the waves swallow
the boatman and his boat;
and that, through her singing,
The Loreley has done.

Emile Paladihle:

Psyché (text by Pierre Corneille)

Je suis jaloux, Psyché, de toute la nature!
Les rayons du soleil vous baisent trop souvent,
Vos cheveux souffrent trop les caresses du vent,
Quand il les flatte, j'en murmure!
L'air même que vous respirez
Avec trop de plaisir passe sur votre bouche.
Votre habit de trop près vous touche!
Et sitôt que vous soupirez
Je ne sais quoi qui m'effarouche
Craint, parmi vos soupirs, des soupirs égarés!

Psyché

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature:
The rays of the sun kiss you too often;
Your hair suffers too often the wind's caresses:
The moment he strokes them, I demur;
The very air you breathe
passes your lips with too much pleasure;
Your garment clings to you too closely;
And the instant you sigh,
something which frightens me
fears that your sighs are not all for me.

Reynaldo Hahn:

Quand je fus pris au pavillon

(text by Charles d'Orléans)

Quand je fus pris au pavillon
De ma dame, très gente et belle,
Je me brûlai à la chandelle
Ainsi que fait le papillon.

Je rougis comme vermillon,
À la clarté d'une étincelle,
Quand je fus pris au pavillon
De ma dame, très gente et belle.

Si j'eusse été esmerillon
Ou que j'eusse eu aussi bonne aile,
Je me fusse gardé de celle
Qui me bailla de l'aiguillon
Quand je fus pris au pavillon.

When in her pavilion I lost my heart

When in her pavilion I lost my heart
to my most beautiful and noble lady,
I burnt myself in the candle's flame,
as the moth does.

I flushed vermillion
in the brightness of a spark,
when in her pavilion I lost my heart.
to my most beautiful and noble lady.

If I had been a merlin
Or had wings as strong,
I should have shielded myself
From her who stung me,
When in her pavilion I lost my heart.

L'énamourée (text by Théodore de Banville)

Ils se disent, ma colombe,
Que tu rêves, morte encore,
Sous la pierre d'une tombe :
Mais pour l'âme qui t'adore,
Tu t'éveilles réanimée,
Ô pensive bien-aimée !

Par les blanches nuits d'étoiles,
Dans la brise qui murmure,
Je caresse tes longs voiles,
Ta mouvante chevelure,
Et tes ailes demi-closes
Qui voltigent sur les roses !

Ô délices ! je respire
Tes divines tresses blondes !
Ta voix pure, cette lyre,
Suit la vague sur les ondes,
Et, suave, les effleure,
Comme un cygne qui se pleure !

They say, my dove
that you are still dead and dreaming
beneath a tombstone;
but you awaken, revived
for the soul that adores you.
oh pensive beloved!

Through the sleepless nights,
in the murmuring breeze,
I caress your long veils,
your swaying hair
and your half closed wings
flutter among the roses.

Oh delights! I breathe
your divine blond tresses!
Your pure voice, a kind of lyre
moves on the swell of the waters
and touches them gently, suavely,
like a lamenting swan.

DIE MARSCHALLIN:

Da geht er hin, der aufgeblasene schlechte Kerl,
und kriegt das hübsche junge Ding
und einen Pinkel Geld dazu.

Als müsst's so sein.
Und bildet sich noch ein, dass er es ist,
der sich was vergibt.
Was erzürn' ich mich denn?
's ist doch der Lauf der Welt.

Kann mich auch an ein Mädels erinnern,
die frisch aus dem Kloster
ist in den heiligen Ehstand kommandiert word'n.
nimmt den Handspiegel

Wo ist die jetzt?
Ja, such dir den Schnee vom vergangenen Jahr!
Das sag' ich so: Aber wie kann das wirklich sein,
dass ich die kleine Resi war
und dass ich auch einmal die alte Frau sein
werd'?

Die alte Frau, die alte Marschallin!
«Siegst es, da geht die alte Fürstin Resi!»

Wie kann denn das geschehn?
Wie macht denn das der liebe Gott?
Wo ich doch immer die gleiche bin.
Und wenn er's schon so machen muss,
warum lässt er mich zuschaun dabei
mit gar so klarem Sinn!
Warum versteckt er's nicht vor mir?
Das alles ist geheim, so viel geheim.
Und man ist dazu da, dass man's erträgt.
Und in dem «Wie» da liegt der ganze Unterschied.

MARSHALLIN (Field Marshall's Wife)

There he goes, that puffed up rotten man - he gets
the pretty young thing and some money as well,
as if this is the way it must be.

And he pretends it's he who is sacrificing
something!!

Why does this make me so angry?
It's the way of the world.

I can also remember a girl who, fresh from the
convent ,
was ordered into marriage.

Where is she now?
Yes - it's like looking for last year's snow, that's
what I say....

But how is it really that I was once the little 'Resi'
and now I am the old woman? The old woman!
The old Field Marshal's Wife! "Pssst- do you
see? there goes the old Princess Resi!"

How can that happen? Why does God do that? I
have always remained the same.
And if he has to do it, why does he let me watch it
with such a clear sense?
Why does he not hide it from me?
It's all a secret, so much a secret. And you are
there to endure it!!!
But in the "how"?.....
Therein lies the whole difference.