

Non t'amo piú
T'amo ancora
L'ultima canzone

Francesco P. Tosti
(1846-1916)

To Gratiana Dancing and Singing

W. Denis Browne
(1888-1915)

Sleep
The Fiddler of Dooney

Ivor Gurney
(1890-1937)

Dichterliebe, Op. 48

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
2. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
7. Ich grolle nicht
8. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
9. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
10. Hör'ich das Liedchen Klingen
11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
12. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
13. Ich hab'im Traum geweinet
14. Allnächtlich im Traume
15. Aus alten Märchen winkt es
16. Die alten, bösen Lieder

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

THE ARTISTS

DAVID SADLIER has been praised for both his vocal and dramatic abilities and hailed as "one of America's leading dramatic tenors" (Oxford Mail). Dr. Sadlier's opera credits include appearances with the Lyric Opera of Baltimore, Chicago Opera Theater, Glimmerglass Opera, Opera Theatre of St. Louis, New Orleans Opera, Opera Circle of Cleveland, Opera North, and the Baltimore Concert Opera.

Dr. Sadlier is a Voice Instructor with the Metropolitan Opera's Lindemann Young Artist Development Program, a Professor of Voice at the University of Texas Rio Grande Valley, and the General Director of *Music Across the Pond* (Oxford, UK).

Fortunate to be involved in many new works, Dr. Sadlier has performed several world premieres including *Loss of Eden* (Opera Theater of St. Louis), the title role in *Thamos: King of Egypt* (Opera Circle of Cleveland), *Our Town* and the collegiate debut of *A View From the Bridge* (Indiana University). Dr. Sadlier has appeared in *Tosca* with the Lyric Opera of Baltimore and both *Carmen* and *Tosca* with The Baltimore Concert Opera. He returned to Opera Circle of Cleveland as *Edrisi* in Szymanowski's *Krol Roger* where he also performed *Tebaldo* in *I Capuletti e i Montecchi*, and the role of *Fritz Kobus* in *L'Amico Fritz*. In addition, the tenor covered the role of Siegmund in Virginia Opera's recent production of *Die Walküre*. Concert appearances include Beethoven's *Symphony IX* with the Consortium Novum in Oxford's Sheldonian Theater; a world premier song cycle, *All ye know on Earth* with the St. Anne's Camerata (Oxford); Handel's *Messiah* with the Virginia Symphony Orchestra with Maestro Joanne Falletta (among many other performances); Britten's *Serenade* under the baton of Richard Hughey, Mozart's *Requiem* with the Battle Creek Symphony, Britten's *Saint Nicolas* with the Kokomo Symphony Orchestra, Haydn's *Lord Nelson Mass* and Brahms' *Liebeslieder Walzes* with the Lafayette Bach Chorale, Vaughan Williams' *Serenade to Music* with the Indianapolis Symphony, and several performances with the Valley Symphony Orchestra.

Equally at home on the recital stage, Dr. Sadlier has performed many major works including *Die schöne Müllerin*, *Dichterliebe*, *An die ferne Geliebte*, *On Wenlock Edge*, and Finzi's *O fair to see* and been featured at major international venues including London's Church of St. Martin in the Fields; with the Bad Reichenhall Philharmonic (Germany), the Teatro Principál in Puebla, Mexico; Oxford's Jacqueline du Pré Music Room; and The Schumann-Haus in Zwickau, Germany. Dr. Sadlier specializes in theme-specific recitals and past performances have featured songs of William Shakespeare, World War I, *To be sung upon the Water*, and more.

At University of Texas Rio Grande Valley, Dr. Sadlier teaches applied voice and has served as operatic conductor and stage director. He has conducted *Carmen*, *Die Fledermaus*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Cosi fan tutte*, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, and excerpts from *La Traviata* and *Guglielmo Tell*. His students have distinguished themselves both in their undergraduate degrees and beyond. His students are regular winners of regional competitions and have gained admittance to nationally and internationally recognized summer training programs and leading graduate programs such as the Manhattan School of Music, the Jacobs School of Music at Indiana University, the University of Michigan, the New England Conservatory of Music, and the Longy School of Music. As a highlight, Dr. Sadlier's former student, Angel Raii Gomez just completed his studies at the highly competitive Academy of Vocal Arts in Philadelphia and was a 2025 Grand Finalist in the Metropolitan Opera Laffont Competition. Dr. Sadlier continues to serve as a guest clinician and recitalist at universities and institutes throughout the US; including Florida State University, The University of Colorado Boulder, Radford University, University of Southern Mississippi, Nicholls State University, SUNY Geneseo, the Interlochen School for the Arts, Montana State University, Western Illinois University, Albion College, and the Baldwin-Wallace Conservatory. Dr. Sadlier has also served as a guest-lecturer at St. Anne's College, Oxford.

In the summer of 2011, was a co-founder of The Cornish American Song Institute (CASI) based in Oxford, UK. Currently renamed to *Music Across the Pond* (MAP), the institute is an intensive study of art-song for singers, pianists, and composers. The Institute provides applied music lessons, musical coachings, English Music Classes, tours of historic sites in England, and presents several concerts. MAP has become a leading training ground for art song performers whose alumni have gone on to distinguish themselves in their young careers.

Dr. Sadlier earned the Doctor of Music degree from The Jacobs School of Music at Indiana University. While at IU he served as an Associate Instructor of Voice for four years. Dr. Sadlier also holds a Masters degree in vocal performance from Indiana University as well as a Bachelor of Music from Loyola University in New Orleans.

A native of Lucca, Tuscany, orchestral conductor and pianist **Simone Luti** has gained recognition and acclaim for his musical instincts and sensitivity both on the podium and at the keyboard. As part of his musical training, M° Luti studied piano with Gloria Belli, Konstantin Bogino and Fabrizio Papi while his formal studies in composition were overseen by Pietro Rigacci. During his compositional studies, his passion for opera blossomed and he went on to earn academic scholarships to study opera, firstly at the Teatro Verdi in Pisa, and afterwards in Milan at the Academy for performing Arts associated with the Teatro della Scala. He studied conducting with Vittorio Parisi at the Academy of Giuseppe Verdi in Milan, and at the Accademia Chigiana in Siena with Gianluigi Gelmetti.

In 2002, M° Luti began working as coach at the Teatro della Scala and main Italian Theatres, collaborating with the most significant directors, singers, and film directors in the operatic world. In parallel, he also collaborated with Mirella Freni, Luis Alva, and Luciana Serra in opera training academies, Luis Alva, and Luciana Serra, devoting himself to the musical training of young opera singers.

M° Luti has conducted on the podiums for such organizations as The Musical Festival in Ticino Locarno, Switzerland, the Gratchen Festival in Amsterdam, the Opera Studio Nederland, Opera National de Montpellier, in Albania at the Opera Theatre in Tirana, the Symphony Orchestra of Bacau, Romania, and the International Opera Theatre of Philadelphia (in Teatro degli Avvaloranti, Città della Pieve; Teatro Mancinelli, Orvieto; and The University of Performing Arts, Philadelphia), Orchestra London & London Symphonia, and many more. Other international engagements took him to Cremona as coach for As.li.co's productions of *Pagliacci*, *La Voix Humaine*, *The turn of the screw*, *Medea e Zaubervflote*, as chef de chant for Théâtre du Chatelet's production of *Norma*, as a coach at the Opera de Montréal, as coach of Accademia Filarmonica Romana's production of the opera *For You*, as musical director for American Opera Theater's production of *La Tragédie de Carmen*, *Dido and Eneas*, *Butterfly*, *Riders to the sea*, *Rigoletto*, both in Italy and Baltimore, as well as numerous collaborations for recitals and concerts in Italy and abroad.

At the keyboard, M° Luti has performed as a solo and collaborative pianist in recitals, opera galas, and chamber groups for theatres and musical institutes throughout Italy, Canada, United States of America, France, Austria, Switzerland, and Belgium. These collaborations led to recitals with international opera stars such as Irina Lungu with whom he collaborated at the Lucerne Festival.

M° Luti also now shares his work with the next generation and as such become musical director of the Canadian Operatic Arts Academy, hosted at the University of Western Ontario and its Faculty of Music, and its sister program Accademia Europea Dell'Opera, in Milan, Amsterdam and Lucca where he conducted *Suor Angelica*, *Gianni Schicchi*, *Così fan tutte*, *Don Giovanni*, *The turn of the screw*, *Le nozze di Figaro*, *Butterfly*, *La Cenerentola* and *Die Zauberflöte*, and *La Finta Giardiniera* amongst many others. He has been also musical director of the Summer Opera Workshop of Indiana University. He also currently serves as Music Director and Conductor of both Western University's Symphony Orchestra and Chamber Orchestra as well as holding the positions of Musical Director & Head Coach of the Opera Program, and Lecturer for the Art of Vocal Coaching.

Most recently, M° Luti had the immense pleasure to join the Canadian Opera Company as Assistant Conductor for their production of *La Bohème* (2019), Head Coach and Assistant Conductor of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (2020), *Aida* (2020 and cancelled due to COVID), *Gianni Schicchi* (2021), *Traviata* (2022), and returned as Head Coach and Assistant Conductor for the upcoming COC production of *Le Nozze di Figaro* (2023) as well as *Macbeth* (2023) and *Tosca* (2023). Also at the COC, he has worked with the ensemble for the past 4 years, honoured to be part of such a prestigious operatic training program.

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TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Non t'amo più (Carmelo Errico)

Translation © 2017 Madeline Gotchlich

Do you still remember the day that we met;
Do you still remember your promises?
Crazy from love I followed you, we were enamored
with each other
And I dreamed next to you, crazy from love.

I dreamed, happily, of caresses and kisses
A chain fading away into the sky:
But your words were misleading,
Because your soul is made of ice.

Do you still remember?
Do you still remember?

Now my faith, my immense desire;
My dream of love isn't you anymore:
I don't search for your kisses, I don't think of you.
I dream of another ideal; I don't love you anymore.

In the dear days that we spent together
I scattered flowers at your feet
You were the only hope of my heart
You were the only thought in my mind

You watched me beg, turning pale
You watched me cry before you
Only to satisfy your desire, I
Had given my blood and my faith.

Do you still remember?
Do you still remember?

Now my faith, my immense desire;
My dream of love isn't you anymore:
I don't search for your kisses, I don't think of you.
I dream of another ideal; I don't love you anymore.

T'amo ancora (Leonardo Cognetti)

When the shadows of evening fall,
Pick a daisy in that meadow:
Its petals, in that hour of prayer,
Can tell you, cruel one, how much I loved you.
The last petal will fall upon your heart
Like the memory of betrayed love;
And on that little flower, remember then
That even if you no longer love me, I still love you.

Think that I still love you, and if the distant bell
Weeps for the dying day,
Turn your soul and your gaze to heaven,
And my love will return to you.
If you betrayed me, I am faithful to you;
Ask God for forgiveness for your fault.
Return to my heart, and then I can tell you
That even if you no longer love me, I still love you.

L'ultima canzone (Francesco Cimmino)

Translation © Antonio Giuliano

They told me that tomorrow
Nina, you will be a bride.
yet still I sing my serenade to you!
Up on the barren plateau,
down in the shady valley,
Oh, how often I have sung it to you!

Rose-petal
O flower of amaranth,
though you marry,
I shall be always near.

Tomorrow you'll be surrounded
by celebration, smiles and flowers,
and will not spare a thought for our past love;
yet always, by day and by night,
with passionate moan
my song will sigh to you.

Mint-flower,
O flower of pomegranate,
Nina, remember
the kisses I gave you!

Ah! ... Ah! ...

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

To Gratiana Dancing and Singing

(Richard Lovelace)

See! With what constant motion
Even, and glorious, as the sun,
Gratiana steers that noble frame,
Soft as her breast, sweet as her voice
That gave each winding law and poise,
And swifter than the wings of Fame.

Each step trod out a lover's thought
And the ambitious hopes he brought,
Chain'd to her brave feet with such arts;
Such sweet command, and gentle awe,
As when she ceas'd, we sighing saw
The floor lay pav'd with broken hearts.

So did she move; so did she sing
Like the harmonious spheres that bring
Unto their rounds their music's aid;
Which she perform'd such a way,
As all th' enamoured world will say:
The Graces danced, and Apollo play'd.

Sleep (John Fletcher)

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dream beguile
All my fancies, that from thence
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving.

Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy.
We, that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought
Thro' an idle fancy wrought:
O let my joys have some abiding.

The Fiddler of Dooney (W. B. Yeats)

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
Folk dance like a wave of the sea;
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin:
They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,

But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle
And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With 'Here is the fiddler of Dooney!'
And dance like a wave of the sea.

Dichterliebe (Heinrich Heine)

Translations by Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

In the wondrous month of May

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the buds burst into bloom,
Then it was that in my heart
Love began to burgeon.

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
Then it was I confessed to her
My longing and desire.

From my tears there will spring

From my tears there will spring
Many blossoming flowers,
And my sighs shall become
A chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
And at your window shall sound
The nightingale's song.

Rose, Lily, Dove, Sun

Rose, lily, dove, sun,
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.
I love them no more, I love only:
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;
She, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

When I look into your eyes

When I look into your eyes,
All my pain and sorrow vanish;
But when I kiss your lips,
Then I am wholly healed.

When I lay my head against your breast,
Heavenly bliss steals over me;
But when you say: I love you!
I must weep bitter tears.

Let me bathe my soul

Let me bathe my soul
In the lily's chalice;
The lily shall resound
With a song of my beloved.

The songs shall tremble and quiver
Like the kiss that her lips
Once gave me
In a wondrously sweet hour.

In the Rhine, in the holy river

In the Rhine, in the holy river,
Mirrored in its waves,
With its great cathedral,
Stands great and holy Cologne.

In the cathedral hangs a picture,
Painted on gilded leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has cast its friendly rays.

Flowers and cherubs hover
Around Our beloved Lady;
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
Are the image of my love's.

I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge, though my heart is breaking,
O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.
However you gleam in diamond splendour,
No ray falls in the night of your heart.

I've known that long. For I saw you in my dreams,
And saw the night within your heart,
And saw the serpent gnawing at your heart;
I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.
I bear no grudge.

If the little flowers knew

If the little flowers knew
How deeply my heart is hurt,
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.

If the nightingales knew
How sad I am and sick,
They would joyfully make the air
Ring with refreshing song.

And if they knew of my grief,
Those little golden stars,
They would come down from the sky
And console me with their words.

But none of them can know;
My pain is known to one alone;
For she it was who broke,
Broke my heart in two.

It is flutes and violins!

What a fluting, and what bowing,
With trumpets blaring in;
That must be my dearest love
Dancing at her wedding feast.

What a clashing, what a clanging,
What a drumming, what a piping;
And the lovely little angels
Sobbing and groaning in between.

When I hear the little song

When I hear the little song
That my love once sang,
My heart almost bursts
With the wild rush of pain.

A dark longing drives me
Out to the wooded heights,
Where my overwhelming grief
Dissolves in tears.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

A boy loves a girl

A boy loves a girl
Who chooses another;
He in turn loves another
And marries her.

The girl, out of pique,
Takes the very first man
To come her way;
The boy is badly hurt.

It is an old story,
Yet remains ever new;
And he to whom it happens,
It breaks his heart in two.

One bright summer morning

One bright summer morning
I walk around the garden.
The flowers whisper and talk,
But I walk silently.

The flowers whisper and talk,
And look at me in pity:
'Be not angry with our sister,
You sad, pale man.'

I wept in my dream

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt you lay in your grave.
I woke, and tears
Still flowed down my cheeks.

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt that you were leaving me.
I woke, and wept on
Long and bitterly.

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt you loved me still.
I woke, and still
My tears stream.

Nightly in my dreams

Nightly in my dreams I see you,
And see your friendly greeting,
And weeping loud, I hurl myself
Down at your sweet feet.

Wistfully you look at me,
Shaking your fair little head;
Stealing from your eyes
Flow little tears of pearl.

You whisper me a soft word
And hand me a wreath of cypress.
I wake, the wreath is gone,
And I cannot remember the word.

From Fairy Tales of Old

A white hand beckons
From fairy tales of old,
Where there are sounds and songs
Of a magic land;

Where brightly coloured flowers
Bloom in the golden twilight,
And glow sweet and fragrant
With a bride-like face;

And green trees
Sing primeval melodies,
Mysterious breezes murmur,
And birds too join in warbling;

And misty shapes rise up
From the very ground,
And dance airy dances
In a strange throng;

And blue sparks blaze
On every leaf and twig,
And red fires race
Madly round and round;

And loud springs gush
From wild marble cliffs.
And strangely in the streams
Reflections shine on and on.

Ah, could I but reach that land,
And there make glad my heart,
And be relieved of all pain,
And be blissful and free!

Ah, that land of delight,
I see it often in my dreams,
But with the morning sun
It melts away like mere foam.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

The bad old songs

The bad old songs,
The bad and bitter dreams,
Let us now bury them.
Fetch me a large coffin.

I have much to put in it,
Though what, I won't yet say;
The coffin must be even larger
Than the vat at Heidelberg.

And fetch a bier
Made of firm thick timber:
And it must be even longer
Than the bridge at Mainz.

And fetch for me twelve giants;
They must be even stronger
Than Saint Christopher the Strong
In Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.

They shall bear the coffin away,
And sink it deep into the sea;
For such a large coffin
Deserves a large grave.

Do you know why the coffin
Must be so large and heavy?
I'd like to bury there my love
And my sorrow too.