



Western
Music

Don Wright Faculty of Music

**FRIDAYS AT 12:30 SERIES
NORTH OF SOUTH**

Friday, March 20, 2026

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

[James Westman](#), baritone

[Angela Park](#), piano

Music for a while

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

North of South

Wilderness On Centre Island

Vane

Grace

Northern River Falls

Privity

Stripe

Congregation at the shoreline

Windmill

Srul Irving Glick
(1934-2002)

Richard Outram, poet
(1930-2005)

Morgen
Zueignung

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

PROGRAM NOTES

North of South, composed by Srul Irving Glick, is a selection of eight poems from renowned Canadian poet Richard Outram's *North of South: Images of Canada*. Outram was a great admirer of the sparse drawings of Thoreau MacDonald, son of the Group of Seven painter J. E. H. MacDonald.

All three immense Canadian artists—Outram, Thoreau, and Glick—felt that simplicity and restraint were among the most difficult achievements in art. Ironically, Glick's interpretation of these poems I consider to be some of the most difficult and challenging pieces to perform, with a significant baritone range (low G2 to high A4), extremely varied meter, and intervals. This is why Srul Glick dedicated the sixth song in the cycle, "Stripe," to me personally, as he said I never quite got all the pitches.

Having performed these only once before, this will be the first time I attempt them memorized. In re-creating this work, one realizes that not much has changed in three decades. In the words of Outram at the premiere, "one realizes how we should celebrate Canada and be deeply concerned by the despoliation of its world."

Pianist Albert Krywolt and I performed this song cycle for the 90th anniversary of the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto, commissioned by Governor General Adrienne Clarkson, on December 6, 1998. Srul Irving passed away shortly thereafter. I was able to sing "Grace" and "Stripe" for Srul one last time at his home.

Thank you for coming to the Don Wright Faculty of Music and giving Angela and I the opportunity to create for you today.

James Westman

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Music for a while

Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile.

Wondering how your pains were eased
And disdaining to be pleased
Till Alecto free the dead

North of South

Wilderness On Centre Island

As rain white-pocks the olive water
of the lagoon, under flailed willow
A small flock of Canada geese roots,
Probes, softly complaining, across
the cropped, mortal emerald grass.

Vane

The copper cock atop
the weathered barn burns
in the first morning's sun
In the last slant light;

Swivels daylong to flourish
aloft viridian plumes,
to brandish his rest crest
in the blazed eye, defiant;

Spins with the swift wind
to whet his four quarters
of his gold-spurred
world blooded below

Grace

In the luminous, pearl interior day on a long rain swept
silver reach of willow bordered meadow river
A pair of sure fastidious white mute swans
Is drawn carefully thoughtfully
On down stream.

Northern River Falls

A cold constant bulge surge,
bright underbellied cola
Slow muscled
Over granite outcrop
ripe through torn light
a fountain down
of stained lace
smashed to crush foam
on boulders
Forty brutal feet below
To deafen even silence,

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

From their eternal bands,
Till the snakes drop from her head,
And the whip from out her hands.

Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile.

Srul Irving Glick (1934-2002)
Poetry Richard Outram (1930-2005)

Then whirlpools
swirls bone cold
about its deep scorned pothole,
heaves white water
boiling on between
strewn jagged rocks,
abandoning a knot of otters
after flicked trout,
drifts of blazed spray rainbows

Privity

O sweet sweet
flame, Oriole,
inflecting the light
of sweet summer,
over and over
stunted, ragged,
the hedgerow crosses
thread bare pasture,
with scrub, cream-
blossomed hawthorn
entangled, in pitted
lichen-Mottled
rock and skulls

Across the field,
a stand of Black
motionless ash
cast extended
diagonal shadow
under the summoned
name craven white
stone moon.

Stripe

In great shrill fuss
the chipmunk on the Cedar stump
was there is here has now raced along the railed fence
halts atop a mossed boulder
to scold poor unstriped
untailed ungainly intrusive
mere us.

Congregation at the shoreline

The water is mortal,
all perturbation of flaked fire,
In slow succession
small waves arrive,
furthering light.

The willows are clustered
with amber flints,
with orange flame:
throughout each violet gardens
monarchs hover and pulse

Windmill

Blow, thou winter
summer spring autumn winds
to spjn dervish mad
the rusted spoke of metal vane
atop a tapered iron tower

Sheep in the meadow:
but cows at the trough

Morgen

*Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde.*

*Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen.*

Zueignung

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

got to have always
sweet water enough.

Had to haul it man or boy

Pail and bucket shoulder yoke
Up from the creek
across the field
a hundred yards
when the yard-well
ran dry in the summer
froze in winter.

Northwinds or Southwinds
due Eastwinds or Westwinds
in our swivelled windmill
blow best.

Now we all have winds about us
Spinning for us
Pumping for us
Creaking for us
Ah Hallelujah!

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Poetry, slightly altered by Strauss, John Henry Mackay (1864-1963)

Tomorrow the sun will shine again,
And on the path that I take,
It will unite us, happy ones,
amidst this same sun-breathed earth.

And to the shores wide blue-waved,
We shall be quiet and slowly descend,
without speech we gaze into each other's eyes,
And the silence of pure peace shall be with us

Translation: J. Westman

Poetry, Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg (1812-1864)

Yes, dear soul, you know
That I'm in torment away from you,
Love makes my heart sick
To you my thanks

Once, revelling in merrymment,
I held up the amethyst cup
And you blessed the toast
To you my thanks

And you banished the evil
Then I, as never before,
Holy sank upon your heart
To you be thanks

Translation: J. Westman

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