



Western
Music

Don Wright Faculty of Music

FRIDAYS AT 12:30 SERIES

Friday, October 2, 2026

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

Stephen Hegedus, *bass-baritone*

Paul Digout, *piano*

WANDERING

Sea Fever

John Ireland
(1879-1962)

From *Songs of Travel*

The Vagabond

Whither Must I Wander

Bright is the Ring of Words

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

TROIS MÉLODIES

Lydia

Prison

Aurore

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

**MAGYAR NÉPDALOK
(HUNGARIAN FOLK SONGS)**

Elindultam szép hazámbul

Által mennék én a Tiszán ladikon

Nem messze van ide kis Margitta

Végigmentem a Tárkányi

Béla Bartók
(1881-1945)

FROM THE STAGE

Don Giovanni

"Madamina, il catalogo è questo..."

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Simon Boccanegra

"Il lacerato spirito..."

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Il barbiere di Siviglia

"La calunnia..."

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

*This concert is supported by a generous gift from Brenda Rolfe and the
Dorothea & Orrin Rolfe Memorial Music Fund and the Music Undergraduate Gift Fund.*

BIOGRAPHIES



Bass-baritone **Stephen Hegedus** has been praised by the Ottawa Citizen as a singer possessing "an instrument of rare beauty, majestic and commanding from the bottom of his range to the top." Hegedus has established himself as one of Canada's leading bass-baritones, appearing with major opera companies, orchestras, and festivals throughout North America and abroad.

Operatic engagements have taken him to the Canadian Opera Company, Opéra de Montréal, Vancouver Opera, Teatro Municipal de Santiago, Opera Atelier, Pacific Opera Victoria, Manitoba Opera, Edmonton Opera, Against the Grain Theatre, Opera Lafayette, Opera Columbus, and Opera Hamilton. His extensive repertoire includes Leporello (*Don Giovanni*), Basilio (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*), Figaro and Count Almaviva (*Le nozze di Figaro*), Publio (*La clemenza di Tito*), Colline (*La Bohème*), Zuniga (*Carmen*), Alidoro (*La cenerentola*), Albert (*Werther*), Nick Shadow (*The Rake's Progress*), Collatinus (*The Rape of Lucretia*), Talbot (*Maria Stuarda*), and Angelotti (*Tosca*).

Equally in demand on the concert stage, Hegedus has appeared with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, National Arts Centre Orchestra, Orchestre symphonique de Montréal, Seattle Symphony, Orchestre Métropolitain, Houston Symphony, Minnesota Orchestra, Florida Orchestra, Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra, Victoria Symphony, Naples Philharmonic, Vancouver Symphony Orchestra, Les Violons du Roy, and Orchestre symphonique de Québec, as well as at the Grant Park Music Festival and the Aldeburgh Festival. His repertoire encompasses works including Bach's *Mass in B Minor*, *Magnificat*, Handel's *Messiah*, Haydn's *The Creation*, Mozart's *Requiem* and *Coronation Mass*, Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9*, Brahms' *Ein deutsches Requiem*, Dvořák's *The Spectre's Bride*, and Bernstein's *A Quiet Place*. Critically acclaimed for his interpretations of Handel's *Messiah*, he has performed the work with many of North America's leading orchestras.

Recent engagements include appearances with the Canadian Opera Company as Count Ceprano in *Rigoletto* and Basilio in *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, performances with the Toronto Bach Festival and the Regina Symphony Orchestra in Bach's *St. John Passion*, a return to Opéra de Montréal as Zuniga in Bizet's *Carmen*, and Sarastro with Opera Atelier in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*. A finalist at Plácido Domingo's Operalia and prize winner of the Lyndon Woodside Oratorio Solo Competition, Hegedus made his Carnegie Hall debut in Bach's *Mass in B Minor* with the Oratorio Society of New York, returning subsequently for Handel's *Messiah* and appearances with Les Violons du Roy. In January 2027, Hegedus returns to Vancouver Opera to reprise the role of Don Basilio in Rossini's *Il barbiere di Siviglia*.



Vocal coach and collaborative pianist **Paul Digout** holds a Master of Music degree in Collaborative Piano and a Bachelor of Music degree from the Don Wright Faculty of Music at Western University. He also holds an Associate Diploma in Piano Performance from the Royal Conservatory of Music. Paul has participated in several prestigious international young artist programs, including La Musica Lirica in Novafeltria, Italy; Opera NUOVA in Edmonton, Alberta; and the Canadian Operatic Arts Academy in London, Ontario.

In demand as a collaborative pianist and répétiteur, Paul has worked with opera and musical theatre organizations across Canada and internationally. His engagements have included the Yorkshire Opera Workshop (Yorkshire, U.K); Halifax Summer Opera Festival (Halifax, ON); Cowtown Opera Summer Academy (Calgary AB); The Victoria Playhouse (Petrolia, ON); Music Theatre on the Thames (London, ON); Opera NUOVA (Edmonton, AB); and Grande Prairie Opera in (Grande Prairie, AB)

Paul currently maintains a busy freelance career as a collaborative pianist and vocal coach at Western University in London, Ontario. He is also the co-founder of Forest City Opera Pub, an organization dedicated to bringing opera and classical vocal music into a relaxed and accessible setting for audiences in the London community.

TRANSLATIONS

1. Lydia (Op. 4, No. 2)

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
And on your neck, so fresh and white,
Flow sparkingly
The fluid golden tresses which you loosen.
This shining day is the best of all;
Let us forget the eternal grave,
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,
Sing on your blossoming lips.
A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine fragrance on your breast;
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess.
I love you and die, oh my love;
Kisses have carried away my soul!
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
That I may die, forever die!

2. Prison (Op. 83, No. 1)

The sky above the roof –
So blue, so calm!
A tree, above the roof,
Waves its crown.
The bell, in the sky that you see,
Gently rings.
A bird, on the tree that you see,
Plaintively sings.
My God, my God, life is there,
Simple and serene.
That peaceful murmur there
Comes from the town.
O you, what have you done,
Weeping without end,
Say, what have you done
With your young life?

3. Aurore (Op. 39, No. 1)

From the gardens of the night, the stars fly away,
Golden bees attracted by an invisible honey,
And the dawn, stretching the candour of its canvas in
the distance,
Weaves the sky's blue cloak with silver threads.
From the garden of my heart, intoxicated by a slow
dream,
My desires fly away in the footsteps of the morning,
Like a light swarm called to the copper horizon

By a plaintive, eternal, and distant song.
They fly to your feet, stars driven from the clouds,
Exiled from the golden sky where your beauty
flourishes.
And, seeking unknown paths to reach you,
Mingle their dying light with the dawning day.

MAGYAR NÉPDALOK (HUNGARIAN FOLK SONGS)

1) Elindultam szép hazámbul

I set out from my fair homeland,
From famous little Hungary.
I looked back from halfway on my road,
Tears flowed from my eyes.

2) Által mennék én a Tiszán ladikon

I would cross the Tisza in a skiff, in a skiff, indeed in a
skiff;
There lives—there lives—my dove, there lives my dove.
There in the town, on the third street,
Red roses, blue forget-me-nots, and violets bloom in
her window.

3) Nem messze van ide kis Margitta

Not far from here is little Margitta;
The water of the Hortobágy flows around it.
In the middle there stands a tattered tavern;
There an outlaw drinks in secret.
“Good evening, good evening, fair hostess!
Is the master of this horse inside?”
“I'll ask him whether he'll surrender.”
“I will not go, nor will I yield.
Whoever wishes may drive off with my horse—”

4) Végigmentem a Tárkányi

I walked along, hey, along the main street of Tárkány;
I peered in at my love's window.
Just then she was spreading her quilted bed,
With rosemary she was sweeping her painted room.

Madamina, il catalogo è questo

My dear lady, this is a list
Of the beauties my master has loved,
A list which I have compiled.
Observe, read along with me.
In Italy, six hundred and forty;
In Germany, two hundred and thirty-one;
A hundred in France; in Turkey, ninety-one;
In Spain already one thousand and three.
Among these are peasant girls,
Maidservants, city girls,
Countesses, baronesses,
Marchionesses, princesses,
Women of every rank,
Every shape, every age.
With blondes it is his habit
To praise their kindness;
In brunettes, their faithfulness;
In the very blond, their sweetness.
In winter he likes full ones.
In summer he likes thin ones.
He calls the tall ones majestic.
The little ones are always charming.
He seduces the old ones

For the pleasure of adding to the list.
His greatest favourite
Is the young beginner.
It doesn't matter if she's rich
Ugly or beautiful;
If she wears a dress,
You know what he does.

Il lacerato spirito

My final farewell to you, proud palace,
cold tomb of my angel!
And I was powerless to protect you!...
Oh, cursed be he!... Oh, vile seducer!...
And you, Virgin Mary, did you allow
her virginal crown to be torn away?
Ah! What am I saying?... I am delirious!...
Ah, forgive me!
of a sorrowful father
was preserved for the torture

of infamy and grief.
A crown of martyrdom
merciful Heaven has given her...
Restored to the splendor of the angels,
pray, Maria, for me.

La calunnia

Slander is a little breeze,
a very gentle zephyr
which imperceptibly, subtly,
lightly, sweetly
begins to whisper.
Softly softly, close to the ground,
under its breath, hissing,
it goes running, it goes buzzing;
into the ears of the people
it introduces itself adroitly,
and it stuns and swells
their heads and brains.
Emerging from the mouth,
the clamor keeps growing,
gathering strength little by little,
already flying from place to place;
it looks like thunder, like a storm
which in the midst of the forest
goes whistling, grumbling,
and makes you freeze with horror.
At last it overflows and bursts,
it spreads, it doubles itself
and produces an explosion
like a cannon shot,
an earthquake, a thunderstorm,
a general tumult,
that makes the air re-echo.
And the poor slandered wretch,
degraded, trampled down,
under the public scourge,
by a cruel fate is destroyed.

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