

In Recital

Kathleen Neudorf, soprano

Candidate for the Master of Music degree
in Applied Music (Voice)

with

Jeremy Spurgeon, piano

Sunday, April 17, 1994 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

From **Giulio Cesare** (1724)
aria: V' adoro pupille

George Frederick Handel
(1685-1759)

recit: E pur così in un giorno
aria: Piangerò la sorte mia

From **Mörrike lieder** (1888)

Der Gärtner
Auf ein altes Bild
Verborgenheit
Storchenbotschaft

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Fiançailles Pour Rire (1939)

La Dame d'André
Dans l'herbe
Il vole
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Violon
Fleurs

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Intermission

Brettl-Lieder (1901)

Galathea
Gigerlette
Der genügsame Liebhaber
Mahnung
Jedem das Seine
Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arkadien

Arnold Schoenberg
(1874-1951)

Ms Neudorf is recipient of the Beryl Barns Memorial Graduate Awards.

Texts and Translations

Aria: V' adoro pupille

I adore you, eyes, missiles of love,
Your spark is welcome to my breast.
My sad heart desires you, who inspire pity,
And whom it always calls its best beloved.

Recit: E pur così in un giorno

Why then, in one day, I am deprived of magnificence
and glory?
Oh cruel fate! Caesar, my beloved idol, is probably dead,
Cornelia and Sesto are defenceless
And cannot give me assistance.
Oh god! Is there no hope left in my life?

Aria: Piangerò la sorte mia

I will bemoan my fate
So cruel and brutal,
As long as there is breath left in my body.
And when I am dead and
Become a ghost, I will haunt
Tyranny night and day.

Der Gärtner/The Gardener

On her favourite mount
as white as snow,
the fairest princess
rides through the avenue.

The path where her steed
so delightfully prances,
the sand that I strewed,
they sparkle like gold.

Little pink hat,
bobbing up, bobbing down,
Oh, throw a feather
secretly down!

If you, in return, want
a flower from me,
for one, take a thousand,
for one, take all!

Auf ein altes Bild/Inspired by an Old Picture

In a green landscape's summer flowers,
by cool water, reeds and rushes,
see how the innocent little boy
plays freely on the Virgin's lap!
And there, in the wood, blissfully
green, the timber for the cross!

Verbogenheit/Obscurity

Leave, O world, oh, leave me be!
Tempt me not with gifts of love,
leave this heart to have alone
its bliss, its agony!

Why I grieve, I do not know,
my grief is unknown grief,
all the time I see through tears
the sun's delightful light.

Often, scarce aware am I,
pure joy flashes
through the oppressing heaviness
-flashes blissful in my heart.

Leave, O world, oh, leave me be!
Tempt me not with gifts of love,
leave this heart to have alone
its bliss, its agony!

Storchenbotschaft/Stork-tidings

The house of the shepherd stands on two wheels,
morn and night, high up on the moor,
a lodging most would be glad of!
His bed a shepherd won't change with the king.
And should, by night, any strange thing occur,
he prays a brief prayer and lies down to sleep;
ghostie or witch or such airy folk
may come knocking, but he will not answer.
But one night it became really too much:
the row at the window, the whine of the dog;
so my shepherd unbolts, and behold,
there stand two storks, man and wife.
The couple, they make a beautiful bow,
and would speak, if only they could.
What do they want of me? Whoever heard the like?
Yet joyful tidings it must be, for me.
That way you live, do you, by the Rhine?
Pecked my girl on the leg, I expect?
The child's now crying and the mother still more
wanting her dear husband there.
Wanting, too, the christening feast arranged,
a lambkin, a sausage, and purse of pence?
Well, tell her I'm coming in two days or three,
say hello to my boy, give his porridge a stir.
But wait! Why have two of you come?
It won't...I hope...be twins?
At that, a merry clatter from the storks,
he nods, she curtseys and off they fly.

Fiançailles Pour Rire, poetry by Louise de Vilmorin

La Dame d'Andre/André's Woman Friend

André does not know the woman
whom he took by the hand today.
Has she a heart for the tomorrows,
and for the evening has she a soul?

On returning from a country ball
did she go in her flowing dress
to seek in the hay stacks the ring
for the random betrothal?

Was she afraid, when night fell,
haunted by the ghosts of the past,
in her garden, when winter
entered by the wide avenue?

He loved her for her colour,
for her Sunday good humour.
Will she fade on the white leaves
of his album of better days?

Dans l'herbe/In the Grass

I can say nothing more nor do anything for him.
He died for his beautiful one he died a beautiful death outside
under the tree of the Law in deep silence
in open countryside in the grass.
He died unnoticed crying out in his passing calling
calling me.
But as I was far from him and because his voice no longer
carried he died alone in the woods
beneath the tree of his childhood.
And I can say nothing more nor do anything for him.

Il Vole/He Flies

As the sun is setting
it is reflected in the polished surface of my table
it is the round cheese of the fable
in the beak of my silver scissors.

But where is the crow? It flies.

I should like to sew but a magnet
attracts all my needles.
On the square the skittle players
pass the time with game after game.

But where is my lover? He flies.

I have a thief for a lover,
the crow flies and my lover steals,
the thief of my heart breaks his word
and the thief of the cheese is not here.

But where is happiness? It flies.

I weep under the weeping willow
I mingle my tears with its leaves.
I weep because I want to be desired
and I am not pleasing to my thief.

But where then is love? It flies.

Find the rhyme for my lack of reason
and by the roads of the countryside
bring me back my flightly lover
who takes hearts and drives me mad.

I wish that my thief would steal me.

**Mon Cadavre est Doux Comme un Gant/
My Corpse is as Limp As a Glove**

My corpse is as limp as a glove
limp as a glove of glacé kid
and my two hidden pupils
make two white pebbles of my eyes.

Two white pebbles in my face
two mutes in the silence
still shadowed by a secret
and heavy with the burden of things seen.

My fingers so often straying
are joined in a saintly pose
resting on the hollow of my groans
at the centre of my arrested heart.

And my two feet are the mountains
the last two hills I saw
at the moment when I lost
the race that the years win.

I still resemble myself
children bear away the memory quickly,
go, go, my life is done.
My corpse is as limp as a glove.

Violon/Violin

Enamoured couple with the misprized accents
the violin and its player please me.
Ah! I love these wailings long drawn out
on the cord of uneasiness.
In chords on the cords of the hanged
at the hour when the Laws are silent
the heart, formed like a strawberry,
offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

Fleurs/Flowers

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,
flowers sprung from the parenthesis of a step,
who brought you these flowers in winter
powdered with the sand of the seas?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves
the beautiful eyes are ashes and in the fireplace
a heart beribboned with sighs
burns with its treasured pictures.

Brettli-Lieder

Galathea

Oh how I burn with longing,
Galathea, lovely child,
to kiss your cheeks,
because they are so enchanting.

Joy will befall me,
Galathea, lovely child,
in kissing your hair,
because it is so alluring.

Never stop me, till I die,
Galathea, lovely child,
from kissing your hands,
because they are so enticing.

Ah, you have no notion how I glow,
Galathea, lovely child,
to kiss your knees,
because they are so tempting.

And what would I not do, you sweet
Galathea, lovely child,
to kiss your feet,
because they are so seductive.

But never expose your lips
to my kisses, girl,
for the fullness of their charm
is kissed only in imagination.

Frank Wedekind

Gigerlette

Mam'zelle Gigerlette
invited me to tea.
Her attire
was white as snow.

She was dressed
just like Pierrette.
Even a monk, I bet,
would have looked
with pleasure on Gigerlette.

The room was red
in which she received me.
The flicker of yellow candles
hung in the air.

And she was, as always,
lively and witty.
I'll never forget it, never;
the room was wine-red,
blossom-white was she.

And in a coach-and-four
we two took a ride
together to the land
that is called delight.

So that we shouldn't lose
reins, goal and course,
Cupid was sitting
behind, driving
the fiery four.

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Der Genügsame Liebhaber/The Easily Satisfied Lover

My lady-friend has a black cat
with a softly rustling velvet coat
and I, I have a shiny bald head,
shiny and smooth and silver-bright.

My lady-friend is one of those sensual women;
she lies on her divan all year long,
doing nothing but stroke the cat's fur:
my God, how she loves that velvety soft coat!

And when of an evening I come to visit my friend,
Pussy lies there on her lap
and nibbles at the honey-cakes with her
and shivers when I lightly touch its hair.

And when I want to be loving with my sweetheart
so that she can be nice to me for once,
then I put the cat on my bald pate,
and my friend fondles the cat and laughs.

Hugo Salus

Mahnung/Warning

Don't put on airs, girl,
don't chase butterflies;
look for a real man
who can give you a good kissing
and build you a snug little nest
with the strength of his hands.

Mahnung/Warning (cont.)

Girl, girl, don't be foolish,
don't walk around as if in a dream:
open your eyes and see if anyone comes
who would make you a good husband.
When he comes, don't delay!
Snap! and close the trap!

Dear girl, use you brains,
make use of your youthful bloom!
Take care, and reflect that
if you drift through life
aimlessly, without a plan,
you'll end up an old maid.

Jedem das Seine/To Each His Own

On the level parade ground
Kaspar sits in the centre,
high on his horse.
King and duke around him,
the public facing him,
regimental boom boom boom;
it's not going badly.

The air gulps up the sunlight,
helmets and bayonets flash,
sparkle and gleam and glisten.
From grandstand seats in the shade
Bravo! Hurrah! jokes and quips,
opera-glasses, flashing eyes,
all in admiration.

Who can it ve next to me,
attractive, not so formidably refined,
but enchanting and elegant?
Although observed critically,
there is a secret excitement,
and hips move in intimacy
along with the music.

Kaspar, take what is your due
and lead your troops aright,
protect yurself and us.
But now, dearest treasure,
quickly away from the parade-ground.
Behind the wall there's a little place
well away from all and sundry.

Jedem das Seine/To Each His Own (cont.)

And there we lie down,
I and my neighbour,
while the cheering sounds from afar.
How splendid not to be one
when the two of us are all alone,
et cetera.

Colly

**Aria aus dem Spiegel von Arcadien/Aria from
*The Mirror of Arcadia***

Since I've seen so many women
my heart beats so warmly within me,
it buzzes and hums here and there
like a swarm of bees.

And if their fire matches mine,
their eyes lovely and clear,
then my little heart keeps beating
like a trip-hammer,
boom, boom, boom...

I wish I had a thousand women,
if that were agreeable to the gods;
then I'd dance all around
like a marmot. That would be
a life worth living in this world:
I'd be so merry,
I'd hop like a hare through the field
and my heart would keep beating,
boom, boom, boom...

He who doesn't appreciate women
is neither cold nor warm,
and lies like a lump of ice
in a girl's arms. But I'm
quite another kind of man,
I jump around them,
my heart knocks happily at theirs
and goes boom boom boom.
Boom, boom, boom...

Emmanuel Schikaneder

Gustav Hochstetter

department of



Music