

The Department of Music  
of  
The University of Alberta  
presents

DIANE NELSEN, *soprano*  
RONALD NELSEN, *baritone*  
ALEXANDRA MUNN, *pianist*

Friday, November 30, 1984 at 8:00 p.m.  
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

The Mermaid's Song (Hunter). . . . . Franz Joseph Haydn  
She never told her love (Shakespeare). . . . . (1732-1809)  
A Pastoral Song (Hunter) . . . . .  
Fidelity (Hunter). . . . .  
From La Boheme . . . . . .Giacomo Puccini  
    *Sì, mi chiamano Mimi* . . . . . (1858-1924)  
    *Donde lieta*  
  
Vier ernste Gesang, Op. 121. . . . . .Johannes Brahms  
    Ecclesiastes, III: 19-22 . . . . . (1833-1897)  
    Ecclesiastes, IV: 1-3  
    Ecclesiasticus, XLI  
    1. Corinthians, XIII: 1-3, 12-13

I N T E R M I S S I O N

From Le Nozze di Figaro. . . . . .Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
    *Hai già vinta la causa* . . . . . (1756-1791)  
From Eugene Onégin . . . . . .Peter Tchaikovsky  
    *Onégin's aria*  
  
Banalités (Apollinaire). . . . . .Francis Poulenc  
    *Chanson d'Orkenise* . . . . . (1899-1963)  
    *Hôtel*  
    *Fagnes de Wallonie*  
    *Voyage à Paris*  
    *Sanglots*  
  
From Songs of Travel (Robert Louis Stevenson). . . . . Ralph Vaughan Williams  
    *The Vagabond* . . . . . (1872-1958)  
    *Whither must I wander*  
    *Bright is the ring of words*  
  
From Showboat. . . . . . Hammerstein/Kern  
    *You are love*  
Vienna, city of my dreams. . . . . . Sieczynski

Song of Orkenise (Cont.)

And the town guards  
hasten up to the carter:  
'What are you bringing into the  
town?'  
'My heart to be married!'

What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!  
The guards laughed, laughed.  
Tramp, the road is hazy,  
love makes the head hazy, O carter.

The fine-looking town guards  
knitted superbly;  
then the gates of the town  
slowly closed.

Hotel

My room is shaped like a cage  
the sun puts its arm through the  
window  
but I who would like to smoke  
to make smoke pictures  
I light at the fire of day my  
cigarette  
I do not want to work  
I want to smoke.

Walloon Uplands

Overwhelming sorrow  
seized my heart in the desolate  
uplands  
when tired I rested in the fir  
plantation  
the weight of the kilometers while  
blustered  
the west wind  
I had left the pretty wood  
the squirrels stayed there  
my pipe tried to make clouds  
in the sky  
which remained obstinately clear

I did not confide any secret except  
an enigmatic song  
to the damp peat bog

the heather fragrant with honey  
attracted the bees  
and my aching feet  
crushed the bilberries and the  
blaeberries

Walloon Uplands (cont.)

tenderly united  
north  
north  
life twists itself there  
in strong trees  
and twisted  
life bites there  
death  
ravenously  
when the wind howls

Trip to Paris

Ah! how charming  
to leave a dreary place  
for Paris  
delightful Paris  
that once upon a time love must have  
created

Sobs

Our love is ordered by the calm stars  
now we know that in us many men  
have their being  
who came from very far away  
and are one under our brows  
it is the song of the dreamers  
who tore out their heart  
and carried it in the right hand  
(remember dear pride all these  
memories  
of the sailors who sang like  
conquerors  
of the chasms of Thule of the gentle  
skies of Ophir  
of the cursed sick people of those  
who fled from their shadow  
and of the joyous return of  
happy emigrants)  
this heart ran with blood  
and the dreamer went on thinking  
of his wound delicate  
(You will not break the chain of  
these causes)  
and painful and said to us  
(which are the effects of other causes)  
my poor heart my broken heart  
resembling the heart of all men  
(here here are our hands that life  
enslaved)  
has died of love or so it seems  
  
has died of love and here it is  
such is the way of all things  
tear out yours also (and nothing will  
be free until the end of time)  
let us leave all to the dead  
and hide our sobs

## TRANSLATIONS

### Vier ernste Gesänge / Four Serious Songs

#### 1. For Man Fares

For man fares as does the  
    beast,  
as the latter dies, so he dies too;  
and all have the same breath;  
and man has not more than the beast:  
for all is vain.  
All go to one place;  
all are made of dust  
and will to dust return.  
Who knows if the spirit of man go  
    upward,  
and the breath of the beast  
go downward under the earth?  
So I say that there is nothing better  
than that a man be joyful in his  
    work,  
for that is his lot.  
For who can bring him  
to see what will be after  
    him?

#### 2. I Turned and Saw

I turned and saw all  
who suffer injustice under the sun;  
and behold, there were tears of those  
who suffered injustice and had not  
    comforter,  
and those who did them injustice were  
    too might  
to have any comforter.  
So I praised the dead who had already  
    died,  
more than the living who still had  
    life;  
but he who not yet is, is better than  
    both,  
and does not perceive the evil  
that happens under the sun.

#### 3. O death, how bitter you are

O death, O death, how bitter you are  
in the thoughts of a man  
who has good days, enough and a  
    sorrow-free life;  
and who is fortunate in all things  
and still pleased to eat well!  
O death, O death, how bitter you are!  
O death, how well you serve him who  
    is in need,

#### 3. (Cont.)

who is feeble and old,  
is beset by all sorrows  
and has nothing better to hope for  
or to expect.  
O death, O death, how well you serve.

#### 4. If I Spoke with the Tongues of Men

If I spoke with the tongues of men and  
    angels,  
and had not love,  
I were a sounding brass  
or a clanging cymbal.  
And if I could prophesy  
and knew all mysteries and all  
    knowledge,  
and had all faith so that  
I could remove mountains,  
and had not love,  
I were nothing.

If I gave away all my goods to the  
    poor  
and suffered my body to be burned,  
and had not love,  
it were of no gain to me.  
We see now in obscure words through  
    a mirror,  
but then face to face.  
Now I discern it piece by piece,  
but then I shall discern it  
just as I am discerned.  
But now faith, hope, love remain, these  
    three:  
but love is the greatest among  
    them.

### Banalités / Banalities

#### Song of Orkenise

Through the gates of Orkenise  
a carter wants to enter.  
Through the gates of Orkenise  
a tramp wants to leave.

And the town guards  
hasten up to the tramp:  
'What are you taking away from the  
    town?'  
'I leave my whole heart there.'