



Department of Music
University of Alberta

In Recital

Gerry Paulson, conductor

Candidate for the Master of Music
Degree in Choral Conducting

Wednesday, February 10, 1993
at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

PROGRAM

Magnificat

Magnificat
Et Misericordia
Deposuit
Suscepit Israel
Sicut Locutus Est
Sicut Erat In Principio

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi
(1710-1736)

Heidi Klann, soprano
Joy Berg, alto
Robert Bradford, tenor
Raymond Pryma, bass

Greg Olson, Eva Butler and Melinda Cooke, violin I
Don Zurowski and Laura Wynnichyk, violin II
Ken Hall and Miriam Lewis, viola
Tim Ashworth, cello
Paul Poluschin, double bass
Stillman Matheson, continuo

Cantique de Jean Racine, Op.11 (1865)

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)
Arr. Gerry Paulson

Greg Olson, Eva Butler and Melinda Cooke, violin I
Don Zurowski and Laura Wynnichyk, violin II
Ken Hall and Miriam Lewis, viola
Tim Ashworth, cello
Paul Poluschin, double bass
Tracy Erdman, harp

INTERMISSION

*Exultate Deo

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

From Three Motets, Op. 38 (1905)

Justorum Animae, No. 1
Beati Quorum Via, No. 3

Charles Villiers Stanford
(1852-1924)

From Love Songs For Springtime (1986)

The Lovers Arithmetic
Soldier, Won't You Marry Me?

Paul Halley
(b. 1952)

Amber Jorgensen, piano

Ain't Got Time To Die

Arr. Hall Johnson

Paul Eisentrager, tenor

Ezekiel Saw De Wheel

Arr. William L. Dawson

Derek Johnson, tenor

*Special thanks to the Da Camera Singers for the use of their music.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Magnificat

Magnificat ánima méa Dóminum.

Et exsultávit spíritus méus in Déo salutári méo.

Quia respéxit humilitátem ancillae súae:

ecce enim ex hoc beátam medicent ómnes generatiónes.

Quia fécit mñhi mágna qui pótens est:

et sánctum nómen éjus.

Et misericórdia éjus a progénie in progénies tíméntibus éum.

Fécit poténtiam in bráchio súo: dispérsit supérbos ménte córdis súi.

Deposuit poténtes de séde, et exaltávit húmiles.

Esuriéntes implévit bónis: et dívites dimísit inánes.

Suscépit Israel púerum súum, recordátus misericórdiae súae.

Sicut locútus est ad pátres nóstros, Abraham et sémini éjus in saécula. Glória Pátri et Fílio, et Spíritui Sáncto.

Sicut érat in princípío, et nunc, et sémpér, et in saécula saeculórum. Amen.

Cantique De Jean Racine

Verbe egal au trèshaut
Notre unique espérance
Jour àternel de la terre et des cieux
Deu le paisible nuit
Nous rompons le silence
Divin sauveur jetter sur nous les yeux!

Rèponds sur nous le feu de ta
grace
puissante, que tout l'anfer fuie au son de ta voix,
dissipe le sommeil d'une âme languissante qui la conduit à l'ou blide tes Loïs!

Ô Christ sois favorable
àce

Peuple fidèle pour te bènir maintenant rassemblè,
Reçois les chants qu'il offre à ta Gloire immortelle
et de tes dons qu'il retourne comblà!

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my savior.

For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden:
for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath done to me great things:
and holy is his name.

And his mercy is on them
that fear him from generation to generation.
He hath showed strength with his arm;
he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seats,
and exalted them of low degree.
He hath filled the hungry with good things;
and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He hath holpen his servant Israel,
in remembrance of his mercy;

As he spake to our fathers,
to Abraham, and to his seed for ever.
Glory be to the Father and to the Son,
and to the Holy Spirit;

As it was in the beginning, is now
and ever shall be,
world without end. Amen.

O Redeemer Divine,
Our sole hope of salvation,
Eternal light of the earth and the sky,
On this Holy Day,
We kneel in adoration.
O Savior, turn on us they loving eye.

Send down on us the fire of they grace all
consuming,
whose wondrous night dispersed the pow'rs of hell,
and rouse our slumb'ring souls with they radiance,
that they may waken they mercy to tell!

O Christ bestow they blessing on us, we implore
thee,
who here are gathered on penitent knee,
accept the hymns we chant to thine eternal glory
and these they gifts we return unto thee!

Texts and Translations (continued)

Exultate Deo
Exultate Deo,
adjutori nostro
Alleluia
Jubilare Deo Jacob.

Justorum Animae
Justorum animae in manu
Dei sunt,
et non tanget illos tormentum
malitiae.
Visi sunt oculis insipientium
mori,
illi autem sunt in pace.

Beati Quorum Via
Deati quorum via
integra est;
Qui ambulant in lege
Domini.

The Lover's Arithmetic Anonymous
In love to be sure what disasters we meet, what
torment, what grief and vexation; I've crosses
encountered by hopes to defeat, will scarcely admit
numeration. I courted a maid, and I called her
divine, and I begged she would change her
condition; For I thought that her fortune united with
mine would make a most handsome addition.
Heigh-o dot and go one, Fal lal de ral do ra.

When married, a plaguy subtraction I found, her
debts wanted much liquidation; And we couldn't, so
badly our wishes were crowned, get forward in
multiplication. Division in wedlock is common they
say, and both being fond of the suction; I very soon
had to exclaim "Lack-a-day! My fortune's gone into
reduction." Heigh-o, dot and go one, Fal lal de ral
do ra.

The rules of proportion Dame Nature forgot when
my Deary she formed, so the fact is, And she had a
tongue to embitter my lot, which she never could
keep out of practice. One day after breaking my
head with a stool, said I, "Ma'am, if these are your
actions, I'm off; for you know I've been so long at
school I don't want to learn vulgar fractions."
Heigh-o, dot and go one, Fal lal de ral do ra.

Lift your voices to Jehovah, God,
our counsellor and our guide
Alleluia
Sing unto the God of Jacob.

Wisdom 3:1-3

The souls of the righteous are
in the hand of God,
and the torment of malice shall
not touch them.
In the sight of the unwise they
seemed to die,
but they are in peace.

Psalms 119:1

Blessed are those who are
undefiled in the way.
Who walk in the law of
the Lord.

Soldier, Won't You Marry Me? Anonymous
Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me? It's O a fife
and a drum. How can I marry such a pretty girl
When I've no hat to put on? Off to the tailor she did
go As hard as she could run, Brought him back the
finest was there. Now, soldier, put it on.

Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me? It's O a fife
and a drum. How can I marry such a pretty girl
When I've no coat to put on? Off to the tailor she
did go As hard as she could run, Brought him back
the finest was there. Now, soldier, put it on.

Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me? It's O a fife
and a drum. How can I marry such a pretty girl
When I've no shoes to put on? Off to the she shop
she did no As hard as she could run, Brought him
back the finest was there. Now, soldier, put it on.

Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me? It's O a fife
and a drum. How can I marry such a pretty girl and
a wife and baby at home?

Texts and Translations (continued)

Ain't Got Time To Die

Lord I keep so busy praisin' my Jesus
Keep so busy praisin' my Jesus
Ain't got time to die
Cause when I'm healin' de sick
I'm praisin' my Jesus
Ain't got time to die.

Cause it takes all o' my time to praise my Jesus,
All o' ma time to praise my Lord.
If I don' praise Him de rocks are gonna gry out,
"Glory and honor, glory and honor!"
Ain't got time to die.

Lord I keep so busy workin' fer de Kingdom
Keep so busy workin' fer de Kingdom
Ain't got time to die.
Cause when I'm feedin' de po'
I'm workin' fer de Kingdom
Ain't got time to die.

Lord I keep so busy servin' my Master
Keep so busy servin' my Master,
Ain't got time to die.
Cause when I'm givin' my all
I'm servin' my Master
Ain't got time to die.

Now, won't you git out o' my way,
Lemme praise my Jesus
Out o' ma way! lemme praise my Lord.
If I don' praise Him de rock are gonna cry out,
"Glory an' honor, glory an' honor!"
Ain't got time to die!

Ezekiel Saw de Wheel

Ezekiel saw de wheel,
Way up in de mid'l of de air,
Ezekiel saw de wheel,
Way in de mid'l of de air.

De big wheel run by faith
An' de lit'l wheel run by de grace of God,
A lit'l wheel in a wheel,
Way in de mid'l of de air.

Better mind my brother how you walk on de cross
Your foot might slip, An' yer soul get lost.
Ole Satan wears a club-foot shoe
If you don' mind he'll slip it on you.

Some go to church for to sing an' shout
Halleh, Halleh, Hallelujah!
Befor' six months dey's all turn'd out.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA LAB CHOIR

Soprano

- I Heather Davidson
- Nina Hornjatkevyc
- Heidi Klann
- Julianne Neudorf
- Heather Tilroe

- II Susan Bishop
- Karen Hofman
- Becky Larter
- Lisa Lorenzino
- Denise Lucyshyn
- Cheryl Nicoll
- Michelle Wylie

Tenor

- Robert Bradford
- Paul Eisentrager
- Derek Johnson
- Myles MacIntyre
- Will Preville

Alto

- I Freda Gramit
- * Amber Jorgensen
- Teruka Nashikawa
- Carolyn Nelson
- Trudy Olford
- * + Evelyn Pfeifer
- Melanie Wiens

- II Jeanine Anderson
- Joy Berg
- Jennifer Rice
- Susan Stollings
- Terri Taylor
- Patricia Weleschuk
- Theresa Wood

Bass

- Dana Baillie
- Rory Larter
- Raymond Pryma
- Leyton Schnellert
- Tom Soldan
- Russell Weninger

*Rehearsal Accompanist

+ Rehearsal Assistant