

Curtis Dueck, Conductor

Candidate for the Master of Music degree in Choral Conducting
with **University of Alberta**

**Graduate Recital Choir
and Orchestra**

**Thursday,
April 1, 2004
at 8:00 pm**

**St. Timothy's Anglican Church
8420 145 Street
Edmonton, Alberta**

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DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Program

Tantum ergo (1920)

Déodat de Sévérac
(1872-1921)

Christus factus est pro nobis obediens (1884)

Anton Bruckner
(1824-1896)

Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt (1648)

Heinrich Schütz
(1585-1672)

Stabat Mater in g-moll, Op. 138 (1884)

Josef Gabriel Rheinberger
(1839-1901)

I. Stabat Mater

II. Quis est homo

III. Eja Mater

IV. Virgo virginum

Intermission

Weep, weep, weep mine eyes (1609)

John Wilbye
(1574-1638)

Asciugate i begli occhi (1611)

Carlo Gesualdo
(c. 1560-1613)

Three Shakespeare Songs (1951)

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

1. Full Fathom Five

2. The Cloud-Capp'd Towers

3. Over Hill, Over Dale

From *A Pushkin Wreath* (1978)

Georgy Sviridov
(1915-1998)

Eho

Strekotunya-Beloboka

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree for Mr Dueck.

Mr Dueck is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Graduate).

Reception to follow.

Texts and Translations

Tantum ergo (We bow then)

13th century
Tantum ergo sacramentum
veneremur cernui:
et antiquum documentum
novo cedat ritui:
praestet fides supplementum
sensuum defectui.

We bow, then, in veneration
before the sacrament
and the old form
gives way to the new rite:
may faith make up for
the failings of our senses.

Genitori, Genitoque
laus et jubilatio:
salus, honor, virtus quoque
sit et benedictio:
procedenti ab utroque
compar sit laudatio.

To the Father and the Son
be praise and jubilation:
salvation, honour, and virtue
may there be, and blessing:
and equal praise to the Holy Spirit
proceeding from both.

Christus factus est pro nobis obediens (Christ became for us obedient)

Philippians 2: 8-9
Christus factus est pro nobis
obediens usque ad mortem,
mortem autem crucis.
Propter quod et Deus exaltavit illum,
et dedit illi nomen,
quod est super omne nomen.

Christ became for us
obedient unto death,
even the death of the cross.
Wherefore God also hath exalted him,
and hath given him a name
which is above every name.

Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt (For God so loved the world)

John 3:16
Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt,
daß er seinen eingebornen Sohn gab,
auf daß alle die an ihn glauben,
nicht verloren werden,
sondern das ewige Leben haben.

For God so loved the world
that he gave his only begotten son,
that whoever believes in him
will not perish,
but have everlasting life.

Stabat Mater

c. 13th-14th century

I
Stabat Mater dolorosa
juxta crucem lacrymosa,
dum pendebat Filius.

I
There stood the Mother grieving,
beside the cross weeping,
while on it hung her Son.

Cujus animam gementem,
contristatam et dolentem,
pertransivit gladius.

Whose saddened soul,
sighing and suffering,
a sword pierced through.

O quam tristis et afflicta
fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigeniti!

O how sad and how afflicted
was that blessed Mother
of the Only-Begotten!

Stabat Mater (cont'd)

Quae moerebat et dolebat,
pia Mater, dum videbat
nati poenas incliti.

II

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
in tanto supplicio?

Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
dolentem cum Filio?

Pro peccatis suae gentis
vidit Jesum in tormentis,
et flagellis subditum.

Vidit suum dulcem natum
moriendo desolatum,
dum emisit spiritum.

III

Eja Mater, fons amoris,
me sentire vim doloris
fac, ut tecum lugeam.

Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
in amando Christum Deum,
ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
crucifixi fige plagas
cordi meo valide.

Tui nati vulnerati,
tam dignati pro me pati,
poenas mecum divide.

Fac me tecum pie flere,
crucifixo condolere,
donec ego vixero.

Juxta crucem tecum stare,
et me tibi sociare
in planctu desidero.

Loving Mother, who was grieving
and suffering, while she beheld
the torments of her glorious Son.

II

Who is the man who would not weep
if he should see the Mother of Christ
in such great distress?

Who could not be saddened
if he should behold the Mother of Christ
suffering with her only Son?

For the sins of his people,
she saw Jesus in torment
and subjected to stripes.

She saw her own sweet Son,
whose dying caused his desolation,
while he yielded up his Spirit.

III

Oh Mother, fount of love,
make me feel the force of your grief,
so that I may mourn with you.

Grant that my heart may burn
in loving Christ my God,
so that I may be pleasing to him.

Holy Mother, may you do this:
fix the stripes of the Crucified
deeply into my heart.

Share with me the pains
of your wounded Son
who deigned to suffer so much for me.

Make me lovingly weep with you,
to suffer with the Crucified
so long as I shall live.

To stand with you beside the cross,
and to join with you in deep lament:
this I long for and desire.

Stabat Mater (cont'd)

IV

Virgo virginum praeclara,
mihi jam non sis amara,
fac me tecum plangere.

Fac, ut portem Christi mortem,
passionis fac consortem,
et plagas recolare.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
fac me cruce inebriari,
et cruore Filii.

Flammis ne urar succensus
per te, Virgo, sim defensus
in die judicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri
morte Christi praemuniri
confoveri gratia.

Quando corpus morietur,
fac, ut animae donetur
paradisi gloria. Amen.

Weep, weep, weep mine eyes
Weep, weep, weep mine eyes,
my heart can take no rest.
Weep, weep, weep, my heart,
mine eyes shall ne'er be blest.
Weep eyes, weep heart,
and both this accent cry:
A thousand deaths I die.

Ay me, ah, cruel fortune!
Now, Leander, to die I fear not.
Death, do thy worst, I care not.
I hope when I am dead
in Elizian plain
to meet, and there with joy
we'll love again.

IV

O Virgin all virgins excelling,
be not inclement with me now;
cause me to mourn with you.

Grant that I may bear the death of Christ;
make me a sharer in His Passion
and ever mindful of his wounds.

Let me be wounded by his wounds,
cause me to be inebriated by the cross
and the blood of your Son.

Lest I burn in flames enkindled,
may I, through thee, O Virgin,
be defended on Judgement Day.

Make me guard your cross,
that your death make me holy;
warm me in your grace.

When my body perishes,
grant that my soul be given
the glory of Paradise. Amen

Asciugate i begli occhi (Dry your fair eyes)

Asciugate i begli occhi,
deh, cor mio, non piangete
se lontano da voi gir mi vedete!
Ahi, che pianger debb'io
misero e solo
che partendo da voi
m'uccide il duolo.

Dry your fair eyes,
oh, my love, do not weep
if you see me go far from you!
Alas, for I must weep,
wretched and alone,
for leaving your side
sorrow kills me.

Three Shakespeare Songs

1. Full Fathom Five

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them, Ding-dong, bell.

2. The Cloud-Capp'd Towers

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

3. Over Hill, Over Dale

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moonè's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Eho (The Echo)

Reviot li zver v lesu gluhom,
Trubit li rog, gremit li grom,
Poyot li deva za holmom,
Na fsiakiy zvuk
Svoy otklik v vozduhe pustom
Rodish ti vdrug.

Ti vnemlesh grohotu gromov,
I glasu buri i valov,
I kriku selskih pastuhov
I shliosh otvet;
Tebe zh net otziva... Takov
I ti, poet!


Strekotunya-Beloboka (Magpie Chatter)

Strekotunya-beloboka,
pod kalitkoyu moyey
skachet piostraya soroka
i prorochit mne gostey.
Kolokolchik nebivaliy
u menia zvenit v ushah,
luch zari sverkayet ali,
serebritsa snezhniy prah.
Kolokolchiki zveniat,
barabanchiki gremiat,
[A liudi-to, liudi,
oy, liushenki liuli!]
A liudi-to, liudi
na tsiganochku gliadiat.
A tsiganochka-to pliashet,
v barabanchik gromko byot,
oy, shirinochkoy-to mashet,
zalivayetsa - poyot:
Ya pevunya, ya pevitisa,
vorozhit ya masteritsa.
Vezi, ne zhaley,
so mnoy yehat veseley!

Whether a beast roars in the dense forest,
or the horn sounds, or the thunder rumbles,
or a maid sings beyond the hill,
to every sound
you give your answer suddenly
in the empty air.

You listen to the clashing of thunder
and to the voice of storms and waves
and to the shouts of village shepherds,
and send your answer;
but there is no response...
Such is your lot as well, O poet!

A white-flanked magpie chatters
'neath my front gate,
jumping to and fro, the motley bird
foretells that I shall have guests.
An imaginary bell
rings in my ears,
the crimson ray of dawn glimmers,
and the silvery snow-dust glistens.
Sleigh-bells ring,
little drums beat,
[whilst the people,
my, oh, my,]
whilst the people
gaze at the gypsy girl.
The gypsy girl dances,
beating loudly on a drum,
ah, she waves her handkerchief,
laughs merrily and sings:
"I'm a songstress, I'm a singer,
and a first-rate enchantress.
Take me with you, don't regret it,
with me the trip will be more fun!"



The University of Alberta Graduate Recital Choir and Orchestra
Curtis Dueck, conductor

Soprano

Megan Hall
Jessica Heine
Christina Hof
Gillian Kurschat
Janice Marple
Kripa Nageshwar
Karen Nell
Katy Skinner
Tanis Taylor

Alto

Ruth Broderson
Tamara Guillaume
Erin Henry
Erin Hooper
Tammy Hoyle
Lindsay Hryniw
Elaine Poon
Rachel Stefan
Laryssa Whittaker
Jennie Wood

Tenor

John Brough
Jamie Burns
Devin Cook
Doug Laver
Stefan Little
Caleb Nelson
Shahril Salleh
David Sawatzky

Bass

Leif Anderson
Kyle Carter
Rob Curtis
Kevin Dill
David Garber
Michael Kurschat
Brendan Lord
David Wilson
Rob Zylstra

Violin

Elly McHan
Melissa Hemsworth
Ryan Herbold
Ricky Lam
Trang Nguyen
Sabrina Steed

Viola

Andrea Kipp
Charlene Vandeborn

Cello

Simo Eng
Caitlin Smith

Bass

Toscha Turner

Organ

Kevin Dill

