

THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
of
THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

presents

EXPLORATIONS 5

The Provincial Museum Auditorium, Edmonton

SECOND CONCERT—THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1976 at 8:30 p.m.

Fammi una canzonetta	Orazio Vecchi
Io soffrirò cor mio	(1550-1605)
A che tormi il ben mio (1587)	Claudio Monteverdi
Ch'io ami la mia vita (1587)	(1567-1643)
Fire, fire my heart (1597)	Thomas Morley
Since my tears and my lamenting (1594)	(1557-1603)
Thus saith my Cloris bright (1598)	John Wilbye
Alas, what hope of speeding (1598)	(1574-1638)
What if I never speede (1600)	John Dowland
	(1563-1626)

University of Alberta Madrigal Singers
Larry Cook, conductor

Sonata in G major, K. 390 (ca. 1754)	Domenico Scarlatti
Sonata in G major, K. 391 (ca. 1754)	(1685-1757)
	(arr. Peter Higham)
Homenaje (for <i>Le tombeau de Debussy</i>) (1920)	Manuel de Falla
	(1876-1946)

Peter Higham, guitar

Excerpts from <i>Barfotasånger</i> (1943-45)	Allan Pettersson
Vänner i söndagslandet	(b. 1911)
Fattig är Mor	
Kärleken går vilse	
Blomma säj	
En spelekarls himlafärd	

Merla Aikman, mezzo-soprano
Ernesto Lejano, piano

INTERMISSION

Tape I

“ . . . I come here today as a musician . . . ”

A tribute to Pablo Casals (1876-1973), including:

The three kings from his oratorio *El pessebre* (1944)
(arr. Rudolf von Tobel)

A medieval Catalan folksong, *El cant dels ocells* (arr. Casals)

University of Alberta Cello Ensemble
Claude Kenneson, conductor
Sound collage by Gloria Perks

Ritmo jondo (ca. 1952) Carlos Surinach
(b. 1915)

Ernest Dalwood, clarinet
Fordyce Pier, trumpet
Brian Johnson, percussion
John McCormick, percussion
and 3 assorted handclappers

Fünf Gedichte von Mathilde Wesendonck (1857-58) Richard Wagner
(1813-1883)

Der Engel
Stehe still
Im Treibhaus
Schmerzen
Träume

Merla Aikman, mezzo-soprano
Ernesto Lejano, piano

Next concert in this series: Thursday, February 3, 1977, at the same time and place. The Department of Music (Ph. 432-3263) and news media will have details.

FOREIGN-LANGUAGE TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS for EXPLORATIONS 5, NO. 2

Concert presented by the Department of Music of the University of Alberta
at the Provincial Museum Auditorium, Edmonton, Thu. Nov. 18 1976, 8:30 PM

I. University of Alberta Madrigal Singers (Larry Cook, conductor):

Dan Bagan	John Timothy Mallandaine
Rhonda Bingle	Bonnie-Jean Marconi
Mary Louise Burke	Robert Mast
Richard Burley	Kathy Megli
Larry Derkach	Janet Nichol
Jo-Ann Hrynyk	

Two pieces by ORAZIO VECCHI

Fammi una canzonetta capricciosa, Che null' o pochi la sappian cantare. E al suon di questa si possa ballare.	Sing me a light little song, that none or a few might know how to sing it, and whose music one might be able to dance to.
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Io soffrirò cor mio Ogni soverchio ardore, Che m'arde il petto e mi consuma il core. Se la servitù mia Da te gradita sia.	My love, I will endure every extreme longing that burns my breast and consumes my heart, if you will accept my servitude.
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Two pieces by CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI

A che tormi il ben mio S'io dico di morire questo madonna è troppo gran martire Ahi vita Ahi mio tesoro E perderò il ben mio con dir ch'io moro?	Why should I die, my love? If I speak of dying, this, my lady, is too much suffering. O life, o my precious one! And will I lose my loved one by saying that I am dying?
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Ch'ami la vita mia nel tuo bel nome Par che si legg' ogn' hora Ma tu voi pur ch'io mora Se'l ver porti in te scritto Acqueta co'i begl' occhi il cor afflitto Acciò letto non sia Ch'ami la morte e non la vita mia.	May I love my life in your beautiful name. It seems it is said all the time. But you also want me to die, if you carry the truth written in you. Calm, with your beautiful eyes, my troubled heart, so that no one knows that I love death and not my life.
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The remaining compositions to be performed by the Madrigal Singers were
written in and are sung in English.

The above literal translations are by Paul Rapoport.

II. Merla Aikman (mezzo-soprano) and Ernesto Lejano (piano)

Excerpts from Barfotasånger (Barefoot Songs)

Texts and music by ALLAN PETERSSON

Vännen i söndagslandet

1. Se dig i månen och säj vad du ser;

som när världen var stor och du
var liten.

Man bad för Mor som var trött
och sliten

och skulle aldrig lögna mer,
jag som var liten.

Stjärnorna var hål
på himmelens golv,
och månen var en klocka
som alltid visade på tolv.

2. Se dig i månen och säj vad du tror

som när hejdlös gråt sig frös
till is på rutan.

(När tinar grät?) Mor gått bort
med lutan.

Allt får Mor försaka,

allt får Mor vara utan;

och mott och mal förtära
Mors bästa schal,
men vad som mera är,
vet vännen bortom stjärnor utan tal.

3. Mor hon sjunger om sin ende vän,
som ingen ser, ej hör, som är
i himlen.

Ja, Mor hon sjunger och lutan
knäpper,

Far är arg för Mor
om himlen bara skräpper;

om gatorna av gull
i Mors söndagsland,
om den som mist sitt hull
och allt som man kan hålla i hand.

The friend in Sunday-land

1. Look into the moon and tell what
you see,

like when the world was big and you
were little.

There were prayers for Mother, who
was tired and frayed,
and there would be no more lies from
me, the little one.

The stars were holes
in the floor of heaven,
and the moon was a clock
that always pointed to twelve.

2. Look into the moon and tell what
you believe,

like when uncontrollable tears
froze to ice on the square.

(When do tears thaw?) Mother's
gone away with her lute.

Mother will have to give up
everything;

Mother will have to do without
everything.

And moths and worms are eating
Mother's best scarf.

But what is more,
her friend knows beyond the silent
stars.

3. Mother sings of her only friend,
whom no one sees nor hears, who is
in heaven.

Yes, Mother sings and plucks the
lute.

Father is angry for Mother's sake,
over her heaven's mere boasting,
over the streets of gold
in Mother's Sunday-land,
over the one who's lost his body
and everything that can be held
in a hand.

Fattig är Mor

Fattig är Mor och grytan står tom
 och kölden går ilsken och tjuter.
 Pilten är mager och kikar
 i november
 och ryggen som katten han skjuter.
 Far är glad i brännvinshåg,
 han talar om stjärnor och planeter.
 Ja, Herren den Gud har inget intresse
 för stjärnan som Jorden heter.

Kärleken går vilse

1. Havets vågor evigt slår,
 människor sitter på stranden och spår.
 Kommer en konung med lycka och guld?
 O, mänska för stor är din skuld.
 Kärleken kom till rikemans slott.
 Fattiga bugade, nego och tackade
 blott;
 ty fruktan binder hårda band,
 ja, kärleken går vilse ibland.
2. Skyar driver på himmelens duk,
 jordens skuggor står svarta på huk.
 Sol över krigarland, skörden är rik,
 sol, sol över ruttnande lik.
 Kärleken kom till krigaren stor.
 Döden bjöd upp till en vals liten
 ensam mor;
 ett barn får aldrig mer hennes
 hand,
 ja, kärleken går vilse ibland.
3. Bing, bing, bång, begravningsklockor.
 Bing, bing, bång, för Dödens små
 dockor.
 Den blev så elak vår barnsliga lek,
 du var så liten och blek.
 Kärleken kom till en kyrka på jord.
 Fattiga små hörde svåra och hårda
 ord;
 och sorgen blev dem ofta för stor,
 ja, kärleken går vilse toujours.

Mother is poor

Mother is poor and the pot is empty,
 and the cold is piercing and howls.
 The boy is thin and squints,
 and he arches his back like a cat.
 Father is in good spirits with
 his schnapps;
 he talks about stars and planets.
 Yes, the Lord God has no interest
 in the star that is called Earth.

Love goes astray

1. The waves of the sea keep crashing;
 people sit on the beach and tell
 fortunes.
 Is a king coming with happiness and
 gold?
 O humanity, your guilt is too great.
 Love came to the rich man's castle.
 The poor merely bowed, curtsied,
 and gave thanks;
 for fear ties tight ropes.
 Yes, love goes astray now and then.
2. Clouds are passing by the screen of
 heaven;
 the earth's shadows are crouching in
 black.
 Sun above war-land, the harvest is
 rich,
 sun, sun above rotting corpses.
 Love came to the brave soldier.
 Death asked the little lonely
 mother to dance the waltz;
 a child will never again hold her
 hand.
 Yes, love goes astray now and then.
3. Bing, bing, bong, funeral bells.
 Bing, bing, bong, for death's little
 puppets.
 It turned so cruel, our children's
 game;
 you were so little and pale.
 Love came to a church on the ground.
 The poor, little ones heard hard
 and severe words,
 and their sorrow often grew too
 great.
 Yes, love goes astray all the time.

Blomma säj

1. Det växer en blomma så skön,
i ett spår av en ängels fot.
O skönhet, blott se den, o du:
den blomman har i himlen sin rot.
Är det tröttsamt at buga för vinden,
blomma säj, blomma säj.
Är det tröttsamt att gunga en
fjäril,
blomma säj, blomma säj.
2. Det växer en blomma så skön,
ack, en ängel har gråtit där.
O skönhet så stilla och tyst;
en guds, ja Guds andedräkt är.
Är det tröttsamt att kyssas av solen,
blomma säj, blomma säj.
Är det tröttsamt att vänta på handen,
som ska bryta just dej.

En spelekarls himlafärd

Det var en spelekarl i Ljugarebyn,
som på sistone blev litet blek i
hyn.
Ja, Spelekarln, han togs
med svåra ting,
med människor han slogs
för rakt ingenting.
Han gick med sin vända i Ljugarebyn;
men mörker blev ljus som han togs
upp på skyn.
Tungelig, tungelig kliver mot skyn,
Spelkarln, spelekarln i byn.
Dog, som sin stråk han drog,
stod bakom Hin Håk och log;
sa' man i byn
med höjda ögonbryn.
Men kungelig, kungelig kliver mot
skyn,
Spelkarln, spelekarln i byn;
från svarta högtidsmullen,
passerar himlatullen.
Så stämades då ett speledon,
så tämjdes så ett spelehjon
från Andens Vilda Väster,
i himmelens orkester.

Flower, speak!

1. There grows a flower so pretty,
on an angel's footprint.
O beauty - just look at it:
that flower has its roots in heaven.
Is it tiring to bend for the wind?
Flower, speak; flower, speak!
Is it tiring to swing for a
butterfly?
Flower, speak; flower, speak!
2. There grows a flower so pretty,
ah - an angel has wept there.
O beauty so calm and quiet:
it is a god's, yes God's very breath.
Is it tiring to be kissed by the sun?
Flower, speak; flower, speak!
Is it tiring to wait for the hand
that will pluck just you?

A minstrel's journey to heaven

There was a minstrel in the town of
lies
whose skin recently turned a bit
pale.
Yes, the minstrel, he was involved
with difficult matters;
he fought with people
to no avail.
He went about with his suffering in
the town of lies,
but dark became light as he was
taken up to the sky.
Heavily, heavily he climbs towards
the sky,
the minstrel, the minstrel in the
town.
He died as he stroked his bow,
stood behind the Devil and grinned -
they said in the town,
with raised eyebrows.
But regally, regally he climbs
towards the sky,
the minstrel, the minstrel in the
town.
From the black solemn soil
he passes the gates of heaven.
So then they tuned a fiddle,
and thus they tamed a player
from the Wild West of the mind
in the orchestra of heaven.

III. Merla Aikman (mezzo-soprano) and Ernesto Lejano (piano)

Fünf Gedichte von Mathilde Wesendonck

(Five poems of Mathilde Wesendonck)

Music by RICHARD WAGNER

Der Engel

In der Kindheit frühen Tagen
hört' ich oft von Engeln sagen,
die des Himmels hehre Wonne

tauschten mit der Erdensonne:
Dass, wo bang ein Herz in Sorgen
schmachtet vor der Welt verborgen,
dass, wo still es will verbluten,
und vergeh'n in Tränenfluten,
dass, wo brünstig sein Gebet
einzig um Erlösung fleht,
da der Engel nieder schwebt,
und es sanft gen Himmel hebt.
Ja, es stieg auch mir ein Engel
nieder,

und auf leuchtendem Gefieder
führt er, ferne jedem Schmerz,
meinen Geist nun himmelwärts!

Stehe still

Sausendes, brausendes Rad der Zeit,
Messer du der Ewigkeit;
leuchtende Sphären im weiten All,
die ihr umringt den Weltenball;
urewige Schöpfung, halte doch ein,
genug des Werdens, lass mich sein!
Halte an dich, zeugende Kraft,
Urgedanke, der ewig schafft!
Hemmet den Atem, stillt den Drang,

schweiget nur eine Sekunde lang!
Schwellende Pulse, fesselt den
Schlag;

ende des Wollens ew'ger Tag!
dass in selig süßem Vergessen
ich mög' alle Wonnen ermessen!
Wenn Aug' in Auge wonnig trinken,
Seele ganz in Seele versinken;
Wesen in Wesen sich wieder findet,

und alles Hoffens Ende sich kündigt;
die Lippe verstummt in staunendem
Schweigen,
keinen Wunsch mehr will das Inn're
zeugen:
erkennt der Mensch des Ew'gen Spur,
und lös't dein Rätsel, heil'ge Natur!

The angel

In the early days of childhood
I often heard tales of angels
who exchanged the higher joys of
heaven

for the sunshine of earth,
so that whoever with sorrowing heart
languishes hidden from the world,
whoever bleeds to silent death,
passing away in floods of tears,
whoever with fervour prays
only for release from life -
to him the angel descends
and gently raises him to heaven.
Yes, an angel came also to me

and with his shining golden wings
carries, far from every pain,
my spirit up towards heaven!

Stand still

Rushing, roaring wheel of time,
knife-blade of eternity,
glowing sphere in distant space
closed about the globe of earth;
first creation, stop your turning,
enough of existence, let me be!
Hold back, power of begetting,
primal thought, eternal creator!
Stop this breathing, still this
desire,

silence it only a few seconds' time!
Swelling impulse, restrain your
blow,

end the unending day of wanting!
So that in sweet and happy forgetting
I might measure the worth of joy!
When eye drinks in the joy of eye,
when soul is sunk in another's soul,
when being finds itself in another's
being,

and we reach the end of all hoping;
when lips are dumb in wondering
silence,

the inner soul will beget no more
desire:

then man will know the eternal sign
and solve thy riddle, holy Nature!

Im Treibhaus

Hochgewölbte Blätterkronen,
 Baldachine von Smaragd,
 Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen
 saget mir warum ihr klagt?
 Schweigend neiget ihr die Zweige,
 malet Zeichen in die Luft,
 und der Leiden stummer Zeuge,
 steigt aufwärts süsser Duft.
 Weit in sehndem Verlangen
 breitet ihr die Arme aus,
 und umschlinget wahnbefangen
 öder Leere nicht'gen Graus.
 Wohl, ich weiss es, arme Pflanze:
 Ein Geschicke teilen wir,
 ob umstrahlt von Licht und Glanze,
 unsre Heimat ist nicht hier!
 Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet
 von des Tages leerem Schein,
 hüllet der, der wahrhaft leidet,
 sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein.
 Stille wird's, ein säuselnd Weben
 füllet bang den dunkeln Raum:
 schwere Tropfen seh' ich schweben
 an der Blätter grünem Saum.

Schmerzen

Sonne, weinest jeden Abend
 dir die schönen Augen rot,
 wenn im Meeresspiegel badend
 dich erreicht der frühe Tod;
 doch erstehst in alter Pracht,
 Glorie der düstren Welt,
 du am Morgen neu erwacht,
 wie ein stolzer Siegesheld!
 Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen,
 wie, mein Herz, so schwer dich sehn,
 muss die Sonne selbst verzagen,
 muss die Sonne untergehn?
 und gebietet Tod nur Leben,
 geben Schmerzen Wonnen nur:
 O, wie dank' ich, dass gegeben
 solche Schmerzen mir Natur!

In the greenhouse

High-arched leafy crowns,
 canopies of emerald,
 children of a distant clime,
 tell me, why do you mourn?
 Noiselessly your branches bend,
 shaping gestures in the air,
 and as silent witness of sorrow
 there rises upwards a sweet scent.
 Wide in yearning desire
 you spread out your arms
 and embrace the maddening
 void horror of empty space.
 Well do I know, poor plants,
 that we share one destiny;
 even with light and glass above us,
 our homeland is not here!
 How gladly does the sun withdraw
 from the empty light of day,
 to veil him who truly sorrows
 in the dark of silence.
 All grows still, a rustling motion
 fills the darkened space with grief:
 I see heavy drops suspended
 on the green edges of the leaves.

Pain

Sun, you weep every evening
 until your fair eyes are red,
 when bathing in the sea's mirror
 you reach your early death;
 yet you rise with accustomed
 splendour,
 glory of the gloomy world,
 newly awakened at morning
 as a proud, victorious hero!
 Ah, why should I complain,
 why, my heart, pity you so,
 when the sun himself must despair,
 when the sun must sink in ruin?
 Death always gives birth to life,
 pains always bring forth joys:
 oh, how thankful I am that nature
 has given me such pains!

Träume

Sag', Welch wunderbare Träume
halten meinen Sinn umfassen,
dass sie nicht wie leere Schäume

sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?
Träume, die in jeder Stunde,
jedem Tage schöner blüh'n,
und mit ihrer Himmelskunde
selig durch's Gemüte ziehn?
Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen
in die Seele sich versenken,
dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:
Allvergessen, Eingedenken!
Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne
aus dem Schnee die Blüten küsst,
dass zu nie geahnter Wonne
sie der neue Tag begrüsst,
dass sie wachsen, dass sie blühen,
träumend spenden ihren Duft,
sanft an deiner Brust verglühen,
und dann sinken in die Gruft.

Dreams

Shall I say what wondrous dreams
hold my mind in thrall,
so that they have not, like empty
bubbles,
passed into oblivion?
Dreams that in every hour,
every day grow fairer,
and with their heavenly message
pass through my soul with blessings.
Dreams that like celestial rays
penetrate my very soul
and paint an unfading picture there
of forgetting and remembering!
Dreams that, like the sun of spring,
draw flowers from snow with a kiss;
they are born to unsuspected joy
and greet the new day;
then they grow, and they bloom,
and dreaming give forth their scent;
gently they cool upon your breast
and then sink into the grave.

Translations anonymous, corrected and edited by Paul Rapoport.