

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

VOICE/OPERA WORKSHOP 1979

PRESENTS

LECTURE RECITAL

WITH

ELSIE ACHUFF, SOPRANO

THEO LINDENBAUM, PIANO

THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1979 AT 8 P.M.

CONVOCATION HALL, (OLD ARTS BUILDING)

SPIRITUAL SONGS HUGO WOLF
(FROM "SPANISCHES LIEDERBUCH" 1860/1903)

1. Nun bin ich dein
2. Die du Gott gebarst, du Reine
3. Nun wandre, Maria
4. Die ihr schwebet umdiese Palmen
5. Fuhr mich, Kind, nach Bethlehem
6. Ach, des Knaben Augen
7. Muhvoll Komm'ich und beladen
8. Ach, wie lang die Seele schlummert
9. Herr, was tragt der Boden hier
10. Wunden tragst du, mein Geliebter

1. Now am I yours,
Flower of all Flowers,
and sing soley
at all times to your praise;
I will be zealous,
dedicate myself to you
and to your sufferance.

Lady Elect,
in you is all my hope,
my innermost being
is forever open to you.
Come, free me
from the curse of the Evil One
who has so sore afflicted me!

Star of the Sea,
Haven of Delights,
from whom, in agony,
the afflicted have found salvation,
before I pass away,
look from on high,
Queen of Suns!

Never can the abundance
of your mercy run dry;
you help towards triumph
him who is laden with shame.
To cling to you,
to lie at your feet,
heals all infirmity and grief.

I suffer severe
and well-merited punishments.
I am in such dread
of sleeping soon death's sleep.
come forth,
and through the sea,
bring me, oh to harbour!

2. You who bore God, Pure One
and alone
delivered us from our chains,
make me, who weep, glad,
for only your
grace and mercy can deliver us.

Lady, incline me to you entirely,
that it should end,
this torment and dread,
that death should find me unafraid,
and I be not blinded
by the light of the Heavenly Pastures.

Because you were born immaculate,
chosen
for abodes of eternal glory-
however much veiled in sorrow,
not lost
am I, if you will deliver me.

3. Saint Joseph Sings
Onward, now, Mary,
just onward, now, on,
the cocks are crowing,
and the place is near.

Onward now, beloved,
my jewel,
and soon shall we be
in Bethlehem.
Then shall you rest well
there, and slumber.
The cocks are crowing,
and the place is near.

Well I see, Lady,
your strength is waning;
your pains I cannot,
alas, subdue.
Take heart! We shall find
lodging there.
The cocks are crowing
and the place is near.

Would it were over,
Mary, your hour,
those good tidings
would I reward well.
The donkey here
would I give for that!
The cocks are crowing,
Come! The place is near.

4. You who hover
about these palms,
in night and wind,
Holy Angels,
silence their leaves!
My child's asleep.

The Son of Heaven
is suffering;
ah, so tired has He grown
of earth's sorrows.
Ah, now, in sleep,
gently softened,
the pain melts away.
Silence the leaves!
My child's asleep.

Fierce cold
comes rushing;
with what shall I cover
the little child's limbs!
O All you Angels
who, winged,
travel on the wind,
Silence the leaves!
My child is asleep.

5. Lead me, child, to Bethlehem!
You, my God, You will I see.
Who, who could manage
to come to You, without Your aid!

Shake me, so that I awake,
call me, out will I step;
give me your hand to guide me;
that I may set out,

That I may see Bethlehem,
there to see my God.
Who, who could manage
to come to You, without Your aid!

By the grievous sickness of sin
am I deeply and darkly oppressed.
If you will not come to my aid,
I must stumble,
stagger.

Guide me to Bethlehem,
You, my God, You will I see.
Who, who could manage
to come to You, without Your aid!

6. Ah, the Infant's eyes,
so beautiful and clear they seemed,
and from them something shines
that captures all my heart.

For with those sweet eyes
He looks at mine!
If He then saw His image there,
lovingly would He greet me.
And so I give myself wholly
to serving only His eyes.
For from them something shines
that captures all my heart.

7. In toil I come, and laden,
receive me, Refuge of Mercy!

See, with burning tears I come,
with humble bearing,
dark with dust of earth.
You alone can make me white
as lamb's fleece.
Willingly with You efface the wrong
of him who embraces You, repentant;
take then, Lord, the burden from me,
in toil I come, and laden.

7. con't....

Let me kneel before You, pleading,
that over Your feet
I may pour tears and scent of nard,
like the woman You forgave.
until my guilt is dispersed like smoke.
You who did tell the robber:
"Today in Paradise
shall you be! oh, receive me.
Receive me, Refuge of Mercy!

8. Ah how long the soul slumbers!
It is time it roused itself.

So that one may think it dead,
heavily and fearfully it sleeps,
overcome by intoxication,
drunk in the venom of sin.
But now the light of its longing
breaks blindingly into the eyes:
it is time it roused itself.

Though it may have seemed deaf
to the sweet choir of angels,
still timidly it pricks its ears,
hearing God cry as a little child.
As, after its long night of slumber,
such a day of mercy will smile on it,
it is time it roused itself.

9. Lord, what grows this ground
which You water so bitterly?
"Thorns, dear heart, for me,
and for you, adorning flowers."

Ah, where such brooks run,
shall a garden flourish there?
"Yes, and know, garlands
so different shall be woven there."
O Lord, to adorn whom
are they plaited, say!
"Those of thorns are for me,
those of flowers I hand to you."

10. Wounds you bear, my love,
and they cause you pain;
would I bore them in your stead!

Lord, who dares so to stain
your brow with blood and sweat?
"These marks are the price
of winning you, O Soul.
Of these wounds must I die,
for loving you so ardently."

Would I might bear them for you,
Lord, since they are mortal wounds.
"If this sorrow touch you, child,
you may call them living wounds:
not one was made, from which
life does not flow for you."

Ah, to my heart and senses
what pain your torment does!
"Harsher yet, with true courage,
would I gladly bear to win you.
For he alone knows how to love,
who is dying of love's fire'

Wounds you bear, my love,
and they cause you pain;
would I bore them in your stead!