

The Department of Music

of

The University of Alberta

presents

A FACULTY RECITAL

MERLA AIKMAN, mezzo soprano

and

ERNESTO LEJANO and ALEXANDRA MUNN, duo-pianists

Saturday, October 24, 1981 at 8:00 p.m.

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

From Canciones clásicas españolas,

Vol. I (c.a.1920) Fernando Obradors
La mi sola, Laureola (1897-1945)
¿Corazón porqué pasais
El majo celoso
Del cabello más sutil
Coplas de Curro Dulce

Sites Auriculaires. Maurice Ravel
Habanera (1895) (1875-1937)
"au pays parfumé que le soleil caresse" (ch. Baudelaire)
Entre Cloches (1897)

Frauenliebe und Leben (1840) (Adelbert v. Chamisso) Robert Schumann
Seit ich ihn gesehen (1810-1856)
Er, der Herrlichste von allen
Ich kann's nicht fassen
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Süsser Freund
An meinem Herzen
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

INTERMISSION

Fantasie (tableaux), Op. 5 (1893)Serge Rachmaninoff
Barcarolle (1873-1943)
Night.....Love
Tears
Easter

TRANSLATIONS

Spanish Songs

La mi, sola Laureola - My only Laureola

My only Laureola
My only, only, only one,
I, captive Leriano
Am very proud
To be wounded by the hand
Which is unique in the world.
My only Laureola,
My only, only, only one.

Corazón, porqué pasáis - Oh heart, why do
you lie awake

Oh heart, why do you lie awake
During the nights made for love
When your mistress rests
In the arms of another love?

El Majo Celoso - The Jealous Lad

From the lad whom I love
I have learned a plaintive song,
Which he sighed a thousand and one times
At my window night after night:
My darling, I am dying
Of a wild and cruel love,
Would that I could forget you,
They told him that in the meadow
I have been seen with a dandy
Dressed in a silk shirt
And a velvet vest.
My handsome boy, I love you.
Never think I am dying
Mad with love
For that dandy.

Del Cabello Más Sutil - Of the Softest Hair

Of the softest hair
Which you wear in braids
I shall make a chain
To draw you to my side.
A jug in your house,
My darling, I would like to be,
To kiss your lips
When you take a drink.

Coplas de Curro Dulce - A Tiny Bride

A tiny bride,
A tiny groom
A tiny parlor,
And a bedroom,
That's why I want
A tiny bed
And a mosquito net.

German Songs

Seit ich ihn gesehen - Since seeing him

Since seeing him,
I think I am blind;
wherever I look,
him only see;
as in a waking dream
he floats before me,
rising out of darkest depths
only more brightly.

For the rest, dark and pale
is all around,
for my sisters' games
I am no longer eager,
I would rather weep
quietly in my room;
since seeing him,
I think I am blind.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen - He, the most
wonderful of all

He, the most wonderful of all,
so gentle, so good.
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
clear mind and firm resolve.

As there in the blue depths
that star, clear and wonderful,
so is he in my heaven,
clear and wonderful, majestic, remote.

Wander, wander your ways;
just to watch your radiance,
just to watch it in humility,
just be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer
for your happiness alone;
me, lonely maid, you must not know
lofty, wonderful star.

Only the most worthy woman of all
may your choice favour
and that exalted one will I bless
many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep,
be blissful, blissful then;
even if my heart should break
then break, O heart, what matter?

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
- I cannot grasp it, believe it

I cannot grasp it, believe it,
I am in the spell of a dream;
how, from amongst all, has he
raised and favoured poor me?

He said, I thought,
'I am forever yours,'
I was, I thought, still dreaming,
for it can never be so.

O let me, dreaming, die,
cradled on his breast;
blissful death let me savour,
in tears of endless joy.

Du Ring an meinem Finger - Ring on my finger

Ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
devoutly I press you to my lips,
to my heart.

I had finished dreaming
childhood's tranquil pleasant dream,
alone I found myself, forlorn
in boundless desolation.

Ring on my finger,
you have first taught me,
unlocked my eyes
to life's deep, boundless worth.

I will serve him, live for him,
belong wholly to him,
yield to him and find
myself transfigured in his light.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern - Help me, sisters

Help me, sisters
in kindness to adorn myself,
serve me, the happy one, today,
eagerly twine
about my brow
the flowering myrtle.

When I, content,
with joyous heart,
lay in my beloved's arms,
still would he call
with yearning heart,
impatiently for today.

Help me, sisters,
help me banish
foolish fear;
so that I, clear-
eyed, may receive him,
the source of joy.

You, my beloved,
have appeared before me,
will you, sun, give me your radiance?
Let me in reverence,
let me in humility,
let me bow to my lord.

Sisters,
strew flowers for him,
offer budding roses.
But you, sisters,
I salute sadly,
departing, joyous, from your throng.

Süsser Freund - Sweet Friend

Sweet friend, you look
at me in wonder,
cannot understand
how I can weep;
these moist pearls let,
as a strange adornment,
tremble joyous bright
in my eyes.

How anxious my heart,
how full of bliss!
If only I knew words
to say it;
come, hide your face,
here, against my breast,
for me to whisper you
my full joy.

Now you know the tears
that I can weep,
are you not to see them,
beloved man?
Stay against my heart,
feel its beat,
so that I may press you
ever closer.

Here by my bed
is the cradle's place,
where, silent, it shall hide
my sweet dream.
The morning will come
when that dream will awake,
and your image
laugh up at me.

An meinem Herzen - At my heart

At my heart, at my breast,
you delight, you my joy!
Happiness is love,
love is happiness,

An meinem Herzen (Cont'd.)

I have said and will not take back.
I thought myself rapturous,
but now I am delirious with joy.
Only she who suckles, only she who loves
the child she nourishes;
only a mother knows
what it means to love and be happy.
Oh, how I pity the man
who cannot feel a mother's bliss.
You dear, dear angel,
you look at me and smile.
At my heart, at my breast,
you my delight, you my joy!

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan
- Now you have caused me my first pain

Now you have caused me my first pain,
but it has struck me hard.
You, harsh, pitiless man are sleeping
the sleep of death.

The deserted one stares ahead,
the world is void.
Loved have I and live.
I am living no longer.

Quietly I withdraw into myself,
the veil falls;
there I have you and my lost happiness,
my world.

Rachmaninoff - Fantasie, Op. 5 (Rough trans-
lations, kindness of Dr. G. H. Schaarschmidt)

I Barcarolla

The cold evening wave is barely audible beneath
the gondola's oars...
again a song! and again the sound of a guitar!
in the distance, now sad, and then again joyful,
arose the sound of the ordinary barcarole:
"The gondola glides along the water,
and time flies along love;
the wave is evened out again
passion will never arise again!"
(Lermontov, 1814-41)

(Note: This is a poem by Byron originally
translated into Russian)

II Night....Love

That is the time, when in the shade of branches
an enamoured nightingale is singing,
when the vows of love resound
heated by an animating fire,
and the sound of the wind and the lapping of
the wave
are full of a certain kind of music.

III Tears

Human tears, oh, human tears!
You are flowing at an early and late time
(of life)-
You are flowing unknowingly, you are flowing
unseen,
inexhaustible, incalculable -
You are flowing like the streams of rain
are flowing
during soundless, at times nightly, autumn time.
(Tyutchev, 1803-1873)

IV Easter

And a mighty sound was rushing over the earth,
And the air, all buzzing, began to quiver,
Singing, silvery thunders,
Announced the news of a holy celebration.
(Khomyakov, 1804-1860)