

**In Recital**

**Ardelle Ries, soprano**

Candidate for the Master of Music degree in Voice

**Saturday, April 12, 1997 at 8:00 pm**

**Convocation Hall, Arts Building**



**Department of Music  
University of Alberta**

## Program

Mein Herze schwimmt im Blut  
Kantate zum 11. Sonntag nach Trinitatis, BWV 199 (1714)

Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)

Adrian Dyck, violin I  
Betsy Steed, violin II  
Jim Cockell, viola  
Anne Scott, cello  
Mike Malone, bass  
Roger Admiral, portative organ  
Alison Cassis, oboe  
William Kempster, conductor

Selections from **Ten Blake Songs** (1957)

The Piper  
The Shepherd  
The Lamb  
Infant Joy  
The Divine Image

Ralph Vaughan Williams  
(1872-1958)

Cruelty  
The Clod and the Pebble (*recitation*)  
Eternity  
The Angel (*recitation*)  
A Poison Tree

Alison Cassis, oboe

Intermission

Pierrot Lunaire, Op. 21 (1912)

Arnold Schoenberg  
(1874-1951)

I Teil

1. Mondestrunken
2. Columbine
3. Der Dandy
4. Eine blasse Wäscherin
5. Valse de Chopin
6. Madonna
7. Der kranke Mond

II Teil

8. Die Nacht
9. Gebet an Pierrot
10. Raub
11. Rote Messe
12. Galgenlied
13. Enthauptung
14. Die Kreuze

III Teil

15. Heimweh
16. Gemeinheit
17. Parodie
18. Der Mondfleck
19. Serenade
20. Heimfahrt
21. O alter Duft

**Roger Admiral, piano**  
**Dorothy Speers, flute, piccolo**  
**Don Ross, clarinet, bass-clarinet**  
**Jim Cockell, violin, viola**  
**Tanya Prochazka, cello**  
**Malcolm Forsyth, conductor**

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree for Ms Ries.

Ms Ries is a recipient of the Beryl Barns Memorial Awards (Graduate) and the William Rea Scholarship.

You are cordially invited to a reception at 10740 - 84 Avenue, telephone: 439-4474, following the recital.

## Translations

### Mein Herze schwimmt im Blut

#### 1. Recitative

My heart is bathed in blood,  
For now my sins' great brood  
Within God's holy vision  
A monster makes of me.  
And now my conscience feels the pain:  
For me my sins can nought  
But hell's own hangmen be.  
O hated night of sin!  
Thou, thou alone  
Hast brought me into such distress;  
And thou, thou wicked seed of Adam,  
Dost rob my soul of all its peace  
And shuts to it the heavn'ly gate!  
Ah! What unheard-of pain!  
My dried and wasted heart  
Will after this no comfort moisten,  
And I must hide myself before him  
Before whom very angels must conceal their faces.

#### 2. Aria

Silent sighing, quiet mourning,  
Ye may all my pains be telling,  
For my mouth is tightly closed.  
And ye humid springs of weeping  
Could a certain witness offer  
To my sinful heart's remorse.

My heart is now a well of tears,  
My eyes are heated sources.  
Ah God! Who will give thee then satisfaction?

#### 3. Recitative

But God to me shall gracious be,  
For I my head with ashes,  
My countenance with tears am bathing,  
My heart in grief and pain am beating  
And filled with sadness say now:  
God be this sinner gracious!  
Ah yes! His heart shall break  
And my own soul shall say:

#### 4. Aria

Deeply bowed and filled with sorrow  
I lie, dearest God, 'for thee.  
I acknowledge all my guilt,  
But have patience still with me,  
Have thou patience still with me!

#### 5. Recitative

Amidst these pains of grief  
To me comes now this hopeful word:

#### 6. Chorale

I, thy sore-troubled child,  
Cast ev'ry sin of mine,  
All ye which hide within me  
And me so fiercely frighten,  
Into thine own deep wounds now,  
Where I've e'er found salvation.

#### 7. Recitative

I lay myself into these wounds now  
As though upon a very crag;  
They shall be now my resting place.  
Upon them will I firm in faith be soaring,  
In them content and happy singing:

#### 8. Aria

How joyful is my heart,  
For God is reconciled  
And for my grief and pain  
No more shall me from bliss  
Nor from his heart exclude.

(Text translation: Z. Philip Ambrose)

## Pierrot Lunaire

### Part One

#### 1. Mondestrunken - Moondrunk

The wine that through the eyes is drunk,  
at night the moon pours down in torrents,  
until a spring-flood overflows the silent far horizon.  
Desires, shuddering and sweet,  
are swimming through the flood unnumbered!  
The wine that through the eyes is drunk  
at night the moon pours down in torrents.  
The poet, whom devotion drives,  
grows tipsy on the sacred liquor,  
to heaven turning his enraptured gaze  
and reeling, sucks and slurps up  
the wine that through the eyes is drunk.

## 2. Columbine - Columbine

The moonlight's pallid blossoms,  
the white and wondrous roses,  
bloom in July's nights-  
oh, could I pluck but one!  
My heavy load to lighten,  
in darkling streams I search for  
the moonlight's pallid blossoms,  
the white and wondrous roses.  
Then stilled were all my yearning,  
could I, as in a fable,  
so tenderly—but scatter  
upon your brown tresses  
the moonlight's pallid blossoms!

## 3. Der Dandy - The Dandy

And with a fantastical light-beam  
the moon sheds a light on the crystalline flask  
on the ebony, highly sacred washstand  
of the taciturn dandy from Bergamo.  
In sonorous, bronzen basin  
laughs brightly the fountain's metallical cry.  
And with a fantastical light-beam  
the moon sheds a light on the crystalline flask.  
Pierrot with waxen complexion  
stands musing and thinks: what makeup for today?  
Rejecting the red and the orient green  
he bedizens his face in a high noble style  
with a fantastical moonbeam.

## 4. Eine blasse Wäscherin - A Pallid Laundrymaid

See a pallid laundrymaid  
washing nightly faded linen;  
naked, silver-whitish arms  
stretching downward in the flood.  
Through the clearing gentle breezes  
lightly ruffle up the stream.  
See a pallid laundrymaid  
washing nightly faded linen.  
And the tender maid of heaven,  
by the branches softly fondled,  
lays out on the darkling meadows  
all her linen woven of the moonbeams--  
see a pallid laundrymaid.

## 5. Valse de Chopin - Chopin Waltz

As a pallid drop of blood  
stains the lips of a consumptive,  
so there lurks within this music  
morbid soul-destructive charm.  
Wild accords of passion  
breaking desperation's icy dream  
as a pallid drop of blood  
stains the lips of a consumptive.  
Fierce, triumphant, sweet and yearning,  
melancholy sombre waltzing,  
you will never leave my senses,  
cling to each thought as I think it,  
as a pallid drop of blood!

## 6. Madonna

Rise, O Mother of all Sorrows,  
on the altar of my verses!  
Blood pours forth from withered bosom  
where the cruel sword has pierced it.  
And thine ever-bleeding wounds  
seem like eyes, red and open.  
Rise, O Mother of all Sorrows  
on the altar of my verses!  
In thy torn and wasted hands holding thy Son's holy  
body,  
thou revealst Him to all mankind--  
but the eyes of men are turned away,  
O Mother of all Sorrows!

## 7. Der kranke Mond - The Sick Moon

O sombre deathly-stricken moon  
lying on heaven's dusky pillow  
your stare, so wide-eyed, feverish,  
charms me, like far-off melody.  
Of unappeasable pain of love  
you die, of yearning, choked to death.  
O sombre deathly-stricken moon  
lying on heaven's dusky pillow.  
The lover, with his heart aflame,  
who heedless goes to meet his love,  
rejoices in your play of light,  
your pallid, pain-begotten blood,  
O sombre deathly-stricken moon!

Part Two

8. **Die Nacht - Night** (Passacaglia)

Black gigantic butterflies  
have blotted out the shining sun.  
Like a sorcerer's sealed book,  
the horizon sleeps in silence.  
From the murky depths forgotten  
vapours rise, to murder memory!  
Black gigantic butterflies  
have blotted out the shining sun.  
And from heaven toward the earth,  
sinking down on heavy pinions,  
all unseen descend the monsters  
to the hearts of men below here...  
Black gigantic butterflies

9. **Gebet an Pierrot - Prayer to Pierrot**

Pierrot! my laughter  
have I unlearned!  
The dream of radiance  
dispersed, dispersed!  
Black waves the banner  
upon the mast.  
Pierrot! My laughter  
have I unlearned!  
O now return to me,  
soul's veterinarian,  
Your Lunar Highness,  
Pierrot!—my laughter!

10. **Raub - Theft**

Redly gleaming princely rubies,  
bleeding drops of ancient glory  
slumber in the dead men's coffins,  
buried in the vaults below us.  
Nights, alone with his companions,  
Pierrot descends, to plunder  
redly gleaming princely rubies,  
bleeding drops of ancient glory.  
Then suddenly they're rooted,  
scared to death, hair standing straight up:  
through the darkness, like eyes  
staring from the dead men's coffins--  
redly gleaming princely rubies.

11. **Rote Messe - Red Mass**

To gruesome grim communion,  
by blinding golden glitter,  
by flickering shine of candles,  
comes to the altar--Pierrot!  
His hand, to God devoted  
tears wide the the priestly vestment,  
At gruesome grim communion,  
by blinding golden glitter.  
He makes the sign of the cross  
blessing the trembling, trembling people, with  
trickling crimson wafer:  
his heart in bloody fingers,  
at gruesome grim communion.

12. **Galgenlied - Gallows Song**

The haggard harlot  
whose neck is scrawny  
will be the last  
of his mistresses.  
And in his skull  
she'll stick like a needle,  
the haggard harlot  
whose neck is scrawny.  
Slim as a pine tree,  
she has a pigtail,  
gaily she'll bind it  
around his neck,  
the haggard harlot!

13. **Enthauptung - Beheading**

The moon, a shining Turkish sword  
upon a black and silken cushion,  
and spectral vast hangs like a threat  
in sorrow-darkened night!  
Pierrot restlessly roams about  
and stares on high in deathly fear  
at the moon, a shining Turkish sword  
upon a black and silken cushion.  
And shaking, quaking at the knees,  
oh, suddenly he faints, collapses,  
convinced that there comes whistling down  
upon his sinful guilty neck  
the moon, a shining Turkish sword.

#### 14. Die Kreuze - The Crosses

Holy crosses are the verses  
whereon poets bleed in silence,  
blinded by a flock of vultures  
fluttering round in spectral swarms.  
In their bodies swords have feasted,  
glorying in their robes of scarlet!  
Holy crosses are the verses  
whereon poets bleed in silence.  
Dead, the head-matted tresses--  
far and faint the noisy people.  
Slowly sinks the sun in splendour,  
like a crimson kingly crown.  
Holy crosses are the verses.

#### Part Three

#### 15. Heimweh - Nostalgia

Sweet lamenting, like a crystal sighing,  
rises from the old Italian comedy,  
sadly asking: why's Pierrot so wooden,  
in the sentimental modern manner?  
And it echoes through his heart's desert  
echoes mutedly through all his senses--  
sweet lamenting, like a crystal sighing  
rising from the old Italian comedy.  
Then Pierrot forgets his tragic manner!  
Through the silver fiery glow of moonlight,  
through a flood of radiance swells his yearning,  
boldly soars on high to skies of homeland--  
sweet lamenting like a crystal sighing.

#### 16. Gemeinheit - Mean Trick!

In the gleaming skull of Cassander,  
as he shrieks and cries blue murder,  
bores Pierrot with hypocritical kindness--  
and a cranium-borer.  
And then presses with his finger  
very genuine Turkish tobacco  
in the gleaming skull of Cassander,  
As he shrieks and cries blue murder!  
Then screwing a cherry pipestem  
firmly in the polished surface,  
at his ease he puffs away,  
puffs on his genuine Turkish tobacco  
in the gleaming skull of Cassander!

#### 17. Parodie - Parody

Knitting needles, brightly twinkling,  
stuck in her graying hair,  
sits the Duenna mumbling,  
wearing her short red dress.  
She's waiting in the arbor,  
she loves Pierrot with anguish.  
Knitting needles, brightly twinkling,  
stuck in her graying hair.  
But sudden--hark--a whisper!  
a wind-puff titters softly:  
the moon, that cruel mocker,  
is mimicking with moonbeams  
knitting needles twinkling bright.

#### 18. Der Mondfleck - The Moonfleck

With a snowy fleck of shining moonlight  
on the back side of his smart new frockcoat,  
so sets forth Pierrot one balmy evening,  
in pursuit of fortune and adventure.  
Sudden--something's wrong with his appearance,  
he looks round and round and then he finds it--  
there's a snowy fleck of shining moonlight  
on the back side of his smart new frockcoat.  
Hang it! thinks he: a speckle of plaster!  
Wipes and wipes, but he can't make it vanish!  
On he goes, his pleasure has been poisoned,  
rubs and rubs until it's almost morning  
at a snowy fleck of shining moonlight.

#### 19. Serenade

With a bow grotesquely monstrous  
scrapes Pierrot on his viola.  
Like a stork on one leg standing  
sadly plucks a pizzicato.  
Sudden! here's Cassander,  
raging at the night-time virtuoso.  
With a bow grotesquely monstrous  
scrapes Pierrot on his viola.  
Then he throws aside the viola:  
with a delicate use of the left hand  
seizes Cassander by the collar--  
dreaming plays upon his bald head  
with a bow grotesquely monstrous.

20. **Heimfahrt - Journey Homeward** (Barcarolle)

A moonbeam is the rudder,  
waterlily serves as boat,  
and so Pierrot goes southward  
with friendly following wind.  
The stream hums scales beneath him  
and rocks the fragile craft.  
A moonbeam is the rudder,  
waterlily serves as boat.  
To Bergamo, his homeland,  
at last Pierrot returns;  
soft glimmers rise to eastward,  
the green of the horizon.  
A moonbeam is the rudder.

21. **O alter Duft - O Ancient Scent**

O ancient scent from fabled times,  
once more you captivate my senses!  
A merry troupe of roguish pranks  
pervades the gentle air.  
With cheerful longing I return  
to pleasure I too long neglected.  
O ancient scent from fabled times,  
once more you captivate me.  
All of my gloom I've set aside:  
and from my sun-encircled window  
I gladly view the lovely world,  
and dreams go forth to greet the distance...  
O ancient scent from fabled times!

(Text translation: Andrew Porter)

***Acknowledgments***

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