

In Recital

David Snable, bass

Candidate for the Master of Music degree (Applied Music - Voice)

accompanied by

Sylvia Shadick-Taylor, piano

Thursday, November 28, 1996 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

Ecco, la sconsolata donna
(L'incoronazione di Poppea. G.F. Busenello. 1642)

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)

Vier ernste Gesänge (1896)

1. Denn es gehet dem Menschen
2. Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle
3. O Tod, o Tod, wie bitter bist du
4. Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit Engelszungen redete

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Flight for Heaven (R. Herrick. 1950)

1. To Music, to becalm his Fever
2. Cherry-Ripe
3. Upon Julia's Clothes
4. To Daisies, not to shut so soon
5. Epitaph
6. Another Epitaph
7. To the Willow-tree
8. Comfort to a Youth that had lost his Love
9. (Piano Interlude)
10. To Anthea, who may command him Anything

Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)

Intermission

Pesni i plyaski smerti (Golenishchev-Kutuzov)

1. Kolibel'naya (1875)
2. Serenada (1875)
3. Trepak (1875)
4. Polkovodets (1877)

Modest Musorgsky
(1839-1881)

Songs of the Mad Sea-Captain (B. Martin.) 1946

1. Hidden Treasure
2. Abel Wright
3. Toll the Bell
4. The Golden Ray

Cecil Armstrong Gibbs
(1889-1960)

Translations

Ecco, la sconsolata donna (L'incoronazione di Poppea) - Coronation of Poppea

Seneca's aria

Lo! The unhappy lady has been raised to the throne to suffer slavery. Oh glorious empress of the world, you exceed the ranks of your famous and great ancestors. Your tears are futile and unworthy of these imperial eyes. Give thanks to fate, that with its blows increases your fame. The stone can only produce a spark if it is beaten. Fate has determined that you should display the high virtues of strength and spiritual fortitude, whose glories are greater than that of beauty. The smoothness of face and of the lineaments which provide lustre in delicate hues to a noble appearance - these are stolen by a few thieving days. But constant virtue, so resilient that it can thwart fate and chance, knows no decay.

Vier ernste Gesange - Four Serious Songs

1. Denn es gehet dem Menschen -

For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast: for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.

Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him? (Eccles.iii.19-22)

2. Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle -

So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter.

Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive.

Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun.(Eccles.iv.1-3)

3. O Tod, o Tod, wie bitter bist du -

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things: yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat!

O death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy, and unto him whose strength faileth, that is now in the last age, and is vexed with all things, and to him that despaireth, and hath lost patience.(Sirach.xli. 1,2.)

4. Wenn ich mit Menschen-und mit Engelszungen redete -

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.(1 Cor.xiii. 1-3). For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.(1 Cor.xiii. 12-13).

Pesni i plyaski smerti - Songs and Dances of Death

1. Kolibel'naya - Lullaby

The child moans. A candle flickers dimly, almost burnt out. The mother, rocking the little cradle through the night, does not yield to sleep. In the wee small hours, death, the tender-hearted, darkens the door, on cue, and knocks! The mother, startled, looks round anxiously ... "Don't be afraid, my friend! Already the pale morning light creeps over the window sill, you've worn yourself out with your tears, your fretting, your love; have a little nap, I will sit here for you awhile. You haven't succeeded in calming the child: I will sing more sweetly than you." "Be quiet! My child is racked with pain; he's struggling, it tears my heart in two!" "well now, with me he will soon be still, hush now, child, hushabye, hush." "How pale his cheeks are, his breathing grown weaker...Be silent, do, I beg you!" "The signs are good: his suffering will soon be over. Hush now, child, hushabye, hush." "Be gone, accursed visitor! Your fond attentions will take away my treasure." "No, I'll bring peaceful sleep to the little one; hush, now, child, hushabye, hush." "Have pity; wait, if only a moment, before you end your dreadful song!" "Look, he's fallen asleep to my soothing voice. Hush now, child, hushabye, hush."

2. Serenada - Serenade

The pale blue night holds the promise of joy enchanting; this is the quivering dusk of spring... Too feeble to raise her head, the ailing one listens to the murmurs in the dark stillness. Sleep does not descend on her shining eyes, the pleasures of life are calling! But, under the little window, in the midnight silence, death serenades her: "In the gloom of cruel, close captivity, your youth is fading; I, a mysterious knight, with amazing strength will set you free. Rise and look on your reflection: your countenance, translucent, shines with beauty, roses adorn your cheeks, your wavy tresses swirl like clouds around your waist. The pale blue light in you eager eyes is brighter than heaven and flame... Your breath comes as hot as the noonday sun... You have led me into temptation. You were captivated by my serenade, your whispers summoned the knight. He has come to carry off his final trophy: the moment of rapture is high. Your waist is slender, your trembling - so delightful. Oh, I will smother you in my keen embrace; hearken to my words of love... be still... you are mine!"

3. Trepak - Trepak

Forest and glade, not a soul in sight... The blizzard howls and moans... In the black night, the storm, perchance an evil force, seems to be burying someone. It does indeed - look: in the darkness, death is tenderly embracing a peasant, leading the drunkard in a lively dance, her lips to his ear as she sings: "Oh, old man, wretched creature, you'd got blind drunk and were tottering along the road; the snowstorm, like a witch, began to seethe and rage, driving you quite by chance from field to forest dense; you're worn out by bad luck, grief, needs unmet; lay yourself down. Be comfy, sleep, my friend, I will keep you warm with snow, my dear, I will weave a great game around you. Whip up a bed for him, swan-lady of the snowstorm! Hey you, the elements, let the game commence, begin a dance that will last all night, to make the toper slumber soundly. And you, forests, firmament and clouds, darkness, wind and driving snow, make a shroud from the soft, white mantle and I will swathe the old man in it, like a babe. Sleep, my dear fellow, fortunate little man, summer has come, in her blooming glory! The good old sun smiles down on the cornfield, the sickles are out, a simple song carries on the air, and doves are on the wing!..."

4. Polkovodets - The Field Marshal

Amid the thunder of battle and the flash of armour, cold weaponry rends the air, regiments move swiftly, horses gallop, red rivers flow. In the noon brightness, men are locked in combat! As the sun sinks, the pitch of battle rises! Twilight colours fade, but the fury of the fight blazes more fiercely! And night falls on the field of combat. Soldiers disperse in the gloom...Silence descends, and in the dark mist the groans drift up to the heavens. And then , riding her warhorse, and bathed in the light of the moon, with the gleaming whiteness of bones, death herself appears.

And, in the stillness, listening with pride and pleasure to the cries and prayers, like a Field Marshal, she makes tour of inspection of the battlefield. Climbing onto a mound, she halts, looks about her and gives a smile...and, over the war-torn plain, the fatal words ring out: "The battle is over! Victory is mine! You have all surrendered to me, brave warriors! Life threw you into conflict, death has reconciled you! Stand to attention for review, men of the dead! I order you to commence a solemn march past, I wish to count my troops. Then let the earth receive your bones, after the toils of life, what sweet repose lies in the soil! Imperceptibly, The years will pass, the memory of you will be gone from the minds of men. I will not forget! With great ceremony, I'll host a midnight banquet above you! In the throes of a grim dance, I will trample down the damp earth, so that your remains can never leave the fastness of the sepulchral soil, so that you shall never rise from the earth!"

Upcoming Events:

Friday, November 29 at 8:00 pm
Convocation Hall
Admission: \$10/adult, \$5/student/senior

Saturday, November 30 at 8:00 pm
Convocation Hall
Admission: \$5/adult, \$3/student/senior

Sunday, December 1 at 3:00 pm
Convocation Hall
Admission: \$5/adult, \$3/student/senior

Sunday, December 1 at 8:00 pm
Convocation Hall
Admission: \$5/adult, \$3/student/senior

Monday, December 2 at 12:10 pm
Convocation Hall
Free admission

Monday, December 2 at 8:00 pm
First Presbyterian Church
10025 - 105 Street
Free admission

Monday, December 2 at 8:00 pm
John L Haar Theatre
Admission: \$5/adult, \$3/student/senior

Wednesday, December 4 at 12:00 pm
Convocation Hall
Free admission

Wednesday, December 4 at 5:15 pm
Convocation Hall
Free admission

Music at Convocation Hall featuring Marnie Giesbrecht and Joachim Segger. *On the eve of three anniversaries: Schubert, Mendelssohn and Brahms.* Mostly duo and solo works for piano.

The University of Alberta Symphonic Wind Ensemble Concert.
Fordyce C Pier, director. Program will include works by Holsinger, Hartley, Arnold, Rathaus, Youtz, and Grainger.

The University of Alberta Concert Band Concert.
William H Street, director.
Program to be announced.

The University of Alberta Concert Choir Concert. Debra Cairns, director. Program will include Britten's *A Ceremony of Carols* and Luboff's *African Mass*.

Music at Noon, Convocation Hall Student Recital Series featuring students of the Department of Music.

Doctor of Music Recital: László Nemes, choral conducting.
Program will include works by Pergolesi, Stravinsky, Mussorgsky, and Kodály.

The GMCC and U of A Jazz Bands I & II Concert. Raymond Baril and Tom Dust, directors. *An Evening of Big Band Jazz.* For further information please contact the Grant MacEwan Community College Department of Music, Telephone: 497-4436

Noon Hour Organ Recital. Performers are students from the University of Alberta Department of Music. Program to be announced.

Advent Service. Lessons and Carols with the U of A Mixed Chorus. Robert de Frece, director, and Marnie Giesbrecht, organist. For further information, please call Pauline Grant at 492-7524.



Please note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice. Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).