



music
at **convocation**
hall

Judith Richardson, soprano
Janet Scott Hoyt, piano

Friday, January 28, 2000

7:15 pm *Pre-Concert Introduction*
by **Wesley Berg**
Main floor
Convocation Hall

8:00 pm *Concert*



This is a Benefit Concert for the
MAREK JABLONSKI PRIZE FOR
CHOPIN ENDOWMENT.
Donations are welcome.

Program

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte, K.520 (1787) Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
An Chloë, K.524 (1787)

Frauenliebe und leben, Op. 42 (1843) Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Seit ich ihn gesehen
Er, der Herrlichste von Allen
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Süsser Freund, du blickest
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Intermission

Les Courtes Pailles (1960) Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Le sommeil
Quelle aventure!
La reine de coeur
Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu
Les anges musiciens
Le carafon
Lune d'avril

With rue my heart is laden (1936) Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Secrets of the old (1941)
Nocturne (1941)
Nuvoletta (1947)

Amor y Odio Enrique Granados (1897-1916)
El Majo Discreto

¿De dónde venis, amore? Joaquin Rodrigo (1901-1999)
De los álamos vengo, madre

Translation

Als Luise die ihres ungetreuen Leibhabers verbrannte - As Luise Burned the Letters of Her Faithless Lover

Text: Gabriele von Baumberg
Begotten by warm imagination,
In an hour of passion
Brought into the world, now perish,
You children of melancholy.

You owe your existence to fire,
Now to fire I return you
And all your songs of passion,
For, alas, he did not sing to me alone.

You are burning now, and soon, dear letters,
No trace of you will remain.
But ah, the man who wrote you
Will surely burn long hence within me!

An Chloe - To Chloë

Text: J.C. Jacobi
When love sparkles gaily
In your clear blue eyes,
When the joy of looking at you,
Makes my heart beat fiercely;
Then I hold you in my arms,
Fondly kissing your rosy cheeks,
Darling girl, and I enfold you
Trembling in a close embrace!

Maiden, I enfold you,
Press you to my heart
Which only at the moment
Of dying will let you go;
My intoxicated eyes
Are dimmed by a gloomy cloud.
Then I sit by your side,
Exhausted, but blissful.

Frauenliebe und -leben - Woman's Love and Life

Text: Adalbert von Chamisso

Seit ich ihn gesehen - From the moment I saw him

From the moment I saw him
I felt blind to all else.
I had eyes only for him;
His countenance is ever before me,
Even in the darkest depths it shines resplendently.
Without him, everything seems colourless.

Seit ich ihn gesehen - From the moment I saw him (cont'd.)

I cannot share my sisters' pleasures.
I fly to my little room and silently weep,
For since I set eyes on him,
I am blind to all around me.

Er, der Herrlichste von Allen - The noblest of men, he is tender and kind

The noblest of men, he is tender and kind.
His eyes are crystal clear and his lips gentle.
A frank, open mind and steadfast courage are his too.
As the bright star in the sky,
So he shines in my own heaven, bright and noble.
Pursue your course,

And let me gaze humbly on your glory.
I offer up a silent prayer that good fortune may be yours,
But doubt that you heed this lowly maiden,
My glorious star.

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben - I can scarcely believe it, and feel it is all a dream

I can scarcely believe it, and feel it is all a dream.
Why should he have chosen me?
Did I hear him say, "I will love you forever?"
Surely not; I must have been dreaming.
Yet, if it is a dream,
I would willingly die.

Du Ring an meinem Finger - His ring is on my finger

His ring is on my finger and I devoutly press it to my lips.
My childhood dream is over and I feel lost and forsaken in boundless space.
O ring upon my finger, you have taught me how precious life is.
I'll live for him and serve him.
Belong to him only, and become transfigured by his brightness.
O ring upon my finger, I press you to my lips
And hold you to my heart.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern - Help me, sisters, to adorn myself

Help me, sisters, to adorn myself
On this most happy of days.
And wreath the myrtle blooms about my head.
I was content to lie in my lover's arms,
But he waited with impatience for this day.
Help me to banish the foolish fears which oppress me, dear sisters,
That I may greet the fountain of my happiness with an unclouded eye.
My beloved appears before me
And sheds his beneficent rays upon me
As I devotedly bow to my lover.
I must now take a sad farewell of you,
To go joyfully to him.

Süsser Freund, du blickest - Dear man, you look at me with wonder in your eyes

Dear man, you look at me with wonder in your eyes.
Do you not guess the reason for my weeping
On this day of all days?
Why my heart flutters, yet is so proud?
Hide your face on my breast
And I'll whisper my joy to you.
Though you can no longer see my tears,

You now know the reason, my beloved.
Feel my heart beat,
As I press you closer and closer.
Some day a cradle will stand beside my bed here
And when that dream comes true
Your image will be smiling up at me.

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust - At my breast my lovely son lies

At my breast my lovely son lies,
My treasure and my joy.
Only a mother can know the happiness you bring,
My darling angel.
Look at me and smile,
My joy and my delight.

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan - You have wounded me for the first time

You have wounded me for the first time,
Now that you lie cold in death.
My world is void and I am left alone.
I have loved and lived,
but life means little to me now,
I will withdraw myself from the world and drop the veil,
To find my lost happiness and you.

La Courte Paille - Luck of The Draw

Text: Maurice Careme

Le sommeil - Sleep

Sleep has gone on his travels.
My goodness! Where has he gone?
I have rocked my little one in vain;
he is crying in his little folding bed.
He has been crying since midday.

What has the sandman done with
his sand and his golden dreams?
I have rocked my little one in vain.
He tosses and turns, bathed in perspiration.
He is sobbing in his bed.

Le sommeil - Sleep (cont'd.)

Ah! return, return, sleep,
on your lovely swift horse!
In the dark sky the Great Bear
has buried the sun
and re-lit his golden honey-bees.

If my child does not sleep well,
he will not say "Good morning".
He will say nothing tomorrow
to his fingers, to the milk, to the bread
which greet him when the day comes.

Quelle aventure - What an Adventure!

A flea was drawing
a little elephant along in her carriage,
looking at the shop-windows
where the diamonds were sparkling.
My goodness! What an adventure!
Who would believe me if they heard my story?
The baby elephant, with an absent-minded air,
was licking jam out of a pot.
But the flea took no notice of him.
She pulled him along, smiling.
My goodness! If this goes on much longer
I think I'll go mad!
Suddenly, as they were passing a fence,
the flea launched herself into the wind
and disappeared.
I saw the baby elephant run away,
breaking through the walls.
My goodness! It certainly happened,
but how shall I tell my mother about it?
My goodness! It certainly happened!

Le reine de coeur -The Queen of Hearts

Gently leaning
against window-panes of moonlight,
the queen greets you
with an almond blossom.

She is the queen of hearts.
If she wishes, she can
lead you in secret
to strange places

where there are no more doors,
no rooms, no towers,
where dead young girls
talk of love.

Le reine de coeur -The Queen of Hearts (cont'd.)

The queen greets you;
hasten to follow her
into her castle of frost
with its lovely leaded panes of moonlight.

Ba, be, bi, Bo, Bu - A,E,I,O,U

A,E,I,O,U, Boo!
The cat has put his boots on.
He goes from door to door
playing, dancing, dancing, singing.
Mouse, mice, louse, lice.

"You must learn to read,
to count, to write,"
they tell him from all sides.
But rikkatikkittah,
the cat bursts out laughing
as he returns to the castle.
He's Puss in Boots!

Les anges musiciens - The Angel Musicians

On the strings of the rain
the Thursday* angels
play the harp for hours.
And beneath their fingers, Mozart
tinkles delightfully,
in drops of blue joy.

For it is always Mozart's music
which the angel musicians
play again and again.
All Thursday long they make their harps sing
of the sweetness of the rain.

*In France, Thursday used to be the children's weekly holiday from school.

Le Carafon - The Baby Carafe

The carafe grumbled,
"Why can't I have a baby carafe?
Hasn't Mrs. Giraffe in the zoo
got a little giraffe?"
A wizard who was passing by
riding on a gramophone
recorded the lovely soprano voice
of the carafe and played it back to Merlin.
"Very good," Merlin said, "very good!"
He clapped his hands three times
and the lady of the house

Le Carafon - The Baby Carafe (cont'd.)

is still wondering why
she found, that morning,
a pretty little baby carafe
snuggled up next to the carafe.
Just as in the zoo, the baby giraffe
lays his long fragile neck
against the pale flank of the giraffe.

Lune d'avril - April Moon

Moon, beautiful moon, April moon,
let me see as I sleep
the peach tree with its golden heart,
the fish that laughs at the hailstones,
the bird that,
like the sound of a distant horn,
gently awakes the dead,
and above all the country
where all is joy, all is brightness,
where, sunny with primroses,
all the guns have been destroyed.
Moon, beautiful moon, April moon,
moon.

Amor y odio - Love and Hate

Text: Periquet
I thought I would know how to hide my sorrow,
to hide it so well
that the world would not be able to see
this silent love that a wicked majo
fired in my soul.
But it was not so, because he perceived
my hidden suffering.

But it was in vain that he noticed it,
for the villain proved indifferent to my love,
and this is the pain which I suffer now:
To feel my soul full of love
for one who forgets me,
without one hopeful ray of light
to brighten the shadows of my life.

El majo discreto - The Discreet Majo

They say that my majo is homely.
Maybe it is so,
for love is but a desire that blinds and dazzles.
I have long known that he who loves is blind.

But if my majo is not a man
noted for being handsome,
he is discreet and keeps a secret which I,
knowing he is trustworthy, confided to him.

What is the secret that the majo kept?
It would be indiscreet for me to tell.
No little effort is required to discover
the secrets a majo has with a woman.
He was born in Lavapies.
Oh! Oh! He's a majo, a majo he is.

¿De donde venis, amore? - From where have you come, Beloved?

From where have you come, beloved?
I know full well where you have been,
I know full well where you have been.

From where have you come, my lover?
I have been a witness,
I have been a witness!
Ah, ah, I know where you've come from,
I know where you've been to,
just where you've been!

De los alamos vengo, madre - By the Poplars

I have been by the poplars, mother.
I have seen how their branches swayed in the breezes.
By the poplar trees of Seville
I have seen my beautiful lover.

A former graduate of the University of Alberta, soprano **Judith Richardson** has recently returned from many years of professional singing in England and South Africa. In London, she recently did the Poulenc Gloria at St Margaret's Westminster, a chamber music concert at Knole for the National Trust as well as concerts at St Martin in the Fields and the Dartington International School in Devon. She will return to England in June to give a concert and masterclass in Chichester. In November she sang with the Alberta Baroque Ensemble. She will be taking part in a performance of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony in the Spring with the Red Deer Symphony.

Janet Scott Hoyt is widely known as a pianist, teacher and adjudicator. Her university studies were completed at the University of Alberta. Further studies were done in Europe with Cecile Genhart and at The Banff Centre with Gyorgy Sebok and Menachem Pressler. Since 1973, she has been a member of the music faculty at The Banff Centre, and in 1995, was nominated to lead the Collaborative Pianists Faculty there. Through her long association with The Banff Arts Festival, she has performed with many artists of international repute and with students from around the world. She was named to the piano faculty of the Department of Music at the University of Alberta in 1998.

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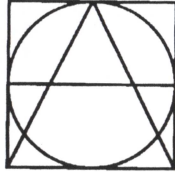


"Music is well said to be
 the speech of angels."
 Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881)

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