



Department of Music
University of Alberta

ART SONG RECITAL

Kuniko Furuhata, mezzosoprano

accompanied by

Helmut Brauss, pianist

Sunday, November 26, 1989

8:00 p.m.

Convocation Hall, Arts Building
University of Alberta

Program



Department of Music
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Programme

Nachtlied
Neue Liebe
Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden
Hexenlied

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder
Freudvoll und leidvoll
Die Lorelei
Die drei Zigeuner

Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)

Siete Canciones Populares
Españolas (1914)

Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

- 1) *El Paño moruno*
- 2) *Seguidilla murciana*
- 3) *Asturiana*
- 4) *Jota*
- 5) *Nana*
- 6) *Canción*
- 7) *Polo*

Intermission

Nocturne
The Secret of the old
The rain has fallen
Sleep now
I hear an army

Samuel Barber
(b. 1910)

Four selected songs from
Chants d'Auvergne (1923-30)

(Arr.) Joseph Canteloube
(1879-1957)

Pastourelle
Tchut, tchut
Brezairola
L'año dé rotzo

Translations

Mendelssohn

Nachtlied (*Eichendorff*) Night Song

Passed has the bright day, from far away the bell is ringing
thus passes the time taking along some who did not suspect.
Where is now the rapture, the friend's consolation,
the faithful bosom and the lover's sweet appearance.

Does nobody want to be joyful with me?
Come, come, you lovely nightingale,
You waterfall with the bright sound to praise
God together until the bright morning light appears.

Neue Liebe (*Heine*) New Love

In the moonlight, through the forest on their nimble coursers
bounding.
But just now I saw the fairies, heard their bells and clarions
sounding.

Their milkwhite horses with golden antlers are flying through the
air.
Like wild swan thro' the night air sweeping.

Gaily smil'd the queen and nodded,
smiled as past me she was riding.
Means it, my new love shall prosper?
or forbodes same fatal tiding?

Wenn sich zwei Herzen scheiden (*Geibel*) When two hearts are parting

When two hearts are parting who once had been in love
there is tremendous suff'ring which stronger not exists.
The word sounds so sad - farewell, farewell, forever.

When first I felt that love might break,
like the sun of the day vanishing
In my ear sounding so wondrously - farewell, farewell, forever.

Hexenlied (*Hölty*) Witches' may song

The swallows bring glad news of spring,
Our season of garlands advances,
We'll softly glide, the door outside,
To join in our glorious dances
Away with goat, off jetblack coat, Tongs, Broomstick,
distaff and spindle
We quickly fly thro' stormy sky, our fires
on the Brocken to kindle.

By trees and shrub', round Beelzebub, we dance,
his claws kissing and clasping.
While spectre bands, with waving brands
our arms are with vehemence, grasping
And gift on gift to dancers swift,
most cheerfully Beelzebub offers.
In silk attir'd we'll be admir'd,
from pots of lost gold fill our coffers.

Firedragons soar, the rafters o'er and bring us
sweet fresh eggs and butter.
The neighbours then mark the flick'ring spark,
cross themselves and hurried prayers utter!

The swallows bring glad news of spring,
our season of garlands advances,
we'll softly glide the door outside,
Hurrah for our glorious dances.

Liszt

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder (*Heine*) My songs are poisoned

They're poisoned, my songs are poisoned;
thou, whom my soul doth adore, into my young heart,
O'erflowing with gladness, thou poison didst pour.
They are poisoned, my songs are poisoned;
so must they ever, ever be!
My bosom harbors vile serpents and thee, my love, and thee.

Freudvoll und leidvoll (Goethe) Joyful and woeful

Joyful and woeful, and thoughtful with care,
Hoping, now fearing, now swept by despair,
caught up to heaven, then dashed from above,
Happy alone is the heart when in love.

Die Lorelei (Heine) The Loreley

I know not what it betokens that I such sadness,
such sadness know;
A legend of bygone ages
So haunts me, nor will it go,
The air is cool, day is waning,
And gently flows the Rhine,
The summits of lofty mountains
with sunset splendors shine,
Upon the heights is seated
A maid surpassing fair,
Her jewels of gold are shining,
She combs her golden hair;
With comb all of gold she combs it,
And sings a wondrous song;
In cadence so strangely haunting.
The sound is borne along,
The boatman in tiny shallop is holden
by longing dread,
He sees not the reef before him,
He sees but the height overhead.
The billows, surrounding, engulf him,
till boat and boatman are gone.
And this with her artful singing
The Loreley, the Loreley hath done!

Die drei Zigeuner (Lenau) The Three Gypsies

Once I met three sturdy gypsies lying in a meadow.
As I journey'd beside my wagon o'er the heath in the shadow.
Now the first, on a fiddle old,
Held in brown agile fingers
Play'd there in the sunset gold

The Three Gypsies continued

Songs whose gay music lingers.
And the second with pipe in mouth,
Gazing at smoke ascending,
seemed reclining in sweet content
All earth's joy transcending.
And the third one cosily slept,
While his cymbal hung on a tree;
Thro' every string then the light wind swept,
Filling his dream with melody.
Worn and old the rags of the tree,
Yet nought they knew of sorrow;
For they were joyous, gay and free,
Cared no jot for the morrow.
Thus in three ways they show'd to me
Life is for sleep, for
smoke, for, play,
Nor forget to deride it.

de Falla

Siete Canciones Populares Españolas

1) El paño moruno

There is a lovely cloth in a shop
that has been badly stained.
Now it must sell for a lower price,
for its value is lost.

2) Seguidilla murciana

People who live in glass houses
should not throw stones.
And those who are untrustworthy,
like a coin worn so thin
no one accepts it, are recognizable as counterfeit.

3) Asturiana

A maiden seeks consolation under a pine tree
She weeps, and the tree because it too is green,
weeps in compassion.

4) Jota

They say that we do not love each other,
for we are never seen together.
Now I slip from your window,
and though your mother disapproves of me,
I say farewell, my girl, until tomorrow.

5) Nana

Sleep softly, my son, bright star of the morning.
Sleep.

6) Canción

Your eyes are traitors.
How I suffer to look into them.
Mercy! They say you love me not,
Though once you did.
You have won, losing me.
Mother of grief!

7) Polo

Ay! I guard sorrow in my breast,
a sorrow I can't describe.
Cursed be love Ay!
..... and he who taught me love! Ay!

Barber

Nocturn (Prokosch)

Close my darling both your eyes,
Let your arms lie still at last
Calm the lake of falsehood lies

Nocturn *continued*

And the wind of lust has passed,
Waves across these hopeless sands
fill my heart and end my day,
underneath your moving hands
All my aching flows away.
Even the human pyramids
Blaze with such a longing now:
Close, my love, your trembling lids,
Let the midnight heal your brow.
Northwards flames Orion's horn,
Westward th'Egyptian light
None to watch us, none to warn
But the blind eternal night.

The secrets of the old (Yeats)

I have old women's secrets now
that had those of the young;
Madge tells me what I dared not think
When my blood was strong,
And what had drowned a lover once
Sounds like an old song.
Though Marg'ry is stricken dumb
If thrown in Madge's way,
We three make up a solitude;
For none alive today can know the stories
that we know Or say the things we say:
How such a man pleased women most of
all that are gone,
How such a pair loved many years
And such a pair but one,
Stories of the bed of straw
Or the bed of down.

Rain has fallen (Joyce)

Rain has fallen all the day.
O come among the laden trees:
The leaves lie thick upon the way of mem'ries.
Staying a little by the way of mem'ries shall we depart,
Come, my beloved, where I may speak to your heart,
Speak to your heart.

Sleep now (*Joyce*)

Sleep now, O sleep now, O you unquiet heart!
A voice crying "Sleep now" is heard in my heart.
The voice of the winter is heard at the door.
O Sleep for the winter is crying "Sleep no more,"
My kiss will give peace now And quiet to your heart.
Sleep on in peace now, O you unquiet heart!

I hear an army (*Joyce*)

I hear an army charging upon the land,
And the thunder of horses plunging,
foam about their knees:
Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,
Disdaining the reins, with flutt'ring whips,
The chariteers.
They cry unto the night their battle name:
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,
Clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.
They come shaking in triumph their long, green hair:
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.
My heart have you no wisdom thus to despair?
My love, why have you left me alone?

Canteloube

Pastourelle *Pastral song*

A lover calls across a river to his girl
to come to him to talk about love.
She answers she cannot because she has no boat.
He replies that she can easily obtain anything
because she is so beautiful.

Tchut, Tchut *Hush, Hush*

My father has found me a job
It's to go and look after the cows,
Hush, hush mustn't say it!
Hush, hush, don't make so much noise
Hush, hush, hush!

Tchut, Tchut *Hush, Hush continued*

No sooner had I arrived there,
than my lover met me,
Hush, hush mustn't say it!
Hush, hush, don't make so much noise
Hush, hush, hush!

Didn't get as many stitches done,
as he gave me hugs and kisses!
Hush, hush mustn't say it!
Hush, hush, don't make so much noise
Hush, hush, hush!

If there are girls with tidier hair,
they aren't better to kiss!
Hush, hush mustn't say it!
Hush, hush, don't make so much noise
Hush, hush, hush!

Breizairola *Cradle song*

Sleep, sleep, come, come, come;
Sleep, sleep, come do come
Sleep, sleep, doesn't want to come,
the child doesn't want to sleep!
Oh!
Sleep, sleep, come, come, come;
Sleep, sleep, come to the little one Oh!
Oh!
Sleep, sleep, come, come, come;
Ah, here he is coming at last, the wretch!
The child wants to sleep
Ah!

L'aïo de rotzo *The water from the spring*

The water from the spring will kill you, my little one,
Don't drink pure water, my little one!

A swig of wine will do you good!
When a girl wants to marry,
She should not be given pure water,
She would rather have a good swig of wine!

Kuniko Furuhata

Kuniko Furuhata studied at the Musashino Academia Musicae in Tokyo, the Musikhochschule in Stuttgart, and in Zürich. She has given performances in Japan, West and East Germany, and Switzerland. She held a teaching position at the Musashino Academia Musicae, frequently recording for the radio station NHK in Tokyo and is a member of the Hugo Wolf Society of Japan. Ms Furuhata now resides in Edmonton, where she has appeared in several recitals and CBC broadcasts and as soloist with the Richard Eaton Singers and with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra.

Helmut Brauss

Helmut Brauss received his early music training in Europe. Inspired by mentors such as Elly Ney, Hans Ehlers and Edwin Fischer he developed a deep affinity to the great European interpretative tradition. It naturally follows, that he should devote himself especially to the music of Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms, although his repertoire ranges from baroque to contemporary composers, among whom Bartok is of growing significance to him. He has shown his extraordinary pianistic ability and stylistic versatility in more than 1500 recitals, chamber music concerts, appearances as soloist with orchestras and radio broadcasts throughout central Europe, the British Isles, Scandinavia, USA, Japan, Korea, China and Canada. His interpretation is documented by seven recordings of works by Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Chopin, Pfitzner, Poulenc and Khatchaturian.