

DEBRA OLLIKKALA,
soprano

and

STÉPHANE LEMELIN,
pianist

Friday, January 31, 1992
at 8 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Program



PROGRAM

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen, Op. 129

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Dennis Prime, clarinetist

Gretchen am Spinnrade, Op. 2
Die junge Nonne, Op. 43, No. 1
Viola, Op. 123
Der Musensohn, Op. 92, No. 1
Erlkönig, Op. 1

Franz Schubert

INTERMISSION

Histoires naturelles

- I. Le Paon
- II. Le Grillon
- III. Le Cygne
- IV. Le Martin-Pêcheur
- V. La Pintade

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

From the Diary of Virginia Woolf

- I. The Diary
- II. Anxiety
- III. Fancy
- IV. Hardy's Funeral
- V. Rome
- VI. War
- VII. Parents
- VIII. Last Entry

Dominick Argento
(b. 1927)

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen (Müller)

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich
steh,
Ins tiefe Tal hernieder
seh,
Und singe, und singe...
Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal,
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall,
--der Widerhall der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt,
Von unten, von unten...
below...

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von
mir,
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiss nach ihr,
Hinüber, hinüber...

In tiefem Gram verzehr' ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung
wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.
So sehnd klang im Wald das
Lied,
So sehnd klang es durch die
Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel
zieht,
Mit Wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling meine Freud',
Nun mach ich mich fertig, zum
Wandern bereit.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir widerklingt.

Gretchen am Spinnrade (Goethe)

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

The Shepherd on the Rock
When I stand upon the highest
rock,
And look down into the deep
valley below,
And sing, and sing...
Up from the dusky vale far away,
I hear every note echoed clearly,
--the echo from the cliff.

The farther I can send my voice,
The clearer it returns to me,
From far below, from far

My sweetheart lives so far from
me,
That I long passionately for her,
Over there, over there...

I am consumed by deep sorrow,
For me joy is lost,
To me hope soaks into the
ground,
I am so lonely here.
So longingly sounds the song in
the forest,
With such yearning does it ring
through the night,
It draws the heart towards
Heaven,
With wondrous might.

The spring will come,
Spring my delight,
Now make me ready to wander
once more.

The farther I can send my voice,
The clearer it returns to me.

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall find it never,
never again.

Texts and Translations (continued) - 2

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!

Mein Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt
Sich nach ihm hin;
Ach, dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn

Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt',
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

Where I do not have him
it is like the grave to me,
the whole world
is bitter.

My poor head
is deranged,
my poor mind
is distracted.

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall find it never,
never again.

Only for him
I look out of the window;
only for him I
leave the house.

His fine bearing,
his noble form,
the smile of his lips,
the power of his eyes,

and the magic flow
of his talk,
the clasp of his hands,
and ah, his kiss!

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall find it never,
never again.

My bosom yearns
for him,
ah, could I grasp him
and hold him

and kiss him
to my heart's content,
under his kisses
to swoon!

Schwestern nicht, nicht Bräutigam,
zugesdrungen und verschmäht!
Da durchschauert sie die Scham,
fliehet wie vom Sturm geweht,

fliehet an den fernsten Ort,
wo sie Gras und Schatten deckt,
späht und lauschet immerfort:
ob was rauschet und sich regt.

Und gekränkt und getäuscht
sitzt sie und schluchzt und weint;
von der tiefsten Angst zerfleischt,
ob kein Nahender erscheint.

Schneeglöcklein, o Schneeglöcklein!
in den Auen läutest du,
läutest in dem stillen Hain,
läut' die Schwestern ihr herzu!

Rose nahet, Lilie schwankt,
Tulp' und Hyacinthe schwellt,
Windling kommt daher gerankt,
und Narciss' hat sich gesellt.

Da der Frühling nun erscheint,
und das frohe Fest beginnt,
sieht er alle die vereint,
und vermisst sein liebstes Kind.

Alle schickt er suchend fort,
um die Eine, die ihm werth.
Und sie kommen an den Ort,
wo sie einsam sich verzehrt.

Doch es sitzt das liebe Kind
stumm und bleich, das Haupt gebückt,
ach! der Lieb' und Sehnsuch Schmerz
hat die Zärtliche erdrückt.

Schneeglöcklein, o Schneeglöcklein!
in den Auen läutest du,
läutest in dem stillen Hain,
läut Viola, sanfte Ruh'!

No sister, no Bridegroom,
pierced and disdained!
She shudders there with fear,
flees as if tossed by a storm,

flees to a distant lair,
where she hides in the grass and shade,
then she looks and listens there:
to find out what rustles and what stirs.

And suffering and deceived
she sits and sobs and weeps;
from deepest anguish she is torn apart,
for no one appears.

Little snow bell, oh little snow bell!
in the meadows you ring,
in the quiet dell,
call your sisters hither!

Roses draw near and lilies chime,
tulips and hyacinths sway,
morning glories start to climb,
and jonquils join the throng.

Now the spring begins its rite,
and its joyous dance begins,
it sees all it unites,
and misses its dearest child.

Spring then sends them all
to search for the one who is so dear.
And they come upon the place
where she pines away alone.

There she sits, the dear child,
still and pale, her head bent,
Ah! the pain of love and longing
has smothered this sweet one.

Little snow bell, oh little snow bell!
in the meadows you ring,
in the quiet dell,
call Viola softly to rest.

Der Musensohn (Goethe)

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,
Mein Liedchen wegzupfeifen,
so geht's von Ort zu Ort!
Und nach dem Takte reget,
Und nach dem Mass beweget
Sich alles an mir fort.

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten,
Die erste Blum' im Garten,
Die erste Blüt' am Baum.
Sie grüssen meine Lieder,
Und kommt der Winter wieder,
Sing' ich noch jenen Traum.

Ich sing' ihn in der Weite,
Auf's Eises Läng' und Breite,
Da blüht der Winter schön!
Auch diese Blüte schwindet,
Und neue Freude findet
Sich auf bebauten Höhn.

Denn wie ich bei der Linde
Das junge Völkchen finde,
Sogleich erreg' ich sie.
Der stumpfe Bursche bläht sich,
Das steife Mädchen dreht sich
Nach meiner Melodie

Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel
Und treibt durch Tal und Hügel
Den Liebling weit von Haus.
Ihr lieben, holden musen,
Wann ruh' ich ihr am Busen
Auch endlich wieder aus?

Erlkönig (Goethe)

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht
und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn
warm.

The Poet

To ramble through field and forest,
to pipe away my little song,
so it goes from place to place!
and to my beat
and to my measure
everything moves.

I can hardly wait
for the first flower in the garden,
the first bloom on the tree.
They greet my songs,
and when winter comes again
I am still singing of that dream.

I sing it far and wide
over the length and breadth of ice,
and winter blossoms beautifully!
These flowers also vanish,
and new happiness is found
in the upland farms.

For when under the linden
I find the young people,
at once I excite them.
The dull boy struts,
the stiff girl turns
to my melody.

You give wings to my feet
and drive over vale and hill
your loved one, far from home.
O dear, gentle muses,
when shall I rest again upon her bosom
at last?

The Erlking

Who rides so late through the
night and the wind?
It is the father with his child;
he folds the boy close in his arms,
he clasps him securely, he holds
him warmly.

II. Le Grillon

C'est l'heure où, las d'errer,
l'insecte nègre revient
de promenade et répare avec
soin le désordre de son domaine.
D'abord, il ratisse ses étroites
allées de sable.
Il fait du bran de scie qu'il écarte
au seuil de sa retraite.
Il lime la racine de cette grande herbe
propre à le harceler. Il se repose.
Puis il remonte sa minuscule montre.
A-t-il fini?
est-elle cassée? Il se repose encore
un peu. Il rentre chez lui et ferme
sa porte. Longtemps il
tourne sa clef dans la serrure
délicate. Et il écoute: point d'alarme
dehors. Mais il ne se trouve
pas en sûreté. Et comme
par une chaînette dont la poulie grince,
il descend jusqu'au fond de la terre.
On n'entend plus rien. Dans la
campagne muette, les peupliers
se dressent comme des
doigts en l'air et désignent la
lune.

III. Le Cygne

Il glisse sur le bassin, comme un
traîneau blanc, de nuage en nuage. Car
il n'a faim que des nuages floconneux
qu'il voit naître, bouger et se perdre
dans l'eau. C'est l'un d'eux qu'il
désire. Il le vise du bec, et il
plonge tout à coup son col vêtu
de neige. Puis, tel un bras
de femme sort d'une manche,
il le retire. Il n'a rien. Il regarde:
les nuages effarouchés ont disparu.
Il ne reste qu'un instant désabusé car
les nuages tardent peu à revenir, et,
là-bas, où meurent les ondulations de

II. The Grasshopper

Now comes the hour when, tired
of wandering, the little black
insect returns from his walk and
carefully puts to rights the
confusion in his home. First he
rakes over the narrow sanded
pathways. He makes sawdust he
spreads on the threshold of his
retreat. He files down the root of
a tall plant likely to annoy him. He rests.
Then he winds up his tiny watch.
Has he finished? Is it broken?
He rests for a moment. He goes
into his home and shuts the
door. For a long time he
turns the key in the lock. And he
listens: no sound to be heard
outside. But he still doesn't feel
safe. And as if by a little chain
on a creaking pulley, he lets
himself down into the depths
of the earth. Nothing more is
to be heard. In the silent
countryside the poplars
stand out like fingers in the
air and point at the moon.

III. The Swan

He glides over the lakes as if
he were a white sleigh, from
cloud to cloud. For he is
hungry only for the fleecy clouds
which he sees materialising,
shifting and disappearing in the
water. It is one of those that he
wants. He takes aim with his
beak and suddenly plunges his
snowy neck into the water.
Then, like a woman's arm coming
out of a sleeve, he withdraws his
neck. He is disillusioned only
for a moment, since the clouds are

l'eau, en voici un qui se reforme.
Doucement, sur son léger coussin
de plumes, le cygne rame et
s'approche...Il s'épuise à
pêcher de vains reflets, et
peut-être qu'il mourra, victime
de cette illusion, avant d'attraper
en seul morceau de nuage.
Mais qu'est-ce que je dis?
Chaque fois qu'il plonge, il
fouille du bec la vase nourrissante
et ramène un ver.
Il engraisse comme une oie.

IV. Le Martin-pêcheur

Ça n'a pas mordu ce soir, mais je
rapporte une rare émotion. Comme
je tenais ma perche de ligne tendue,
un martin-pêcheur est venu s'y
poser. Nous n'avons pas d'oiseau
plus éclatant. Il semblait une grosse
fleur bleue au bout d'une longue
tige. La perche pliait sous le poids.
Je ne respirais plus, tout fier
d'être pris pour un arbre par un
martin-pêcheur. Et je suis sûr qu'il
ne s'est pas envolé de peur, mais
qu'il a cru qu'il ne faisait que
passer d'une branche à une autre.

V. La Pintade

C'est la bossue de ma cour. Elle ne
rêve que plaies à cause de sa bosse.
Les poules ne lui disent rien:
brusquement elle se précipite et
les harcèle. Puis elle baisse sa tête,
penche le corps, et, de toute la
vitesse de ses pattes maigres, elle
court frapper, de son bec dur, juste
au centre de la roue d'une dinde.
Cette poseuse l'agaçait. Ainsi, la

not slow in coming back, and over
yonder, where the rippings in the
water are dying away, there is one
that's re-forming. Gently, upon its
light cushion of feathers, the swan
paddles and comes nearer. He is
exhausted by fishing for empty reflections,
and perhaps he will die a victim of this
illusion before catching a single piece of
cloud. But what am I saying? Each time
he plunges into the water, he burrows with
his beak into the nourishing mud and brings
up a worm. He's getting as fat a goose.

IV. The Kingfisher

Not a bite this evening, but I felt a
real thrill. As I held out my
fishing rod, a kingfisher came and
perched on it. We have no bird
more brilliant. He seemed like a
big blue flower on the end of
a long stalk. The rod bent under
the weight. I held my breath,
quite proud to be mistaken for a
tree by a kingfisher. And I am
sure that he didn't fly away out
of fear, but believed that he was
only passing from one branch to
another.

V. The Guinea Fowl

She is the hunchback of my
courtyard. She dreams of nothing
but fighting because of her hump.
The fowls say nothing to her:
suddenly she swoops and harasses
them. Then she lowers her head,
points her body forward, and
with all the speed of her skinny feet,
she runs and strikes with her
hard beak right in the centre

tête bleuie, ses barbillons à vif, cocardière, elle rage du matin au soir. Elle se bat sans motif, peut-être parce qu'elle s'imagine toujours qu'on se moque de sa taille, de son crâne chauve et de sa queue basse. Et elle ne cesse de jeter son cri discordant qui perce l'air comme une pointe. Parfois elle quitte la cour et disparaît. Elle laisse aux volailles pacifiques un moment de répit. Mais elle revient plus turbulente et plus crieurde. Et, frénétique, elle se vautre par terre. Qu'a-t-elle donc? La sournoise fait une farce. Elle est allée pondre son oeuf à la campagne. Je peux le chercher si ça m'amuse. Et elle se roule dans la poussière comme une bossue.

of a turkey's tail. This affected creature had got on her nerves. So, with her bluish head, her lively wattles, full of warlike bluster, she rages from morn to night. She fights without reason, perhaps because she always imagines everyone is laughing at her figure, her bald head, her low tail. And she never ceases to utter her discordant cry which pierces the air like the point of a needle. Sometimes she leaves the courtyard and vanishes. She gives the peaceable fowls a moment of respite. But she returns more boisterous and more peevish. And, in a frenzy, she wallows in the earth. What is the matter with her? The cunning little creature has played a trick. She went to lay her egg in the open country. I may look for it if I feel that way inclined. And she rolls in the dust like a hunchback.

PROGRAM NOTES

DEBRA OLLIKKALA. Born in London, Ontario, Debra Ollikkala received her Bachelor and Master of Music degrees in Vocal Literature and Performance from the University of Western Ontario. After graduating in 1978, she taught voice and conducted choral ensembles at the University of Western Ontario and later at Algoma University College in Sault Ste Marie. From 1986 to 1989 she pursued doctoral studies in choral music at the University of Illinois with Dr Don V Moses. In 1988 she was awarded a Canada Council Arts Grant and the Sir Ernest MacMillan Memorial Prize in conducting. She is currently Assistant Professor of Choral Music at the University of Alberta where her teaching responsibilities include undergraduate conducting classes, aural skills and directing the University of Alberta Concert Choir.

STÉPHANE LEMELIN has been widely acclaimed for the profound beauty and sensitivity of his playing. He has performed on four continents in solo recitals, as a chamber musician and as a soloist with many orchestras including the Montreal Symphony and the Orchestra of Radio-Television Luxembourg. His concerts have been broadcast nationwide on CBC radio as well as on WQXR Radio in New York.

The winner of no less than six national and international prizes in competitions which include the Robert Casadesus International Competition, Mr Lemelin has also won several grants including the Canada Council Career Development Grant. He studied with Leon Fleisher, Karl-Ulrich Schnabel, Boris Berman and Claude Frank and holds a doctorate from Yale University. A native of Québec, Mr Lemelin now lives in Edmonton where he teaches at the University of Alberta.



Upcoming Events:

Wednesday, February 12, 1992 at 12:10 pm, Noon-Hour Organ Recital with student organists in Convocation Hall, Arts Building.

Thursday, February 13, 1992 at 8:00 pm, Two-Piano Recital with students of Professor Helmut Brauss in Convocation Hall, Arts Building.

Saturday, February 15, 1992 at 6:00 pm, Academy Strings Valentine's Ball at Faculty Club.

Tonight's recital is being recorded
by CBC for future broadcast on
Alberta in Concert, heard locally
Sunday evenings at 8 pm on
CBC:FM 90.9



CBC Stereo
Edmonton 90.9

