



Department of Music
University of Alberta

In Recital

CAROL DYCK, soprano

with

Loretta Dueck, piano/organ

Norman Nelson, violin 1

Adrian Dyck, violin 2

Glenn Archibald, viola

Tim Ashworth, violoncello

Heather Hantke, alto

Friday, March 22, 1991 at 8 pm

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

PROGRAM

From *Songs for the Longest Night* (1990)

Carol Dyck

Loneliness
The Dwarf's Song
Lament

From *Poemes pour mi* (1936)

Olivier Messiaen
(b. 1908)

Action de grâces
Paysage
La maison
L'épouse
Le collier
Prière exaucée

Bride of Fire (1990)
(Text by Rudy Wiebe)

Carol Dyck

INTERMISSION

Stabat Mater (1736)

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi
(1710-1736)

Stabat mater dolorosa (duet)
Cujus animam gementem (soprano)
O quam tristis et afflicta (duet)
Quae moerebat et dolebat (alto)
Quis est homo qui non fleret (duet)
Vidit suum dulcem natum (soprano)
Eja, mater, fons amoris (alto)
Fac ut ardeat cor meum (duet)
Sancta mater, istud agas (duet)
Fac ut portem Christi mortem (alto)
Inflamatus et accensus (duet)
Quando corpus morietur (duet)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree for Ms Dyck.

PROGRAM NOTES

Songs for the Longest Night is a work for choir, solo voice and string quartet. Commissioned in memory of Michael Wiebe (1961-1985), it was first performed on Good Friday, April 13, 1990, as an expression of the long night of pain that reaches through human experience toward a dawn that never comes too soon. The solo pieces which will be performed here were originally performed by Leonard Ratzlaff. They are settings of poems by Rainer Maria Rilke.

Messiaen wrote the texts as well as the music for *Poemes pour mi* at the age of 28. These songs were inspired by his love for his first wife, Claire Delbos, nicknamed Mi, after her death. Musically, the songs evoke a sense of hovering stillness rather than movement, intensified by the use of a melodic style obviously influenced by liturgical recitative, often declaiming sections of text on a single note. The religious tone is central in the texts as well, speaking of marriage as a sacrament, intertwining sensual experience with religious thought, and human passion with divine love.

Pergolesi composed the *Stabat Mater* in 1736, in the shadow of his own impending death at the age of 26. The text, depicting Mary at the foot of the cross, is a poem of Thirteenth Century Franciscan origins which was used in the Roman liturgy as a sequence and a hymn. Pergolesi's setting is notable for the richly expressive use of chromaticism and for melodies of great tenderness and beauty.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

From *Songs for the Longest Night*

Loneliness

Loneliness is like a rain.
It climbs up from the sea to meet the evening.
It climbs up from the world's far distant prairie
Toward heaven, which has it forever.
And only then, from heaven does it fall upon the city.

Rains o so gently in those barren hours
When all streets bend themselves to search for dawn;
And when those bodies, which have still found nothing,
Bereft and disappointed, let each other go;
And when these people who can only hate each other,
Must sleep together in one common bed:

Then loneliness moves onwards with the rivers....

by Rainer Maria Rilke
Trans. by Stephen Mitchell

Texts and Translations (Continued)

The Dwarf's Song

My soul itself may be straight and good;
ah, but my heart, my bent-over blood,
all the distortions that hurt me inside -
it buckles under these things.
It has no garden, it has no sun,
it hangs on my twisted skeleton
and, terrified, flaps its wings.

Nor are my hands of much use. Look here:
see how shrunken and shapeless they are:
clumsily hopping, clammy and fat,
like toads after the rain.
And everything else about me is torn,
sad and weather-beaten and worn;
why did God ever hesitate
to flush it all down the drain?

Is it because he's angry at me
for my face with its moping lips?
It was so often ready to be
light and clear in its depths;
but nothing came so close to it
as big dogs did.
And dogs don't have what I need.

by Rainer Maria Rilke
Trans. by Rudy Wiebe

Poemes pour mi - Poems for Mi

Action de grâces

Le ciel.
Et l'eau qui suit les variations des nuages
Et la terre, et les montagnes qui attendent toujours.
Et la lumière qui transforme.
Et un oeil près de mon oeil.
Une pensée près de ma pensée.
Et un visage qui sourit et pleure avec le mien.
Et deux pieds derrière mes pieds
Comme la vague à la vague est unie.
Et une âme.
Invisible. pleine d'amour et d'immortalité.
Et un vêtement de chair et d'os qui germera pour la
résurrection.
Et la Vérité. et l'Esprit. et la grâce avec son héritage de
lumière.
Tout cela. vous me l'avez donné.
Et vous vous êtes encore donné vous-même.
Dans l'obéissance et dans le sang de votre Croix.
Et dans un Pain plus doux que la fraîcheur des étoiles.
Mon Dieu. Alleluia!

Lament

Everything is far
and long gone by.
I believe the star
whose brilliance I gather
has been for millennia dead.
I believe, in the boat
passing by,
I heard something fearful said.
In the house a clock has struck.
In which house?
I would like to step out of my heart,
and walk out under measureless sky.
I would like to pray.
And of all the stars
surely one must still be.
I believe I have known
which one alone
has lasted, -
which one like a city white,
stands in the sky at the end of the light...

by Rainer Maria Rilke
Trans. by Rudy Wiebe

Thanksgiving

The sky.
And water which follows the variations of the clouds
And earth and the ever-waiting mountains.
And light which transforms.
And an eye close to my eye.
And a thought close to my thought.
And a face which smiles and cries with mine.
And two feet behind my feet
As wave to wave is joined.
And one soul.
Invisible, full of love and immortality.
And a robe of flesh and bone which will
spring up for the resurrection.
And Truth, and the Spirit, and grace with its heritage of
light.
All this you have given me.
And you have also given me yourself.
In obedience and in the blood of your Cross.
And in a Bread sweeter than the freshness of the stars.
Lord God. Hallelujah!

Texts and Translations (continued)

Paysage

Le lac comme un gros bijou bleu.
La route pleine de chagrins et de fondrières.
Mes pieds qui hésitent dans la poussière.
Le lac comme un gros bijou bleu.
Et la voilà, verte et bleu comme le paysage!
Entre le blé et le soleil je vois son visage:
Elle sourit. la main sur les yeux.
Le lac comme un gros bijou bleu.

La maison

Cette maison nous allons la quitter:
Je la vois dans ton oeil.
Nous quitterons nos corps aussi:
Je les vois dans ton oeil.
Toutes ces images de douleur qui s'impriment dans ton oeil.
Ton oeil ne les retrouvera plus:
Quand nos contemplerons la Vérité
Dans des corps purs, jeunes, éternellement lumineux.

L'épouse

Va où l'Esprit te mène.
Nul ne peut séparer ce que Dieu a uni.
Va où l'Esprit te mène.
L'épouse est le prolongement de l'époux.
Va où l'Esprit te mène.
Comme l'Eglise est le prolongement du Christ.

Le collier

Printemps enchaîné, arc-en-ciel léger du matin,
Ah! mon collier! Ah! mon collier!
Petit soutien vivant de mes oreilles lasses,
Collier de renouveau, de sourire et de grâce,
Collier d'Orient, collier choisi multicolore aux
perles dures et cocasses!
Paysage courbe, épousant l'air frais du matin,
Ah! mon collier! Ah! mon collier!
Tes deux bras autour de mon cou, ce matin.

Prière exaucée

Ébranlez la solitaire, la vieille montagne de douleur,
Que le soleil travaille les eaux amères de mon cœur!
O Jésus, Pain vivant et qui donnez la vie,
Ne dites qu'une seule parole, et mon âme sera guérie,
Ébranlez la solitaire, la vieille montagne de douleur,
Que le soleil travaille les eaux amères de mon cœur!
Donnez moi votre grâce,
Carillonne, mon cœur!
Que ta résonance soit dure, et longue, et profonde!
Frappe, tape, choque pour ton roi!
Frappe, tape, choque pour ton Dieu!
Voici ton jour de gloire et de résurrection!
La joie est revenue.

Landscape

The lake like a big blue jewel.
The road full of sorrows and hollows.
My feet that falter in the dust.
The lake like a big blue jewel.
There she is, green and blue like the landscape!
Between the corn and the sun. I see her face:
She smiles, her hand over her eyes.
The lake like a big blue jewel.

The House

We shall be leaving this house:
I see it in your eye.
We shall leave our bodies too:
I see them in your eye.
All these images of sorrow stamped in your eye.
Your eye will find them no more:
When we contemplate Truth.
In bodies that are pure, young and eternally bright.

The Wife

Go where the Spirit leads you,
Nothing can separate that which God has joined,
Go where the Spirit leads you,
The wife is the extension of the husband,
Go where the Spirit leads you.
As the Church is the extension of Christ.

The Necklace

Captive Spring, pale morning rainbow,
Ah! my necklace! Ah! my necklace!
Tiny living cushion for my weary ears,
Necklace of renewal, smiles and grace,
Orient necklace, choice, many-colored
by hard and playful pearls!
Curved landscape, wed to the cool morning air,
Ah! my necklace! Ah! my necklace!
Your two arms around my neck, this morning.

Fulfilled Prayer

Arouse the solitary one, the old mountain of sorrow,
That the sun may stir up the bitter waters of my heart!
O Jesus, you living Bread, who gave life,
Say but a single word and my soul will be healed,
Arouse the solitary one, the old mountain of sorrow,
That the sun may stir up the bitter waters of my heart!
Give me your grace,
Ring out, my heart!
May its resonance be firm, long and deep!
Strike, beat, ring for your king!
Strike, beat, ring for your God!
Behold your day of glory and resurrection!
Joy has returned.

Text and Translations (Continued)

Bride of Fire

"Come to me," sang the fire
Like intimations of love in a dream.
"Your longing is all I desire,
Your desperation, your scream."

So he made his long bed like a lover,
The blanket tucked at his feet;
And the fire unseen laid a cover
Of breath on his face, deadly sweet.

"Come to me," whispered the fire,
And his heart grew quiet, until
The snow fell, a lingering choir
That sang him to rest, quite still.

Then we laid him in his coffin,
Confessing our silence with groans;
Till we felt the fire's tenderness soften
His bitterest pain in her arms.

"You are ashes and air," said the fire.
Come now, journey with me,
Your love's liar,
On Strawberry waves to the sea."

by Rudy Wiebe (1988)

Stabat Mater - A Sorrowing Mother

Duet

Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrimosa,
dum pendeat Filius.

Soprano

Cuius animam gememtem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

Duet

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigeniti.

Alto

Quae morebat et dolebat,
Pia Mater dum vivebat
Nati poenas inclyti.

Duet

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Christi Matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio!
Pro peccatis suae gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum.

Duet

A sorrowing mother stood
weeping beside the cross
while her son hung there.

Soprano

her grieving heart
so full of tears and anguish,
pierced as though with a sword.

Duet

Oh, how sad and unfortunate
was that blessed mother
of an only son.

Alto

How the loving mother mourned and grieved
watching the suffering
of her glorious son.

Duet

Who is he that would not weep
seeing the mother of Christ
in such distress?
Who would not feel compassion
at the sight of Christ's mother
grieving beside her son?
She saw Jesus tormented
and subjected to scourging
for the sins of his people

Texts and Translations (continued)

Soprano

Vidit suum dulcem natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

Alto

Eia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.

Duet

Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amado christum Deum.
Ut sibi complaceam.

Duet

Sancta mater, istud agas
Crucifixi fige plagas
cordi meo valide.

Tui nati vulnerari

Tam dignati pro me pati

Poenas mecum divide.

Fac me vere tecum flere.

Crucifixo condolere

Donec ego vixero.

Juxta crucem tecum stare.

Te libenter sociare.

In planctus desidero.

Virgo virginum praeclara.

Mihi iam non sis amara.

Fac me tecum plangere.

Alto

Fac ut portem Christi mortem

Passinis fac consortem

Et plagas recolere,

Fac me plagis vulnerari

Cruce hac inebriari

Ob amorem filii.

Duet

Inflammatum et accensus

Per te, Virgo, sum defensus

In die iudicii,

Fac me cruce custodiri

Morte Christi praemuniri

Conforveri gratia.

Duet

Quando corpus morietur

Fac ut animae donetur

Paradisi gloria,

Amen.

Soprano

She watched her dear son
dying forsaken
as he yielded up his spirit.

Alto

O mother, thou font of love,
share the depth of suffering
with me, so that I may mourn with thee.

Duet

Kindle such love for Christ my god
within my heart
that I may be worthy of him.

Duet

Holy mother, grant this favour,
imprint the wounds of the Crucified
deeply within my heart,
Share with the agony of thy wounded Son
who deigned to suffer so much for me.

Let me weep with thee,
and share the agony of the Crucifixion
as long as I live,

To stand with thee

beside the cross,

and to join thee in my weeping,

that is my wish,

Oh Virgin, pre-eminent among virgins,

be not disdainful toward me,

let me weep with thee.

Alto

Grant that I may bear Christ's death,

let me share in his passion,

remembering his suffering,

Let me be wounded by his wounds,

enraptured by his cross

and the blood of the Son.

Duet

Though I burn and am aflame,

may I be defended by thee. O Virgin,

at the day of judgement,

Let me be protected by the cross

strengthened by the death of Christ,

thankful in his love,

Duet

When my body dies,

let my soul be granted

the glory of Paradise,

Amen.

*Special thanks to
my voice instructor, Harold Wiens
my accompanist, Loretta Dueck,
and my family.*

Everyone is invited to a reception at [REDACTED] following the recital.