

In Recital

Casey Peden, soprano

Candidate for the Master of Music degree in Applied Music (Voice)
assisted by

Roger Admiral, harpsichord/piano

Friday, May 10, 2002 at 8:00 pm



Convocation
Hall

**Arts Building
University of Alberta**



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

1. Now That The Sun Hath Veil'd
His Light (An Evening Hymn on a Ground Bass) (1688) Henry Purcell
(1659-1696)
2. Tell Me, Some Pitying Angel (The Blessed Virgins Expostulation) (1693)
Doug Millie, cello

Admiral Harpsichord

Cantata No. 51 Jauchzet Gott In Allen Landen! (BWV 51) (1730) Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

3.
4.
5.
6.
Stephen Williams, trumpet
Ken Hiese and Kim Bertsch, violin
Jeremy Tusz, viola
Doug Millie, cello
Jordan Beatty, bass

Intermission

7. Voi avete un cor fedele (K. 217) (1775) Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

8. Der Schmied, Op. 19 (1859) Johannes Brahms
9. Feldeinsamkeit, Op. 86 (1882) (1833-1897)
10. Auf dem See, Op. 59 (1885)
11. Nachklang, Op. 59 (1873)
12. Sonntag, Op. 47 (1859-60)

Airs Chantés: (1927-28) Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

13. Air Romantique
14. Air Champêtre
15. Air Grave
16. Air Vif

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree for Ms Peden.

Ms Peden is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Graduate).

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Translation

Now that the Sun Hath Veil'd His Light

Now that the sun hath veil'd his light And bid the world goodnight, To the soft bed my body I dispose, But where shall my sould repose? Dear God, even in thy arms, and can there be Any so sweet security? Then to thy rest, O my soul, and, singing, praise The mercy that prolongs thy days! Alleluia.

Tell me, Some Pitying Angel

Tell me, some pitying angel, quickly say, Where does my soul's sweet darling stay, In tiger's, or more cruel Herod's way? Ah! rather let his little footsteps press Unregarded through the wilderness, Where milder savages resort: The desert's safer than a tyrant's court. Why, fairest object of my love, why dost thou from my longing eyes remove? Was it a waking dream that did foretell Thy wondrous birth? no vision from above? Where's Gabriel now, that visited my cell? I call, I call 'Gabriel! Gabriel'; he comes not; flatt'ring hopes, farewell. Me Judah's daughters once caress'd, Call'd me of mothers the most bless'd; Now (fatal change!) of mothers most distressed. How shall my soul its motions guide, How shall I stem the various tide, Whilst faith and doubt my lab'ring soul divide? For whilst of thy dear sight beguil'd, I trust the God, but oh! I fear the child.

Jauchzet Gott In Allen Landen

1. Arie
Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen! Was der Himmel und die Welt An Geschöpfen in sich hält, Müsse dessen Ruhm erhöhen, Und wir wollen unserm Gott Gleichfalls jetzt ein Opfer bringen, Daß er uns in Kreuz und Not Allezeit hat beigestanden.

2. Recitative

Wir beten zu dem Tempel an, Da Gottes Ehre wohnt, Da dessen Treu' so täglich neu Mit lauter Segen lohnet. Wir preisen, was er an uns hat getan. Muß gleich der schwache Mund Von seinen Wundern lallen, So kann ein schlechtes Lob Ihm dennoch wohlgefallen.

Acclaim God in all Lands!

1. Aria

Acclaim God in all lands! Let all that in Heaven and Earth has been created exalt His glory; and we wish to bring our God an offering too, because in affliction and need He has always stood by us.

2. Recitative

We make offering at the temple where God's honour dwells, where His constancy each day afresh rewards us with pure blessing. We glorify what He has done for us. Although the mouths are feeble which babble of His wonders, even such poor praise can be pleasing to Him.

3. Arie

Höchster, mache deine Güte Ferner alle Morgen neu, So soll für die Vätertreu' Auch eim dankbares Gemüte Durch ein frommes Leben weisen, Daß wir deine Kinder heißen.

4. Choral

Sei Lob und Preis mit Ehren Gott Vater, Sohn, heiligem Geist! Der woll' in uns vermehren, Was er uns aus Gnaden verheißt. Daß wir ihm fest vertrauen, Gänzlich verlass'n auf ihn, Von Herzen auf ihn bauen, Daß uns'r Herz, Mut und Sinn Ihm festiglich anhangen; Drauf singen wir zur Stund': Amen! wir werd'n't erlangen, Glaub'n wir aus Herzens Grund.

5. Arie

Alleluja!

Voi avete un cor fedele

Voi avete un cor fedele come amante appassionato, ma mio sposo dichiarato, che farete? Cangerete? Dite, allora, che sarà? Manterrete fedeltà? Ah, non credo! Gia, prevedo, mi potreste corbellar, non ancora, non per ora, non mi può di voi fidar.

Der Schmied

Ich hör meinen Schatz, Den Hammer er schwinget, Das rauschet, das klinget, Das dringt in die Weite, Wie Glockengeläute, Durch Gassen und Platz. Am schwarzen Kamin, Da sitzt mein Lieber, Doch geh ich vorüber, Die Bälge dann sausen, Die Flammen aufbrausen Und lodern um ihn.

Feldeinsamkeit

Ich ruhe still im hoher grünen Gras Und sende lange meinen Blick nach oben, Von grillen rings umschwirrt ohn Unterlaß, Von Himmelsbläue wundersam umwoben. Die schönen weißen Wolken ziehn dahin Durchs tiefe Blau, wie schöne stille Träume; Mir ist, als ob ich längst gestorben bin Und siehe selig mit durch ewge Räume.

3. Aria

Most High, make Thy goodness shine anew each morning. So for that Fatherly constancy, a grateful heart may show through godly living that we are Thy children.

4. Chorale

Glory, laud, and honour be to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Who would increase in us that which He promised out of Grace, that we may firmly trust in Him, wholly depend on Him, build on Him within our hearts, that our hearts remain faithful to Him; now let us therefore sing: Amen, we will attain it; this we believe from the bottom of our hearts.

5. Aria

Alleluia!

Translation by Jacques Lasserre

You are faithful now

You are faithful now in the role of passionate lover, but if you were my husband what would you do? Would you change? Tell me, what would happen then? Would you keep faith? I do not think so! I forsee a possible deception. Not yet, not now do I intend to trust you.

The Smith

I hear my loved one swinging his hammer, the dinning and ringing reach out far and wide, like pealing of bells, through alley and square. By the black forge my loved one is sitting, but should I pass by, the bellows start blowing, the flames roar up and blaze about him.

Field Solitude

Quiet I rest in tall green grass and upward long direct my gaze, by unremittant crickets ringed, enfolded wondrously by blue sky. The fine white clouds go drifting by through th deep blue like fine silent dreams; I feel as if I have long been dead, and happy, drift in eternal regions too.

Auf dem See

Blauer Himmel, blaue Wogen, Rebenhügel um den See,
Drüber Blauer Berge Bogen Schimmernd weiß im
reinen Schnee. Wie der Kahn uns hebt und widget,
Leichter Nebel steigt und fällt, Süßer Himmelsfriede
liegt Über der beglänzten Welt. Stürmend Herz, tu auf
die Augen, Sieh umher und werde mild: Glück und
Frieden magst du saugen Aus des Doppelhimmels Bild.
Spiegelnd sieh die Flut erwidern Turm und Hügel,
Busch und Stadt, Was die Erde Schönstes hat.

Nachklang

Regentropfen aus den Bäumen Fallen in das grüne Gras,
Tränen meiner trüben Augen Machen mir die Wange
naß. Wenn die Sonne wieder scheint, Wird der Rasen
doppelt grün: Doppelt wird auf meinen Wangen Mir die
heiße Träne glühn.

Sonntag

So hab' ich doch die ganze Woche Mein feines
Liebchen nicht gesehn, Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl vor der Türe stehn: Das tausendschöne
Jungfräulein, Das tausendschöne Herzelein, Wollte
Gott, ich wär heute bei ihr! So will mir doch die ganze
Woche Das Lachen nicht vergehn, Ich sah es an einem
Sonntag Wohl in die Kirche gehn: Das tausendschöne
Jungfräulein, Das tausendschöne Herzelein, Wollte
Gott, ich wär heute bei ihr!

Air romantique

J'allais dans la campagne avec le vent d'orage, Sous le
pâle matin, sous les nuages bas; Un corbeau ténébreux
escortait mon voyage, Et dans les flaques d'eau
retentissaient mes pas. La foudre à l'horizon faisait
courir sa flamme Et l'Aquilon doublait ses longs
gémissements; Mais la tempête était trop faible pour
mon âme, Qui couvrait le tonnerre avec ses battements.
De la dépouille d'or du frêne et de l'érable L'Automne
composait son éclatant butin, Et le corbeau toujours,
d'un vol inexorable, M'accompagnait sans rien changer
à mon destin.

Air champetre

Belle source, belle source, Je veux me rappeler sans
cesse, Qu'un jour, guidé par l'amitié Ravi, j'ai
contemplé ton visage, ô dèese, Perdu sous la mousse
âmotié Que n'est-il demeuré, cet ami que je pleure, O
nymphé, à ton culte attaché, Pour se mêler encore au
souffle qui t'effleure, Et répondre à ton flot caché? Belle
source, belle source, etc.

On the Lake

Blue sky, blue waves, vineyards about the lake,
beyond, a blue arc of mountains, shimmering white in
the pure snow. As the small boat raises and rocks us,
light mist rises and falls, sweet heavenly peace lies over
the gleaming world. Raging heart, open your eyes, look
about and grow gentle: peace and happiness can you
drink in from the image of double heaven. See how the
water returns, mirrored, tower and vineyard, bush and
town; and you ---mirror thus in song earth's most
beautiful possessions.

Afterwards

Raindrops from the trees fall into green grass, tears from
my sad eyes wet my cheeks. When the sun shines again,
the grass is doubly green: doubly on my cheeks glow
my burning tears.

Sunday

So all the week I've not seen my dear love, on
a Sunday I saw her standing at her door: my darling
love, my darling sweet, would God, I were with her
today! So all the week I'll not cease to laugh, on a
Sunday I saw her going to church: my darling love, my
darling sweet, would God, I were with her today!

Translation by George Bird and Richard Stokes

Romantic Air

I went through the countryside with the
storm wind, under the pale morning, under the low
clouds, a sinister raven accompanied my journey and
my footsteps echoed in the puddles. The lightning on
the horizon sent its flame crackling along and Boreas
redoubled his drawn-out groans; but the storm was too
weak for my soul, which covered the thunder with its
throbs. From the golden remains of ash and maple
autumn assembled its brilliant booty, and the raven
still, with inexorable flight, accompanied me without
changing anything of my fate.

Rustic Air

Beautiful spring, I wish to remember without cease, that
one day guided by friendship enchanted, I contemplated
thy face, o goddess, half hidden beneath the moss, Why
did he not remain, that friend whom I lament, devoted to
thy cult, o nymph, to mingle once again with the breeze
that carexxes thee, and to respond to thy hidden waters?
Beautiful spring, etc.

Air grave

Ah! fuyez à présent, malheureuses pensées!
O! colère, o! remords! Souvenirs qui m'avez les deux
tempes pressées, de l'étreinte des morts. Sentiers de
mousse pleins, vaporeuses fontaines, grottes
profondes, voix des oiseaux et du vent lumières
incertaines des sauvages sous-bois, insectes, animaux,
beauté future, ne me repousse pas oh divine nature je
suis ton suppliant. Ah! fuyez à présent, colère,
remords!

Air vif

Le trésor du verger et le jardin en fête, Les
fleurs des champs, des bois, éclatent de plaisir,
Hélas! hélas! et sur leur tête le vent enfle sa voix.
Mais toi noble océan que l'assaut des tourmentes Ne
saurait ravager Certes plus dignement, lorsque tu te
lamentes, Tu te prends à songer. Le trésor du verger,
etc.

Grave Air

Ah! fly away now, unhappy thoughts! O anger,
o remorse! You memories who have besieged my two
temples with the grip of the dead. Paths covered in
moss vaporous fountains, deep grottoes, voices of the
birds and of the wind flickering lights of the untamed
undergrowth, insects, animals, future beauty, do not
repulse me o heavenly nature, I am your suppliant. Ah!
fly away now, anger, remorse!

Lively Air

The treasure of orchard and festive garden,
the flowers of the fields, of the woods explode with
delight, Alas! and over their head the wind swells its
voice. But you, noble ocean whom the assault of storms
cannot devastate, for sure more worthily when you
lament you begin to dream. The treasure of orchard,
etc.

