

**Debra Cairns, soprano
and
Joachim Segger, piano**

**Saturday, January 18, 1997
at 8:00 pm**

**Convocation Hall, Arts Building
University of Alberta**

Program



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

Nos souvenirs (Bouchor), op. 8 no. 4 Ernest Chausson
Nanny (de Lisle), op. 2 no. 1 (1855-1899)
Le temps des lilas (Bouchor)
La caravane (Gautier), op. 14

Poème d'un Jour (Grandmougin), op. 21 Gabriel Fauré
1. Rencontre (1845-1924)
2. Toujours
3. Adieu

Soupir (Prudhomme) Henri Duparc
Chanson triste (Lahor) (1848-1933)

Je te veux (Pacory) (1902) Erik Satie
(1866-1925)

INTERMISSION

Zigeunerlieder (Conrat), op. 103 Johannes Brahms
1. He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein! (1833-1897)
2. Hochgetürmte Rimaflut
3. Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen
4. Lieber Gott, du weisst
5. Brauner Bursche
6. Röslein dreie in der Reihe
7. Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn
8. Rote Abendwolken

Schlechtes Wetter (Heine), op. 69 no. 5 Richard Strauss
Schlagende Herzen (Bierbaum), op. 29 no. 2 (1864-1949)
All mein Gedanken (Dahn), op. 21 no. 1
Seitdem dein Aug' (Schack), op. 17 no. 1
Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten (Schack), op. 19 no. 4

Nanna's Lied (Brecht) (1939) Kurt Weill
Wie lange noch? (Mehring) (1944) (1900-1950)
Der Abschiedsbrief (Kästner) (1933?)
Youkali: Tango Habanera (Fernay) (1935?)

Translations

Nos souvenirs

Our memories, all these things Which we scatter into the winds
Like petals of roses, Or wings of butterflies,
Have of a joy that vanished Kept every secret fragrance,
And it is astonishing How the past reappears.
At certain moments it seems That the dream lasts forever,
And that we are still together As in the days of love that is past;
While we are half asleep, Rocked by the faint song
Of a voice that charms our ears, There hovers a name on our lips;
And this hour when we remember How extravagantly we gave of our hearts
Is like a fluttering of wings That return from the happy past.

Nanny

Woods dear to the doves, weep, sweet foliage,
And you, swift spring, and you, cool paths;
Weep, oh wild heather, Bushes of holly and sweet-briar.
Spring, flowery king of the green year, Oh young god, weep!
Ripening summer, cut your crowned tresses, And weep blushing autumn.
Love's anguish breaks a faithful heart.
Earth and heaven weep! Oh! How I loved her!
Dear countryside, speak no more of her; Nanny will never come back!

Le temps des lilas

The time of lilacs and the time of roses Will not come back again this spring;
The time of lilacs and the time of roses Has passed and gone are the carnations too.
The wind has changed, the skies are somber,
And we shall never again hasten to gather The blooming lilacs and the lovely roses;
The spring is sad and cannot flourish.
Oh! joyful and sweet season of the year, Which came, last year, to steep us in its sunlight,
Our flower of love has so much faded, Alas! That your kiss cannot wake it up again!
And you, what are you doing?
No more budding flowers, No more gay sunshine nor cooling shades;
The time of lilacs and the time of roses, With our love, is dead forever.

La caravane

The human caravan in the Sahara of the world,
On this road of years, which has no way back,
Marches on with dragging feet, burned by the heat of the day,
And drinks from their arms the sweat that drenches them.
The great lion roars, and the tempest rumbles;
On the retreating horizon is neither minaret nor tower.
The only shade there is, is the shade of the vulture
Flying across the sky, seeking its impure prey.
They go steadily on, and now they see
Something green which each one points out to the other!
It is a cypress wood sewn with white tombstones.
The Lord, to give rest in the desert of time, Has planted, like an oasis, the cemeteries.
Lie down and sleep, panting travelers!

Poème d'un Jour

Rencontre

I was sad and pensive when I met you; Today I feel less my obstinate torment.
Oh, tell me, might you be the woman not even hoped for,
And the ideal dream pursued in vain?
Oh, passerby with gentle eyes, might you be the friend
Who would bring back happiness to the lonely poet?
And will you shine on my strenghtening soul Like the native sky on the heart of an exile?
Your timid sadness, alike to mine, Loves to see the sun set over the ocean.
Facing this vastness your rapture awakens,
And the charm of the evenings is dear to your beautiful soul.
A mysterious and gentle sympathy Already chains me to you like a living bond
And my soul trembles, overwhelmed by love,
And my heart cherishes you without knowing you well!

Toujours

You ask me to be silent, To flee far from you forever,
And depart in solitude Without remembering the one I loved!
Rather ask the stars To fall into the infinite,
The night to lose its veils, The day to lose its brightness!
Ask the boundless ocean To drain its vast waves,
And when the winds rage in madness, To still their mournful cries!
But do not believe that my soul Will free itself from its bitter sorrows,
And cast off its fire, As spring casts off its flowers.

Adieu

How quickly everything dies, the rose Uncloses,
And the fresh coloured mantles Of the meadows;
The long sighs, the beloved ones, Disappear in smoke!
We see, in this fickle world, Change
Faster than the waves at the shores, Our dreams!
Faster than dew on flowers, Our hearts!
One believed in being faithful to you, Cruel one,
But alas, the longest loves are short!
And I say, leaving your charms Without tears,
Almost at the moment of my confession, Farewell!

Soupir

Never to see nor to hear her, Never to call out her name,
But, faithfully, always to wait for her, Always to love her!
To open one's arms out, and tired of waiting, To close them on the void!
But yet, always to hold them out to her, Always to love her.
Ah! nothing left but to hold them out to her And to exhaust oneself in tears,
Always to shed these tears, Always to love her . . .
Never to see nor to hear her, Never to call out her name,
But with a love, always more tender Always to love her. Always!

Chanson triste

In your heart there sleeps a moonlight, A soft moonlight of summer.
And to escape this troublesome life I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget the past sorrows, my love,
When you will cradle my sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving stillness of your arms!
You will let my wounded head, Oh! sometimes rest on your knees,
And you will recite a ballad That will seem to speak of us,
And in your eyes filled with sadness, In your eyes then I shall drink
So many kisses and tender caresses That perhaps I shall recover.

Je te veux

I understood your grief, dear love, And I yield to your wishes, made of me your mistress.
Far from us is wisdom, more is our sadness,
I live for the precious moment When we will be happy. I want you.
I do not have any regrets And I do not have envy:
Near to you lies my whole life,
That my heart is yours And your lips are mine,
That your body is mine, And that all of my flesh is yours.
Yes, I see in your eyes Divine promise
That your loving heart Will look for my caresses.
Entwined forever, Burning with the same flames,
In dreams of love We will exchange our two souls.

Zigeunerlieder

He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!
Ho there, Gypsy, strike the string, Play the song of the faithless maiden!
Let the strings weep, lament in sad anxiety,
Till the warm tears flow down these cheeks.

Hochgetürmte Rimaflut

High towering Rima waves, How turbid you are!
By these banks I lament loudly For you, my sweet!
Waves are fleeing, waves are streaming, rushing To the shore, to me;
Let me by the Rima banks Forever weep for her!

Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen

Do you know when my little one is her loveliest?
When her sweet mouth teases and laughs and kisses me.
Little Maiden, you are mine, fervently I kiss you.
The good Lord created you just for me!
Do you know when I like my lover best of all?
When he holds me closely enfolded in his arms.
Sweetheart, you are mine, fervently I kiss you,
The good Lord created you just for me alone!

Lieber Gott, du weisst

Dear God, you know how often I regretted The kiss I gave but once to my beloved.
My heart commanded me to kiss him. I shall think forever of the first kiss.
Dear God, you know how often at dead of night
In joy and in sorrow I thought of my dearest one.
Love is sweet, though bitter be remorse. My poor heart will remain ever, ever true!

Brauner Bursche

The bronzed young fellow leads to the dance His lovely blue-eyed maiden,
Boldly clanking his spurs together.
A Czardas melody begins.
He caresses and kisses his sweet dove,
Whirls her, leads her, shouts and springs about;
Throws three shiny silver guilders On the cymbal to make it ring!

Röslein dreie in der Reihe

Roses three in a row bloom so red,
There is no law against a lad visiting his girl!
Oh, good Lord, if that too were forbidden,
This beautiful wide world would have perished long ago,
To remain single would be a sin!
The loveliest city in Alfold is Ketschkemet;
There abide so many maidens sweet and nice,
Friends, go there to choose a little bride;
Ask for her in marriage and then establish your home;
Then empty cups of joy!

Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn

Do you sometimes recall, My sweet love,
When you once vowed to me with solemn oath?
Deceive me not, leave me not,
You know not how dear you are to me!
Do love me as I love you. Then God's grace will descend upon you!

Rote Abendwolken

Red clouds of evening move Across the firmament,
Longing for you, my sweet, My heart is afire,
The heavens shine in glowing splendour,
And I dreamt Only of that sweet love of mine.

Schlechtes Wetter

It is dreadful weather, it rains and storms and snows;
I sit at the window and look out at the dark.
There glimmers a lonely light, and it slowly moves away;
a mother with her lantern unsteadily crosses the street.
I think she has bought flour and eggs and butter;
she is going to bake a cake for her great big daughter.
She lies at home in an easy chair and blinks sleepily at the light;
Her golden ringlets tumble over her sweet face.

Schlagende Herzen

A youth was going through meadows and fields, Kling klang, his heart did beat;
On his finger shone a golden ring, Kling klang, his heart did beat;
Oh meadows, oh fields, how beautiful you are! Oh hills, oh forests, how beautiful!
How good and beautiful you are, Golden sun in the skies!
Kling klang, kling klang, his heart did beat.
The youth hurried with lively step, Kling klang, his heart did beat.
He took with him many a laughing flower, Kling klang, his heart did beat.
Over the meadows and fields blows the wind of Spring,

Schlagende Herzen (continued)

Over hills and forests blows the wind of Spring,
Deep in my heart blows the wind of Spring,
That drives me toward you, gently, softly. Kling klang, his heart did beat.
In the midst of the meadows stood a maiden, Kling klang, her heart did beat;
She shielded her eyes with her hand, to look afar, Kling klang, her heart did beat.
Over meadows and fields, Over hills and forests,
To me, to me, he is hastening, Oh if he only were already with me!
Kling klang, kling klang, her heart did beat.

All mein Gedanken

All my thoughts, my heart and my senses, Are wandering there where my beloved is.
They go their way through wall and gate, No locks nor moats can stand in the way;
They fly like little birds high through the air,
They need no bridges over the water and chasms.
They find the little town, they find the house,
They seek out her window from among all the others,
And knock and call: Open, let us enter,
We come from your beloved and greet you, Open, open, let us enter.

Seitdem dein Aug'

Ever since your eyes looked into mine,
And love, as if from heaven above, Showered down upon me,
What more has the earth to offer?
It gave its best to me,
And with peaceful happiness of the heart My whole life was filled,
Because of that one moment.

Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten

How can we keep secret That blissfulness which fills us completely?
No, unto its deepest recesses Let our hearts be revealed to all!
When two have found each other in love, Then, joy spreads through nature;
During longer, rapturous hours The day descends over forest and meadow.
Even from the rotting trunk of the oak tree, That has survived over a thousand years,
A green flame in the top-most boughs rises And rustles excitedly, thrilled by youthful joy.
To a more brilliant lustre and fragrance awaken The buds, at the happiness of the two,
And the brooks seem to murmur more sweetly,
And more exuberantly blooms and glows the month of May.

Nanna's Lied

Gentlemen, I was only seventeen when I landed on the love market.
And I learned a lot of things -- mostly bad, but that was the game.
Still I resented much of it. (After all, I am a human being.)
Thank God, it all goes by quickly -- both the love and sorrow.
Where are the tears of last night? Where are the snows of years gone by?
As the years go by, it gets easier on the love market --
easier to embrace a whole troop there.
But it's amazing how your feelings cool off when you're stingy with them.
(After all, everything gets used up eventually.)
Thank God, it all goes by quickly -- both the love and sorrow.
Where are the tears of last night? Where are the snows of years gone by?
And although you learn the tricks of the trade on the love market,

Nanna's Lied (continued)

it's never easy to convert lust into small change.

Still it can be done, but meanwhile you get a little older.

(After all, you can't stay seventeen forever.)

Thank God, it all goes by quickly — both the love and sorrow.

Where are the tears of last night? Where are the snows of years gone by?

Wie lange noch?

I will confess there was a night when I willingly gave myself to you. You took me and drove me out of my mind. I believed that I could not live without you.

You promised me blue skies, and I cared for you like my own father. You tormented me, you tore me apart. I would have put the world at your feet.

Look at me, will you! When will I ever be able to tell you: It's over. When that day comes

. . . I dread it. How much longer? How much longer? How long?

I believed you. I was in a daze from all of your talk and your promises. I did whatever you wanted. Wherever you wanted to go, I was willing to follow.

You promised me blue skies, and I — I didn't even dare to cry. But you have broken your word and your vows. I have been silent and tortured myself.

Look at me, will you! When will I ever be able to tell you: It's over. When that day comes

. . . I dread it. How much longer? How much longer? How long?

Der Abschiedsbrief

For two full hours now I've been sitting in the Cafe Bauer. If you're no longer interested, then tell me to my face! My cream won't turn sour just because of that. To hell with you, my sweetheart. So what? Let's call it quits. You mustn't think that I'll miss you. We're all washed up. Even I have what they call "honour." Don't show up again, my darling, or I'll throw you out.

You're not the first one to disappear like that. I don't deserve that kind of treatment, sonny.

Do you actually think that I couldn't replace you? There are plenty of better fish in the sea.

I'm wearing the green poplin dress — the one that has a hole in it, thanks to you. You know how revealing it is. Also, I still have a pillowcase that I started for you. You were supposed to get it on Christmas Eve. That's all over now, and all the same to me. Others will sleep on it — more than once. Because what's over, sweetheart, is gone for good.

I'm not proud. The situation doesn't call for that. If you've got some money, send it fast. A bald-headed man is sitting across from me and leering. That's the boss from Engelhorn's Hotel! Well, what do you know! The gentleman across the table just asked if I would like to

. . . —because he would very much like to . . . He has cash, the old crook. Keep your money! And sleep by yourself, my boy!

You're just like them all. The old fogey is coming over. He's going to take me with him

. . . So buzz off! Nuts to you! With all my heart, your friend, Erna Schmidt.

Youkali: Tango Habanera (1935?)

Wandering at the will of the sea, my vagabond bark led me to the end of the world.

It's quite a small island, but the sprite who dwells there politely invites us to tour it.

Youkali is the land of our desires. It means happiness and pleasure; it is the land where we leave our cares behind. It is the beacon in our clouded night, the star we follow; it's Youkali.

There we keep our promises. It is the land of shared love. It means the hope in all human hearts, the rescue we all wait for. Youkali is the land of our desires. It means happiness and pleasure, but it's only a dream, a folly. There is no Youkali.

And life, tedious and banal, drags us along. Yet the poor human soul, seeking oblivion everywhere, knew how, in leaving this earth, to find the mystery where our dreams are buried, in some Youkali. Youkali is the land of our desires....

Debra Cairns received her Bachelor and Master of Music degrees in Vocal Literature and Performance from the University of Western Ontario, and her Doctorate in Choral Literature and Conducting from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. She is the director of the University of Alberta Concert Choir and "I Coristi", a community chamber choir formed in 1994, and was the conductor of the 1994 Alberta Youth Choir. She continues to be active as a soprano soloist, some of her programs having been recorded by CBC for regional and national broadcasts. A recipient of a Canada Council grant and the Sir Ernest MacMillan Memorial Prize in Conducting, Dr Cairns has had articles published in the "Choral Journal" and "Anacrusis", and has edited a Palestrina mass currently being published by Carus-Verlag. Dr Cairns is Associate Professor of Music at the University of Alberta where her teaching responsibilities include vocal coaching, classes in diction, and undergraduate and graduate conducting classes.

Born in Germany, **Joachim Segger** immigrated to Canada at the age of two. His formal musical studies on piano and organ have been in Alberta, Austria (Mozarteum, Salzburg) and the USA (Eastman School of Music). Dr. Segger is Associate Professor of Piano and Theory at The King's University College in Edmonton. He has performed piano solo and chamber music concerts as well as organ duos in various venues in North America, Europe and South Africa. He has often been heard on the CBC (Canadian Broadcasting Corporation) and was winner of the prestigious Canadian Women's Club Competition in New York City resulting in a Carnegie Hall Debut. He has frequently premiered Canadian piano works and has extended his repertoire to include organ duets and organ and piano duos, some of which have been commissioned by the CBC and Canada Council. He can be heard on the CD "Dancing Ice: Solo and Duo Canadian Organ Music" with organist Marnie Giesbrecht. Joachim Segger is Music Director at West End Christian Reformed Church in Edmonton.

Upcoming Events:

Sunday, January 19 at 8:00 pm
Muttart Hall, Alberta College
Free admission

Visiting Artist: Nandor Szederkenyi, violin, with Sylvia Shadick-Taylor, piano. Program will include works by Schubert, Fauré, Ravel, Prokofiev and Bazzini. Co-sponsored by Alberta College Conservatory of Music.

Monday, January 20 at 5:00 pm
Muttart Hall, Alberta College
Free admission

Masterclass with Nandor Szederkenyi.
Open to students of the Department of Music and Alberta College.

Wednesday, January 22 at 12:00 pm
Convocation Hall
Free admission

Noon-Hour Organ Recital. A broad variety of solo organ repertoire ranging from the 16th to 20th centuries, as well as music for organ and other instruments. Performers are students from the Department of Music.

Thursday, January 23 at 8:00 pm
Convocation Hall
Admission: \$10/adult, \$5/student/senior

Music at Convocation Hall Series featuring Ole Edvard Antonsen, trumpet, with Jeremy Spurgeon, organ. Program to be announced.

Friday, January 24 at 7:00 pm
Convocation Hall
Free admission

Trumpet Masterclass with Ole Edvard Antonsen.

Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat.
Feb. 5, 6, 7 & 8 at 7:30 pm
Convocation Hall
Admission: \$5/adult, \$3/student/senior

A fully staged opera performance of *The Marriage of Figaro* by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Alan Ord, director. Performers, who are students from Opera Workshop, will be joined by the Academy Strings under the direction of Norman Nelson.

Friday, February 14 at 8:00 pm
Convocation Hall
Admission: \$10/adult, \$5/student/senior

West African Crossings II: Arthur Bollo and the WAJJO Drummers.
For further information, please call Arthur at 497-7081.

Saturday, February 15 at 8:00 pm
Convocation Hall
Admission: \$10/adult, \$5/student/senior

World Music featuring the TÉKA Ensemble. TÉKA plays traditional music of the Hungarian village, from drinking songs and dance tunes to love ballads and patriotic laments. Co-sponsored by the Hungarian Cultural Society.

Friday, February 21 at 8:00 pm
Convocation Hall
Admission: \$10/adult, \$5/student/senior

Music at Convocation Hall Series featuring pianist Marek Jablonski. Program will feature works by Chopin.

Upcoming Events (continued):

Wednesday, February 26 at 12:00 pm
Convocation Hall
Free admission

Friday, February 28 at 8:00 pm
Muttart Hall, Alberta College
Free admission

Monday, March 3 at 12:10 pm
Convocation hall
Free admission

Monday, March 3 at 8:00 pm
Convocation Hall
Admission: \$5/adult, \$3/student/senior

Wednesday, March 5 at 8:00 pm
Convocation Hall
Free admission

Friday, March 14 at 8:00 pm
Convocation Hall
Admission: \$10/adult, \$5/student/senior

Sunday, March 16 at 3:00 pm
Convocation Hall
Free admission

Wednesday, March 19 at 12:00 pm
Convocation Hall
Free admission

Noon-Hour Organ Recital. A broad variety of solo organ repertoire ranging from the 16th to 20th centuries, as well as music for organ and other instruments with student organists from the Department of Music.

Master of Music Recital: Dorothy Speers, flute. Program to be announced.

Music at Noon, Convocation Hall Student Recital Series featuring students of the Department of Music.

The Grant MacEwan Community College and the University of Alberta Jazz Bands I & II. Raymond Baril and Tom Dust, directors. *An Evening of Big Band Jazz.*

Doctor of Music Recital: Peter Jancewicz, piano. Program to be announced.

Music at Convocation Hall Series featuring **William H Street, saxophone**, with guest artists **pianist Roger Admiral, percussionist John McCormick, contrebassist John Taylor, and the members of the Beau String Quartet.** Program will include works by Harbison, Rolin, Benson, and Milhaud.

Master of Music Recital: Barbara Wells, choral conducting. Program will feature works by Raminsh and Bach.

Noon-Hour Organ Recital. A broad variety of solo organ repertoire ranging from the 16th to 20th centuries, as well as music for organ and other instruments with student organists from the Department of Music.



Please Note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice. Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).