

Nicholas Arthur
KILBURN

MEMORIAL CONCERT SERIES

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Presenting

Edith Wiens, soprano

with

Betty Suderman, piano

Friday, March 3, 2000

**7:15 pm Pre-concert introduction
by Wesley Berg**

8:00 pm Concert



**Arts Building
University of Alberta**

Win a compact disc by Edith Wiens!

THE EDMONTON MENNONITE CENTRE FOR NEWCOMERS invites everyone to view their display and art exhibit this evening. Donations to the Centre are welcome.

The names of donors who give this evening will be entered into a draw for a compact disc donated by Edith Wiens which has just been nominated for a Juno Award. Entitled "Ae fond kiss" it includes ballads, folksongs and parlour songs composed by Healy Willan, Aaron Copland, Charles Ives, Stephen Foster and Benjamin Britten, including repertoire heard this evening. Ms Wiens is featured in performance with pianist Rudolf Jansen and Canadian harpist Judy Loman.

Ms Wiens' family has a strong Mennonite connection. The EMCN was established in 1981 as a resource to help refugees and immigrants to Canada to find a home, to improve their English and to find work. With a staff including 200 volunteers, it serves each year over 3,000 clients from more than 75 countries.

Program

Seligkeit (Hölty) (1816) Franz Schubert
Ariette der Claudine (Goethe) (1815) (1797-1828)
An Silvia (Shakespeare) (1826)
Die junge Nonne (Craigher) (1825)

Der Jäger (Halm) (1884) Johannes Brahms
Da unten im Tale (Volkslied) (1885) (1833-1897)
Auf dem Kirchhof (Lilienkron) (1886)
Schwesterlein (Volkslied) (1894)
Von ewiger Liebe (Wentzig) (1864)
Vergebliches Ständchen (Niederrheinisches Volkslied) (1881)

Intermission

Songs of the British Isles (publ. 1928) Healey Willan
Drink to me only (Ben Jonson) (1880-1968)
Early one morning
Ae fond kiss

Simple Gifts (Shaker song) (1950) Aaron Copland
At the river (Hymn tune) (1952) (1900-1990)
Songs my mother taught me (Heyduk) (1895) Charles Ives
Berceuse (Unknown) (1903) (1874-1954)
A Night Song (Moore) (1895)

The Nursery (Text: Mussorgky; engl. version Wiens) Modeste Mussorgsky
With Njanja (1868) (1839-1881)
In the Corner (1870)
The Beetle (1870)
Lullaby for the Doll (1870)
Evening Prayers (1870)
The Hobby Horse (1872)

Seligkeit

Freuden sonder Zahl
Blühn im Himmelssaal
Engeln und Verklärten,
Wie die Väter lehrten.
Oh, da möcht' ich sein
Und mich ewig freun!

Jedem lächelt traut
Eine Himmelsbraut;
Harf' und Psalter klinget,
Und man tanzt und singet.
Oh, da möcht' ich sein
Und mich ewig freun!

Lieber bleib' ich hier,
Lächelt Laura mir
Einen Blick, der saget,
Daß ich ausgeklaget.
Selig dann mit ihr
Bleib' ich ewig hier!

Ariette der Claudine

Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen;
Treue wohnt für sich allein.
Liebe kommt euch rasch entgegen;
Auf gesucht will Treue sein.

An Silvia

Was ist Silvia, saget an,
Daß sie die weite Flur preist?
Schön und zart seh, 'ich sie nah'n,
Auf Himmelsgunst und Spur weist,
Daß ihr alles untertan.

Ist sie schön und gut dazu?
Reiz labt wie milde Kindheit;
Ihrem Aug' eilt Amor zu,
Dort heilt er seine Blindheit,
Und verwielt in süßer Ruh'.

Darum Silvia, tön', o Sang,
Der holden Silvia Ehren;
Jeden Reiz besiegt sie lang,
Den Erde kann gewähren:
Kränze ihr und Saitenklang!

Bliss

Joys beyond number
Bloom in the vaults of heaven
For angels and the transfigured,
As our fathers taught.
Ah, there I should like to be,
Forever rejoicing!

Upon each heavenly bride
Smiles tenderly;
Harp and psalter sound,
There is dancing and singing.
Oh, there I should like to be,
Forever rejoicing!

I would sooner stay here
If Laura smiles on me
With a look that says
I have ceased grieving.
Blissfully then with her
I will remain forever here!

Claudine's Ariette

Love roves everywhere;
Constancy lives alone.
Love comes rushing towards you;
Constancy must be sought.

To Sylvia

Who is Sylvia, what is she
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she.
The heavens such grace did lend her
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness,
And being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling.
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us garlands bring.

De junge Nonne

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende Sturm!

Es klirren die Balken, es zittert das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner, es leuchtet der Blitz,
und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!

Immerhin, so tobt' es auch jüngst noch in mir!

Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der Sturm,
es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das Haus,
es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz,
und finster die Brust, wie das Grab!

Nun tobe, du wilder; gewalt'ger Sturm!
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh;

des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,
gereinigt in prüfender Glut,
der ewigen Liebe getraut.

Ich harre, mein Heiland! Mit sehndem Blick!
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole die Braut,
erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft!

Horch, friedlich ertönet das Glöcklein vom Turm!

Es lockt mich das süße Getön.
All mächtig zu ewigen Höhn.
Alleluja!

Der Jäger

Mein Lieb ist ein Jäger
und grün ist sein Kleid,
und blau ist sein Auge,
nur sein Herz ist zu weit.

Mein Lieb ist ein Jäger,
trifft immer in's Ziel,
und Mädchen berückt er,
so viel er nur will.

Mein Lieb ist ein Jäger,
kennt Wege und Spur,
zu mir aber kommt
er durch die Kirchthüre nur.

The young nun

How the raging storm howls through the treetops!

The timbers rattle, the house trembles!
The thunder growls, the lightning flashes,
and the night is dark as the grave!

Yet not so long ago it raged within me like this!

Life raged as the storm does now,
my limbs trembled as the house does now,
love flamed as the lightning does now,
and my breast was dark as the grave.

Rage on, ye wild, violent storm!
In my heart is peace and tranquility.

The loving bride awaits the groom;
she is cleansed in the purifying fire,
betrothed to eternal love.

My Saviour, I await you with longing!
Come, heavenly bridegroom, take your bride,
redeem her soul from earthly bondage!

Hark! The little bell rings sweetly from the tower.

The sweet sound draws me
with divine power towards the eternal heavens.
Alleluia!

The Huntsman

My love is a hunter,
And green is his rig,
His eyes are the bluest,
But his heart is too big.

My love is a hunter,
His target he strikes,
And he catches a maiden,
Whenever he likes.

My love is a hunter,
Can follow a spoor,
But me shall he follow
Only thro' the church door.

Da unten im Tale

Da unten im Tale
läuft's wasser so trüb
und i kann dir's nit sagen
i hab'di so lieb

Sprichst allweil von Lieb',
sprichst allweil von Treu',
und a bissele Falschheit
is au wohl dabei!

Und wenn i dir's zehnmalsag',
daß i di lieb,
und du willst nit verstehen,
muß i halt weiter geh'n.

Für die Zeit, wo du g'liebt mi hast
dank i dir schön,
und i wünsch' daß dir's anderswo
besser mag geh'n.

Auf dem Kirchhofe

Der Tag ging regenschwer und sturmbewegt,
ich war an manch vergessnem Grab gewesen,
verwittert Stein und Kreuz, die Kränze alt, die Namen
überwachsen, kaum zu lesen.

Der Tag ging sturmbewegt und regenschwer,
auf allen Gräbern froz das Wort: Gewesen.

Wie sturместot die Särge schlummerten,
auf allen Gräbern taute still: Genesen.

Schwesterlein

Er: Schwesterlein, Schwesterlein,
wann geh'n wir nach Haus?

Sie: Morgen wenn die Hahnen Kräh'n,
woll'n wir nach Hause geh'n,
Brüderlein, Brüderlein,
dann geh'n wir nach Haus.

Er: Schwesterlein, schwesterlein,
wann geh'n wir nach Haus?

Sie: Morgen wenn der Tag anbricht
eh' end't die Freude nicht,
Brüderlein, Brüderlein
der fröhliche Braus.

Down in the Valley

Down in the valley
the water flows so muddy
and I can't tell you,
I love you so.

You always talk of love,
you always talk of constancy,
and a bit of falsehood
goes with it too.

And if I tell you ten times
that I love you,
and you don't understand
I shall have to go somewhere else.

For the time that you loved me
I thank you
and wish that somewhere else you
may fare better.

In the Churchyard

The day passed heavy with rain and storm-tossed,
I stood by many a forgotten grave,
the stone and cross weathered, the wreaths old,
the names overgrown, scarcely to be read.

The day passed storm-tossed and heavy with rain,
on all the graves froze all the words: Passed on.

Like calm after the storm the coffins slumbered,
on all the graves melted softly: Healed.

Little Sister

He: Sister, little sister,
when shall we go home?

She: Tomorrow when the cocks crow
we will go home,
brother little brother,
then we will go home.

He: Sister, little sister,
when shall we go home?

She: Tomorrow when the day breaks,
before the pleasure is ended,
brother, little brother,
the noise and the fun.

Schwesterlein (cont'd.)

Er: Schwesterlein, Schwesterlein
wohl ist es Zeit.

Sie: Mein Liebster tanzt mit mir,
geh'ich tanzt er mit ihr,
Brüderlein, Brüderlein
laß du mich heut'.

Er: Schwesterlein, Schwesterlein
was bist du blaß?

Sie: Das macht der Morgenschein
auf meinen Wängelein,
Brüderlein, Brüderlein,
die vom Taue naß.

Er: Schwesterlein, Schwesterlein,
du wankest so matt?

Sie: Suche die Kammertür
suche mein Bettlein mir
Brüderlein, es wird fein
unterm Rasen sein.

Von ewiger Liebe

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!

Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche, sie schweiget nun auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,
gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,
führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
redet so viel und so mancherlei:

“Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,
leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,
werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind,
scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.”

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:
“Unsere Liebe, sie trennet sich nicht!
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,
unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.

Little Sister

He: Sister, little sister,
it is time now.

She: My love is dancing with me,
if I go, he'll dance with her,
brother, little brother,
let me be for now.

He: Sister, little sister
why are you so pale?

She: That is the morning light
on my cheeks,
brother, little brother,
which are wet with dew.

He: Sister, little sister,
you are tottering so feebly?

She: Find the bedroom door,
find my bed,
little brother, it will be fine
to be under the turf.

Of eternal love

Dark, how dark it is in forest and field!

Evening has already come, the world is silent.
There is no more light and no more smoke,
and the lark is silent too.

Out of the village comes the lad,
escorting his beloved homewards;
he leads her past the clump of willows,
speaking of so many things.

“If you are despised and if you feel sad,
if you are despised by others on my account,
then our love shall be quickly sundered,
as swiftly as we were first united.
We shall part in wind and rain
as swiftly as we were first united”

The maiden says
“Our love cannot be sundered!
Steel is strong and so too is iron,
but our love is even stronger.

Von ewiger Liebe (cont'd.)

Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?
Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,
unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!"

Vergebliches Ständchent

Er: Guten Abend, mein Schatz, guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir, ach, mach' mir auf die Thür!

Sie: Mein' Thür ist verschlossen, ich lass' dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rath' mir Klug, wärst du herein mit Fug,
wär's mit mir vorbei!

Er: So kalt ist die Nacht, so eisig der Wind,
dass mir das Herz erfriert, mein' Lieb' erlöschent wird,
öffne mir, mein Kind!

Sie: Löschet dein' Lieb, lass sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu, geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh',
gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

Drink to me only with thine eyes

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine!

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be;
But thou there-on didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee!

Of eternal love

Iron and steel can be shaped in the forge,
but who can change our love?
Iron and steel can be melted down,
but our love must endure for ever!"

The Vain Suit

He: Good evening my treasure, good evening my child:
I come out of love for you, ah, open the door to me!

She: My door is locked, and I will not let you in;
Mother counseled me wisely that if I allowed you in I
would be finished!

He: So cold is the night, so icy the wind, that my heart
is freezing
and my love will grow cold; open to me, child!

She: Let your love grow cold, yes, let it grow cold,
then, grow cold forever!
Go home to bed, to rest, good night, my lad!

Early one morning

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing in the valley below:
"O don't deceive me, O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
Remember the bow'r where you vow'd to be true;
O don't deceive me, O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?

O gay is the garland, and fresh are the roses
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow.
O don't deceive me, O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

Thus sang the poor maiden, her sorrows bewailing,
thus sang the poor maid in the valley below:
"O don't deceive me, O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

Ae fond kiss

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fare well, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted.

Fare the weel, thou first and fairest,
Fare the weel, thou best and dearest;
Thine be ilka joy and treasure
Peace, enjoyment, love and treasure.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Simple Gifts

'Tis the gift to be simple 'tis the gift to be free
'Tis the gift to come down where you ought to be
And when we find ourselves in the place just right
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight

When true simplicity is gained
To bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed
To turn, turn will be our delight
'Till by turning, turning we come right.

At the river

Shall we gather by the river
Where bright angels feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God.

Yes we'll gather by the river,
the beautiful, the beautiful river
Gather with the saints by the river
That flows by the throne of God.

Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Yes we'll gather by the river,
the beautiful, the beautiful river
Gather with the saints by the river
That flows by the throne of God.

Songs my mother taught me

Songs my mother taught me in the days long vanished,
Seldom from her eyelids were the teardrops banished.

Now I teach my children each melodious measure
often tears are flowing from my memory's treasure

Songs my mother taught me...

Berceuse

O'er the mountains towards the west,
as the children go to rest,
faintly comes a sound,
a song of nature hovers round.

'T is the beauty of the night;
Sleep thee well till morning light.

A Night Song

The young May moon is beaming; love,
The glowworm's lamp is gleaming, gleaming;
How sweet to rove through Morna's grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming love!

Then awake! The heav'ns look bright, my dear,
'Tis ne'er too late for delight,
and best of all the ways to lengthen days
is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear,
When the drowsy world is dreaming love!

S Nyaney

Rasskazhi mne, Nyanyushka, rasskazhi mne, milaya,
pro tovo, pro buku strashnovo; kak tot buka po lesam
brodil, kak tot buka v les detey nosil, i kak griz on ikh
beliye kostochki, i kak deti te krichali, plakali.

Nyanyushka! Ved za to ikh, detey-to, buka syel, chto
obideli nyanyu staruyu, papu s mamoy neposlushali;
ved za to on syel ikh, Nyanyushka?

Ili vot chto: rasskazhi mne luchshe pro tsarya s
tsaritsey, chto za morem zhili v teremu bogatom.
Yeshchyo tsar vsyo na nogu khromal, kak spotknetsya
tak grib vırastet. U tsaritsi-to vsyo nasmork bil, kak
chikhnyot styokla vdrebezgi!

Znayesh, Nyanyushka, ti pro buko-to uzh ne
rasskazıvay. Bog s nim, s bukoy! Rasskazhi mne,
Nyanya, tu smeshnuyo-to!

V Uglu

Akh ti, prokaznik! Klubok razmotal, prutki rasteryal!
Akh-ti! Vse petli spustil! Chulok ves za brızgal
chernilami! V ugol! V ugol! Poshol v ugol!
Prokaznik!

Ya nichevo ne sdelał, Nyanyushka. Ya chuloček ne
trogal, Nyanyushka! Klubochek razmotal
kotyonochek, i prutochki razbrosal kotyonochek. A
Mishenka bil painka, Mishenka bil umnitsa. A nyanya
zlaya, staraya, u Nyani nosik-to zapachkaniy; Misha
chistenkiy, prichosaniy, a u Nyani chepchik na boku.
Nyanya Mishenku obidela, naprasno v ugol postavila;
Misha bolshe ne budet lyubit' svoyu Nyanyushku, vot
vhto!

With Nanny

Tell me please, Nanny, tell me, dear Nanny, all about
the dreadful bogey-man: how the bogey-man roamed
about the woods, how he carried children off into the
forest, and how he gnawed at their little white bones,
and how the children cried and screamed aloud!

Nanny dear! Surely the reason the bogey-man ate the
children is because they were bad to their old nanny,
and they didn't listen to their daddy and mummy;
wasn't that why he ate them, Nanny dear?

Or perhaps, instead, you could tell me about the King
and Queen, who lived beside the sea in a splendid
castle. Yet the King was very lame, and wherever he
stumbled mushrooms grew up. And the Queen always
had a cold in the head, and when she sneezed the
glasses were smashed to bits!

You know, Nanny dear, don't tell me anything about
the bogey-man. Let's forget all about him! Tell me a
story, Nanny, that will make me laugh!

In the Corner

Oh, you little rascal! You've unwound my ball of
wool, and you've lost my needles! Oh, dear! You've
dropped all the stitches! And the stocking's all
splattered with ink! Into the corner! Into the corner!
Go and stand in the corner! You rascal!

I didn't do anything, Nanny dear. I didn't touch the
little stocking, Nanny dear. It was the kitten who
unwound your little ball of wool, and the kitten who
pulled your little needles out. But little Misha has been
a good boy, little Misha has been a clever boy. And
Nanny is old and bad, and Nanny has a dirty nose.
Misha is a clean little boy, and his hair is neatly
combed, but Nanny's cap is all crooked. Nanny has
been bad to little Misha, to make him stand in the
corner for nothing. And Misha won't love his Nanny
any more, so there!

Zhuk

Nyanya, nyanyushka! Chto sluchilos, Nyanya, dushennka! Ya igral tam na pesochke za besedkoy, gde beryozki, stroil domik iz luchinockek klenovikh, tekh, chto mne Mama, sama Mama nashchipala. Domik uzh so vsem postroil, domik s krishkoy, nastoyashchiy domik. Vdrug!

Na samoy krishke zhuk sidit ogromniy, chorniy, tolstiy takoy. Usami shevelit stashno tak i pryamo na menya vsoy smotrit!

Isugalsya ya! A zhuk gudit, zlitsya, krilya rastopiril skhvatit' menya khochet. I nalatel, v visochek menya udaril!

Ya pritsailsya, Nyanyushka, prisel, boyus poshevelnutsya! Tolko glazok odin chut-chut otkril! I chto zhe? Poslushay, Nyanyushka.

Zhuk lezhit, slozhivshi lapki, kverkhu nosikom, na spinke, i uzh ne zlitsya i usami ne shevelit, i ne gudit uzh, tolko krilshki drozhat! Chto zh on, umer? Il privorilsya? Chto zh eto, chto zhe, skazhi mne, Nyanya, s zhukom-to stalos?

Menya udaril, a sam svalislya! Chto zh eto s nim stalos, s zhukom-to?

S Kukloy

Tyapa, bay, bay, Tyapa, spi, usni, ugomon tebya vozmi! Tyapa, spat' nado Tyapa, spi, usni! Tyapa buka syest, seriy volk vozmyot, v tyomniy les snesyot!

Tyapa, spi, usni. Chto vo sne uvidish, mne pro to rasskazhesh: pro ostrov chudniy, gde ni zhnut, ni seyut, gde tsvetut i zreyut grushi nalivniye, den i noch poyut ptichki zolotiyey!

Bay, bay, bayu, bay, bay, bay, Tyapa!

The Beetle

Nanny, Nanny dear! Here's what happened, Nanny darling! I was playing out there in the sand behind the summer-house, near the birch-trees, and I was building a little house out of little strips of maple - the bits that Mama, that Mama herself picked out for me. The little house was just finished, a little house with a roof as well - a real little house. But - then!

Right on the roof of my house sat a Beetle, huge, and black, and very fat. He bristled his moustaches - it was awful - and he glared straight at me!

I was terrified! Then the Beetle buzzed, and lost his temper; he spread his wings and made straight for me!

I kept very still, Nanny dear, I cowered there, afraid to move an inch! Only an eye I opened a very little. And what do you think? Listen, Nanny dear!

The Beetle was lying with his legs folded, with his feet in the air, on his back, and he wasn't angry any more, and he wasn't bristling his moustaches, and he wasn't even buzzing, only his little wings were quivering. Do you think he was dead? Or just stunned a little? What do you think, Nanny, tell me please, what has happened to the Beetle?

He came and hit me, but he knocked himself out! What has happened to him, to that Beetle?

With Dolly

Dolly, bye bye, Dolly, go to sleep, settle down quietly! Dolly, you have to sleep, Dolly, go to sleep! The bogey-man will eat Dolly, and the grey wolf will seize her and carry her off into the dark forest!

Dolly, go to sleep! And what you see in your dreams, you can tell me all about it: about the magic island, where no-one reaps or sows, and where the juiciest pears flower and ripen, and where golden birds sing all day and night.

Bye, bye, ba-yoo, bye, bye, bye, Dolly!

Na son Gryadushchiy

Gospodi, pomiluy Papu i Mamu i spasi ikh Gospodi!
Gospodi, pomiluy brattsu Vasenku i bratts Mishenku.

Gospodi, pomiluy Babushka starenkuyu, poshli tseyey
dobroye zdorovitse - Babushke dobrenkoy, Babushke
starenkoy; Gospodi!

I spasi, bozhe nash: tyotyuu Katyu, tyotyuu Natashi,
tyotyuu Mashu, tyotyuu Parashu, tyotey Lyubu, Varyu i
Sashu, i Olyu, i Tanyu, i Nadyu; dyadey Petyu i
Kolyu, dyadey Volodyu, i Grishu, i Sashu; i vsekh
ikh, Gospodi, spasi i pomiluy. I Filku, i Vanku, i
Mitku, i Petku, i Dashu, Pashu, Sonyu, Dunyushku...

Nyanya, a Nyanya! Kak dalshe, Nyanya?

Vish ti, prokaznitsa kakaya! Uzh skolko raz uchila:
Gospodi, pomiluy i menyua greshnuyu!

Gospodi, pomiluy i menyua greshnuyu! Tak?
Nyanyushka?

Poyekhhal na Palochke

Hey! Hop, hop, hop! Hop, oe! Hey, podi! Hey!
Hey, podi! Hop, hop, hop! Hop, hop! Hop, hop,
hop! Hop, hop! Hey! Hey, hey! Hey, hey! Ta-ta-ta-
ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta! Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!
Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta! Tpru! Stoi!

Vasya, a Vasya! Slushay prikhodi igrat' sevodnya;
tolko ne pozdno!

Nu ti hop! Hop, hop! Proshchay, Vasya! Ya v Yukki
poyekhhal... tolko k vecheru... nepromenno budu... mi
ved rano, ochen rano spat' lozhimsya... prikhodi zh
smotri!

Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta! Hey! Ta-
ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta! Podi! Hey!
Hey, podi! Hey, hey, podi! Hey, hey! Razdavlyu!
Oy!

At Bed-time

God bless Daddy and Mummy, and keep them safe, O
Lord. God bless brother Vasenka and brother
Mishenka.

God bless my dear old Grandma, give good health to
my dearest Grandma, my old Grandma, O Lord.

And keep safe, O Lord, auntie Katya, auntie Natasha,
auntie Masha, auntie Parasha, and all my aunties -
Lyubu and Varya and Sasha and Olya and Tanya and
Nadya; uncle Petya and uncle Kolya and all my uncles
- Voldya and Grisha and Sasha; and all of them, O
Lord, keep safe and bless. And Filka and Vanka and
Mitka and Petka and Dasha, Pasha, Sonya,
Dunyushka...

Nanny, oh Nanny! What else, Nanny?

Look you, what a little rascal! How many times have I
told you: O Lord, forgive me my sins!

O Lord, forgive me my sins! Like that? Nanny dear?

Riding on a Hobby-horse

Hey! Clop, clop, clop! Clip - clop! Hey, giddy-up!
Hey! Hey! Hey, giddy-up! Clop, clop, clop! Clip -
clop! Clop, clop, clop! Clip - clop! Hey! Hey, hey!
Hey, hey! Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!
Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta! Whoa!
Stop!

Vasya, hey Vasya! Will you come and play with me
today? Only don't be late!

Now, giddy-up! Clip - clop! Goodbye, Vasya! I'm off
to Yuky... but towards evening... I shall certainly be
back... since it's early, very early when they put us to
bed... come and you'll see!

Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta! Hey!
Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta! Giddy-up!
Hey! Hey, giddy-up! Hey, hey, Giddy-up! Hey, hey!
I'll knock them all down! Oh!

Poyekhal na Palochke

Oy bolno! Oy nogu! Oy bolno! Oy, nogu!...

Miliy moy, moy malchik, chto za gore! Hu polno plaket'; prodyot, moy drug postoyka, bstan na nozhki pryamo, vot tak, ditya. Posmotri, kakaya prelest! Vidish? V kustakh na-levo? Akh, chto za ptichka divnaya! Chto za perishki! Vidish? Nu chto? Proshlo?

Proshlo!

Ya v Yuki syezdil, Mama; teper... domoy... toropitsya nado... Hop, hop! Gosti budut... Hop! Toropitsya nado...

Riding on a Hobby-horse

Oh it's sore! Oh, my foot! Oh, it's sore! Oh, my foot!

My darling one, my little boy, how terrible! But don't cry any more; it'll soon be better, my little horseman; stand up straight on your feet - that's it, little one. Look how pretty! Do you see? On the bushes, there on the left? Oh, what a beautiful bird! Such little feathers! You see? How's your foot? Better?

Better!

I've been to Yuky, Mama; now... home... I have to hurry... Clip - clop! My friends will be there... Clip - clop! I have to hurry...

Edith Wiens

Her beautiful, versatile voice and assured musicality embrace an astonishingly vast repertoire from the baroque to the contemporary. She is regularly invited to collaborate with the world's foremost conductors and orchestras, including the New York, Berlin, London, Munich and Israel Philharmonic Orchestras; Boston, Chicago, Toronto, Montreal and San Francisco Symphonies, the Philharmonia, Dresden Staatskapelle and Cleveland Orchestras, the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, l'Orchestre National de France and l'Orchestre de Paris; under such conductors as Daniel Barenboim, Sir Colin Davis, Charles Dutoit, Bernard Haitink, Sir Neville Marriner, Kurt Masur, Seiji Ozawa, Wolfgang Sawallisch and the late Sir Georg Solti.

Ms Wiens has been warmly welcomed at the Salzburg, Lucerne, Tanglewood, Dresden, Berlin and Vienna Festivals, and the London Proms. Operatic appearances to date have included principal Mozart roles at Glyndebourne, La Scala, the Santa Fe Opera, the Amsterdam Opera, Tokyo and Buenos Aires' Teatro Colon.

Especially renowned as a lieder singer of the highest order, Ms Wiens has given recitals in London (at the Wigmore Hall), Paris, Toronto, New York, Moscow, Amsterdam's Concertgebouw, Buenos Aires, Frankfurt, Florence, Munich and Berlin, and has been repeatedly invited to Vienna's Musikverein.

A recipient of both the Grammy and Diapason d'Or Awards, Ms Wiens is well-represented on the EMI, Erato and Philips labels. Her discography includes works of Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Grieg, Mendelssohn, Mahler, Zemlinsky, Schumann and Wagner. Three such praised CDs of lieder by Schubert, Schumann and Strauss and Zemlinsky's Lyrical Symphony with l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande were recently issued; forthcoming are additional lieder recordings of Brahms and Zemlinsky.

Once again this season, Maestro Kurt Masur has invited Ms Wiens to collaborate with him. The concerts will be with the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra in Munich. Also scheduled this season are recitals in Germany, Switzerland, France and Canada.

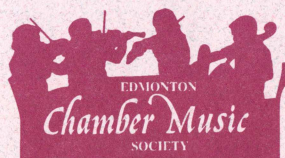
Edith Wiens has received an honorary doctorate from her alma mater Oberlin College, and is Professor of Voice at the Robert-Schumann-Hochschule in Düsseldorf. She lives in Munich with her husband and their two teen-age sons.

Edith Wiens was recently awarded The Order of Canada.

Betty Suderman

Noted for her sensitive musicianship, Betty Suderman is especially in demand as a performer of Lieder and chamber music. She has concertized throughout western and central Canada, the Yukon, Washington State, and in numerous countries in Europe and Africa. Collaborating with fellow musicians is a particular joy for Miss Suderman and has resulted in her participation as accompanist in numerous European vocal competitions, including several with Edith Wiens. She has recorded with Vancouver Cantata Singers and the West Coast Mennonite Chamber Choir, including performances with Ms Wiens and Ben Heppner.

Miss Suderman has studied in Europe under the auspices of the German Academic Exchange Scholarship and the Canada Council. Recently, she was granted a Doctorate of Musical Arts degree in piano performance from the University of British Columbia. She lives in Abbotsford, BC, and in her spare time, enjoys reading, hiking and singing in choirs.



Co-sponsored by the
Edmonton Chamber Music Society

Nicholas Arthur Kilburn Memorial Concert Series

In 1980, Peter Kilburn gave a large sum of money to the Department for the purpose of initiating the Nicholas Arthur Kilburn Concerts, a series of free concerts by world renowned artists. Over the years, he contributed even more money, wisdom and guidance to the project, to the point that now the fund provides not only for the yearly N.A.K. Concert, but also supports a series of six to eight concerts yearly given by Faculty and friends here at the University.

The name of Kilburn at this University stands for generosity, vision and dedication to excellence in music performance, and is responsible in no small measure for the reputation the Department of Music enjoys across the country.

This series of annual concerts is organized in memory of Nicholas Arthur Kilburn (1875-1931), a former member of the University of Alberta Board of Governors, by his late sons Nicholas Weldon and Peter (BA, University of Alberta, 1929). The presence of Edith Wiens and Betty Suderman here tonight is made possible by the generosity of the Kilburn family.

- 1981: Jorge Bolet, pianist
- 1982: (spring) York Winds
- 1982: (fall) Vancouver Chamber Choir
- 1983: Shura Cherkassky, pianist
- 1984: Guy Fallot, cellist
- 1985: Elly Ameling, soprano
- 1986: Eugene Istomin, pianist
- 1987: Franco Gulli, violinist
- 1988: Maureen Forrester, contralto
- 1989: Marek Jablonski, pianist
- 1990: Joseph Swensen, violinist
- 1991: Kaaren Erickson, soprano
- 1992: Detlef Kraus, pianist
- 1993: Ofra Harnoy, cellist
- 1994: Heinz Holliger, oboist
- 1995: Louis Quilico, baritone
- 1996: Stephen Hough, pianist
- 1997: Antonin Kubalek, pianist
with Ivan Zenaty, violinist
- 1998: David Higgs, organist



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University of Alberta