



Department of Music
University of Alberta

In Recital

Evelyn Pfeifer, conductor

Candidate for the Master of Music
degree in Choral Conducting

Monday, March 29, 1993 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

PROGRAM

Ave, verum corpus
Laudate, Pueri, Dominum
O Sing Unto the Lord*

Josquin des Prez
(ca. 1450 - 1521)
Henry Purcell
(1659 - 1695)

Heidi Klann, soprano
Joy Berg, alto
Joseph Levesque, tenor
Thomas Holm, bass

Greg Olson, Eva Butler, Don Zurowski, violin I
Jennifer Wolff, Melinda Cooke, Roy Tutschek, violin II
Miriam Lewis, Moni Mathew, viola
Tim Ashworth, cello
Robyn Rutledge, double bass
Stillman Matheson, organ

INTERMISSION

From Six Balletti
6. La Sirena

Giovanni Gastoldi
(ca. 1550 - 1622)

From Madrigali a quattro voci, 1585
Chi Voul' Udir**

Luca Marenzio
(1553 - 1599)

Ecco Mormorar L'onde

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567 - 1643)

From Opus 62 Partsongs
Rosmarin, No. 1
Waldesnacht, No. 3
Dein Herzlein mild, No. 4

Johannes Brahms
(1833 - 1897)

From Five Songs of the Newfoundland Outports
The Old "Mayflower"

arr. Harry Somers
(b. 1925)

From Three Canadian Folksongs
The Bluebird, No. 3

arr. Derek Holman
(b. 1931)

Joy Berg, Piano

*Music borrowed from the Da Camera Singers

**Music borrowed from the Alberta Choral Federation

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Ave, verum corpus

Ave verum corpus,
natum de Maria Virgine:
Vere passum,
immolatum in cruce pro homine.

Hail, true Body,
born of the virgin Mary,
Who has truly suffered,
was sacrificed on the cross for mortals.

Laudate, pueri, Dominum

Laudate, pueri, Domini
Laudate nomen Domini.
Sit nomen Domini benedictum
ex hoc nunc et usque in saeculum.
A solis ortu
et ad occasum,
laudabile nomen Domini.
Excelsus super omnes gentes Dominus,
et super caelos gloria ejus.

Praise the Lord, ye people
Praise the name of the Lord.
Blessed be the name of the Lord.
from henceforth now and forever.
From the rising of the sun
to the going down of the same,
the name of the Lord is worthy of praise.
The Lord is high above all nations
and His glory above the heavens.

Quis sicut Dominus, Deus noster,
qui in altis habitat
et humilia respicit in caelo
et in terra?
Suscitans a terra inopem
et de stercore erigens pauperem.

Who is as the Lord our God,
who dwells on high
and looks down on things in heaven
and in earth?
Raising up the needy and oppressed
and lifting the poor from the earth.

Ut collocet eum Dominus
cum principibus populi sui.
Qui habitare facit sterilem in domo
matrem filiorum laetantem.

That he may place with him princes
to be princes of his people.
Who makes a barren woman who dwells in a house,
the joyful mother of children.

Gloria Patri et Filio
et spiritui sancto.
Sicut erat in principio,
et nunc et semper,
et in saeculorum.
Amen.
Laudate, pueri, Dominum.

Glory be to the Father, the Son,
and to the Holy Spirit.
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be,
world without end.
Amen.
Praise the Lord, ye children.

O Sing Unto the Lord

O sing unto the Lord a new song,
Alleluja.
Sing unto the Lord, all the whole earth.
Alleluja.

Sing unto the Lord, and praise his Name:
be telling of his salvation from day to day.
Declare his honour unto the heathen,
and his wonders unto all people.
Glory and worship are before him,
Power and honour are in his sanctuary.

Texts and Translations (continued)

The Lord is great and cannot worthily be praised,
He is more to be feared than all gods.
As for all the gods of the heathen,
They are but idols:
but it is the Lord that made the heavens.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King:
and that it is he who hath made the round world
so sure that it cannot be moved;
And how that he shall judge the people righteously.
Alleluja, Amen.

La Sirena

Questa dolce Sirena
Col canto acqueta il mar,
Fa, la, la.
Un suo leggiadro riso
Puo l'aria serenar,
Fa, la, la.

Chi mira il suo bel viso
Resta prigion d'Amor,
Fa, la, la.
Chi i suoi bei lumi vede,
Sente legarsi il cor,
Fa, la, la.

Chi Voul' Udir'

Chi voul' udir' i miei sospiri in rime,
donne mie,
care e l'angoscioso pianto,
e quanti passi tra la nott' e'l giorno,
spargend' indarno vo per tanti campi,
legga per queste querce e per li sassi,
che n'e gia pien' o mai ciascuna valle.

Ecco mormorar l'onde

Ecco mormorar l'onde
e tremolar le fronde
a l'aura matutina e gl'arborselli
e sovrai verdi rami i vagh' angeli
can tar soavemente
e rider l'oriente

This sweet siren
With song calms the sea,
Fa, la, la.
A slight smile of hers
Can calm the air,
Fa, la, la.

Whoever sees her lovely face
Remains prisoner of Love,
Fa, la, la.
Whoever sees her lovely eyes
Feels his heart caught,
Fa, la, la.

He who would hear of my sighs in verse,
my dear ladies,
and of my anguished plaint,
and of how many steps I tread,
both night and day in vain in many meadows,
let him regard these oak trees and these rocks,
for each valley is full of my weeping.

Hear the murmuring waters
the rustle in the tree-tops
as morning breezes stir among the branches.
and on the boughs the birds so sweetly
sing airs to greet the sun
rising in the east.

Texts and Translations (continued)

Ecco, gia l'alb' appare
e si specchia nel mare,
e rassere nail cielo
e'imperla il dolce gielo,
e gl'alti monti indora,
O bellae vagh' aurora,
L'aura e messagiera e to da l'aura,
Ch'o gn'arso cor ristaura.

Rosmarin

Es wollt die Jungfrau früh aufstehn,
wollt in de Vaters Garten gehn.
Rot Röslein wollt sie brechen ab,
davon wollt sie sich machen
ein Kränzelein wohl schön.

Es sollt ihr Hochzeitskränzelein sein:
"Dem feinen Knab, dem Knaben mein.
Ihr Röslein rot, ich brech euch ab,
davon will ich mir winden
ein Kränzelein so schön."

Sie ging im Grünen her und hin,
statt Röslein fand sie Rosmarin:
"So bist du, mein Getreuer, hin!
Kein Röslein ist zu finden,
Kein Kränzelein so schön!"

Sie ging im Garten her und hin,
Statt Röslein brach sie Rosmarin:
"Das nimm du, mein Getreuer, hin!
Lieg bei dir unter Linden
mein Totenkränzelein schön!"

Waldesnacht

Waldesnacht, du wunderkühle,
die tausend Male grüß;
nach dem lauten Weltgewühle,
o, wie ist dein Rauschen süß!
Träumerisch die müden Glieder
berg ich weich ins Moos,
Und mir ist als würd ich wieder
all der iren Qualen los.

Fernes Flötenlied, vertöne,
das ein seites Sehnen rührt,
die Gedanken in die schöne
ach, mißgönnte Ferne Führt.
Laß die Waldesnacht mich wiegen,
stillen jede Pein,
und ein seliges Genügen saug ich mit
den Düften ein.

See how the dawn rises
mirrored deep in the ocean,
She brightens all the heavens
She makes pearls of the dew
She decks with gold the mountains
O beautiful Aurora
Breezes herald thee and are envious
Sick hearts to life restoring.

A maid chose to rise up early
and go walking in her father's garden.
She wished to pick red roses
and make of them
a lovely garland for herself.

It was to be her bridal wreath:
"Red roses, I pick you
for the fine lad who is my Lad,
and twine from you
a lovely garland for myself."

Back and forth in the bushes she went,
but instead of roses found rosemary.
"So you are lost, my own true love!
No roses can be found,
No lovely garland!"

Back and forth in the garden she went,
picking rosemary instead of roses.
"Accept this, my own true love!
I'll lay beside you under the Linden
my lovely funeral wreath."

Darkness of the woods, wondrous cool
I greet you a thousandfold;
after the noisy turmoil of the world
Oh how sweet is your rustling!
Dreamily I rest my weary limbs
in the soft moss,
and it is as if I were freed
from all my doubts and fears.

Sound, distant flute song,
that stirs a vast longing
and leads my thoughts
into the lovely distance, oh so envied
Let the woods' darkness lull me
and deaden my pain,
and with its fragrance let me
breathe a blissful content.

Texts and Translations (continued)

In den heimlich engen Kreisen
wird dir wohl, du wildes Herz,
und ein Friede schwebt mit leisen
Flügelschlägen niederwärts.
Singet, holde Vögellieder,
mich in Schlummer sacht!
Irre Qualen, löst euch wieder,
wildes Herz, nun gute Nacht!

Dein Herzlein mild

Dein Herzlein mild,
du liebes Bild,
das ist noch nicht erglommen,
und drinnen ruht
verträume Glut
wird bald zu Tage kommen.

Es hat die Nacht
ein'n Tau gebracht
den Knospen all im Walde,
und morgens drauf
da blühts zuhauf
und duftet durch die Halde.

Die Liebe sacht
hat überNacht
dir Tau ins Herz gegossen,
und morgens dann,
man sieht dir's an,
das Knösplein ist erschlossen.

The Old "Mayflower"

Diddle, diddle, diddle
Daddle, daddle, daddle
Da, da, Do, do.

Old Joe B. Langdon, looking out the door
Watching the Mayflower come ashore,
Come ashore all on the sand,
And there she smashed like an old tin pan.

Out with the cargo, dry fish and ale,
Old Don Mills, he stole the pail,
Nellie Packham, quick like a whistle
Grabbed some jars and stole the kettle.

Cookie Gillis, the second man,
Carried the wood across Cape Sand,
He piled it up like an old church tower
and that was the end of the old Mayflower.

In your secret, close confines
you will recover, turbulent heart,
and peace floats downwards
on lightly beating wings.
Tender bird songs,
sing me to gentle sleep!
Doubts and fears, begone,
restless heart, good night!

Your gentle heart,
O lovely creature,
has not yet begun to glow
but in it sleeps
a dreaming fire
that soon will come today.

Night has brought
a dew upon
every bud within the wood,
and in the morning
they bloom together
and perfume the hillside.

Love,
overnight, has gently
sprinkled dew in your heart
and then in the morning
as can be seen in you,
the tender bud has opened.

Texts and Translations (continued)

The Bluebird

O the ice upon the Mirmachi
will melt before the sun,
And Captain Moar's water boat

will soon be on the run.
For half a cent a gallon
the ships he will supply,
And the Captain says he'll run her
till the tank runs dry.

Till the tank runs dry,
Till the tank runs dry,
And the Captain says he'll run her
till the tank runs dry.

O the Dunderberg is nowhere
When the Bluebird sets her sail,
She can beat her in smooth water,
She can storm the roughest gale,
I have seen her mainmast quiver,
And her fore in splinters fly,
And the Captain says he'll run her
till the tank runs dry.

Till the tank runs dry,
Till the tank runs dry,
And the Captain says he'll run her
till the tank runs dry.

O, the mate said,
"Let us beach her"
As he crept down from the breeze,
But the Captain
told him for to go
Where water will not freeze.
He quickly grabbed the tiller
And to him made reply,
"I'll stand by thee, Old Bluebird,
Till the tank runs dry."
And the Captain says he'll run her
till the tank runs dry.

Now all ye merry mariners
That cross the briny sea,
If ever it should be your luck
to come to Mirmachi,
You will see the noble Bluebird,
Through the waters she will fly,
And the Captain says he'll run her
till the tank runs dry.

Till the tank runs dry,
Till the tank runs dry,
And the Captain says he'll run her
till the tank runs dry.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA LAB CHOIR

Soprano

I Kari Hendricksen
Nina Hornjatkevyc
Jolaine Kerley
Heidi Klann
Juli Neudorf

II Leela Gilday
Pamela Hauser
Karen Hofman
Lisa Lorenzino
+Denise Lucyshyn
Cheryl Nicoll

Tenor

George Irwin
Joseph Levesque
Myles McIntosh
Will Preville
David Stockburger

*Rehearsal Accompanist
+Sectional Assistant

Alto

I +Frieda Gramit
*Amber Jorgenson
Carolyn Nelson
Melanie Wiens

II +*Joy Berg
Jennifer Rice
Susan Stollings
Patricia Weleschuk
Theresa Wood

Bass

Rob Kelley
Peter Malcolm
+Gerry Paulson
Tom Soldan
Frank Sonnischen
Mark Stockburger
Russell Weninger

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