

Department of Music  
University of Alberta



# University Symphony Orchestra

**Malcolm Forsyth,  
Director**

**Sunday at 8:00 pm  
April 4, 1993**

**Convocation Hall  
Arts Building**





## PROGRAM

Canzone III Giovanni Gabrieli  
Canzone IX (from *Canzone e Sonate*, 1615) (ca.1553-1612)

Concert Aria for Soprano and Orchestra, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
K.V. 272 (1777) (1756-1791)  
Recitativo: "Ah, lo previdi!" Text: V A Cigna-Santi  
Aria: "Ah, t'invola" (*Andromeda* III, 10)  
Recitativo: "Misera!"  
Cavatina: "Deh, non varcar"  
**Shonda Jardine, soprano**

Dream Rainbow Dream Thunder (1986) R Murray Schafer  
(b. 1933)

## INTERMISSION

"Mi chiamano Mimi" (La Bohème, Act I) (1896) Giacomo Puccini  
(1858-1924)  
Libretto: Giuseppe Giacosa and Luigi Illica  
**Shonda Jardine, soprano**

Symphony No. 9 in E Minor, Op. 95 (1893) Antonin Dvořák  
("From the New World") (1841-1904)  
Adagio - Allegro molto  
Largo  
Molto vivace  
Allegro con fuoco



TEXTS AND  
TRANSLATIONS

**Mi chiamano Mimi**

Si.

Mi chiamano Mimì  
Ma il mio nome è Lucia.  
La storia mia è breve.  
A tela o a seta  
Ricamo in casa e fuori  
Son tranquilla e lieta,  
Ed è mio svago  
Far gigli e rose.  
Mi piaccion quelle cose  
Che han sì dolce malia,  
Che parlano d'amor, di  
primavere,  
Che parlano di sogni e di  
chimere,  
Quelle cose che han nome  
poesia...  
Lei m'intende?

Mi chiamano Mimì.  
Il perché non so.  
Sola, mi fo il pranzo  
Da me stessa.  
Non vado sempre a messa,  
Ma prego assai il Signor  
Vivo sola, soletta  
Là in una bianca cameretta;  
Guardo sui tetti e in  
cielo.  
Ma quando vien lo sgelo  
Il primo sole è mio.  
Il primo bacio dell' aprile è  
mio!  
Il primo sole è mio.

Yes.

They call me Mimì,  
but my real name's Lucia.  
My story is brief.  
I embroider silk and satin  
at home or outside.  
I'm tranquil and happy,  
and my pastime  
is making lilies and roses.  
I love all things  
that have gentle magic  
that talk of love, of  
spring,  
that talk of dreams and  
fancies -  
the things called  
poetry...  
Do you understand me?

They call me Mimì -  
I don't know why.  
I live all by myself  
and I eat all alone  
I don't often go to church,  
but I like to pray.  
I stay all alone  
In my tiny white room;  
I look at the roofs and the  
sky.  
But when spring comes  
the sun's first rays are mine.  
April's first kiss is mine, is  
mine!  
The sun's first rays are mine!



Texts and translations  
(continued)

Germoglia in un vaso una  
rosa  
Foglia a foglia l'aspiro  
Così gentile è il profumo d'un  
fior.

Mai fior ch'io faccio, ahimè,  
I fior ch'io faccio,  
Ahimè non hanno odore.  
Altro di me non le saprei  
narrare.  
Sono la sua vicina  
Che la vien fuori d'ora a  
importunare.

"Ah, lo prevedi!" - "Ah,  
t'invola agl'occhi miei" -  
"Deh, non varcar."

Ah, lo prevedi!  
Povero Prince, con quel ferro  
istesso,  
Che me salvò, ti lacerasti il  
petto.

(ad Euristeo)  
Ma tu sì fiero scempio  
Perché non impedir? Come, o  
crucele,  
D'un misero a pietà non ti  
movesti?  
Qual tigre ti nodri? Dove  
nascesti?

Ah, f'invola agl'occhi miei,  
Alma vile, ingrato cor!  
La cagione, oh Dio, tu sei  
Del mio barbaro dolor.  
Va, crudele! Va,  
spietato!  
Va, tra le fiere  
ad abita.

A rose blossoms in my vase  
I breathe its perfume, petal by  
petal.  
So sweet is the flower's  
perfume.

But the flowers I make, alas,  
The flowers I make, alas,  
alas, have no scent.  
What else can I  
say?  
I'm your neighbour,  
disturbing you  
at this impossible hour.

Ah, I foresaw it!  
Poor prince, with this same  
sword  
that saved me you pierced  
your breast.

(to Euristeo)  
But why did you not prevent  
such savage slaughter? How,  
cruel one,  
were you not moved to pity  
on unfortunate man?  
What tiger nurtured you?  
Where were you born?

Ah, fly from my sight,  
vile being, ungrateful heart!  
You are the cause, o God,  
of my bitter sorrow.  
Go, cruel one! Go, pitiless  
one!  
Go and dwell among the wild  
beasts.

Texts and Translations  
(continued)

Misera! Invan m'adiro  
E nel suo sangue intanto  
Nuota già l'idol mio...Con  
quell'acciaro,  
Ah Perseo, che facesti?  
Mi salvasti poc'anzi, or  
m'uccidesti.

Col sangue, ahi, la bell'  
alma,  
Ecco, già uscì dallo  
squarciato seno.  
Me infelice! Si oscura  
Il giorno agli occhi miei,  
E nel barbaro affanno il cor  
vien meno.  
Ah, non partir, ombra diletta,  
io voglio  
Unirmi a te. Sul grado  
estremo, intanto  
Che m'uccide il dolor,  
fermati alquanto!

Deh, non varcar quel'onda,  
Anima del cor mio.  
Di Lete all'altra sponda,  
Ombra, compagna arch'io  
Voglia venir con te.

Woe is me! In vain I rage,  
and meanwhile my beloved  
welters in his own  
blood...With this sword,  
Perseus, what have you done?  
You saved me a while ago,  
now you kill me.

Alas see how this dear spirit  
has gushed forth?  
with blood from his wounded  
breast!  
Unhappy that I am! The day  
darkens to my eyes,  
and in bitter torment my heart  
falters.  
Ah, do not go, beloved shade!  
I wish to be united  
with you.  
Until grief kills me,  
tarry awhile at the  
final step!

Ah, do not cross those  
waters, soul of my soul!  
To the further shore of Lethe,  
O shade, I too wish to come  
with you as your companion.

## PROGRAM NOTE

**Dream Rainbow Dream Thunder** is a fantasy for orchestra, derived for the most part from a single evening's improvisation on the piano. Although I am not a pianist I sometimes improvise for relaxation, especially late at night. These reveries are in past musical styles; they rarely generate new ideas for compositions. Occurring just before sleep, they often display the characteristics of dreams: rapid fluctuations of mood, sudden shifts of focus and few if any repetitions of material.

On the occasion when I improvised what I subsequently notated as this piece, I was living in Switzerland. I had just returned from visiting Neuschwanstein, King Ludwig's castle in the Bavarian mountains. Rain and mist shrouded the mountain as my friend and I hiked up to pay our respects to this strange edifice, conceived out of love for the music of Wagner. Wagner is detectable in my improvisation, but so are the styles of other composers. I don't think it matters much. **Dream Rainbow Dream Thunder** joins yesterday with days of long ago and tomorrow with days that will never be.

R Murray Schafer



UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

**Violin I**

Jennifer Bustin - Concert Mistress  
Adrian Dyck  
John Calverley  
Eva Butler  
Lyndi Pollock  
Jenny-Lynn Steed  
Shannon Johnson  
Grant Sigurdson  
Katherine Henshaw

**Violin II**

John Radosh - Principal  
Daniel McCusker  
Kenneth Heise  
Kim Bertsch  
Cherry Kawamoto  
Helen Byron  
Carol Sperling

**Viola**

Moni Mathew - Principal  
Miriam Lewis  
Marnie Ozipko  
Rebecca Chu

**Cello**

Adrian Rhys - Principal  
Paul Radosh  
Rhonda Metszies  
Yene Yoo  
Kerri McGonigal  
Adele Bossé

**Bass**

Robyn Rutledge - Principal  
Rob Vandervelde  
Paul Polushin

**Flute**

Heather McIlroy  
Elizabeth Sluys

**Piccolo**

Jennifer McAllister

**Oboe**

Sharie Rathwell  
Kathleen Murphy

**English Horn**

Catherine Lee

**Bassoon**

Ivan Wong  
Chris Berg  
Jackie Opgenorth

**Clarinet**

Allison Storochuk  
Janice Lindberg

**Bass Clarinet**

Mien Jou

**Horn**

Craig Scott  
Kerri MacDonell  
Ken Howe  
John Ward  
Suzanne Langor

**Trumpet**

Len Busse  
Chris McLean  
Sue Robinson

**Trombone**

Jim Kramer  
Craig Brenan  
Brian Yaremko

**Bass Trombone**

Daryl Burghardt

**Tuba**

Jay Stobbe

**Percussion**

Lael Johnston  
Greg Ferguson  
Raj Nigam  
Trevor Brandenburg

**Piano/Cesta**

Roger Admiral

**Harp**

Tracy Erdman