



Department of Music
University of Alberta

In Recital

Michael Coderre, baritone

with

Sylvia Shadick-Taylor, piano
Richard Vander Woude, organ

Thursday February 17, 1993, 8:00 P.M.

1994

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Awaiting the Millennium



For voice and organ:

At the Time of the Banquet (1969) Gerhard Krapf (1924)
Rejoice with Me, For I Have Found My Sheep (1969)
Morning Meditation and Hymn of Praise (1977)

De Profundis (1919 arr. 1972) Darius Milhaud (1892-1974)

Zwei geistliche Lieder (1907) Max Reger (1873 - 1916)

For voice and piano:

Ewig (1992) Michael Coderre (1967)

Caligula (world premiere) Jeff McCune (1965)

Chansons Gaillardes (Song Cycle) (1926) Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)



Musicians:

Baritone: Michael Coderre

Pianist: Sylvia Shadick-Taylor

Organist: Rick Vander Woude

*Good evening and welcome
to my graduate voice recital.
Tonight's recital will highlight
works composed this century
with a special accent on local
talent. Works by Gerhard
Krapf, a former professor of
this department will be
performed as will a new work
by my colleague, Jeff McCune .*

*The program I have chosen
ranges from the post-romanticism
of Reger to the intoned parables
of Krapf, from the religious and
ponderous tones of Milhaud to
the lewdness and frivolity of
Poulenc with neo-romantic
bombast and despair supplied
by Caligula and Ewig.*

*Please enjoy yourselves and
explore the music of this century
with me as we await the
millennium together.*

Gerhard Krapf (1924)

At the Time of the Banquet

At the time of the banquet the master sent his servant to say to those who had been invited, "Come, for all is now ready." But they all alike began to make excuses. And he said: "Go out quickly to the streets and lanes of the city and bring in the poor and the maimed and the blind and the lame. Go out quickly to the highways and hedges, and compel people to come in, that my house may be filled. For I tell you that none of those men who were invited shall taste my banquet."

Rejoice with Me, for I Have Found My Sheep

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost. Rejoice!" Even so, I tell you, there will be more joy in heaven over one sinner who repents than over ninety-nine righteous persons who need no repentance. Even so I tell you, there is joy before the angels of God over one sinner who repents.

Morning Meditation and Hymn of Praise

See me at dawn, my Rock, my Shelter, when my plight I state before Thy face, as is my wont at night.

Outpouring anguished thought that Thou beholdest my heart and what it contemplates I realize in fright.

Low though the offering be of mind's and lip's tribute to Thee (availeth aught my spirit with its might?)

Most cherish'st Thou the hymn we sing before Thee.

Thus while Thou support'st my breath

I praise Thee in Thine height. Amen.

Max Reger (1873 - 1916)

Zwei geistliche Lieder

Ich sehe dich in tausend Bildern

Ich sehe dich in tausend Bildern, Maria, lieblich ausgedrückt, doch keins von allen kann dich schildern, wie meine Seele dich erblickt. Ich weiß nur, daß der Welt Getümmel seitdem mir wie ein Traum verweht, und ein unnennbar süßer Himmel mir ewig, ewig im Gemüte steht.

Meine Seele ist still zu Gott

Meine Seele ist still zu Gott, der mir hilft. Denn er ist mein Hort, meine Hülfe, mein Schutz, daß mich kein Fall stürzen wird, wie groß er ist. Hoffet auf ihn allezeit, schüttet euer Herz vor ihm aus; Gott ist unsere Zuversicht.

Darius Milhaud (1892 - 1974)

Der Profundis

Du fond de la profondeur j'ai élevé un cri vers toi Seigneur écoute ma voix! Et que soient tes oreilles attentives à la voix de ma déprécation. Si tu observes mes fautes, Seigneur, comment faire pour tenir! Parce qu'en toi il y a un recours favorable, et à cause de ta propre loi je t'ai soutenu Seigneur. Mon âme a tenu bon dans la parole qu'il a dite, mon âme a espéré dans le Seigneur, depuis ma prise de poste au matin jusqu'à la nuit espère Israël dans le Seigneur. Parceque dans le Seigneur misericorde compense en lui la rédemption. Et c'est lui qui saura rédimmer Israël de toutes ses iniquités énormes.

I see you in a thousand pictures, Maria, beautifully painted, yet none of them are as my soul sees you. I only know that the tumultuous world disappears as a dream and an unnamable sweet heaven is forever in my spirit.

My soul is quiet before the God who helps me. For He is my treasure, my help, my protection which will never fail me. Hope in Him always, reveal your heart before Him. God is our confessor.

From out of the depths I cried to you, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice! And let your ears be attentive to my pleas. If you should mark my sins, O Lord, who shall stand? But through you there is forgiveness, and because of your law I have upheld you. My soul has been steadfast to his word, and in the Lord do I hope From morning until night, let Israel hope in the Lord. For with the Lord there is mercy and fullness of compassion. And it is he who shall redeem Israel from all its iniquities.

Michael Coderre (1967)

Ewig

(excerpted from Beethoven's letter to his *eternal beloved*)

My angel, my all, my very being,
Can our love endure without
sacrifice, can we alter the fact
that you are not wholly mine
or I not wholly yours? Ah!
If only we were completely united.
No doubt, we shall meet soon but
tonight my heart overflows with a
longing to tell you so many things!
Oh, there are moments when
words are simply inadequate.
I just noticed that letters must be
handed in very early tomorrow,
the only day when the mail
coach leaves from here.
Here where I am you are with me.
I will see to it that you and I,
that I can live with you.
What a life as it is now without you.
Is not our love founded in heaven
and as strongly bound as the
firmament to earth?
No other can ever possess my heart.
My angel, love me tonight,
love me tomorrow.
What a longing I have for you,
my life, my all.

Jeff McCune (1965)

Caligula

(excerpted from Albert Camus; trans. Stuart Gilbert)

Ah, Love! I've learned the truth
about love! It's nothing! Nothing!
It's only the treasury that counts -
the fountainhead of all!
Now, at last, I'm going to live,
really *live*! And living, my dear,
is the opposite of loving!
I feel a curious stirring within me,
as if undreamed things were
forcing their way up into the light,
and I am helpless against them.
I want... I want... I want
to drown the sky in the sea,
to infuse ugliness with beauty,
to wring a laugh from pain.
I shall make this age of ours a
kingly gift - the gift of equality.
And when all is levelled out,
and the impossible has come
to earth and the moon is in
my hands, then, then, *then*
I shall be transfigured
and the world renewed;
then men will die no more
and at last be happy!

Francis Poulenc (1899 - 1963)

Chansons Gaillardes

La Maîtresse Volage

Ma maitress est volage,
Mon rival est heureux;
S'il a son pucelage,
C'est qu'elle en avait deux.
Et vogue la galère,
Tant qu'elle pourra voguer.

Chanson À Boire

Les rois d'Egypte et de Syrie,
Voulaient qu'on embaumât leurs corps,
Pour durer plus longtemps morts. Quelle folie!
Buvons donc selon notre envie,
Il faut boire et reboire encore.
Buvons donc toute notre vie,
Embaumons-nous avant la mort.
Embaumons-nous; Que ce baume est doux.

Madrigal

Vous êtes belle comme un ange,
Douce comme un petit mouton;
Il n'est point de coeur, Jeanneton,
Qui sous votre loi ne se range.
Mais une fille sans têttons
Est une perdrix sans orange.

Invocation Aux Parques

Je jure, tant que je vivrai, De vous aimer, Sylvie.
Parques, qui dans vos mains tenez Le fil de notre vie,
Allongez, tant que vous pourrez,
Le mien, je vous en prie.

Couplets Bachiques

Je suis tant que dure le jour
Et grave et badin tour à tour.
Quand je vois un flacon sans vin,
Je suis grave, je suis grave,
Est-il tout plein, je suis badin.
Je suis tant que dure le jour
Et grave et badin tour à tour.
Quand ma femme me tient au lit,
Je suis sage, je suis sage,
Quand ma femme me tient au lit
Je suis sage toute la nuit.
Si catin au lit me tient Alors je suis badin
Ah! belle hôtesse, versez-moi du vin
Je suis badin, badin, badin.

The Fickle Mistress

My mistress is fickle,
my rival is happy;
if he has her virginity,
she must have had two.
Let's chance our luck
as long as it will last.

Drinking Song

The kings of Egypt and Syria,
wished to have their bodies embalmed,
to last for a longer time dead. What folly!
Let us drink then as we will,
we must drink and drink again.
Let us drink our whole life long,
embalm ourselves before death.
Embalm ourselves; since this balm is sweet.

Madrigal

You are as beautiful as an angel,
sweet as a little lamb;
there is not a heart, Jeanneton,
that has not fallen beneath your spell.
But a girl without breasts
is a partridge without orange.

Invocation to the Fates

I swear, as long as I shall live, to love you, Sylvie.
Fates, who hold in your hands the thread of our life,
extend, as long as you can,
mine, I beg you.

Bacchic Couplets

As long as day lasts
I am serious and merry by turns.
When I see a wine bottle empty
I am serious, I am serious,
when it is full, I am merry.
As long as day lasts
I am serious and merry by turns.
When I am in bed with my wife,
I am serious, I am serious,
when I am in bed with my wife
I behave well all night long.
If I am in bed with a wench then I am merry
Ah! fair hostess, pour me some wine
I am merry, merry, merry.

L'Offrande

Au dieu d'Amour une pucelle
Offrit un jour une chandelle,
Pour en obtenir un amant.
Le dieu sourit de sa demande
Et lui dit: Belle en attendant
Servez-vous toujours de l'offrande.

La Belle Jeunesse

Il faut s'aimer toujours
Et ne s'épouser guère.
Il faut faire l'amour
Sans curé ni notaire.
Cessez, messieurs, d'être épouseurs,
Ne visez qu'aux tirelires,
Ne visez qu'aux tourelours,
Cessez, messieurs, d'être épouseurs,
Ne visez qu'aux coeurs.
Cessez, messieurs, d'être épouseurs,
Holà, messieurs, ne visez plus qu'aux coeurs.
Pourquoi se marier, Quand les femmes des autres
Ne se font pas prier Pour devenir les nôtres.
Quand leurs ardeurs, Quand leurs faveurs,
Cherchent nos tirelires,
Cherchent nos tourelours,
Cherchent nos coeurs.

Sérénade

Avec une si belle main,
Que servent tant de charmes,
Que vous devez du dieu malin,
Bien manier les armes.
Et quand cet Enfant est chagrin
Bien essuyer ses larmes.

The Offering

To the god of Love a virgin
offered one day a candle
thus to gain a lover.
The god smiled at her request
and said to her: Fair one while you wait
the offering always has its uses.

The Beauty of Youth

You should love always
and seldom marry,
You should make love
without priest or notary.
Cease, good Sirs, to be marrying men,
only aim at the *tirelires*,
only aim at the *tourelours*,
cease, good Sirs, to be marrying men,
only aim at the hearts.
Cease, good Sirs, to be marrying men,
enough, good Sirs, only aim at the hearts.
Why marry, when the wives of others
need no persuasion to become ours.
When their arduous, when their favours,
seek our *tirelires*,
seek our *tourelours*,
seek our hearts.

Serenade

With so fair a hand,
possessed of so many charms,
that you must indeed
handle Cupid's darts.
And when this child is troubled
wipe away his tears.



Special Thanks:
Heather Baker, Harold Wiens, Beth Lim and
Donna Theroulde

*A reception will follow in the Student Lounge
near the main entrance*