

The Department of Music
of
The University of Alberta
presents

Concert Choir

LEONARD RATZLAFF, CONDUCTOR

ST. CECILIA ORCHESTRA

MALCOLM FORSYTH, CONDUCTOR

Monday, November 26, 1984 at 8:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Serenade to Music (1938) Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872 - 1958)

Sandra Babbel, soprano
Elizabeth Raycroft, mezzo soprano
Matthew Hendrickson, tenor
Quinton Hackman, baritone
Malcolm Forsyth, conductor

La Damoiselle Élue (1887) Claude Debussy
(1862 - 1918)

Carol Dyck, soprano (La damoiselle élue)
Elizabeth Raycroft, mezzo soprano (Un récitante)
Malcolm Forsyth, conductor

INTERMISSION

Missa Solemnis in B^b (1802) Franz Josef Haydn
"Harmoniemesse" (1732 - 1809)

Kyrie
Gloria
Credo
Sanctus
Benedictus
Agnus Dei

Kathleen Neudorf, soprano
Darlene Schubert, soprano
Eileen O'Dwyer, alto
Matthew Hendrickson, tenor
Edward Green, tenor
David Zacharko, bass
Leonard Ratzlaff, conductor

Special thanks to URBAN SCAFFOLDING LTD. for donating the platforms for tonight's concert.

ST. CECILIA ORCHESTRA

(String players are listed alphabetically)

Violin I

Karen Opgenorth, concertmaster
Elizabeth Ambrock
Cathy L. Boehm
Kimberly Fisher
Edgar Nelson
Jonty Parker-Jervis
Darren Schlese
Carol Sperling

Violin II

Martin Berger, principal
Jan-Marie Chrzanowski
Kevin Filewych
Sylvia Pines
Winifred Schroer
Becky Whitling

Viola

Stephen E. Collins, principal
Glenn Archibald
Ron Komarniski
Neal Lee
Britta Michalsky
Marion Whitling

Violoncello

Mark Eeles, principal
Laura Backstrom
Michael Beert
Amanda Forsyth
Roger Hunt
Ian Woodman

Double Bass

Duncan Sinclair, principal
Patricia Brine
Dan Mastronardi

Harp

Nora Bumanis
Agnes Lee

Flute and Piccolo

Lisa Nelsen, principal
Sandra Butner
Allison Grant

Oboe and English Horn

Melissa Duchak, principal
Joanne Mulesa
Brenda Sych

Clarinet and Bass Clarinet

John Newman, principal
David Hayman
Dan Sutherland

Bassoon

Sherri Goethe, principal
Katrina Russell
Colleen Cassidy

Horn

Juanita Spears, principal
Susan Belcher
Laszlo Klein
Heidi Wessel

Trumpet

Ross Hill, principal
Judy Wishloff
Wayne Prokopiw

Trombone

Chris Carlson, principal
Colin Haydu

Bass Trombone

Todd Strynadka

Tuba

Greg Parry

Timpani and Percussion

Bruce Anderson
Bruce Hoag

Concert Choir

CONCERT CHOIR MEMBERS NOVEMBER 26, 1984 CONCERT

Douglas Schalin, Accompanist

Soprano I

Joelle Banasch
Mary Birdsell
Sandra Butner
Kristen Cymbaluk
Heather Davidson
Elaine Dunbar
Virginia Gale
Suzette Heck
Elizabeth Laich
Pat Larsen
Dorothy Leonard
Eunice Loudon
Cathryn Moore
Joanne Parenteau
Gwen Plitt
Ida Pedersen
Darlene Schubert
Mary-Jean Uszy
Linda Walchuk
Debbie Wiebe
Barbara Williams

Soprano II

Kaye Allen
Edith Baragar
Kim Davis
Catherine Dea
Kathryn Downton
Jeneane Grundberg
Shawna Hanson
Julie Heroux
Nancy Johnson
Sharon Krawec
Carole Kroening
Margaret Laidlaw
Helen Lightfoot
Loretta McCormick
Patricia O'Hara
Shelley Peter
Barbara Raleigh
Marnie Rempel-Friesen
Lynn Sawyer
Linda Schroeder
Denise Weleschuk

Alto I

Yasuko Aoki
Jan Arnison
Nancy Bell
Louise Cournoyer
Rachel De Castro
Edette Gagne
Alison Grant
Debbie Hills
Carol Loberg
Penny Lortscher
Jimmy Lybbert
Dina Parker
Sandra Petersson
Barbara Ritz
Joan Roski
Martha Schuchard
Sylvie Simard
Julia Van Dolder
Carolyn Wiese

Alto II

Christine DeMarco
Cathy Grant
Rose Marie Gurba
Shauna Harrower
So Ling Ma
Monica Mansell
Gerda Miller
Lynne Phillips
Brenda Pugh
Nimmie Sequeira
Alicia Thompson

Tenor I

Grant Gregson
Myles McIntosh
Doug McKibbin
Ambrose Sun
Wim Van Winkoop

Tenor II

Ian Armstrong
Don Coffin
Peter Connor
Edward Green
Kim Hackman

Baritone

Peter Bagan
Dale Bueckert
Doug Craig
Barry Fish
Roland Fix
Leonard Gierach
Quinton Hackman
Kevin Kirkland
Phil McPhee
Russ Mitchell
Fred Talen
Kevin Wiebe

Bass

Dwayne Barr
Jack Boomer
Derek Brenneis
Victor Close
Brandon Konoval
Ken Klause
Gerhard Lotz
Jeffrey McCune
Marcus Schwabe
Mark Sloboda
Harry Stamhuis

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Serenade to Music

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music creep in our ears:
Soft stillness, and the night, become the touches of sweet harmony.

Look how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb that thou beholds't,
But in his motion like an angel sings, still quiring
to the young-ey'd cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in
we cannot hear it.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.

Music! Hark! It is your music of the house.
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day;
Silence bestows that virtue on it,
How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfections!
Peace, ho! The moon sleeps with Endymion and would not be awak'd!

(Soft stillness and the night become the touches of sweet harmony).

LA DAMOISELLE ELUE

CHORUS:

La Damselle Elue s'appuyait
Sur la barrière d'or du Ciel. Ses
yeux étaient plus profonds que
l'abîme des eaux calmes au soir.
Elle avait trois lys à la main Et
sept fioles dans les cheveux. Sa
robe flottante n'était point ornée
de fleurs brodees. Mais d'une rose
blanche, présent de Marie. Pour le
divin service justement portée.
Ses cheveux qui tombaient le
long de ses épaules. Étaient
jaunes comme le bûc mûr.

Autour d'elle des amants
Nouvellement réunis. Répétaient
pour toujours, entre eux. Leurs
poveux noms d'extase. Et les
âmes, qui montaient à Dieu.
Passaient près d'elle comme de
flûes flammes.

Alors, elle s'inclina de nouveau et
se pencha En dehors du charme
encerclant. Jusqu'à ce que son
sein fut échauffé. La barrière sur
laquelle elle s'appuyait. Et que les
lys gisent comme endormis Le
long de son bras étendu.

Le soleil avait disparu. La lune
annelée Était comme une petite
plume Flottant au loin dans
l'espace, et voilà Qu'elle parla à
travers l'air calme. Sa voix était
pareille à celle des étoiles.
Lorsqu'elles chantaient en chœur

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven:
Her eyes were deeper than the
depth
Of waters still'd at even:
She had three lilies in her hand.
And the stars in her hair were
seven.
Her robe, ungrit from clasp to
hem, No wrought flowers did adorn.
But a white rose of Mary's, of
Mary's gift for service meekly worn,
meekly worn: Her hair, that lay
along her back was yellow like ripe
corn.

Heard hardly, some of her friends,
her new friends Amid their loving
games Spake evermore among
themselves Their virginal chaste
names: And the souls mounting up
to God went by her like thin flames
And still she bowed herself and
stooped out of the circling charm.
Until her bosom must have made
the bar she leaned on warm, and
the lilies lay as if asleep along her
bended arm

The sun was gone now: the curled
moon was like a little feather. Flut-
tering far down the gulf, and now
she spoke thro' the still weather
Her voice was like the voice the
stars had, when they sang together

Je voudrais qu'il fût déjà près de
moi. Car il viendra. N'ai-je pas
prié dans le ciel? Sur terre.
Seigneur, Seigneur, n'a-t-il pas
prié. Deux prières ne sont-elles
pas une force parfaite? Et pour-
quoi m'effrerais-je?
Lorsqu'autour de sa tête s'at-
tachera, l'aurore. Et qu'il aura
revêtu sa robe blanche. Je le
prendrai par la main et j'irai avec
lui Aux sources de la mière. Nous
y entrerons comme dans un
courant. Et nous y baignerons à la
face de Dieu. Nous nous
reposerons tous deux à l'ombre
De ce vivant et mystique arbre.

Dans le feuillage secret duquel on
sent parfois La présence de la co-
lombe. Pendant que chaque feuille,
touchée par ses plumes. Dit son
nom distinctement. Tous deux
nous chercherons les bouquetes. OÙ
trône Dame Marie Avec ses cinq
servantes, dont les noms sont cinq
douces symphonies. Cécile, Blan-
chelys, Madeleine, Marguerite et
Roselys. Il craindra peut-être, et
restera muet. Alors, je poserai ma
joue contre la sienne: et lui parlerai
de notre amour. Sans confusion ni
faiblesse. Et la chère Mère approuvera mon orgueil, et me
laissera parler.

Elle même nous amènera la main
dans la main A celui autour duquel
toutes les âmes s'agenouillent, les
innombrables (tes clair rangées in-
clinées, avec leurs auroles. Et les
anges venus à notre rencontre
chanteront, s'accompagnant de
leurs guitares, et de leurs citoles

Alors, je demanderai au Christ
Notre Seigneur. Cette grande
faveur, pour lui et moi. Seulement
de vivre comme autrefois sur terre:
Dans l'Amour: Et d'être pour tou-
jours. Comme alors pour un temps.
Ensemble. Moi et lui.

LA DAMOISELLE ELUE

I wish that he were come to me, for
he will come. Have I not prayed in
heaven? on earth. O Lord, O Lord,
has he not prayed? Are not two
prayers, two prayers a perfect
strength? And shall I feel afraid?
When round his head the aureole
clings, and he is clothed, is clothed
in white. I will take his hand and go
with him to the deep wells of light.
We will step down as to a stream.
And bathe there in God's sight. We
two will lie in the shadow of that liv-
ing, mystic tree.

Within whose secret
growth the
dove is
sometimes felt to
be.
While every leaf that his plumes
touch Saith His Name audibly. We
two, we two will seek the groves
Where the Lady Mary is, with her
five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies. Cecily
Gertrude, Magdalen, Margaret and
Roselys. He shall fear, haply, and
be dumb. And then will I lay my
check To his, and tell about our
love, not once abashed or weak.
And the dear mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

Herself shall bring us, hand in
hand. To him round whom all souls
kneel, the clear ranged, un-
numbered heads Bowed with their
auroles. And angels meeting us
shall sing to their citherns and
cittles

And there, there will I ask of Christ
the Lord thus much for him, for
him and me. Only to live as once o
earth with love, and
only to be.
As then a while, forever now
together. I and he.

CHORUS:

Elle regarda, preta l'oreille et dit.
D'une voix moins triste que douce.
Tout ceci sera quand il viendra. Elle se tait
La lumière tressaillit de son côté.
Remplie d'un fort vol d'anges
horizontal. Ses yeux prièrent. Elle
sourit.

Mais bien tôt leur sentier devint
vague dans les sphères distantes.
Alors, elle prit ses bras le long des
barrières d'or. Et passant
son visage entre ses mains.

She gazed and listened, and then
said, less sad of speech than mild.
"All this is when he comes."
She ceased.
The light thrilled towards her, fill-
with angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes
Prayed, and she smiled.
But soon their path was vagu-
in distant spheres.

And then she cast her arms along
the golden barriers. And laid her
face between her hands and wept

pleura

PROGRAMME NOTES

HARMONIEMESSE IN B-FLAT

Haydn's Harmoniemesse was his last setting of the Mass and indeed his last large composition. It stands at the end of a long and highly prolific career. Written in 1802, it followed *The Seasons*, a work whose writing had worn heavily on the aging composer. Although Haydn had returned from London to Austria as a highly respected composer in 1795, and although he had labored so diligently and successfully on *The Seasons*, his skills were still in demand by his patron, Prince Nicolaus II Esterházy. At his age Haydn might well have hoped for a decrease in his manifold duties as court composer after having served three Esterházy princes prior to Nicolaus II. By 1802, his last official duties included the writing of a new mass setting once a year for the name day of the prince's wife, Princess Marie Hermenegild.

It is known that Haydn thought highly of the gifted and beautiful Princess, for he had earlier dedicated three of his London piano trios to her. For this reason, he was more than unusually inspired to write an excellent setting for her name day despite the weariness that its composition caused him. The Harmoniemesse was performed on the princess's name day in September of 1802 in the Bergkirche in Eisenstadt. It is fairly safe to presume the music was well received by the prince and princess, for in December of 1802 the prince especially honored Haydn with a gift from the royal wine cellars.

Haydn had a second reason for enthusiasm in writing this Mass. At this time he had at his disposal a substantial woodwind section in the court orchestra. Earlier he had not been so fortunate, and this fact explains the lack of many woodwinds from earlier Mass settings. His orchestration for the Harmoniemesse included two flutes, two oboes, two bassoons, two french horns, two trumpets, timpani, strings, and organ. Indeed, the name, Harmonie, given to this Mass comes from the German word for an eighteenth-century wind-band. Thus the prominence of woodwinds in the orchestra of this work gives it its name.

The Kyrie is a large, slow movement, Poco Adagio, in sonata form. There is a lengthy orchestral statement of the themes before the full chorus enters on a startling fortissimo chord. The music of this Kyrie is not what one would expect from an opening movement in a work by Haydn for its tone and mood are darker. The sudden harmonic changes throughout the movement create a sense of drama. It has been suggested that this drama is a hint of the Romantic era.

The following Gloria, Vivace assai, begins with the soprano solo; the chorus echoes the soprano but eventually expands on the harmonic interest with a chromatic line. A change of harmony and likewise of tone occurs with "Et in terra pax"; the chorus becomes softer and more serious. The trumpets make a great display in the conclusion of this section.

The "Gratias agimus" of the Gloria is an Allegretto in a lilting 3/8 meter. All four soloists - first the alto followed by the soprano, bass, and tenor - present the first part before the full chorus enters.

The third part of the Gloria, "Quoniam" (Allegro spiritoso), opens with a flourish by the full chorus. Trumpets and timpani punctuate the texture and create a festive atmosphere. A lengthy contrapuntal "Amen," first by the chorus, later joined by the soloists, concludes the Gloria in a grand climax on B-flat.

HARMONIEMESSE IN B-FLAT (cont.)

Just as the Gloria was divided into three sections, fast-slow-fast, so too does the Credo follow this pattern. The full chorus announces "Credo in unum Deum," marked Vivace. H. C. Robbins Landon has remarked on the conservative, Baroque style found in this part of the Credo. Sudden changes in dynamics, however, coincide with dramatic changes in the harmony.

The second part, "Et incarnatus est," is a contrasting setting of the text, as it is Adagio. After a brief clarinet solo, the soprano enters, and the other soloists take up the text at "et homo factus est." The chorus breaks through on "Crucifixus," and this section ends with a mysterious passage for the soloists.

The last section is Vivace, and once again the chorus enters, "Et surrexit," with a bright flourish, this time in G minor. A lengthy modulation to B-flat leads into the fugue on the words, "et vitam venturi saeculi. Amen." Haydn adds two additional soloists, a soprano and a tenor, to the group at "Amen."

With the Sanctus (Adagio) a serene, unhurried level is reached as the soloists followed by the chorus present the text. A brief orchestral interlude leads directly into a brisk Allegro for the chorus at "Pleni sunt coeli et terra."

The Benedictus is in sonata form. An orchestral introduction sets the energetic tone and the chorus presents the first theme. The soloists, with the same text, carry a lyrical theme. Development ensues, finally reaching a coda at "Osanna," in which Haydn uses the music from the Sanctus.

The Agnus Dei falls into two parts. The first part, a flowing Adagio, is for the soloists, who are accompanied by pizzicato strings and solo passages for the woodwinds. The second part is preceded by a dramatic transition from D to B-flat. The brass breaks forth into a grand fanfare, Allegro con spirito, and the chorus takes up "Dona nobis pacem." The texture is simple at first, but it becomes increasingly contrapuntal. Near the end Haydn surprises us once more with a sudden change in dynamics and harmonic color, and soon brings the work to a triumphant conclusion.

- Caroline Benser