



UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

In Recital

VIOLA WALLBANK, soprano

and

LORETTA DUECK, piano and harpsichord

Saturday, May 9, 1987 at 8:00 p.m.

Invicti Bellate.....Antonio Vivaldi
Motetto a canto solo con stromenti (1678-1741)

Kathy Boehm-Eichner and Martin Berger, violins
Michael Bowie (Faculty), viola
Mark Eeles (Faculty), cello

Ariettes Oubliées (Paul Verlaine).....Claude Achille Debussy
En Sourdine (1887) (1862-1918)
Il pleure dans mon coeur (1885-88)
L'Ombre des Arbres (1885)
Chevaux de Bois (1885)

Vier Lieder, Op. 2 (1899).....Arnold Schoenberg
Erwartung (R. Dehmel) (1874-1951)
Schenk mir deinen golden Kam (R. Dehmel)
Erhebung (R. Dehmel)
Waldsonne (J. Schlaf)

INTERMISSION

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building



UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

EVERYONE IS cordially invited to attend a recital by Wendy Lea Grant, piano

You Are Here

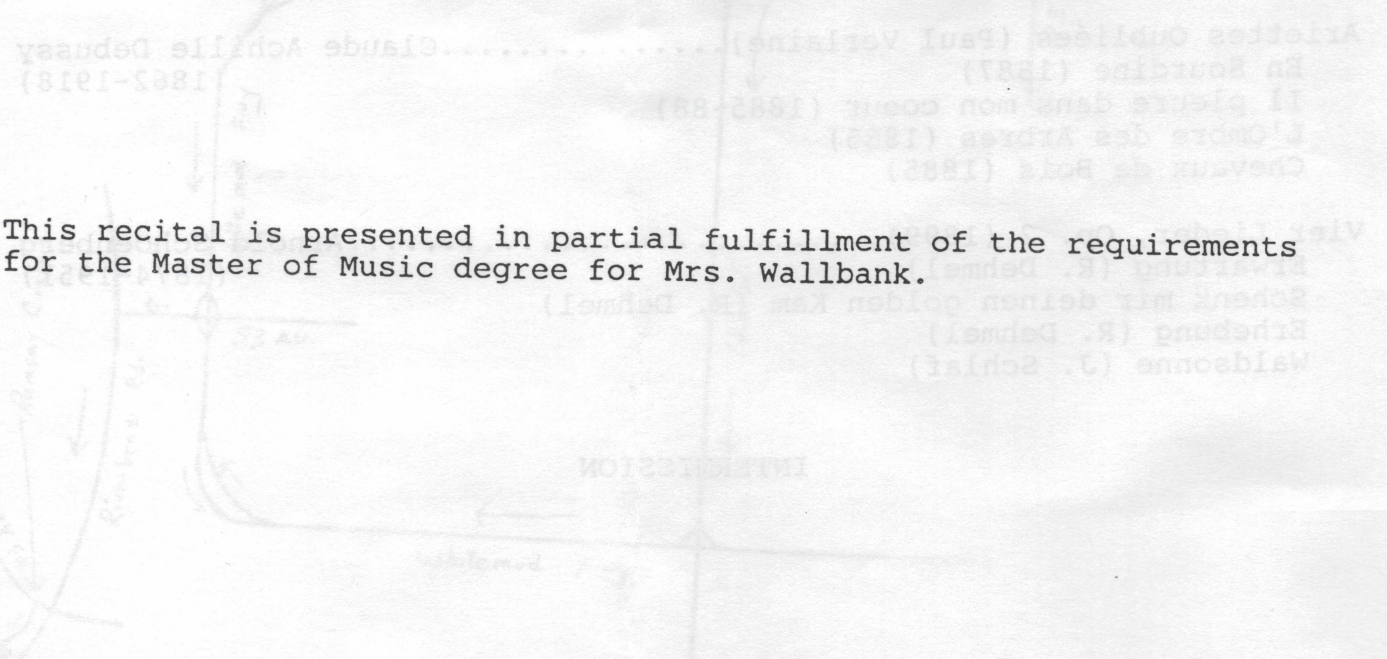
- Tonadillas (F. Periquet).....Enrique Granados
 La Maja de Goya (1867-1916)
 Amor y Odio
 El Majo Timido
 El Mirar de la Maja
 Callejeo
 La Maja Dolorosa
 El tra la la y el punteado
 El Majo Discreto

Wendy Lea Grant, piano

- Songs about Spring (1950;
 revised in 1954 and 1960).....Dominick Argento
 I Who Knows if the moon's a balloon (b. 1927)
 II Spring is like a perhaps hand
 III in Just-spring
 IV in Spring comes
 V when faces called flowers float out of the ground

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree for Mrs. Wallbank.

4/34
Ramsay Court



Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

TRANSLATIONS

Invicti Bellate

Invicti bellate,
 Make war (being) invincible
Intrat diem squalida nox
 Filthy night invades the daylight
Extremam minat diem squalida nox.
 Filthy night threatens ones last day.

Fortes estote in bello.
 Be brave in war.
Nec difficilis est tiranni fuga.
 Flight from the tyrant is not difficult.
Vos caelestis invivat tubae clangor ad arma.
 The heavenly noise of the trumpet inspires you to arms.
Ecce adorata crucis vexilla.
 Behold the adored standard of the cross.
Summus omnipotens dat signa ductor.
 The highest all powerful leader gives the signal.
Sub tanto duce certa vestra victoria,
 Beneath so great a leader your victory is assured,
Certa triumpho vestro et vestra gloria.
 Assured in your triumph and glory.

Dux aeterne Jesu care
 O eternal leader dear Jesus
Si per te gaudet certare,
 If it takes pleasure in fighting through you,
Da vigorem cordi meo
 Give strength to my heart
Et accensum sacro ardore
 And set on fire with sacred ardor
Et defensum almo amore
 And protected by gentle love
Noceat hosti invicte reo.
 May it do harm invincibly to the guilty one.

Alleluia

Translation by Dr. John R. Wilson, Professor and Chairman,
Classics Dept., University of Alberta

Claude Debussy

No musicians of any nationality (with the possible exception of Hugo Wolf) had greater mastery in creating the mysterious alloy of music and poetry than Debussy. Not only in the prosody of the literary text and in the rhythm of speech, far which he had a prodigious instinct, but also because he attained the deepest concordance between the poetic idea and the musical idea.

C'est l'Extase - It Is Ecstasy

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.

It is languorous ecstasy
it is loving lassitude,
it is all the tremors of the woods
in the embrace of the breezes,
it is, in the grey branches,
the choir of tiny voices.

C'est l'Extase - It Is Ecstasy (Cont'd.)

O le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre.
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante,
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

O the frail, fresh murmuring!
That twittering and whispering
is like the sweet cry
breathed out by the ruffled grass....
You would say, beneath the swirling waters,
the muted rolling of the pebbles.

This soul which mourns
in subdued lamentation,
it is ours, is it not?
Mine, say, and yours,
breathing a humble anthem
in the warm evening, very softly?

Paul Verlaine

Il pleure dans mon coeur - Tears Fall In My Heart

Il pleure dans mon coeur
Comme il pleut sur la ville.
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon coeur?

O bruit doux de la pluie
Part terre et sur les toits,
Pour un coeur qui s'ennuie,
O le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce coeur qui s'écoeur.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
Ce ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine
Mon coeur a tant de peine.

Tears fall in my heart
like rain upon the town,
What is this languor
that pervades my heart?

O gentle sound of the rain
on the ground and on the roofs!
For a listless heart,
O the sound of the rain!

Tears fall without reason
in this sickened heart.
What! no perfidy?
This sorrow has no cause.

Indeed it is the worst pain
not to know why,
without love and without hate,
my heart feels so much pain!

Paul Verlaine

L'Ombre des Arbres - The Shadow of the Trees

L'ombre des arbres dans la
rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures
réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage
blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les
hautes feuillées,
Tes espérances noyées.

The shadow of the trees in the misty
river
dies away like smoke,
while on high, among the real
branches,
the doves sing their plaint.

How much, O traveller, this wan
landscape
wanly reflected yourself,
and in the high foliage how sadly
wept
your drowned hopes.

Paul Verlaine

Granados' Tonadillas

When the 150th anniversary of Goya's birth was celebrated in 1896 there was no more enthusiastic admirer of the great Spanish artist than Enrique Granados. He was fascinated by his work--not so much the court portraits or the bitter satiric etchings as the colorful and romantic figures of majos and majas, the flamboyantly--dressed lower-class gallants and belles whom Goya featured against their Madrid background...Musically too he was preoccupied for some years with trying to evoke their picturesque 18th-century atmosphere, which eventually found expression in two books of Goyescas for piano.

Granados' librettist, Fernando Periquet, had also provided him with a number of poems about majos and majas which he set as "tonadillas written in the old style" (the word tonadilla being used in its meaning of a theatre song, originally with accompaniment of small orchestra or guitar). Although these cover a wide range of moods--passionate, despairing, coy, teasing-- they are all very lucid in texture and are all cast in ternary rhythm...several of the tonadillas, also, are thematically interlinked with the Goyescas.

La Maja de Goya - The Maja of Goya

Yo no olvidaré en mi vida
De goya la imagen gallarda y querida.
No hay hembra ni maja o señora
Que a Goya no eche de menos ahora.
Si you hallara quien me amara
Como él; me amó,
No envidiara, no, ni anhelara
Más venturas in dichas yo.

I will never forget in my life
The distinguished and beloved image of Goya.
There is not a woman, or maja, *or lady
Who does not miss Goya now.
If I found one who would love
As he loved me,
I should not covet, no, nor desire
Greater fortune or happiness.

*Maja means a woman of Madrid

Amor y Odio - Love and Hate

Pensé que you sabría ocultar la pena mia,
Que por estar en lo profundo,
No alcanzará a ver el mundo
Este amor callado que un majo malvado
En mi alma encendió.
Y no fue asi, porque el vislumbró
El pesar oculto en mi.
Pero fue en vano que vislumbrará,
Pues el villano mostróse ajeno de que le amara,
Y esta es la pena que sufro ahora:
Sentir mi alma llena
De amor por quien me olvida,
Sin que una luz alentadora
Surja en las sombras de mi vida.

I thought I would know how to hide my sorrow,
To hide it so well,
That the world would not be able to see
This silent love that a wicked majo
Fired in my soul.
But it was not so, because he perceived
My secret suffering.
Yet it was in vain that he noticed it,
For the villain proved indifferent to my loving him,
And this is the pain which I suffer now:
To feel my soul full
Of love for one who forgets me,
Without one hopeful light
To brighten the shadows of my life.

El Majo Timido - The Timid Majo

Llega a mi reja y me mira por la noche
un majo.
Que en cuanto me ve y suspira se va
calle abajo.
¡Ay! Que tío mas traido,
Si asi se pasa la vida,
Estoy divertida.

There is a majo who comes to my window
in the evening, and looks at me.
As soon as he sees me and sighs, he goes
off down the street.
Oh! What a dullard of a man,
If this is the way it will be,
A fine time I shall have.

El Mirar de la Maja - The Gaze of the Maja

¿Por qué es en mi ojos tan hondo el mirar?
Que a fin de cortar desdenes y enojos los suelo entornar.
Que fuego dentro llevarán
Que si acaso con calor los clavo en mi amor,
Sonrojo me dan.
Por eso el chispero á quien mi alma di,
al verse ante mi me tira el sombrero
Y dícame así: Mi maja! No me mires mas,
Que tus ojos rayos son,
Y ardiendo en pasión, la muerte me dan.

Why do my eyes have this deep look?
I must lower my lids to mask scorn and hatred.
Such a fire they give forth
That if by chance with passion I fix them on my love,
They make me blush.
Therefore, the Chispero* to whom I have given my soul,
When meeting me, pulls his hat down
And says to me: My maja! Do not look at me,
For your eyes are like lightning,
And with their burning passion, they destroy me.

*chispero has the same connotation in Madrid as apache in Paris.

Callejeo - Street rambling

Dos horas ha que callejeo,
Per no veo nerviosa ya sin calma
Al que le di confiado el alma.
No vi hombre jamás
Que mintiera mas
Que el majo que hoy me engaña.
Mas no le ha de valer,
Pues siempre fui mujer de maña.
Y si es menester,
Correré sin parar tras él entera España.

For two hours I have walked the streets,
Nervously and restlessly, but I cannot find
Him to whom I trustingly gave my soul,
I have never met a man
Who lied more
Than the majo who betrays me now.
But he will find it of no avail
For I was always a resourceful woman,
And if it is necessary,
I will follow him relentlessly all over Spain.

La Maja Dolorosa - The Sorrowful Maja No. 2

¡Ay! Majo de mi vida, no, no, tú no has muerto!
¿Acaso yo existiese si fuera eso cierto?
¡Quiero loca besar tu boca!
Quiero segura gozar mas de tu ventura.
¡Ay! de tu ventura.
Mas ¡Ay! deliro, sueño, mi majo no existe,
En torno mio el mundo lloroso esta y triste.
A mi duelo no hallo consuelo,
Mas muerto y frío
Siempre el majo será mio. ¡Ay! siempre mio.

Oh, majo of my life, no, no, you have not died!
Would I still be alive if that were true?
Wildly I desire to kiss your lips!
I want in faithfulness to share your destiny.
Alas! your destiny!
But oh! I am raving, I dream my majo no longer exists,
The world about me is weeping and sad.
I find no consolation in my sorrow,
But even dead and cold
My majo will always be mine. Oh! Always mine!

El tra la la y el punteado - The tra la la and guitar-strum

Es en balde, majo mio,
Que sigas hablando,
Porque hay cosas que contesto
Yo siempre cantando.
Por mas que preguntes tanto,
En mi no causas quebranto,
Ni you he de salir de mi canto.

It is useless, my majo,
For you to persist,
For there are some things which I answer
Always with a song.
No matter how much you question,
You will not distress me,
I will not end my song.

El Majo Discreto - The Discreet Majo

Dicen que mi majo es feo;
Es posible que si que lo sea,
Que amor es deseo que ciega y narea.
Ha tiempo que sé que quien ama no vé.

They say that my majo* is homely;
Perhaps it is so,
For love is but a desire that blinds and dazzles.
For a long time I have known that he who loves is blind.

Chevaux de Bois - Merry-Go-Round

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille
tours;

Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère
blanche,

Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur
coeur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois,
Clignote l'oeil du filou sournois
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur.

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soule
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête,
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la
tête

Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds,
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours.

Turn, turn, fine merry-go-round
turn a hundred times, turn a thousand
times,

turn often and go on turning,
turn to the sound of the oboes.

The rubicund child and the pale
mother

the lad in black and the girl in pink,
the one down to earth, the other showing off,
each one has his Sunday pennyworth.

Turn, turn, merry-go-round of their
hearts,
while around all your whirling
squints the eye of the crafty pickpocket,
turn to the sound of the triumphant cornet.

it is astonishing how intoxicating it is
to ride thus in this stupid circle,
with a sinking stomach and an aching
head

heaps of discomfort and plenty of fun.

Turn, gee-gees, without any need
ever to use spurs
to keep you at the gallop,
turn, turn, without hope of hay.

And hurry, horses of their souls,
already the supper bell is ringing,
night falls and chases away the troop
of gay drinkers famished by their thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
is slowly pricked with golden stars.
The church bell tolls a mournful knell,
turn to merry beating of the drums.

Paul Verlaine

Notes and translations taken from Pierre Barnacs The Interpretation of
French Song. London: Victor Gollanez Ltd., 1976.

Schoenberg's Early Songs

Schoenberg began his career writing songs, and the lyricism of song remained one of the basic elements of his style. From the many songs he composed between 1898 and 1900, he chose twelve to publish as his Opus 1, Opus 2 and Opus 3...In these songs Schoenberg deliberately established his position in the great tradition of German Romantic lyricism...

Erwartung - Expectation

Aus dem meergrünen Teiche neben der roten Villa
Unter der toten Eiche scheint der Mond.
Wo ihr dunkles Abbild durch das Wasser greift,
Steht ein Mann und streift einen Ring von seiner Hand.

From the sea-green pond near the red villa,
Beneath the dead oak shines the moon.
Where her dark image gleams through water,
A man stands and draws a ring from his hand.

Erwartung - Expectation (Cont'd.)

Drei Opale blinken; durch die bleichen Steine
Schwimmen rot und grüne Funken und versinken.
Und er küsst sie, und seine Augen leuchten
Wie der meergrüne Grund: ein Fenster tut sich auf.

Three opals glimmer; among the pale stones
Swin red and green sparks, and sink below.
And he kisses her, his eyes glowing
Like the sea-green depths. A window opens.

Aus der roten Villa neben der toten Eiche
Winkt ihm eine bleiche Frauenhand.

From the red villa near the dead oak,
A woman's pale hand waves to him.

Jesus Bettelt - Jesus Begs

Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm; jeden Morgen sol dich
mahnen,
Dass du mir die Haare küsstest.
Schenk mir deinen seidenen Schwamm; jeden Abend will ich
ahnen,
Wem du dich im Bade rüstest, o Maria.
Schenk mir alles was du hast,
meine Seele ist nicht eitel,
Stolz empfang ich deinen Segen.
Schenk mir deine schwerste Last; willst du nicht auf
meinen Scheitel
Auch dein Herz, dein Herz noch legen, Magdalena?

Give me your golden comb; every morning may it
remind you
To kiss my hair.
Give your silken sponge; every evening I want
to be aware
When you prepare for your bath, O Mary.
Give me everything you have;
my soul is not vain;
Proudly I receive your blessing.
Give me your heavy burden; do you not also
wish to lay your heart,
Your heart upon my head, Magdalene?

Erhebung - Exhaltation

Gib mir deine Hand, nur den Finger,
Dann seh-ich diesen ganzen Erdkreis als mein Eigen an.
O wie blüht mein Land, sieh mich doch nur an!
Dass ich mit dir über die Wolken in die Sonne kann!

Give me your hand, only finger,
And I will see this whole round earth as if it were my own.
Oh, how my land blossoms. Gaze upon me!
That I may go with you above the clouds into the sun!
Richard Dehmel

Waldsonne - Forest Sun

In die braunen, rauschenden Nächte flittert ein
Licht herein,
Grüngolden ein Schein.
Blumen blinken auf und Gräser und die singenden,
springenden
Waldwässerlein, und Erinnerungen.
Die längst verklungenen: golden erwachen sie wieder,
all dein fröhlichen Lieder.
Und ich sehe deine goldenen Haare glänzen, und ich sehe
Deine goldenen Augen glänzen aus den grünen, raunenden
Nächten.
Und mir ist, ich läge neben dir auf dem
Rasen und hörte dich wieder
Auf der glitzblanken Syrinx in die blauen
Himmelslüfte blasen.
In die braunen, wühlenden Nächte flittert ein Licht,
Ein goldener Schein.

In the brown, rustling nights there flutters
a light,
A green-golden gleam.
Flowers brightly wink, and grass, and the singing,
leaping
Little forest brook, and memories.
The long silent ones: golden, golden they wake again,
All your joyous songs.
And I see your golden hair glitter, and I see
Your golden eyes glitter out of the green,
murmuring nights.
And I feel as if I were lying next to you on
the lawn, hearing you once again
Blow on your sparkling, glistening pipes into
the blue air of heaven.
In the brown, turbulent nights there flutters a light,
A gold gleam.

Johannes Schlaf

Notes and translations are from Joseph Machlis, "Recording Notes," The Music of Arnold Schoenberg. Columbia
Records, M2L 336/M23 736.

El Majo Discreto - The Discreet Majo (Cont'd.)

Mas si no es mi majo un hombre
Que por lindo descuelle y asombre,
En cambio es discreto y guarda un secreto
Que yo posé en él sabiendo que es fiel.
¿Cuál es el secreto que el majo guardo?
Sería indiscreto contarlo yo.
No poco trabajo costará saber
Secretos de un majo con una mujer.
Nació en Lavapies.
¡Eh! ¡Eh! Es un majo, un majo es.

But if my majo is not a man
Who is noted for being handsome,
He is, on the other hand; discreet and keeps a secret
Which I confided in him knowing that he is trustworthy.
What then is the secret that the majo kept?
It would be indiscreet for me to tell.
No little effort is needed to discover
The secrets a majo has with a woman.
he was born in Lavapies**/
Eh! Eh! He's a majo, a majo he is.

*Majo is a man of Madrid
**Lavapies is a section of Madrid.

Notes are from Lionel Salter's "Recording Notes" Granados Songs featuring Pilar Lorengar and Alicia de Larrochia.
London OS5 26558, 1977.

Translations are by Waldo Lyman, Granados Tonadillas. New York: International Music Co., 1952.

Songs About Spring (Texts by e.e. cummings)

I

who knows if the moon's
a balloon, coming out of a keen city
in the sky--filled with pretty people?
(and if you and i should
get into it, if they
should take me and take you into their balloon,
why then
we'd go up higher with all the pretty people
than houses and steeples and clouds:
go sailing
away and away sailing into a keen
city which nobody's every visited, where
always
it's
Spring) and everyone's
in love and flowers pick themselves

II

spring is like a perhaps hand
(which comes carefully
out of Nowhere) arranging
a window, into which people look (while
people stare
arranging and changing placing
carefully there a strange
thing and a known thing here) and
changing everything carefully
spring is like a perhaps
Hand in a window
(carefully to
and fro moving New and
Old things while
people stare carefully
moving a perhaps
fraction of flower here placing
an inch of air there) and
without breaking anything.

III

in Just-
spring when the world is mud-
luscious the little
lame balloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddieandbill come
running from marbles and
piracies and it's
spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

the queer
old balloonman whistles
far and wee
and bettyandisbel come dancing

from hop-sotch and jump-rope and

it's
spring
and
the
goat-footed

balloonMan whistles
far
and
wee

HEARTS TO THANKS TO:

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

IV

V

in
Spring comes (no-
one
asks his name)

a mender
of things

with eager
fingers (with
patient
eyes)re

-new-

in remaking what
other

-wise we should
have
thrown a-

way (and whose

sea
brook
-bright flower-
soft bird
-quick voice loves

children
and sunlight and

mountains) in april (but
if he should
Smile) comes

nobody'll know

when faces called flowers float out fo the ground
and breathing is wishing and wishing is having--
but keeping is downward and doubting and never
--it's april (yes, april; my darling) it's spring!
yes the pretty birds frolic as spry as can fly
yes the little fish gambol as glad as can be
(yes the mountains are dancing together)

when every leaf opens without a sound
and wishing is having and having is giving--
but keeping is doting and nothing and nonsense
--alive; we're alive, dear: it's (kiss me now) spring!
now the pretty birds hover so she and so he
now the little fish quiver so you and so i
(now the mountains are dancing, the mountains)

when more than was lost has been found has been found
and having is giving and giving is living--
but keeping is darkness and winter and cringing
--its spring (all out night becomes day) o, it's spring!
all the pretty birds dive to the heart of the sky
all the little fish climb through climb throught the mind of the

(all the mountains are dancing; are dancing)

e.e. cummings