

The Department of Music  
of  
The University of Alberta  
presents

DIANE NELSEN, SOPRANO  
AND  
ALEXANDRA MUNN, PIANIST

Saturday, December 3, 1983 at 8:00 PM  
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Heimliches Lieben, Op.106, No.1  
Ellens erster Gesang, Op.52, No.1  
Ellens zweiter Gesang, Op.52, No.2  
Ave Maria (Ellens dritter Gesang), Op.52, No.6

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Alte Liebe, Op.72, No.1  
Wenn du nur zuiele lächelst, Op.57, No.2  
Dein blaues Auge, Op.59, No.8  
Unbewegte laue Luft, Op.57, No.8

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

From Der Freischütz  
Scene and aria  
Leise, leise

Carl Maria von Weber  
(1786-1826)

INTERMISSION

Deux Poèmes  
"C"  
Fêtes Galantes

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

From La Traviata  
Recitative and aria  
Ah, fors'è lui che l'anima  
Sempre libera deggio

Giuseppe Verdi  
(1813-1901)

Oh, never sing to me again, Op.4, No.4  
So many hours, so many fancies, Op.4, No.6  
The little Island, Op.14, No.2  
A Prayer, Op.8, No.6  
Spring Waters, Op.14, No.11

Serge Rachmaninoff  
(1873-1943)



AVE MARIA (continued)

Ave Maria! Maiden pure! Devils of  
 earth and air,  
 banished by your gaze's grace,  
 here with us they cannot dwell,  
 To fate will we quietly submit,  
 now your holy comfort is upon us,  
 Incline in favour to this virgin,  
 This child who for it's father prays!

ALTE LIEBE - Old Love

The dark swallow returns from  
 a distant land,  
 the pious storks return and bring  
 new happiness.  
 On this spring morning so sadly  
 veiled and warm,  
 I seem to rediscover love's  
 sorrow of old.  
 It is as if, gently, my shoulder  
 were tapped,  
 as though I heard a whispering,  
 as of a dove in flight.  
 My door is knocked,  
 yet no one is outside,  
 scents of jasmine I breathe,  
 yet have no bouquet.  
 I am summoned from afar,  
 an eye is watching me,  
 I am seized by an old dream  
 and led along it's way.

WENN DU NUR ZUWEILEN LACHELST -

Grant me but one single smile  
 Grant me but one single smile, love,  
 but one glance that can beguile, love,  
 this desire that burns me so;  
 sweet repose, shall then come o'er me  
 thou dost scatter far before me all that Love  
 can work of woe.

DEIN BLAUES AUGE - So Clear thine eyes  
 So clear thine eyes to gaze within ,  
 those depths of April blue.

Thou askest what I seek there-in,  
 I seek my life made new.  
 Two burning eyes enthralled my soul,  
 and still the smart is dear:  
 but thine, love, like the sea are cool,  
 and like the sea are clear.

UNBEWEGTE LAUE LUFT - Not a breath

in heaven stirs  
 Not a breath in heaven stirs,  
 Nature slumbers soothing all,  
 nought disturbs the garden's gloom  
 save the fountain's fitful fall.  
 But within my veins unbidden fires  
 arise of hot desire;  
 deep within my pulses hidden Life  
 akin to Life is clinging.  
 Hast thou not within the breast sigh  
 on sigh and ardour springing?  
 Shall not voices from my soul  
 find in thine an echo ringing?  
 Soft a-down the Zephyr's train  
 linger not thy floating hither,  
 come, o come, come, o come, that  
 drain we may draughts of joy divine  
 together.

LEISE, LEISE, FROMME WEISE - Softly, softly,

My pure song!

How did sleep come to me  
 Before I saw him?  
 Yes love and anxiousness take care  
 Always to go hand in hand.  
 Is the moon too laughing on its course?  
 What a beautiful night!  
 Softly, softly,  
 My pure song!  
 Waft yourself to the region of stars.  
 Resound, my song!  
 Solemnly float  
 My prayer to the halls of heaven!  
 O how bright the golden stars are,  
 With how pure a gleam they glow!  
 There only, in the distant mountains  
 A storm seems to be brewing up.  
 There too in the forest hovers a clump  
 Of dark clouds, brooding and heavy.  
 To you I turn my hands,  
 Lord without beginning or end!  
 From dangers to guard us  
 Send your hosts of angels!  
 All things have long betaken themselves  
 to rest.  
 Dear friend, where are you tarrying?  
 Even when my ear listens keenly,  
 Only the tops of the fir trees rustle.  
 Only the birchleaves in the grove  
 Whisper through the wondrous silence.  
 Only the nightingale and cricket  
 Seem to enjoy the night air.  
 And yet? Do my ears deceive me?  
 That sounds like footsteps!  
 From the middle of the firs there  
 Someone is coming!  
 It is he, it is he!  
 Let love's banner flutter!

Your maiden is watching  
 Even though it is night!  
 He does not seem to see me yet!  
 God, if the moonlight  
 Does not deceive me,  
 A bunch of flowers adorns his hat!  
 For sure he has made the best shot!  
 That tells of good luck for tomorrow!  
 O sweet hope, o courage new revived!  
 All my pulses are beating,  
 And my heart pants wildly,  
 Full of sweet enchantment at his approach!  
 Could I dare to hope it?  
 Yes, luck has returned  
 Back to my dear friend,  
 And will stay faithful tomorrow!  
 Is it no mistake? Is it no madness?  
 Heaven, receive these tears of thanks  
 For this pledge of hope!  
 All my pulses are beating,  
 And my heart pants wildly,  
 Full of sweet enchantment at his approach!  
 Enchanted at his approach!

AH, FORS'E LUI CHE L'ANIMA - SEMPRE LIBERA

It's strange....it's strange!  
 His words are carved in my heart.  
 Would real love be a misfortune for me?  
 What do you say, my troubled soul?  
 No man has ever been your light.  
 Oh joy that I never knew,  
 of loving and being loved!  
 Shall I now disregard it  
 for the empty follies of my life?  
 Ah! perhaps it is he, who,  
 when my soul was lonely and troubled,  
 used to tint it with invisible colors,  
 invisible colors.  
 He who, humbly and watchfully,  
 came to the threshold of my sickroom,  
 and kindled in me a new fever  
 waking my heart to love!  
 Ah, such love, such love so tremulous!  
 Out of the universe, the heavenly  
 universe.  
 mysteriously, mysteriously from on high,  
 come sorrow, sorrow and gladness.  
 Sorrow and gladness come to the heart.  
 Folly! Folly! This is madness!  
 For me, a poor woman, alone and  
 abandoned in this populated desert  
 which is called Paris, what am I hoping  
 for? What should I do?  
 Enjoy myself! Then end in a vortex  
 of dissipation.  
 Of joy I'll die!  
 Ever free my heart must be,  
 as I flit from joy to joy,  
 I want my life to glide  
 along the paths of pleasure.

May the dying or dawning day  
 always find me in haunts of mirth,  
 and to ever new delights  
 may my thoughts soar and fly and fly...

"C"

I have crossed the bridges at Cé  
 There it was that all began  
 a song of bygone times  
 speaks of a wounded knight  
 of a rose on the embankment,  
 and of an unlaced bodice,  
 of the castle of a mad duke,  
 and of swans in the moats.  
 Of the meadow where lately  
 an eternal fiancée danced,  
 And I have drunk like freezing milk  
 the long song of false glories  
 The Loire carries off my thoughts with  
 the overturned vehicles  
 And the dismantled weapons  
 And the ill-concealed tears  
 O my France, o my abandoned France  
 I have crossed the bridges at Cé.