The Department of Music

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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

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

From Der Freischütz

Scene and aria Leise, leise

INTERMISSION

Deux Poèmes "C" Fêtes Galantes

From La Traviata

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

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 Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Carl Maria von Weber (1786-1826)

> Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Guiseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Serge Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

TRANSLATIONS

HEIMLICHES LIEBEN - Clandestine Love 0, when your lips touch mine, My soul is carried away in rapture. Deep down I feel a nameless trembling and my bosom heaves. My eyes are aflame, a glow spreads o'er my cheeks, My heart beats with an unknown desire, My spirit is lost, intoxicated by stammering lips, and can hardly compose itself. In such an hour my life hangs upon your sweet soft rosy mouth, I am almost lost, enclosed as I am by your dear arms. Ah me, that my soul cannot even so escape wholly from itself to glow in yours! That our lips, which burn with passion must nevertheless part, That my being cannot dissolve in kisses, when joined so closely to your mouth, and to your heart that never dares to beat aloud for me!

ELLEN'S ERSTER GESANG - Ellen's First Song (from Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake") Rest thee! Soldier! War is o'er. sleep the sleep that knows not breaking, Dream of battled fields no more, Days of danger, nights of waking, Hands unseen thy couch are strewing. In our isle's enchanted hall, Ev'ry sense in slumber dewing, Fairy strains of music fall, Sleep the sleep that is never breaking, Dream of fighting fields no more. Morn of toil nor night of weary waking. No rude sound of warsteed champing, Trump nor pilbrock summon here, Armour's clang nor squadron stamping,

Shall not reach thy slumb'ring ear. Here's no warsteed's neigh and champing, Guards nor wardens challenge here. Shouting clans or squadrons stamping. Ruder sounds shall not be near. Yet at day break from fallow. Still the lark's shrill fife may come; Booming from the sedgy shallow, Hear the bittern sound his drum. ELLEN'S ZWEITER GESANG - Ellen's Second Song Huntsman rest thy chase is done, While our slumbrous spells assail ye, Dream thou not with rising sun, The bugles will sound reveille. Sleep, by thee thy hounds are lying, the deer in his forest den, sleep, nor dream thy steed lay dying, far away in yonder glen. Huntsman rest, thy chase is done, Think not of the rising sun, Here no bugle blares assail ye, Here no bugles blow reveille

AVE MARIA

Ave Maria! Maiden mild, lend ear to a virgin's plea, from this wild unyielding rock shall my prayer rise to you, safe till morning shall we sleep, however cruel men may be, Oh Virgin behold a virgin's cares, Oh Mother hear a pleading child! Ave Maria! Undefiled! When down upon this rock we sink to sleep protected by your care, soft shall seem to us the rock, You smile and rosy fragrance wafts through this dark cave, Oh Mother, hear a child's entreaty to you, Oh Virgin, a virgin cries!

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.

TRANSLATIONS - 3 -

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 delightsany 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 fiancee 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.