

THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
of
THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

presents

JENNIFER SCRAGG, soprano

assisted by

SANDRA HUNT, piano

Monday, April 16, 1979 at 8:00 p.m.

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S EXPOSTULATION Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)
realization by Benjamin Britten

EXSULTATE, JUBILATE
(Motet, K. 165) Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

EMBROIDERY ARIA from the
opera "Peter Grimes" Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

LA MAJA Y EL RUISEÑOR
from the opera "Goyescas" Enrique Granados
(1867-1916)

INTERMISSION

CHANSONS DE JEUNESSE Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Pantomime
Clair de Lune
Pierrot
Apparition

(brief pause)

ÜBERBRETTL LIEDER Arnold Schoenberg
(1874-1951)

Galathea
Gigerlette
Der genügsame Liebhaber
Einfältiges Lied
Mahnung
Jedem das Seine
Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arcadien

Nachtwandler

Dawn Hage, trumpet
Bill Damur, piccolo
Dean Rath, snare drum

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree for Miss Scragg.

Exultate, jubilate...

Exult, rejoice,
 O happy souls.
 And with sweet music
 Let the heavens resound,
 Making answer, with me to your song.

The lovely day glows bright,
 Now clouds and storms have fled,
 And a sudden calm has arisen for the just.

Everywhere dark night held sway before.

But now, at last, rise up and rejoice,
 Ye who are not feared,
 And happy in the blessed dawn
 With full hand make offering of garlands and lilies

And Thou, O Crown of Virgins,
 Grant us peace,
 And assuage the passions
 That touch our hearts.
 Alleluia.

La Maja y el Ruiseñor

The Maja and the Nightingale

Why does the nightingale in the gloom
 pour out her soul in amorous song?
 Has she a grievance against the monarch of day?
 Is it thus that she avenges her wrong?
 Maybe she holds within her breast a hidden

grief,
 And in darkness hopes to find relief,
 While sadly intoning her song of love,
 Ay! song of love.

Maybe somewhere there is a rose,
 Blushing at her modest thoughts of love,
 Who is the slave, the love-lorn, song-
 enchanted slave
 of the nightingale. Mystic passionate
 song

Ah! how like a flower love doth seem
 Like a flower borne on by the stream!

Ah, love! Ah, love!

Ah! without song, there is no love.

Ah! Nightingale, Thy chanted song is
 love's sad tale.

Ch, Nightingale!

Chansons de Jeunesse

Pantomime

Pierrot who has nothing of a Clitandre about him
empties a flask without waiting any longer
and soberly cuts into a piece of pastry.

Cassandre, at the end of the road,
sheds an unappreciated tear,
over his disinherited nephew.
This rascal of a Harlequin plans
the abduction of Colombine
and pirouettes four times.

Colombine dreams,
surprised at sensing a heart in the breeze,
and to hear some voices in her heart.
Ah!

Pierrot

Good Pierrot
whome the crowd observes
having completely the manners of a Harlequin
follows musically in the boulevard of the temple.
A maiden of supple shape teases him in vain
with her malicious eyes.
And in a way mysterious and glazed,
the white moon gleams to her most dearest delight,
with full horns.
It casts a glance with shrouded eyes
at its friend Jean Gaspard of the office.
Ah!

Clair de Lune

Your soul is a landscape chosen
of charming masques and bergemasques,
Playing the lute and dancing
but somehow sad beneath their fantastic disguises,
All sing in a minor key of love victorious and
life opportune.
They are unable to believe in their good fortune
and their song mingles with the clear of the moon.
The calm clear of the moon, sad and beautiful,
which makes the birds dream of their trees
and fountains sob with ecstasy
The great slender fountains amid the marble.
Ah! Oh calm, clear of the moon, sad and
beautiful.

Apparition

The moon is saddened
The seraphs, in tears, dream of the bow of the
viol in hand
in the calm of the vaporous flowers,
plucking the dying violes of white sobs sliding
over the azur of crowns.
That was the day blessed by your first kiss.
My day-dreams tried to torment me
and became drunk with the fragrance of sadness,
that even without regret and without a bad
aftertaste
leaves the harvest of a dream in the heart of the
one who harvested it.
Therefore, my eye fixed on the old pavement
when with the sun in your hair, on the street,
and in the evening
you appeared before me, appeared
And I believed I beheld the fairy with hat of
clarity,
who nevertheless in my beautiful sleep of
a spoiled child,
was passing by, releasing always from her half-
closed hands,
snow of white bouquets, of fragrant stars.

Überbrettl Lieder

Galathea (Frank Wedekind)

Ach, wie brenn' ich vor Verlangen,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Wangen,
Weil sie so entzückend sind.

Wonne die mir widerfahre,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Haare,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

Nimmer wehr' mir bis ich ende,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Hände,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

Ach, du ahnst nicht, wie ich glühe,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Knie,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

Und was tät ich nicht, du Süsse,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Füße,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

Aber deinen Mund enthülle,
Mädchen, meinen Küssen nie,
Denn in seiner Reize Fülle,
Küsst ihn nur die Phantasie.

Ah, I'm burning with desire,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your cheeks of fire,
For they're so alluring, wild.

How I yearn for those caresses,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your flowing tresses,
For they're so alluring, wild.

Evermore my heart demands,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your graceful hands,
For they're so alluring, wild.

Ah, just see, I burn, I freeze,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your pretty knees,
For they're so alluring, wild.

Ah, what wouldn't I do, my sweet,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your dainty feet,
For they're so alluring, wild.

But to my kisses, darling maiden,
Revealed your lips should never be,
For the fullness of their charms,
Are only found in fantasy.

Gigerlette (Otto Julius Bierbaum)

Fräulein Gigerlette
Lud mich ein zum Tee.
Ihre Toilette
War gestimmt auf Schnee;
Ganz wie Pierrette
War sie angetan.
Selbst ein Mönch, ich wette,
Sähe Gigerlette
Wohlgefällig an.

War ein rotes Zimmer,
Drin sie mich empfing,
Gelber Kerzenschimmer
In dem Raume hing.
Und sie war wie immer
Leben und Esprit.
Nie vergess' ich's, nimmer:
Weinrot war das Zimmer,
Blütenweiss war sie.

Und im Trab mit Vieren
Fuhren wir zu zweit,
In das Land spazieren,
Das heisst Heiterkeit.
Das wir nicht verlieren
Zügel, Ziel und Lauf,
Sass bei dem Kutschieren
Mit den heissen Vieren
Amor hinten auf.

Fräulein Gigerlette
Invited me to tea.
Her attire
Matched the snow's purity.
Just like Pierrette
Was she all decked out
Even a monk, I'd bet
Would covet Gigerlette
Never having doubt.

'Twas a wine-red chamber,
Where she welcomed me,
Candlelight of amber
Around her I could see.
And she was as ever
Young life and esprit.
I'll not forget it, never,
Wine-red was the chamber,
Blossom-white was she.

And in trot with fourspan
We rode off, we two,
To a land called Pleasure,
Ah, what joy we knew!
That we'd not be losing
Goal and course and lane.
Sitting as a coachman
Above our fiery fourspan
Cupid held the rein.



• • • • • Der genügsame Liebhaber (The Contented Suitor) • • • • •
(Hugo Salus)

Meine Freundin hat eine schwarze Katze,
Mit weichem knisterndem Sammetfell,
Und ich, ich hab' eine blitzblanke Glatze,
Blitzblank und glatt und silberhell.
Meine Freundin gehört zu den üppigen Frauen,
Sie liegt auf dem Divan das ganze Jahr,
Beschäftigt das Fell ihrer Katze zu krauen,
Mein Gott, ihr behagt halt das sammtweiche Haar.
Und komm' ich am Abend die Freundin besuchen,
So liegt die Miese im Schosse bei ihr,
Und nascht mit ihr von dem Honigkuchen,
Und schauert wenn ich leise ihr Haar berühr'
Und will ich mal zärtlich tun mit dem Schatze,
Und dass sie mir auch einmal "Eitschi" macht,
Dann stülp' ich die Katze auf meine Glatze,
Dann streichelt die Freundin die Katze und lacht.

My sweet girlfriend has a black-coated cat
With soft fur, rustling and velvety,
And I, I have a quite shiny bald spot,
Shiny and slick and silvery.
My girlfriend's a lady of the voluptuous sort,
She lies on the sofa the whole year round,
Quite busily stroking the cat's fur for sport,
My God, how she dotes on that soft, furry mound.
And when I at evening a visit make,
Then I hear the cat on her lap loudly purr,
While nibbling with her from the honey cake,
It trembles whenever I stroke its fur.
And if I desire to caress my darling
So that she might say "kitchie koo" to me,
Then I place the pussy upon my bald spot
So my girlfriend then pets it and laughs with glee.

• • • • • Einfältiges Lied (Simple Song) • • • • •
(Hugo Salus)

König ist spazieren 'gangen,
Bloss wie ein Mensch spazieren 'gangen,
Ohne Szepter und ohne Kron',
Wie ein gewöhnlicher Menschensohn.
Ist ein starker Wind gekommen,
Ganz gewöhnlicher Wind gekommen,
Ohne Ahnung wer das war',
Fäll't er über den König her.
Hat ihm den Hut vom Kopf gerissen,
Hat ihn über's Dach geschmissen,
Hat ihn nie mehr wiedergesehn!
Seht ihr's! Da habt ihr's! Das sag' ich ja!
Treiben gleich Allotria.
Es kann kein König ohne Kron'
Wie ein gewöhnlicher Menschensohn,
Wie ein gewöhnlicher Menschensohn
Unter die dummen Leute gehn!

King went strolling out one morning,
Like any man, strolling one morn,
Without scepter and without crown,
Like any plain man, humbly born.
Then a very strong wind arose,
Quite an ordinary wind arose,
Without knowledge who that be,
Attacked the king quite vehemently.
Tore 'way his hat from off his head,
Threw it over the roof and fled,
And he never saw it again!
See there, you have it! I told you, too!
Always pranks and hullabaloo.
One can't let king without a crown
Like a plain man go through town,
Like a plain man go through town
And midst the stupid people stroll!

••••• ● **Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arkadien** ● ● ● ● ●
(Aria from "The Mirror of Arcady")

(Emanuel Schikaneder)

Seit ich so viele Weiber sah,
Schlägt mir mein Herz so warm,
Es summt und brummt mir hier und da,
Als wie ein Bienenschwarm.

Und ist ihr Feuer meinem gleich,
Ihr Auge schön und klar,
So schlaget wie der Hammerstreich,
Mein Herzchen immer dar.
Bum, bum, bum, usw.

Ich wünschte tausend Weiber mir,
Wenn's recht den Göttern wär',
Da tanzt' ich wie ein Murrelthier,
In's Kreuz und in die Quer.

Das wär' ein Leben auf der Welt,
Da wollt' ich lustig sein.
Ich hüpfte wie ein Haas durch's Feld,
Und's Herz schlug immer drein.
Bum, bum, bum, usw.

Wer Weiber nicht zu schätzen weiss',
Ist weder kalt noch warm,
Und liegt als wie ein Brocken Eis,
In eines Mädchens Arm.

Da bin ich schon ein andrer Mann,
Ich spring' um sie herum;
Mein Herz klopft froh an ihrem an
Und machet bum, bum, bum, usw.

Since I have seen sweet womankind,
My heart beats to my knees,
It hums and buzzes to and fro,
Just like a swarm of bees.

And if, like mine, her flame's full heat,
Her eyes aglow, yet clear,
So striking like a hammer's beat,
My pounding heart I hear.
Boom, boom, boom, etc.

I'd wish a thousand women for me,
And hope the gods were pleased,
I'd dance around, far off the ground,
Up, down, in all degrees.

What life I'd live, what mirth, what song,
Then I'd have joy and fun,
I'd hop, and like a hare I'd run,
My heart would skip along.
Boom, boom, boom, etc.

The man who knows not woman's price
Is neither cold nor warm,
And lies around, a block of ice,
On some young maiden's arm.

But I am quite a different sort,
I'd jump around the room;
My heart pressed close to hers in sport,
Would pound out boom, boom, boom, etc.

••••• ● **Nachtwandler (Night Wanderer)** ● ● ● ● ●
(Gustav Falke)

Trommler, lass dein Kalbfell klingen,
Und, Trompeter, blas' darein,
Dass sie aus den Betten springen.
Mordio! Michel, Mordio! schrein.
Tuut und trumm, tuut und trumm,
Zipfelmützen ringsherum.

Und so geh' ich durch die hellen,
Mondeshellen Gassen hin,
Fröhlich zwischen zwei Mamsellen,
Wäscherin und Plätterin:
Links Luischen, rechts Marie,
Und voran die Musici.

Aber sind wir bei dem Hause,
Das ich euch bezeichnet hab',
Mach' gefälligst eine Pause,
Und seid schweigsam wie das Grab!
Scht und hm, scht und hm,
Sachte um das Haus herum.

Meine heftige Henriette
Wohnt in diesem kleinen Haus,
Lärmen die wir aus dem Bette,
Kratzt sie uns die Augen aus.

Lustig wieder, Musikanten!
Die Gefahr droht nun nicht mehr;
Trommelt alle alte Tanten
Wieder an die Fenster her!
Tuut und trumm, tuut und trumm,
Zipfelmützen ringsherum.

Ja, so geh' ich durch die hellen,
Mondeshellen Gassen hin,
Fröhlich zwischen zwei Mamsellen,
Wäscherin und Plätterin:
Links Luischen, rechts Marie,
Und voran die Musici.

Drummer, let your calves-skin pound out,
And you, brass, sound trumpets well,
So that out of bed they'll bound out,
Murder! Michael, Murder! yell.
Toot and boom, toot and boom,
Nightcaps all around us loom.

And thus go I with two Mamselles,
Through the moonlit streets arrayed,
Cheerful, I, twixt two fair damsels,
Washerwoman and ironing maid:
Left, Louisa, right Marie,
And in front Musicians three.

But when we are at the small place,
That I have described, behave,
Take a small break, and a pause make,
Be as silent as the grave!
Shh and hmm, shh and hmm,
Stealthily or we'll be doomed.

My dear hefty Henrietta
Lives in that small dwelling place,
If we rouse her from her bed rest,
She will scratch our hands and face.
My Musicians, start up once more,
Danger's gone, we're free from ill;
Drum and rouse all those who slumber,
Lure them to the windowsill.
Toot and boom, toot and boom,
Nightcaps all around us loom.

Yes, thus go I with two Mamselles,
Through the moonlit streets arrayed,
Cheerful, I, twixt two fair damsels,
Washerwoman and ironing maid:
Left, Louisa, right, Marie,
And in front Musicians three.

Program Notes

"The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation (When our Saviour at twelve years of age had withdrawn himself, etc. Luke 2. v. 42)"

Luke 2 v. 41-47 reads: "41 Now it was the practice of his parents to go to Jerusalem every year for the Passover Festival; 42 and when he was twelve, they made the pilgrimage as usual. 43 when the festive season was over and they started for home, the boy stayed behind in Jerusalem. 44 His parents did not know of this; but thinking that he was with the party they journeyed on for a whole day, and only then did they begin looking for him among their friends and relations. 45 As they could not find him they returned to Jerusalem to look for him, and after three days they found him sitting in the temple surrounded by the teachers, listening to them and putting questions; 47 and all who heard him were amazed at his intelligence and the answers he gave."

"Exsultate, jubilate...was composed in 1773 during Mozart's sojourn in Italy, when he was 17 years of age. It was written for an eminent Roman *castrato, Venanzio Rauzzini, who performed it in the Church of Theatines." *It was an accepted practice in 17th and 18th century Italy to castrate promising young boy sopranos so that their voices would remain unchanged.

"The Embroidery Aria" is sung during the last act of Peter Grimes. When Mrs. Ellen Orford, the school teacher, finds a sweater on the beach, she recognizes the anchor pattern which she had earlier embroidered on the chest. The sweater belonged to Grimes' boy helper who had now been missing for two days. The demented Grimes had already lost one boy helper through his negligence. The first boy died at sea when the drinking water aboard Grimes' fishing vessel ran out. The embroidery provides the clue. Ellen now suspects that the new boy is dead as well.

The Maja and the Nightingale. The opera, Goyescas, was based on a series of Goya paintings. This early 20th century opera was rather short-lived. However, this very beautiful aria survives as it stands as well as in the form of a virtuosic piano piece. Rosario sings to the nightingale from her balcony, comparing its song to her love for Fernando.

The Schoenberg Cabaret songs.

*One usually associates the German cabaret with the raw, vital, somewhat degenerate night life of Berlin in the 1920's, compounded equally of bold eroticism and political satire, as expounded in the verses of Bertolt Brecht and the music of Kurt Weill. However, at the turn of the century there was another kind of cabaret (Brettli) that flourished in Germany and had as its contributors the leading poets of the day: Frank Wedekind, Otto Julius Bierbaum and Richard Dehmel (a strong voice in sexual liberation), among others." "In January 1901. Ernst von Wolzogen, a well-known writer and librettist, established on Alexanderstrasse, his first Bunttes Theater (variety theater). Since its productions surpassed any previous attempts in this style, he called his company "Uberbrettli" (that is, "super-plank" --- a reference to the "boards" trod in the theater)."

"Although Schoenberg was music director of Wolzogen's Uberbrettli for a short time, he actually played a very small role in this endeavor and had written all of his Brettli-Lieder before he met Wolzogen."

"Of his own Brettli-Lieder only Nachtwandler was performed, and, according to his own account, that received much less than an enthusiastic reception. This particular piece is scored for piccolo, trumpet, snare drum and piano. It strikes one as a parody of martial music (much like Jedem das Seine)." "That Schoenberg attached more than a little significance to Nachtwandler is evidenced by his allusion to it in an article dating from many years later - 1928. After mentioning the early influence of chamber music on his way of writing, he states: "As evidence of this there is the fact, perhaps not without its interest, that as early as 1901 I wrote a vocal piece (it was performed once, arousing the greatest lack of reaction, in Wolzogen's Bunttes Theater, 1902) whose accompaniment, consisting of piano, piccolo, trumpet (mostly muted) and side drum, may well have been the first example of chamber orchestra and a predecessor of the jazz-band."

"In performances of Schoenberg's Brettli-Lieder, costumes are appropriate to the atmosphere of the cabaret, in which female singers, expressing many sentiments and desires, appear in male garb."

* Leonard Stein, jacket notes Schoenberg Cabaret Songs - Nine Early Songs (RCA ARL1 - 1231).

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