



UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

A black and white photograph of a person walking away from the camera down a narrow path in a dense forest. The path is flanked by tall trees and thick foliage, creating a tunnel-like effect. At the end of the path, a bright light shines through the trees, creating a strong contrast with the dark surroundings. The person is silhouetted against the light.

CHIAROSCURO

Oliver Munar, Tenor with Shannon Hiebert, piano
Featuring Trevor Sanders, lute and Deborah Chang, viola

17 MARCH 2017 | 7 PM | UALBERTA CONVOCATION HALL

Presented in partial fulfillment of the Master of Music (M.Mus) degree requirements in vocal performance.

WITH THANKS

... to my parents **Oscar** and **Consuelo**, my brother **Omar** and especially my sister **Clarissa**, who supported me as I embarked on this new path, and who instilled in me the value of dreaming big without fear or consequence;

... to my beloved furbaby **Chewie** for the unconditional snuggles;

... to **John Tessier** and **Shannon Hiebert**, for their patience and advice as they guided me through this remarkable journey, and for instilling confidence in me to see where my voice wants to go, especially when I didn't believe it myself;

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... to **Russell Baker** and **Patrick Strain** for recording tonight's recital;

... to **Douglas Parnham**, founder of the Calgary Boys' Choir and my first true musical mentor, who first predicted my destiny in a life of making music, and to **Gerald Wirth**, for taking that musicianship even further;

... to **Winston Noren** and **Marie Lewin**, who reignited my search for my true voice with the fundamentals of beautiful singing;

... to my dear friends at **Voicescapes** (Christina Jahn, Paul Grindlay, Julie Harris and Jerald Fast) who were instrumental in coaxing me back into a life of music-making at the highest levels;

... to choral leaders of recent history, including **Timothy Shantz, John Brough** and **Michael Zaugg**, who encouraged me to build upon the lessons I have learned;

...to **J. Patrick Raftery, Thomas Cooley, Lawrence Wiliford, Derek Chester** and all the singing mentors who were always gracious and available for advice;

... to family and friends near and far, including: choral families such as the Madrigal Singers, Luminous Voices, Spiritus Chamber Choir, the Calgary Philharmonic Chorus and Pro Coro Canada; my fellow Thridites; and my colleagues from the worlds of journalism and corporate communication. I feel your love and support, and I thank you profusely.

ARTISTS



Photography by Ray Pryma

Praised for an “instantly likeable voice” with “gorgeous spinning tone”, tenor **Oliver Munar** is in increasing demand for his versatility, clarity, and musicality. Recent solo engagements include J.S. Bach’s cantata *Wachet, auf* (BWV 140) with Alberta Baroque Ensemble, Rossini’s *Petite Messe Solennelle* with St. Joseph’s Basilica Music (Edmonton), and J.S. Bach’s *Mass in G minor* in his solo debut with the Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra, at its Bach@Knox festival. Later this season, Oliver sings the role of ‘Albert’ in *Lady B’s Wild West Adventure* with the University of Alberta Opera Workshop, and as ‘Pontius Pilate’ in Arvo Pärt’s *Passio* with Pro Coro Canada. He also appears as a guest soloist at the International Kodaly Symposium and Music Festival in Camrose, Alberta, with Alberta piano virtuoso Roger Admiral. Also an accomplished ensemble singer, Oliver is a proud member of the University of Alberta Madrigal Singers, and a core singer with the professional chamber choirs Pro Coro Canada and Luminous Voices.

Vocal coach, accompanist, and conductor **Shannon Hiebert** began her training at the University of Manitoba with Sydney Young, a student of the great piano pedagogue, Rosina Lhevinne. She focused her studies on collaborative piano at the Banff Centre for Fine Arts with Martin Isepp and pursued graduate studies in accompanying and chamber music at the University of Michigan in the studio of renowned accompanist and vocal coach Martin Katz. Shannon currently serves on the sessional faculty in the University of Alberta Department of Music, as Pianist and Coach for the international award-winning Cantilon Choirs, and as Chorus Master at the Centre for Opera Studies in Italy (COSI).

An M.Mus graduate of the University of Alberta, guitarist **Trevor Sanders** is an active performer whose appearances as a chamber musician and as a soloist have been heard on the CBC network. He began teaching guitar at MacEwan University’s Alberta College Conservatory of Music in 2001. He is a founding member of the University of Alberta guitar quartet and the Edmonton Guitar Trio. Trevor is playing a lute lent to him by Carl Lotberg.

Deborah Chang was born in Korea, spent her youth in Mexico, and moved to Canada in 2005. She completed a Bachelor of Music with Distinction in violin performance at the University of Alberta with Guillaume Tardif and Aaron Au. Ms. Chang continued her studies with Ulrike Nahmmacher in Wuppertal and Christoph Rombusch in Cologne, Germany, performing extensively as a chamber musician. Since 2013 she has been involved in the Youth Orchestra of Northern Alberta (YONA-Sistema) program as a Teaching Artist. She is currently pursuing her Master of Music in violin performance at the University of Alberta under the mentorship of Yue Deng.

PROGRAM

Along my vocal journey, I was often reminded about the beauty of having elements of both light and dark in my voice. However, “light” and “dark” each have many different contexts. Tonight’s recital explores some of those contexts in greater detail.

Chiaroscuro

(ki.a.rɔ.'sku.rɔ):

The use of strong contrasts between light (chiaro) and dark (oscuro).

We bookend the first half with examples of beauty found in the evening hours. Hugo Wolf’s *Verschwiegene Liebe* offers a love song set at night. Listen for how the piano in the higher register gives this love an almost celestial quality. And at the end of the first half, Ernest Chausson’s *Sérénade Italienne* sets a beautiful mood with lovers on a gondola ride underneath the stars. The flowing triplets in the piano evoke a sense of this romantic rendezvous on the water.

Celestial bodies have inspired artists for generations. The moon, a beacon of light amid the darkness of night, inspired French poet Paul Verlaine in his poem *La lune blanche*, the text of which was set by three different composers: Chausson, Gabriel Fauré, and Reynaldo Hahn. Fauré uses triplets throughout his version except when the meeting happens in the moonlight, when he changes to duple rhythms. Chausson’s setting may not be as lush as Fauré’s, but the simple, two-chord motif that reoccurs throughout this setting conjures a sense of magic and wonder. Hahn’s setting, by comparison, oozes romance. The lush key of D-flat major (the same key as Debussy’s famous *Clair de lune* for solo piano), is punctuated by the declamatory way Hahn sets important text about the poet’s beloved.

When romance fizzles, poets often articulate feelings of despair, an emotion often associated with darkness. During the late 16th and early 17th centuries, much of the output by English composers Thomas Campion and John Dowland characterized themes of melancholy and despair set in the contexts of either unrequited love or death. Performing beside lutenist Trevor Sanders for *Breake Now, My Heart, and Die* (Campion) and *Sorrow, Sorrow, stay* (Dowland) takes us back to a time these songs would have been performed, for a more authentic quality.

Death is also commonly associated with darkness. *Afternoon in February* was composed for me by my dear friend Georgina Craig, formerly of Calgary, now of Victoria, BC. The text by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow describes a funeral scene in the dead of winter. Listen to how Georgina uses bell tones, especially when they clash with the singer. We follow with ‘Since she whom I loved’ from Benjamin Britten’s song cycle *The Holy Sonnets of John Donne*, which describes a man’s grief after the death of his wife. Note the rhythmic dichotomy in Britten’s writing: triplets in the piano, symbolizing the heavenly solace of the divine, clashing with duple rhythms of a widower yearning for understanding and peace.

NOTES

A common harbinger of death, darkness and despair is war. As part of my undergraduate studies in History, I learned how the WWI marked a coming of age for Canada. 2017 marks the centenary of the Battle of Vimy Ridge, widely regarded as one of Canada's greatest wartime military victories. *Card Game in No Man's Land* is my way of honouring those who fought and died during that four-day campaign in April 1917, using the poetry of Canadians who served. I braided excerpts of two different poems together to create a new narrative.

Before we conclude the first half with *Sérénade Italienne*, we explore situations when someone has "seen the light". Listen for how the verses of Paulo Tosti's *Penso* describe a fiery, passionate love, while the slower chorus reveals how that love has run its course. That's followed by the aria "Il mio tesoro" from Mozart's opera *Don Giovanni*, in which my character, Don Ottavio, has finally seen the light about Giovanni: Ottavio now understands how Giovanni treated people around him, particularly women. Note Mozart's grace and elegance as Ottavio asks his friends to comfort his beloved Anna, and the furious conviction when Ottavio swears revenge.

The second half, Robert Schumann's Op. 48, *Dichterliebe* (Poet's Love), bridges the elements of light and dark. The first four songs of the cycle are beautiful romantic gestures, but the end of the fourth song begins an acknowledgment that the love is no longer. Listen for how the poet explores various emotions relating to his loss through the rest of the song cycle, from sadness to anger to feigned indifference and final acceptance. Note how the piano, an equal partner in this emotional journey, contributes to the singer's emotional state, at times complementing while at other times, eliciting the poet's response.

Life takes many twists and turns -- good and bad, expected and surprising. Yet through it all, music is constant.

There is no better way to conclude tonight's recital than to honour the wondrous art of music itself with Franz Schubert's *An die Musik*. Life takes many twists and turns -- good and bad, expected and surprising. Yet through it all, music is constant. That is certainly true for me. I have often taken great solace in music. And as I prepare to continue my journey beyond the University of Alberta, I look forward to where my faith in my music will take me.

Putting this program together has been a true labour of love. Thank you for attending. Please enjoy.

CARD GAME IN

The year 2017 marks an important milestone in Canada's military history: the centenary of the Battle of Vimy Ridge. In an event many historians consider a "coming of age" for Canada as a nation, all four of Canada's army divisions defeated German forces following a four-day battle.

Card Game in No Man's Land draws upon the poetry of two Canadian WWI soldiers: Frank Prewett (1893-1962) and Cpl. Adalard Audette of the 22nd Battalion. But rather than set the text into two different songs, I braided the texts together to create a unique narrative. By combining Prewett's *Card Game* with Audette's *No Man's Land*, I represent two aspects of war: the stoic and desensitized nature of the conflict, and the sentimentality of a soldier longing for a loved one.

I resolved to set *Card Game* to music because of the way Frank Prewett ends the poem. After responding to their wounded colleagues following an attack, the soldiers simply return to their card game, "where they had been." This sentiment illustrates how soldiers sometimes need to separate themselves emotionally from the conflict; their service to their country is a means to an end, something they have to do to simply survive. Listen for the use of dissonant intervals and inconsistent rhythms to represent the ever-changing nature of wartime, the sighs and groans of the viola to emphasize the agony of the conflict, and the chords in the piano that spell out a soldier's demise.

Setting excerpts of *No Man's Land* was not easy given the wandering nature of the soldier's observations while on the battlefield. I finally elected to use excerpts relating to the soldier remembering his sweetheart, found at the end of the poem. For these moments of fond reminiscing, the viola plays the song *If You Were the Only Girl (In the World)*, a song by Nat D. Ayer released in April 1916, a year before the Battle of Vimy Ridge. The soldier, meanwhile, tries to shake himself out of his reverie. Only at the end do we realize that this soldier is one of the people affected by the battleground attack described in *Card Game*; his sleep is eternal.

Tonight, I dedicate the world premiere performance of *Card Game in No Man's Land* to my grandfathers **Macario Esperanza** and **Quirino Munar**, both of whom are veterans of WWII; they served alongside Allied forces in the Pacific arena. I am a child of Filipino immigrants; my parents moved to Canada in hopes of realizing a better life for their family, based on the very freedoms for which my grandfathers and their colleagues fought during the war. Growing up, my family instilled in me the importance of honouring my grandfathers and those who serve their country in times of war. As such, because this project commemorates the Battle of Vimy Ridge, I also dedicate this work to the brave men and women who fought for Canada in times of war. I can't thank you enough for your sacrifice.

NO MAN'S LAND

No Man's Land

by Adalard Audette

The rain will help - I'm not so thirsty now;
How cool it falls upon my burning lips!
Thirst is a frightful thing - I realize now
It drives men mad, like scores of scourging whips.

The still cool dark is better than the light!
The sun beats down so fiercely through the day,
It seems to burn away my very sight -
And shivel me to nothing where I lay.

This "No Man's Land" is strange - a neutral ground
Where friend and foe together come to sleep,
Indifferent to the shaking hell of sound -
To shell still searching for more grain to reap.

Kincaid died very well! Before he went
He smiled a bit and said he'd hoped we won;
And then he said he saw his home in Kent.
And then lay staring at the glaring sun.

That German over there was peaceful too,
He looked a long, long time across their line,
And then he tried to sing some song he knew,
And so he passed on without another sign.

Well, this won't do for me - I'd best get back,
I'm just a little sleepy, I confess,
But I must be in time, we may attack -
The lads would miss me too at evening mess.

A moment more and then I'll make a start -
I can't be shirking at a time like this;
I'll just repeat - I know them all by heart -
Some words of hers that ended in a kiss

Why do I seem to feel her tender hand?
To see her eyes with all their old time light?
Is she beside me? ah; I understand -
I think perhaps I'll sleep here through the night.

Card Game

by Frank Prewett

Hearing the whine and crash
We hastened out
And found a few poor men
Lying about.

I put my hand in the breast
Of the first met.
His heart thumped, stopped, and I drew
My hand out wet.

Another, he seemed a boy,
Rolled in the mud
Screaming "my legs, my legs,"
And he poured out his blood.

We bandaged the rest
And went in,
And started again at our cards
Where we had been.



Canadian National Vimy Memorial (courtesy Veterans Affairs)

My sincere thanks to **Dr. Howard Bashaw**
for his gentle way of challenging me to think
outside the box to bring this year-long project to light.

PROGRAM

Verschwiegene Liebe..... H. Wolf (1860-1903)

Three settings of *La lune blanche* by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

'La lune blanche' from *La bonne chanson*..... G. Fauré (1845-1924)

'Apaisement' from *Quatre Mélodies*, Op. 13..... A.E. Chausson (1855-1899)

L'Heure Exquise..... R. Hahn (1874-1947)

Breake Now, My Heart, and Die..... T. Champion (1567-1620)

Sorrow, Sorrow, stay..... J. Dowland (1563-1626)

with Trevor Sanders, lute

Afternoon in February.....  Georgina Craig (b. 1967)

'Since she whom I loved'

from *The Holy Sonnets of John Donne*..... B. Britten (1913-1976)

**Card Game in No Man's Land*.....  O. Munar (b. 1976)

**with Shannon Hiebert, piano
and Deborah Chang, viola**

**world premiere*

Penso..... F.P. Tosti (1846-1916)

'Il mio tesoro'

from *Don Giovanni*..... W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Sérénade Italienne..... A.E. Chausson (1855-1899)

INTERMISSION (15 MINUTES)

Dichterliebe, Op. 48..... R. Schumann (1810-1856)

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
Ich grolle nicht
Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
Allnächtlich im Traume
Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Die alten, bösen Lieder

An die Musik..... F. Schubert (1797-1828)

Thank you for joining me tonight!

Please join me post-recital light refreshments in the Arts Lounge!

TRANSLATIONS

VERSCHWIEGENE LIEBE (Poetry by Josef K.B. von Eichendorff)

Über Wipfel und Saaten
In den Glanz hinein -
Wer mag sie erraten,
Wer holte sie ein?
Gedanken sich wiegen,
Die Nacht ist verschwiegen,
Gedanken sind frei.

Errät es nur eine,
Wer an sie gedacht
Beim Rauschen der Haine,
Wenn niemand mehr wacht
Als die Wolken, die fliegen -
Mein Lieb ist verschwiegen
Und schön wie die Nacht.

Over treetops and corn
and into the splendor -
who may guess them,
who may catch up with them?
Thoughts sway,
the night is mute;
thoughts run free.

Only one guesses,
one who has thought of her
by the rustling of the grove,
when no one was watching any longer
except the clouds that flew by -
my love is silent
and as fair as the night.

LA LUNE BLANCHE (Poetry by Paul Verlaine)

La lune blanche luit dans les bois,
De chaque branche part une voix
Sous la ramée,
O bien-aimée !
L'étang reflète, profond miroir,
La silhouette du salue noir
Où le vent pleure.
Rêvons, c'est l'heure !
Un vaste et tendre apaisement
Semble descendre du firmament
Que l'astre irise ;
C'est l'heure exquise !

The white moon shines in the forest,
From every branch comes forth a voice,
Under the foliage,
Oh beloved!
The pond, a deep mirror, reflects
The silhouette of the dark willow,
In which the wind is crying.
Let us dream, 'tis the hour!
A vast and tender calm
Seems to descend from the firmament,
Which the orb clads in rainbow colours;
'Tis the exquisite hour!

PENSO (Poetry by Rocco Emanuele Pagliara)

Penso alla prima volta in cui volgesti
Lo sguardo tuo soave insino a me,
Ai dolce incanto, ai palpiti celesti
Che quell'istante tenero mi diè.
Ma tu... tu l'hai scordato,
Dici che un sogno fu,
Come in quel dì beato
Non sai guardar mi più!

Penso al sorriso che mirai primiero
Sul labbro tuo dolcissimo vagar,
Alle speranze, al sogno lusinghiero
Che mi seppe nell'animo destar!
Ma tu... tu l'hai scordato,
Dici che un sogno fu,
Come in quel dì beato
Non sai sorrider più!

I think of the first time you turned
Your sweet glance toward me,
Of the sweet enchantment, the celestial heartbeats
That tender instant you gave me.
But you... you've forgotten it,
You say it was a dream,
like on that blessed day,
You can't look at me anymore!

I think of the smile I first saw
On your lips, sweetly resting,
of hopes, of a charming dream
which I knew would stir my soul!
But you... you've forgotten it,
You say it was a dream,
like on that blessed day,
You can't look at me anymore!

IL MIO TESORO (Libretto by Lorenza Da Ponte)

Il mio tesoro intanto
Andate a consolar,
E del bel ciglio il pianto
Cercate di asciugar.

Ditele che i suoi torti
A cendicar io vado;
Che sol di stragi e morti
Nunzio vogl'io tornar.

Meantime go and console
my treasure (Donna Anna),
and seek to dry the tears
from her lovely eyes.

Tell her I have gone
to avenge her wrongs,
and will return only as the messenger
of punishment and death.

SERENADE ITALIENNE (Poetry by Paul Bourget)

Partons en barque sur la mer
Pour passer la nuit aux étoiles.
Vois, il soufflé juste assez d'air
Pour enfler la toile des voiles.

Le vieux pêcheur italien
Et ses deux fils, qui nous conduisent,
Écoutent mais n'entendent rien
Aux mots que nos bouches se dissent.

Sur la mer calme et sombre, vois,
Nous pouvons échanger nos âmes,
Et nul ne comprendra nos voix,
Que la nuit, le ciel et les lames.

Let us sail in a boat over the sea
to pass the night under the stars.
See, there is just enough breeze
to inflate the canvas of the sail.

The old Italian fisherman
and his two sons, who steer us,
listen but understand nothing
of the words that we speak.

On the sea, calm and dark, see,
our souls may commune,
and none will understand our voices
but the night, the sky and the waves.

DICHTERLIEBE (Poetry by Heinrich Heine)

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

2. Aus meinem Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

In the wondrous beauty of May-time,
When all buds were springing,
In my heart
Love sprang up.

In the wondrous beauty of May-time,
When all the birds were singing,
I told her of
My longing and desire.

From my tears spring many blossoms,
and my sighs become a choir of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,
I'll give you the flowers,
and the nightingales
shall sing at your window.

TRANSLATIONS

DICHTERLIEBE (continued)

3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.
Ich liebe alleine die Kleine, die Feine,
Die Reine, die Eine.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun;
I loved them all in love's delight.
I love them no more - I only love
the little one, the fine one, the pure one, the only one!
She is all of love's delight:
the rose, the lily, the dove, the sun.
I only love the little one, the fine one,
the pure one, the only one!

4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So wird' ich ganz und gar gesund.

When I look into your eyes,
my suffering and pain all vanish;
but when I kiss your lips,
my very being is restored.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: Ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

When I lie upon your breast,
I am overcome with heaven's delight;
yet when you say, 'I love you!'
I weep most bitterly.

5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

I will steep my soul
in the cup of the lily;
the lily shall breathe a song of my love.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

The song will tremble and quiver
like the kiss from her lips,
the kiss she over gave me
in a wonderfully sweet hour.

6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n,
Mit seinem großen Dome,
Das große heilige Köln.

The sacred river Rhine
reflects in its ripples mighty,
with its cathedral,
great and holy Cologne.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldenem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

In the cathedral there is a
portrait painted on golden leather;
it has cast a kindly gleam
into my life's wilderness.

Es schweben Blumen und Englein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

Flowers and angels hover
round Our Lady;
her eyes, lips and cheeks
are like those of my dear love.

7. Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.

I bear no grudge though my heart breaks,
Love lost for ever! I bear no grudge.

Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.

However your splendid diamonds might gleam,
no ray can penetrate the night in your heart.

DICHTERLIEBE (continued)

Dass weiß ich längst.
Ich sah dich ja im Träume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.

8. Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie ließe fröhlich erschallen,
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüssten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldenem Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur Eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

9. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmetterten darein;
Da tanzt wohl dem Hochzeitsreigen,
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingend und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n.
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen,
Die lieblichen Engelein.

10. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzdrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen,
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen,
Mein übergroßes Weh'.

I knew it long ago.
I saw you in a dream
and saw the night within your soul,
and saw the serpent eating at your heart.
I saw, my love, your wretchedness.

And if the tiny flowers
knew how deep are the wounds in my heart,
they would weep with me
to heal my grief.

And if the nightingales
knew how sick and sad I am,
they would gladly sing
a heartening song.

And if the golden stars
but knew of my grief,
they would come down from their heights
to comfort me.

None of them can know of my pain,
it is known by only one:
for she it is who has broken it -
broken my heart.

There's a playing of flutes and fiddles,
and resounding trumpets too.
There dancing, perhaps her wedding round,
is my own dearest love.

There's a thudding and piping
on drums and shawms,
and amongst them sobbing and groaning,
sweet cherubs.

If I should hear the melody
that once my dearest sang,
then would my heart be torn
by the fierce violence of grief.

A dark longing drives me
to the wooded heights;
there overflows in tears
my infinite sorrow.

TRANSLATIONS

DICHTERLIEBE (continued)

11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Und hat einer andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel d'ran

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passieret,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

12. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schau'n mitleidig mich an:
'Sei unsrer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger, blasser Mann.'

13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floss noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet, mir träumt', du verließest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und die weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wär'st mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

14. Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich,
Und sehe dich freundlich grüßen,
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich
Zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Das Perletränenröpfchen.

A lad loves a girl,
who has chosen another;
this other loves another,
and has married her.

The girl, out of pique,
takes the first man
who comes along,
and our lad gets the worst of it.

It is an old, old story,
but stays for ever new;
and he to whom it happens,
his heart breaks in two.

On a bright summer morning
I wander in the garden.
The flowers speak in whispers,
but silently I pass by.

The flowers speak in whispers,
and gaze at me in pity.
'Be not angry with our sister,
you pale, sad man.'

In my dream I was weeping;
I dreamt you lay in your grave.
I awoke, and down my cheeks the
tears still flowed.

In my dream I was weeping; I dreamt you were forsaking me.
I awoke, and went on weeping,
long and bitterly.

In my dream I was weeping;
I dreamt you cared for me still.
I awoke, and even now my
streaming tears flood on.

Each night in a dream I see you,
I see you kindly greet me;
and loudly sobbing,
I throw myself at your dear feet.

Wistfully you look at me,
and shake your small, fair head;
and from your eyes steal drops of
tears like pearls.

DICHTERLIEBE (continued)

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort
Und gibst mir den Strauss von Zypressen.
Ich wache auf, und der Strauss ist fort,
Und's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

You whisper a gentle word to me,
and give me a wreath of cypress.
I wake - the wreath is gone,
and the word I have forgotten.

15. Aus alten Märchen winkt es hervor mit weißer Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es von einem Zauberland;
Wo bunte Blumen blühen im gold'nen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen, mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

A white hand beckons from the old fairy tales;
and there is singing and ringing from a magic land.
There gay flowers bloom in the golden evening light,
and, with sweet-scented bridal faces glow.

Und grüne Bäume singen uralte Melodei'n,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen, und Vögel schmetter'n drein;
Und Nebelbilder steigen wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen im wunderlichen Chor;

And green trees chant the ancient melodies;
and breezes softly murmur to the warbling of birds;
And misty figures rise up from the earth -
a strange company circling in airy dance.

Und blaue Funken brennen an jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen im irren, wirren Kreis;
Und laute Quellen brechen aus wildem Marmorstein.
Und seltsam in den Bächen strahlt fort der Widerschein.

And blue sparks glitter on every leaf and twig,
and red lights flutter crazily around.
And riotous springs gush forth from marble crags,
and weird reflections shining from the streams.

Ach, könnt' ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n
Und aller Qual entnommen, und frei und selig sein!
Ach! jenes Land der Wonne, das seh' ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonne, zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

Oh, if I could but go there,
and gladden my heart,
take away all my anguish, and be happy and free!
Ah, what a land of delight I see in my dreams,
but when the sun rises, it vanishes like foam.

16. Die alten, bösen Lieder, die Träume böse und arg,
Die laßt uns jetzt begraben, holt einen großen Sarg.
Hinein leg' ich gar manches, doch sag' ich noch nicht, was;
Der Sarg muß sein noch größer, wie's Heidelberger Faß.

The old hurtful songs, the evil, sad dreams,
let us fetch a great coffin, and bury them now.
Many things will I lay within, but what I'll not yet say;
the coffin must be greater than the Heidelberger tun.

Und holt eine Totenbahre, und Bretter fest und dick;
auch muß sie sein noch länger, als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.
Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen, die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Then fetch a bier and planks that are thick and firm -
for it is longer even than the bridge at Mainz!
And fetch me twelve giants, who are stronger
than Saint Christopher in Cologne cathedral on the Rhine.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen, und senken ins Meer hinab;
denn solchem großen Sarge gebührt ein großes Grab.
Wißt ihr, warum der Sarg wohl so groß und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe und meinen Schmerz hinein.

They shall carry the coffin away, to sink in the ocean deeps;
for so mighty a coffin deserves a mighty grave.
And do you know why the coffin must be so heavy and huge?
Because there inside I sank all my love, and all my grief.

AN DIE MUSIK (Poetry by F.A. Friedrich von Schobert)

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt!

Oh sacred art, how oft in hours blighted,
While into life's untamed cycle hurled,
Hast thou my heart to warm love reignited
To transport me into a better world!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf' entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

So often has a sigh from thy harp drifted,
A chord from thee, holy and full of bliss,
A glimpse of better times from heaven lifted.
Thou sacred art, my thanks to thee for this.



STAY IN TOUCH!

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