



Department of Music
University of Alberta

In Recital

JOHN MURRAY, tenor

Candidate for the Master of Music degree in Applied Music (Voice)

with

ROGER ADMIRAL, piano

MICHAEL BOWIE, viola obbligato

Wednesday, May 13, 1992 at 8:00 pm

An die ferne Geliebte, Op. 98 (1816)

Auf dem Hugel sitz' ich

Wo die Berge

Leichte Segler in den Hohen

Diese Wolken in den Hohen

Es kehret der Maien

Nimm sie hin denn

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1 (1885)

Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8 (1885)

Ruhe, meine Seele, Op. 27, No. 1 (1894)

Heimliche Aufforderung, Op. 27, No. 3 (1894)

Morgen! Op. 27, No. 4 (1894)

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

INTERMISSION

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Four Hymns (1914)

Lord! come away!
Who is this fair one?
Come Love, come Lord
Evening Hymn

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

Five Lyrics of the T'ang Dynasty (1949)

The Staircase of Jade
The Limpid River
Parting at a Wine-Shop

John Beckwith
(b. 1927)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree for Mr Murray.

TRANSLATIONS

An die ferne Geliebte/To the Distant Beloved

1 On the hill I sit, gazing
into the blue haze,
towards the far meadows
where, beloved, I found you.

Far am I parted from you,
mountain and valley intervene
between us and our peace,
our happiness and our pain.

Ah, you cannot see the look
that hastens so warm your way,
and sighs—they are lost
in the separating space.

Will then nothing reach you any more,
be messenger of love?
I shall sing, sing songs,
to pour out my pain to you!

For at sound of song,
time and space recede,
and a loving heart is reached
by what a loving heart has blessed.

2 Where the mountains so blue,
from the misty grey,
look hither,
where the sun's glow fades,
where sky clouds over,
there would I be!

There, in the peaceful valley,
pain and torment cease.
Where, in the rock,
the pensive primrose is,
and the wind blows so soft,
there would I be!

Away to the thoughtful wood
am I driven by force of love,
by inner pain.
Ah, I would not be drawn from here,
could I, beloved, but be with you
eternally!

3 Light sailing clouds on high,
and you, small brook,
if you can spy my love—
a thousand greetings to her.

Translations (continued)

If, clouds, you then see her walk,
thoughtful in the quiet valley,
make me appear to her
in heaven's airy hall.

If she be standing by bushes,
autumn yellow now and bare,
pour out to her my fate,
pour out, birds, my torment.

Quiet westwinds, carry
to my true-love
my sighs which fade
as the sun's last ray.

Whisper to her my entreaties,
let her, small brooklet,
truly see in your ripples,
my never-ending tears!

4 These clouds on high,
this cheerful flight of birds
will see you, O fairest.
Take me lightly winging too.

These westwinds playfully
will waft on cheek and breast,
will ruffle your silken tresses.
Would I might share that joy!

To you from those hills
this busy brook hurries.
Should she be mirrored in you,
flow forthwith back to me.

5 May returns, the meadow blooms.
The breezes blow so gentle, so mild.
The brooks run chattering.
The swallow returns to the hospitable roof,
builds eagerly her bridal chamber,
wherein love shall dwell.
From here, from there busily she brings
many soft bits for the bridal bed,
many warm bits for the little ones.
Now the pair live together so true.
What winter has parted, May has joined.
All who love he can unite.

May returns, the meadow blooms,
the breezes blow so gentle, so mild.
I alone cannot journey from here.
When spring is uniting all who love,
for our love alone does no spring appear,
and tears are its only gain.

6 Accept, then these songs
I sang for you, beloved;
sing them again at evening
to the lute's sweet sound.

As evening red draws
toward the calm blue lake,
and its last ray fades
behind that mountain height;

and you sing what I sang
from a full heart
without art or show,
aware only of longing;

then, at these songs, shall
what parts us so far, recede,
and a loving heart be reached
by what a loving heart has blessed.

Zueignung/Dedication

Yes, dear soul, you know,
away from you I'm in torment,
love makes hearts sick,
have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom, held
high the amethyst goblet
and you blessed that draught,
have thanks.

And you drove out from it the evil ones,
till I, as never before,
holy, sank holy upon your heart,
have thanks!

Translations (continued)

Allerseelen/All Souls

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
bring in the last red asters,
and let us speak of love again,
as once in May.

Give me your hand to press in secret,
if people see, I do not care;
give me but one of your sweet looks,
as once in May.

Each grave today has flowers, is fragrant,
for one day of the year the dead are free,
come close to my heart, and so be mine
again,
as one in May.

Ruhe, mein Seele/Peace, My Soul

Not a breath stirs,
the wood rests in gentle sleep;
through the leaves' dark veil
bring sunshine steals.

Peace, peace, my soul,
wild have been your storms,
you have raged and quivered
like the swelling breakers.

These times are violent,
causing heart and mind distress—
peace, peace, my soul,
and forget what threatens you!

Heimliche Aufforderung/Secret Invitation

Raise to your lips the sparkling cup,
drink, at this feast, your heart to health.
And raising it, sign to me in secret,
I'll then smile, and quiet as you, will drink.

And quiet as I, about us regard the host
of drunken talkers—scorn them not too
much.

No, raise the twinkling wine-filled cup,
let them be happy at their noisy feast.

But having eaten, satisfied your thirst,
quit the loud company's gay festive scene,
and to the garden wander, to the
rosebush—
there I'll wait, as long our custom's been,

and, ere you know, I'll sink upon your
breast,
drinking your kisses, as many times before,
and in your hair I'll twine the roses'
splendour.
Wonderful and longed-for night, O come!

Morgen/Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path that I shall take,
it will unite us, happy ones, again
upon this sun-breathing earth...

and to the shore, broad, blue-waved,
we shall, quiet and slow, descend,
silent, into each other's eyes we'll gaze,
and on us will fall joy's speechless silence..

