

In Recital

Susan Shantora, soprano

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

with

Roger Admiral, piano

Saturday, September 11, 1993 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

La Pastorella Sul Primo Albore
Vieni, Vieni o Mio Diletto
Aria del Vagante (from **Juditha Triumphans**)

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Exultate Jubilate, K. 165

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Intermission

Die Spinnerin
Ach, des Knaben Augen (from the Italian Songbook)
Auch kleine Dinge (from the Italian Songbook)
In dem Schatten meiner Locken (from the Spanish Songbook)
Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten (from the Italian Songbook)

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Chanson de Printemps
Viens! Les gazons sont verts!
Le premier jour de Mai
Mignon

Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

Sonnets from the Portuguese
(a cycle of four songs)

Oskar Morawetz
(b. 1917)

Please join us for a reception immediately following the concert, in the Student Lounge.

Texts and Translations

La Pastorella sul Primo Albore

La pastorella sul primo albore
Semplicemente canta d'amore
Mentre la greggia pascendo va.
Non ha gelosa l'alma nel petto
Perch'il suo caro pastor diletto
Da pari lacci legato sta.

Vieni, Vieni O Mio Diletto

Vieni, vieni o mio diletto
Che il mio cor é tutto affetto
Già t'aspetta, e ognor ti chiama.
Il mio cor è tutto affetto.

Aria del Vagante

O servi, volate,
et domino meo
vos mensas parate
si proxima nox.
Invicto Holoferne
cantemus alterni
honoris, amoris
sit consona vox

Exsultate, jubilate...

Exsultate, jubilate
O vos animae beatae.
Dulcia cantica canendo
Cantui vestro respondendo,
Psallant aethera cum me.

Fulget amica dies,
Jam fugere et nubila et procellae;
Exortus est justis inespectata quies.
Undique obscura regnabat nox,
Surgite tandem laeti,
Qui timuistis adhuc,
Et jucundi aurorae fortunatae
Frondes dextera plena et lilia date.

Tu virginum corona,
Tu nobis placem dona,
Tu consolare affectus,
Unde suspirat cor.
Alleluja.

A shepherdess at the first light of dawn

A shepherdess at the first light of dawn
Sings only of love.
While the flock is grazing.
Her heart knows no jealousy
Because her beloved shepherd
Is bound similarly by love.

Come, come, oh my beloved

Come, come, oh my beloved
For my heart is all affection.
It is ever awaiting and forever calls to you.
My heart is all affection.

Oh, servants fly
and for my Lord
prepare the feast
for night draws on.
To the invincible Holofernes
let us sing in turn
to honour and to love
let our voices sound together.

Exult, rejoice

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.
Alleuia.

Die Spinnerin

O süsse Mutter:
Ich kann nicht spinnen,
Ich kann nicht sitzen
Im Stübchen innen,
Im engen Haus;
Es stockt das Rädchen
Es reisst das Fädchen,
O süsse Mutter,
Ich muss hinaus.
Der Frühling gucket
Hell durch die Scheiben;
Wer kann nun sitzen,
Wer kann nun bleiben
Und fleissig sein?
O lass mich gehen
Und lass mich sehen,
Ob ich kann fliegen
Wie Vögelein.
O lass mich sehen.
O lass mich lauschen,
Wo Lüftlein wehen,
Wo Bächlein rauschen,
Wo Blümlein blüh'n.
Lass sie mich pflücken
Un schön mir schmücken
Die braunen Locken
Mit buntem Grün.
Und kommen Knaben
In wilden Haufen,
So will ich traben,
So will ich laufen,
Nicht stille stehn;
Will hinter Hecken
Mich hier verstecken.
Bis sie mit Lärmen
Vorübergehn.
Bringt aber Blumen
Ein frommer Knabe,
Die ich zum Kranze
Just nötig habe;
Was soll ich tun?
Darf ich wohl nickend,
Ihm freundlich blickend,
O süsse Mutter,
Zur Seit' ihm ruh'n?

The Maid Spinning

Oh, dearest mother,
I cannot spin,
I cannot sit
Indoors in the room,
In the confining house.
The wheel stops
The thread breaks;
Oh, dearest mother,
I must go out.
The spring peeps
Brightly through the window pane;
Who then can sit,
And who can remain inside
And be industrious?
O, let me go
And let me see
If I can fly
Like a little bird.
O let me see,
O let me listen,
Where breezes blow,
Where booklets murmur,
Where flowers bloom.
Let me pick them
And prettily adorn
My brown tresses
With bright greenery.
And if boys come
In boisterous groups,
Then I will hurry,
Then I will run,
And not stand still;
Behind the hedge
I'll hide myself,
Until loudly
They disperse.
But if a gentle boy
Should bring me flowers,
Which I might use
For a garland,
What shall I do then?
May I then nod in approval,
And look kindly at him,
Oh, dearest mother,
And rest beside him?

Ach, des Knaben Augen

Ach, des Knaben Augen sind
Mir so schön und klar erschienen,
Und ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen,
Das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.
Blickt er doch mit diesen süßen Augen
Nach den meinen hin!
Säh er dann sein Bild darin,
Würd er wohl mich lieben grüssen.
Und so geb ich ganz mich hin,
Seinen Augen nur zu dienen.
Denn ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen
Dass mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.

Auch kleine Dinge

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken,
Auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein.
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit Perlen schmücken,
Sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind nur klein.
Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,
Und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist,
Und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr wisst.

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Schief mir mein Geliebter ein.
Weck ich ihn nun auf? Ach nein!
Sorglich strahlt ich meine krausen
Locken täglich in der Frühe
Doch umsonst is meiner Mühe
Weil die Winde sie zersausen
Lockschatten, Windessausen
Schlieferten den Liebsten ein,
Hören muss ich, wie ihn gräme,
Dass er schmachtet schon so lange
Dass ihm Leben geb und nehme
Diese meine braune Wange.
Und er nennt mich seine Schlange,
Und doch schlief er bei mir ein.
Weck ich ihn nun auf? Achein!

Ich hab in Penna einen Liebsten

Ich hab in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen,
In der Maremmenebene einen andern,
Einen im schönen Hafen von Ancona,
Zum vierten muss ich nach Viterbo wandern;
Ein andrer wohnt in Casentino dort,
Der nächste lebt mit mir am selben Ort,
Und wieder einen hab ich in Magione,
Vier in La Fratta, zehn in Castiglione.

Ah, the Boy's eyes

Ah, the Boy's eyes appear
So sweet and clear to me,
And something radiates from them
that wins my whole heart.
With those sweet eyes
He looks into my own!
If He should see His image in mine,
He would surely greet me lovingly,
and so I surrender myself entirely,
Just to serve His eyes.
For something radiates from them
That wins my whole heart.

Even little things

Even little things can charm us,
Even little things can be costly.
Think how gladly we adorn ourselves with pearls;
They are dearly bought and are but small.
Think how tiny is the fruit of the olive tree,
Yet for its goodness it is sought.
Just think of the rose, how small it is,
And you know how sweet is its scent.

In the shade of my tresses

In the shade of my tresses
My darling went to sleep
shall I wake him now? Oh, no!
I carefully come my tangled locks
Each day in the morning,
But my effort is all in vain
For the wind tumbles them about.
Shading tresses, whistling wind
Soothed my darling to sleep.
I must bear it when he is morose,
For he has suffered so long,
He may be happy or unhappy
Next to my dark cheeks.
He calls me his serpent,
Yet he went to sleep by my side.
Shall I wake him now? Oh, no!

I have a sweetheart

I have a sweetheart living in Penna
And another on the plain of Maremma,
Another in the fair harbour of Ancona.
And to see the fourth one, I travel to Viterbo;
Still another lives in Casentino,
The next here in my own town;
And I have still another in Magione,
Four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione!

Chanson de Printemps

Viens, enfant, la terre s'éveille
Le soleil rit au gazon vert!
La fleur au calice entr'ouvert
Reçoit les baisers de l'abeille.
Respirons cet air pur!
Enivrons-nous d'azur!
Là-haut sur la colline
Viens cueillir l'aubépine!
La neige des pommiers
Parfume les sentiers.

Viens, enfant, voici l'hirondelle
qui passe en chantant dans les airs,
Ouvre ton âme aux frais concerts
Éclos sous la feuille nouvelle.
Un vent joyeux, là-bas,
Frémit dans les lilas,
C'est la saison bénie,
C'est l'amour, c'est la vie!
Qu'un fleuve de bonheur
Inonde notre coeur.

Viens, enfant, c'est l'heure charmante
Où l'on voudrait rêver à deux.
Mêlons nos rêves et nos vœux
Sous cette verdure naissante.
Salut règne des fleurs
Des parfums, des couleurs,
Les suaves haleines
Voltigent sur les plaines,
Le coeur épanoui
Se perd dans l'infini.

Eugene Tourneux

Viens! Les gazons sont verts

Si tu dors, jeune fille,
Debout, debout! voici le soleil!
Chasse de tes yeux l'indolent sommeil
C'est l'heure du réveil!

Suis-moi, vive et gentille,
Pieds, nus, viens, les gazons sont verts!
Les ruisseaux jaseurs par les bois déserts
Promément leurs flots clairs!

Jules Barbier

Song of Springtime

Come, child, the earth is awakening
the sun smiles on the green grass!
The flower in it's half-opened cup
receives the kisses of the bee.
Let us breathe this pure air!
Let us revel in the blueness of the sky!
Above on the hill
come let us gather the hawthorn!
The snow of the apple trees
perfumes the paths.

Come, child here is the swallow
that passes singing through the air,
open your soul to the fresh chorus
dawning under the new leaves.
A joyous wind, yonder,
rustles in the lilac,
it is the blest season,
it is love, it is life!
Let a flood of happiness
fill our heart.

Come, child, it is the charming hour
when we would dream together,
let us mingle our dreams and our vows
beneath this newly-springing foliage.
Hail kingdom of flowers
of perfumes, of colours!
The gentle zephyrs
hover over the plains,
the heart full of joy
loses itself in infinity.

Come, the lawns are green

If you are sleeping, maiden,
arise, arise! Here is the sun!
Chase lazy sleep from your eyes
it is time to wake up!

Follow me, quickly and sweetly,
barefoot, come, the lawns are green!
The babbling brooks in the lonely woods
are flowing with clear water!

Le premier jour de Mai

Laissons le lit et le sommeil Cette journée
Pour nous l'aurore au front vermeil Est déjà née
Or que le ciel est le plus gai
En ce gracieux mois de Mai
Aimons mignonne aimons mignonne!
Contentons notre ardent désir
En ce monde n'a du plaisir
qui ne s'en donne.

Viens belle! viens te promener

Dans ce bocage
Entends les oiseaux jargonner
De leur ramage
Mais écoute comme sur tous
le rossinol est le plus doux.
Qui, le plus doux
Sans qu'il se lasse .
Oublions tout deuil tout ennui
Pour nous réjour comme lui le temps se passe

Laissons les regrets et les pleurs à la vieillesse
Jeunes il faut cueillir les fleurs De la jeunesse.
Or que le ciel est le plus gai
En ce gracieux mois de Mai
Aimons mignonne aimons mignonne!
Contentons notre ardent désir
En ce monde n'a duplaisir
Qui ne s'en donne.

Passerat

Mignon

Connais-tu le pays, où dans l'immense
plaine
Brille comme de l'or le fruit des orangers,
Où sous des cieus bénis une amoureuse haleine
Recueille et porte au loin le parfum des vergers?

Ce pays où le jour plus radieux se lève
Le connais-tu, dis-moi, le connais-tu?
C'est là, mon bien aimé que m'emporte mon rêve!
C'est là que je voudrais m'en aller avec toi!

Connais-tu la maison toute blanche et posée
Dans le bosquets de myrte aimés des papillons,
Et les champs lumineux où la fraîche rosée
Sème ses diamants dans l'herbe
des sillons?

Ce pays où le jour...

Louis Gallet

The first day in May

Let's leave the bed and tiredness behind today
For us, the rosy dawn is already born
The sky is most bright
In the gracious month of May
Let's love, my darling!
Let's satisfy our ardent desires
In this world only those who give pleasure,
Receive it.

Come my love!

Come walk in this grove
Listen to the birds chatter
From the branches
But listen to the nightingale
He is the sweetest above all
Yes, the sweetest
Without tiring.
Let's forget all mourning, all troubles
Rejoice the time away like him.

Let's leave regrets and tears to old age
Young ones, pluck the flowers of youth.
The sky is most bright
In this gracious month of May
Let's love my darling!
Let's satisfy our ardent desires
In this world only those who give pleasure,
Receive it.

Mignon

Do you know the country, where on the immense
plain
the fruit of the orange-tree shines like gold,
Where under blest skies a tender breeze
gathers and carries far the fragrance of the orchards?

That country where dawns a more radiant day
do you know it, tell me, do you know it?
It is there, my beloved, that my dream takes me!
It is there that I would go with you!

Do you know the white house lying
among thickets of myrtle beloved of butterflies,
and the luminous fields where the fresh dew
sows its diamonds in the grassy
furrows?

The country where dawns...

Sonnets from the Portuguese

1 Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
Unlike our uses and destinies.
Our ministering two angels look surprise
On one another, as they strike athwart
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art
A guest for queens to social pageantries,
With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
Than tears even can make mine, to play thy part
Of chief musician. What has thou to do
With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
a poor, tired, wandering singer,...singing through
The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?
The chrism is on thine head,—on mine, the dew,—
and Death must dig the level where these agree.

2 Thou hast thy calling to some palace-floor,
Most gracious singer of high poems! where
The dancers will break footing, from the care
Of watching up thy pregnant lips for more
And dost thou lift this house's latch too poor
For hand of thine? and canst thou think and bear
To let thy music drop here unaware
In folds of golden fulness at my door?
Look up and see the casement broken in,
The bats and owlets builders in the roof!
My cricket chirps against thy mandolin.
Hush, call no echo up in further proof
Of desolation! there's a voice within
That weeps...as thou must sing...alone, aloof.

3 Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forbore,...
Thy touch upon the palm. The wildest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must tast of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes, the tears of two.

4 The face of all the world is changed, I think,
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul
Move still, oh, still, beside me, as they stole
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink
Of obvious death, where I, who thought to sink,
Was caught up into love, and taught the whole
Of life in a new rhythm. The cup of dole
God gave for baptism, I am fain to drink,
And praise its sweetness, Sweet, with the anear.
The names of country, heaven, are changed away
For where thou art or shalt be, there or here;
And this...this lute and song...loved yesterday,
(The singing angels know) are only dear,
Because thy name moves right in what they say.
poems by Elizabeth Barrett Browning