



Sir•i•us (sir'ē-əs) *n.* [Lat. < Gk. *Seirios* < *seirios*, burning.] A star in the constellation Canis Major, the brightest star in the sky.

CELEBRATING
Young
Artists



Friday, January 16, 1998
at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall
Arts Building

Program

Quatuor pour saxophones (1964) Alfred Desenclos
Calme (1912-1971)

Allegro non troppo

**Jeff Anderson, Jessica Mackay, Michael Chute,
and Laurel Sadownik, saxophones**

Two Ballads (1937) Benjamin Britten
I Mother Comfort (1913-1976)

II Underneath the Abject Willow

Puisqu'ici-bas, Op. 10, No. 1 (ca.1873) Gabriel Fauré
Tarentelle, Op. 10, No. 2 (ca. 1873) (1845-1924)

**Jolaine Kerley, soprano
Tim Shantz, tenor
Keith Molberg, piano**

From *Episodes* (1941) Pancho Vladigerov
Improvisation (1899-1978)

Toccata

Dimiter Terziev, piano

Intermission

Finlandia, Op. 26 (1899) Jean Sibelius
(1865-1957)

transcribed by Herbert Fricker

Michelle Martin, organ

The Three Aims of Life (1997) Graham Kidd
Third movement (b. 1967)

Roger Admiral, piano

Chanson Madécasses (1926)

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Maura Sharkey, soprano
Shafi Perry-Higgins, flute/piccolo
Sarah Tunglund, cello
Gloria Reimer, piano

Fantasy in F Minor, Op. 49 (1841)

Frédéric Chopin
(1810-1849)

Gloria Reimer, piano

Translation

Puisqu'ici-bas (Since-here-down)

Since-here-down all soul gives to someone its music,
its flame, or its perfume; since-April gives to-the oaks
a noise charming; Since-here all thing gives always
its thorn or its rose to its loves that the night give to-the pains
the-oblivion sleeping. Since, when-it arrives, itself there to-repose,
the-wave bitter to the shore gives a kiss; I you give to this hour,
bent-over on you, the thing the best that I-have in me!
Receive then my thought sad of-elsewhere, that, like a dew,
to-you-arrives in tears! My raptures full of-drunkenness,
pure of suspicions. Receive my vows without numbers, o my loves!
Receive the flame or the-shadow of all my days!
And all the caresses of my songs!
My spirit which without sail drifts at random,
and which not-has for star but your face;
receive, my good heavenly, o my beauty!
My heart of-which nothing not remains, the-love taken!

Tarentelle (Tarantella)

At-the heavens the moon rises and shines,
It makes great day in full midnight!
Come with me, to-me said-she,
come on the sand sizzling,
where leaps and shines in quivering, the Tarantella.
Up! up! the dancers, of-them here-are two, crowd on the-water,
crowd around of them! The-man is well made, the girl is beautiful;

Tarentelle (Tarantella) (continued)

but beware to you, without of-it to-think, it-is game of-love
that of to-dance the Tarantella! Sweet is the noise of-the tambourine!
If I-was daughter of sailor and you fisherman, to-me said-she,
all the nights, joyously, we would-dance in each-other loving the Tarantella!

Chansons Madécasses (Madagascan Songs)

Nahandove (Nahandove)

Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove! The nocturnal bird
cries, the full moon shines on my head, and the new-born dew
moistens my hair. Here the hour is come; who
can stop you, Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove! The bed
of leaves is prepared; I have strewn it with flowers
and with sweet-smelling herbs; it is worthy of your charms,
Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove! She comes.
I recognized the rapid breathing caused by
a brisk walk; I hear the rustle
of the loin-cloth which envelops her; it is she,
it is Nahandove, the beautiful Nahandove!
Catch your breath, my young love; rest on my knees.
How enchanting is your glance! How the movement
of your breast is alive and delicious under the hand
which presses it! You smile, Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove!
Your kisses penetrate my soul; your caresses burn
all my senses; stop, or I shall die. Does one die
of voluptuousness, Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove!
Pleasure passes like a flash of lightening. Your sweet breath
falters, your moist eyes close again,
your head bends softly, and your ecstasies
melt into languor. Never were you
more beautiful Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove! You leave
and I will languish in regrets and desires.
I will languish until evening. You will return this evening,
Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove!

Aoua! (Aoua!)

Inhabitants of the shore, beware of the white man.
During the time of our fathers, some whites descended
on this island. We told them: Here are lands,
may your wives cultivate them; be just, be good,
and become our brothers. The whites promised,
and yet they built entrenchments.
A menacing fort arose; the thunder was closed
in mouths of brass; their priests wanted
to give us a God that we did not know,
they spoke at last of obedience and of slavery.

Aoua! (Aoua!) (continued)

Death sooner. The carnage was long and terrible;
but despite the thunder that they vomited, and that destroyed
entire armies, they were all exterminated.

Aoua: Beware of the white man. We have seen new
tyrants, stronger and more numerous, planting their
flag on the shore. The sky fought for us.

It has made rain fall on them, tempests
and poisoned winds. They are no more, and we
live, and we live free. Aoua!

Inhabitants of the shore, beware of the white man.

Il est doux (It is sweet)

It is sweet to rest, during the heat,
under a leafy tree, and to wait for the evening wind
to bring its freshness. Women, approach. While
I rest under a leafy tree, occupy
my ear with your prolonged accents. Repeat the song
of the young girl, when her fingers weave the plait
or when sitting beside the rice, she chases away the
greedy birds. The song pleases my soul. The dance
is for me almost as sweet as a kiss. May your
steps be slow; may they imitate the attitudes of pleasure
and abandon of voluptuosness. The evening wind
rises, the moon begins to shine through the trees
of the mountain. Go, and prepare the feast.

Acknowledgments

We gratefully acknowledge the generous support of our sponsors in
celebrating our young artists.



For further information on our upcoming events, please contact the Department of
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