

In Recital

Joy-Anne Murphy, mezzo soprano

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

with

László Nemes, portative organ, harpsichord, piano

Saturday, September 14, 1996 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

Bele Doette (Medieval Chanson de Toile)

**Anonymous
(13th Century)**

With members of Trobairitz:

Wendy Grønnestad

Susan Pierce

Kathy Wallace

Three songs from Kleine Geistliche Konzerte

1. Ihr Heiligen, lobsinget dem Herren

2. Erhöre mich, wenn ich rufe

3. Herr, ich hoffe darauf

**Heinrich Schütz
(1585-1672)**

Ardelle Ries, soprano

Paul Radosh, cello

László Nemes, portative organ

Tirsis am Schweidewege

**Georg Friedrich Telemann
(1681-1767)**

Teresa Hron, alto recorder

Adrian Dyck and Jim Cockell, violins

Moni Matthew, viola

Paul Radosh, cello

László Nemes, harpsichord

INTERMISSION

Liebst du um Schönheit, Op. 12, No. 4

Warum willst du and're fragen, Op. 12, No. 11

Sie liebten sich beide, Op. 13, No. 2

**Clara Wieck Schumann
(1819-1896)**

In die Ferne

Auf dem See

**Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel
(1805-1847)**

László Nemes, piano

Sea Pictures, Op. 37

Sea Slumber Song

In Haven (Capri)

Sabbath Morning at Sea

Where Corals Lie

The Swimmer

**Edward Elgar
(1857-1934)**

László Nemes, piano

Confitebor Tibi

**Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)**

Texts and Translations:

Bele Doette

Bele Doette as fenestres se siet,
Lit en un livre, mais au cuer ne l'en tient;
de son ami Doon li resovient,
q'en autres terres est alez tornoier.
* E, or en ai dol!

Uns escuiers as degrez de la sale
est descenduz, s'est destrossé sa male.
Bele Doette les degrez en avale
ne cuide pas oïr novele male.
* E, or en ai dol!

Bele Doette tantost li demanda:
"Ou est mes sires, que ne vi tel pieça?"
Cil ot tel duel que de pitié plora.
Bele Doette maintenant se pasma.
* E, or en ai dol!

Bele Doette s'est en estant drecie,
Voit l'escuier, vers lui s'est adrecie;
En son cuer est dolante et correchie
por son signor, dont ele ne voit mie.
* E, or en ai dol!

Bele Doette li prist a demander:
"Ou est mes sires, cui je doi tant amer?"
"En nom Deu, dame, nel vos quier mais celer,
morz est mes sires, ocis fu au joster."
* E, or en ai dol!

Bele Doette a pris son duel a faire:
"Tant mar i fustes, cuens Do, frans debonaire!
Por vostre amor vestirai je la haire,
ne sor mon cors n'aura pelice voire."
* E, or en ai dol!

"Por vos ferai une abbaïe tele:
quant iert li jors que la feste iert nomeie,
se nus i vient qui ait s'amor fauseie,
ja del mostier ne savera l'entreie."
* E, or en ai dol!

Bele Doette prist s'abaïe a faire,
qui mout est grande et adés sera maire.
Toz ces et celes vodra dedanz atraire
qui por amor sevent peine et mal traire.
* E, or en ai dol!
Por vos devenirai nonne a l'eglise saint Pol.

Bele Doette

Lovely Doette sits at a window
reading a book, but her heart is not in it;
she recalls her friend Doon,
who has gone to tourneying in other lands.
See now what grief I have!

A squire is at the staircase of the hall;
he dismounts and unties his saddlebags.
Lovely Doette runs down the steps,
not thinking to hear bad news.
See now what grief I have!

Lovely Doette asks him at once:
"Where is my lord who has been parted from me for so
long?"
The squire has such grief that he weeps for pity.
Lovely Doette sinks to the floor.
See now what grief I have!

Standing again, lovely Doette
sees the squire and addresses herself to him;
in her heart she is sorrowful and afflicted
for her lord whom she does not see.
See now what grief I have!

Lovely Doette asks him:
"Where is my lord whom I should love so much?"
"In the name of God, lady, I shall no longer seek to hide
anything from you.
My lord is dead, he was killed in jousting.
See now what grief I have!

Lovely Doette begins to mourn.
"Such sorrow is there, Count Do, noble man.
For love of you shall I wear a hair shirt,
soft fur will no longer clothe my body."
See now what grief I have!

"For you I shall build such an abbey that,
on the day the feast is announced,
if any comes who has deceived a love,
they shall not be able to enter the church."
See now what grief I have!

Lovely Doette begins to build her abbey,
which is very large, and now she will be abbess.
She will gather there all those men and women
who for love have known pain and sorrow.
See now what grief I have!
For you I shall become a nun in the church of Saint Paul.

Kleine Geistliche Konzerte

Ihr Heiligen, lobsinget dem Herren (Ps. 30:5-6)

Ihr Heiligen, lobsinget dem Herren, danket und preiset seine Herrlichkeit,
denn sein Zorn währet einen Augenblick, und er hat Lust zum Leben.
Den Abend lang währet das Meinen, aber des Morgens die Freude.

Erhöre mich, wenn ich rufe (Ps. 4:1, 5:2)

Erhöre mich, wenn ich rufe, Gott meiner Gerechtigkeit,
der du mich tröstest in Angst.
Sei mir gnädig und erhöre mein Gebet, vernimm mein Schreien, mein König und mein Gott.

Herr, ich hoffe darauf (Ps. 13:5-6)

Herr, ich hoffe darauf, daß du so gnädig bist, mein Herz freuet sich, daß du so gerne hilfst.
Ich will dem Herren singen, daß er so wohl an mir tut.

Tirsis am Schweidewege

1. Recitative

In einem Tal, umringt mit hohen Eichen wo man den klaren Bach, dem vieler Kiesel Menge den schnellen Lauf gehemmt, durch schlängendkrumme Gänge bei sanftem Murmeln sah vorüberschleichen, fand neulich Tirsis sich voll Gram und Unmut ein. Ein grünumwachsener Stein deint' ihm zum Sitze; sein linker Arm, aufs Knie gestemmt, war des gesenkten Hauptes Stütze; die Augen richtet er ganz starr und unverwandt auf einen ohngefähr erblickten Gegenstand, bis endlich erst ein Seufzer, drauf ein Ach und ferner Folgendes die tiefe Stille brach:

2. Aria

Ich wanke zwischen Ja und Nein, zwischen Nein und Ja; welches soll ich wählen? Ich liebe, was mir widerspricht; ich bin geliebt und liebe nicht; bei beidem könnt ich glücklich sein, doch beides bringt mir Quälen.

3. Recitative

Ich lieb an Silvien der Schönheit Gaben; die reiche Phillis hat ihr Aug auf mir gericht'; doch will mich jene nicht, und die mag ich nicht haben; dort fänd ich ein vollkommenes Ergetzen; durch diese würd ich mich in Ansehn setzen: so streit ich stets mit Lieb und Ehre, voll Zweifelmuth, zu welcher ich mich kehre. Inzwischen höret er den lauten Schall von einer nahen Nachtigall; den Augenblick vergass er seine Pein und stimmte so mit ihrem Schlagen ein:

Small Sacred Concertos

Sing praises to the Lord, O you his faithful ones, and give thanks to his holy name.

For his anger is but for a moment; his favor is for a lifetime.

Weeping may linger for the night, but joy comes with the morning.

Answer me when I call, O God of my right! You gave me room when I was in distress.

Be gracious to me, and hear my prayer. Listen to the sound of my cry, my King and my God.

But I trusted in your steadfast love; my heart shall rejoice in your salvation.

I will sing to the Lord, because he has dealt bountifully with me.

Tirsis at the crossroads

1. Recitative

In a valley surrounded by tall oaks, one saw the clear brook; its swift flow inhibited by many scores of pebbles, through meandering gates with soft murmuring slipping past. Here, recently, Tirsis arrived full of grief and displeasure. A verdant stone served him as a seat; his left arm was propped on his knee as his weary body's main support. He focussed his eyes very fixedly and steadfastly upon a barely perceived object, until at last first a sigh, then an "ach" and then the following broke the deep silence:

2. Aria

"I waver between Yes and No, between No and Yes; which should I choose? I love that which goes against my principles. I am loved and love not; with both could I be happy, yet both bring me misery."

3. Recitative

"I love Sylvia's gift of beauty; the wealthy Phyllis has focussed her eye on me; but that one doesn't want me, and I don't want this one; there would I find a welcome amusement; through this one would my reputation be set: so I argue constantly with Love and Honour, full of indecision, toward which should I be turned?" In the meantime he heard the loud sound of a nearby nightingale. In the blink of an eye he forgot his suffering and joined in with its song:

Tirsis am Schweidewege (continued)

4. Aria

Gefiederte Sirene, kräusle, wirble deine Töne zur
Beförderung meiner Ruh! Ziehe sie weit in die Länge, lenke
sie drauf in die Enge, scherze, schleife, steig und falle
lockend, schwirrend, laut mit Schalle, tu, tu,
tu's und gurgle laut dazu!

5. Recitative

Der kleine Sänger fing drauf an zu schweigen und flog an
einen andern Ort. Wohlan, sprach er hierbei, dies Tier,
das seinen Flug, wohin es will, darf kehren, soll mich
dadurch belehren, dass nichts so schätzbar als die Freiheit
sei. Drum, Ehr und Liebe, fort, fort, ich bin nun
wiederum mein eigen!

6. Aria

In Freiheit zu leben, ist das höchste Gut. Spielt die
Leidenschaft den Meister, werden unsre muntern Geister
niedergedrückt. Ja, ja ich bin beglückt, denn mich krönt
ein freier Mut.

Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit, o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne, sie trägt ein goldnes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend, o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling, der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze, o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau, sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe, o ja mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer, dich lieb ich immerdar!
(Friedrich Rückert)

Warum willst du and're fragen?

Warum willst du and're fragen,
die's nicht meinen treu mit dir?
Glaube nicht, als was dir sagen
diese beide Augen hier!

Glaube nicht die fremden Leuten,
glaube nicht dem eigenen Wahn;
nicht mein Thun auch sollst du deuten,
sondern sieh die Augen an!

Schweigt di Lippe deinen Fragen,
oder zeugt sie gegen mich?
Was auch meine Lippen sagen,
sie mein Aug, ich liebe dich!
(Friedrich Rückert)

4. Aria

"Feathered siren, pucker, whirl your sounds for the
inspiration of my peace! Prolong it, steer it toward its
limits, banter, dance, soar and fall alluringly, buzzing,
loud with sounds, toot, toot, toot it and yodel loudly in the
bargain!"

5. Recitative

The little singer began then to be silent and flew to another
place. "Well now", spoke he in so doing, this animal, who
may direct his flight wherever he will, to teach me through
this that nothing is as valuable as freedom. Therefore,
Honour and Love: Away! Begone! I am now once again
my own!

6. Aria

To live in freedom is the highest good. When passion plays
the master, our lively spirits become weighed down. Yes I
am fortunate, for I am crowned a free spirit

If you love because of beauty, then do not love me!
Love the sun, it has golden hair!

If you love because of youth, then do not love me!
Love the springtime, it is young every year!

If you love because of treasures, then do not love me!
Love the mermaid, she has many shining pearls.

If you love for love, Oh then do love me!
Love me forever, for I love you for eternity!

Why do you wish to question others
who are not honest with you?
Do you not believe what
these two eyes tell you!

Don't believe strangers
or your own delusions;
Do not read into my actions
but rather look into my eyes!

If lips are silent after your questions,
or if other lips slander me,
no matter what they say,
look well into my eyes, I love you!

Sie liebten sich beide

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner
wollt' es dem andern gestehn.
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
und wollte vor Liebe vergehn.

Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich
nur noch zu weilen im Traum.
Sie waren längst gestorben
und wußten es selber kaum.
(Heinrich Heine)

In die Ferne

Ihr in der Ferne seid mir so nah,
seid wie die Sterne fern mir und nah;
fühle mich liebend zu euch gezogen,
ach der Ferne bleibt gewogen;
ach bleibet mir gewogen.
Steiget hernieder, kehret mir wieder
himmlische Sterne, Freunde der Ferne.
(Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty)

Auf dem See

Und frische Nahrung neues Blut
saug ich aus freier Welt;
wie ist Natur so hold und gut
die mich am Busen hält!

Die Welle wieget unsern Kahn
im Rudertakt hinauf
und Berge wolkig himmelan,
begegnet unsrem Lauf.

Aug' mein Aug' was sinkst du nieder?
Goldne Träume kehrt ihr wieder?
Weg, du traum, so gold du bist
hier auch Lieb und Leben ist.

Auf der Welle blinken tausend schwebende Sterne,
weiche Nebel trinken rings die türmende Ferne;
Morgenwind umflügelt die beschattete Bucht
und im See bespiegelt sich die reife Frucht.
(Johann Wolfgang Goethe)

They loved each other, but neither
wanted to admit it.
They saw each other as enemies,
yet wanted to die of love.

They finally separated and saw each other
only once in a while, in dreams.
They died a long time ago,
and did not even know it themselves.

You in the distance be close to me,
be as the stars - far yet near;
I feel lovingly pulled toward you
ah, the distance remains pleasing;
ah, it remains pleasing to me.
Climb down, turn toward me again
heavenly stars, friends of the distance.

On the Sea

Fresh nourishment, new blood
I soak up from the bountiful world.
How fair and good is Nature,
it touches my heart!

The waves rock our boat
in time to the oarstroke
and cloudy, lofty mountains
dare our race.

Eye, my eye, what makes you sink down?
Golden dreams try to turn you again?
Away, you dream, as golden as you are,
Life and Love are here.

A thousand suspended stars gleam on the waves,
soft mist swirls around the towering distance;
morning wind wings around the shadowed bay
and ripening fruit contemplates itself in the sea.

Sea Pictures

Sea Slumber Song

Sea birds are asleep,
The world forgets to weep,
Sea murmurs her soft slumber-song
On the shadowy sand
Of this elfin land;
"I, the Mother mild,
Hush thee, O my child,
Forget the voices wild!
Isles in elfin light
Dream, the rocks and caves,
Lulled by whispering waves,
Veil their marbles bright,
Foam glimmers faintly white
Upon the shelly sand
Of this elfin land;
Sea-sound, like violins,
To slumber woos and wins,
I murmur my soft slumber-song,
Leave woes, and wails, and sins,
Ocean's shadowy might
Breathes good-night,
Good-night!"

(The Hon. Roden Noel)

In Haven (Capri)

Closely let me hold thy hand,
Storms are sweeping sea and land;
Love alone will stand.

Closely cling, for waves beat fast,
Foam-flakes cloud the hurrying blast;
Love alone will last.

Kiss my lips, and softly say:
"Joy, sea-swept, may fade today;
Love alone will stay."

(C.A. Elgar)

Sabbath Morning at Sea

The ship went on with solemn face;
To meet the darkness on the deep,
The solemn ship went onward.
I bowed down weary in the place;
For parting tears and present sleep
Had weighed mine eyelids downward.

The new sight, the new wondrous sight!
The waters around me, turbulent,
The skies, impassive o'er me,
Calm in a moonless, sunless light,
As glorified by even the intent
Of holding the day glory!

Sabbath Morning at Sea (continued)

Love me, sweet friends, this sabbath day,
The sea swings round me while ye roll
Afar the hymn, unaltered,
And kneel, where once I knelt to pray
And bless me deeper in your soul
Because your voice has faltered.

And though this sabbath comes to me
Without the stoled minister,
And chanting congregation,
God's spirit shall give comfort. He
Who brooded soft on waters drear,
Creator on creation.

He shall assist me to look higher,
Where keep the saints, with harp and song,
An endless sabbath morning,
And, on that sea commixed with fire,
Oft drop their eyelids raised too long
To the Godhead's burning.
(Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

Where Corals Lie

The deeps have music soft and low
When winds awake the airy spray,
It lures me, lures me on to go
And see the land where corals lie.

By mount and mead, by lawn and rill,
When night is deep, and moon is high,
That music seeks and finds me still,
And tells me where the corals lie.

Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well;
But far the rapid fancies fly
To rolling worlds of wave and shell,
And all the lands where corals lie.

Thy lips are like a sunset glow,
Thy smile is like a morning sky,
Yet leave me, leave me, let me go
And see the land where corals lie.
(Richard Garnett)

Sea Pictures (continued)

The Swimmer

With short, sharp, violent lights made vivid,
To southward far as the eye can roam,
Only the swirl of the surges livid,
The seas that climb and the surfs that comb.
Only the crag and the cliff to nor'ward,
And the rocks receding, and reefs flung forward,
Waifs wrecked seaward and wasted shoreward,
On shallows sheeted with flaming foam.

A grim, grey coast and a seaboard ghastly,
And shores trod seldom by feet of men --
Where the batter'd hull and the broken mast lie,
They have lain embedded these long years ten.
Love! When we wandered here together,
Hand in hand through the sparkling weather,
From the heights and hollows of fern and heather,
God surely loved us a little then.

The skies were fairer and shores were firmer --
The blue sea over the bright sand roll'd;
Babble and prattle, and ripple and murmur,
Sheen of silver and glamour of gold.

So, girt with tempest and wing'd with thunder
And clad with lightning and shod with sleet,
And strong winds treading the swift waves under
The flying rollers with frothy feet.
One gleam like a bloodshot sword-blade swims on
The sky line, staining the green gulf crimson,
A death-stroke fiercely dealt by a dim sun
That strikes through his stormy winding sheet.

O, brave white horses! You gather and gallop,
The storm sprite loosens the gusty reins;
Now the stoutest ship were the frailest shallop
In your hollow backs, on your high-arched manes.
I would ride as never man has ridden
In your sleepy, swirling surges hidden;
To gulfs foreshadow'd through strifes forbidden,
Where no light wearies and no love wanes.
(Adam Lindsay Gordon)

Confitebor Tibi (Isaiah 12)

O lord, I will praise Thee, though thou wast angry with me,
Thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me.
Behold God is my salvation: I will trust, and not be afraid.
For the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song:
He is also become my salvation.
Therefore with joy shall ye draw water: out of the wells of salvation.
And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon his Name:
declare his doings among the people,
make mention that His Name is exalted.
Sing unto the Lord, for He hath done excellent things:
this is known in all the earth.
Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion:
for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of Thee.