

# In Recital

**Jolaine Kerley, soprano**

Candidate for the Master of Music degree

with

**Jeremy Spurgeon, piano, continuo**

**Sunday, March 14, 1999 at 2:00 pm**

**Convocation Hall, Arts Building**



**Department of Music  
University of Alberta**

## Program

- 1 Time Stands Still John Dowland  
2 It was a time when silly bees could speak (1563-1626)  
3 I saw my lady weep

Trevor Sanders, guitar

### From St John's Passion

Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)

- 4 Ich folge dir gleichfalls  
5 Zerfliesse, mein Herze

Kailan Rubinoff, flute (4+5)

Vic Houle, English horn (5)

Jeremy Spurgeon and Olivia Walsh, continuo (4+5)

- 6 Amor hai vinto

Antonio Vivaldi  
(1678-1741)

Jeremy Spurgeon and Olivia Walsh, continuo

## Intermission

- 7 Childhood Memories

Katy Warke, soprano

Jon Kretcen

- 8 Auch kleine Dinge  
9 Du denkst mit einem Fadchen  
10 Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten

Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

- 11 Tres Morillas  
12 Oh, Que buen amor, saber yoglar  
13 La guitarra sin prima  
14 Aquel sombrero de monte  
15 Polo del contrabandista  
16 El vito

Fernando J Obradors  
(1897-1945)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree for Ms Kerley.

Ms Kerley is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Graduate) and a John and Logie Drew Graduate Scholarship in Choral Conducting.

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

## Translation

### **Amor, hai vinto/Love, you have won**

Love you have won. See, my breast,  
shot through by your arrow of beauty.

Now who will care  
for my soul, orphaned by grief?  
In every vein  
I feel my blood run cold  
and only troubles and pain keep me alive.  
My heart flutters in my breast  
with new alarms.  
Cruel Chloris! How long must it last,  
this terrible severity?

I go from torment to torment  
like a little boat  
tossed from one towering wave  
to another.  
The sky thunders and lightens,  
the sea is all enraged.  
No harbour or shore can be seen-  
where can it hope to land?

In such a strange confusion  
of whirling thoughts  
my mind is twisting and turning.  
Now it's calm, now it grows angry,  
what will be the end of this lovesickness?  
Now I wish I could turn to stone,  
now to dust. But, good heavens!  
Why ever are you moaning,  
untrusting, fickle heart?  
Ah! What is your complaint? Surely  
you know  
in Chloris's bosom is your haven of rest?

When she turns her face to me again,  
my beloved treasure,  
then I feel no more agony,  
then I start to breathe again.

I fear no more danger,  
No more anxiety and pain:  
peace settles on my soul  
like a calm on the sea.

### **Ich folge dir gleichfalls mit freudigen Schritten/I follow you with eager steps**

I follow you with eager steps  
and will not forsake you,  
my light and my life.

Show me your way,  
urge me on,  
ask me to go with you always.

### **Zerfliesse/Dissolve then**

Dissolve then, heart, in floods of tears  
as your tribute to our God.  
Tell earth and heaven the grievous news,  
your Jesus is dead, dead!

### **Auch kleine Dinge/Even little things**

Even little things can calm 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 thy 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.

### **Du denkst, mit einem Fadchen/You plan to catch me**

You think then, you can catch me with a little thread,  
With just one glance enamore me?

I have ensnared others before, those in higher spheres  
than you;  
You should not trust me...you see me laughing.  
Yes, I've caught others, rest assured,  
I am in love, but, it so happens, not with you.

### **Ich hab in penna ainen liebsten/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 Maggione,  
Four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione!

### **Tres Morillas/Three Moorish maids**

Three Moorish maids bewitched me  
in Jaen:

Axa and Fatima and Marien.  
Three such graceful maids  
went to pick olives  
and found them gathered  
in Jaen:  
Axa and Fatima and Marien.  
And found them gathered  
and returned dismayed  
and pale of face  
in Jaen:  
Axa and Fatima and Marien.

Three sprightly Moorish maids  
went to pick apples  
in Jaen:  
Axa and Fatima and Marien.

**Oh, Que buen amor saber yoglar!/Oh what a beautiful thing, to be able to sing!**

Oh, what a beautiful thing, to be able to sing!

Be able to sing with my tamborine,  
ran rataplan of the tamborine,  
claca tacla of the clarinet,  
rau, rau, rau of the guitar,  
rin, rin, rin of the violin, to be able to sing!

Oh, what a beautiful thing, to be able to sing with a zamfona  
laralay of the zamfona,  
the viola with the sweet sound  
tacatacata of the tamboril  
tin, tin, rin, tin of the anafil and the small trumpet,  
to be able to sing!

**La guitarra sin prima.../The guitar with no first string**

The guitar with no first string  
sounds angry,  
as I am with you,  
because of a certain matter.  
Ah! Away!  
As I am with you.  
'What can it be?'

The guitar I play  
has no first string,  
but it has bass strings  
of finest silver.  
Ah! Away!  
But it has bass strings.  
'What can it be?'

**Aquel sombrero de monte/That mountain hat**

That mountain hat  
made of palm leaves,  
ah! the river snatched it from me,  
ah! the water snatched it from me.

I grieve for a coloured band  
I put on it.  
No longer must I keep my field  
By the river bank.

Little by little it was going,  
and now no more is left me.  
Ah! the river snatched it from me.  
Ah! the water snatched it from me.

**Polo del contrabandista/Song of the smuggler**

I am the smuggler  
and do as I please.  
I challenge everyone  
and fear no one.  
Ay! Jaleo! My girl!

Who will buy from me  
some black thread!  
My horse is tired.  
Ay!  
And I run beside it.

Ay! The night patrol approaches  
and they're starting to shoot.  
Ay! My little horse,  
My sprightly horse!

Ay! Jaleo! They're catching up with us!  
Ay! Get me out of this mess!  
Ay! Ay!  
Ay! Jaleo! My girl!  
Who will buy from me  
Some black thread!

**El vito/El vito(A dance)**

An old woman is worth a real  
and a young girl two cuartos,  
but as I am so poor  
I go for the cheapest.

On with the dancing,  
on with the dancing, ole!  
Stop your teasing, sir,  
else I'll blush! Ay!

Thank you to Ondrej Golias for the Bach realizations.