

THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC  
THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

presents

# EXPLORATIONS VII

## PROGRAM I

✓ Malcolm Forsyth ..... EXPLORATION FANFARE  
(b. 1936)

BRASS CHOIR  
Malcolm Forsyth, conductor

✓ Girolamo Frescobaldi ..... QUATRO CORRENTE  
(1583-1643)

Dietrich Buxtehude ..... GIGUE FUGUE IN C  
(1637-1707)

✓ Gerhard Krapf ..... PARTITA ON "DIE GÜLDNE SONNE"  
(b. 1924)

CHORALE  
BASSADANZA  
MADRIGAL  
ARIETTA  
FINALE

Gerhard Krapf, positiv

✓ Joaquín Turina ..... FARRUCA FUGADA  
(1882-1949)

✓ Manuel de Falla ..... DANZA DEL MOLINERO  
(1876-1946) (from "El Sombrero de Tres Picos")

✓ Enrique Granados ..... LA MAJA Y EL RUISEÑOR  
(1867-1916) (from "Goyescas")

✓ Isaac Albeniz ..... SUITE IBERIA  
(1860-1909)

EVOCAION  
EL PUERTO

Ernesto Lejano, piano

## INTERMISSION

✓ Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart ..... CONCERT RONDO IN E FLAT MAJOR, K. 371  
(1756-1791)

✓ Robert Schumann ..... ADAGIO AND ALLEGRO IN A FLAT MAJOR, Op. 70  
(1810-1856)

David Hoyt, French horn  
Janet Scott, piano

✓ John Beckwith ..... THE GREAT LAKES SUITE  
(b. 1927)

Diane Nelsen, soprano  
Harold Wiens, baritone  
Ernest Dalwood, clarinet  
Edward Lincoln, piano  
Joanne Ludbrook, cello

8 p.m.  
September 21, 1978

Auditorium  
Provincial Museum and Archives

Piano courtesy of Yamaha Pianos Coyne Ltd.

Next concert in this series: Friday, October 27, 1978  
Convocation Hall  
University of Alberta

## THE GREAT LAKES SUITE

### I. LAKE SUPERIOR

I am Lake Superior  
Cold and gray.  
I have no superior,  
All other lakes haven't got what it takes.  
All are inferior.  
I am Lake Superior  
Cold and gray  
I am so cold  
That because I chill them  
the girls of Fort William  
Can't swim in me.  
I am so deep  
That when people drown in me,  
Their relatives weep  
For they'll never find them.  
In me swims the fearsome great big sturgeon.  
My shores are made of iron  
Lined with tough wizened trees.  
No knife of a surgeon  
Is sharper than these waves of mine  
That glitter and shine  
In the light of the moon.  
In the light of the moon, my mother.  
In the light of the sun, my grandmother.

### II. LAKE MICHIGAN

By the shores of Lake Michigan  
Chicago sits.  
By the shores of Lake Michigan  
Chicago sits.  
By the shores of Lake Michigan  
Lives the Michigander,  
Lives the Michigoose.  
Very silly people, they,  
For they had the nerve to say  
When they came to visit us  
In the days of yore,  
That the Yankees, the Yankees  
Won the war.  
"Bah!" said we patriotically  
"How your wits do wander,  
You Michigoose, you Michigander."  
Right then and there  
We had a fight with our cousins from Michigan  
Who shortly after went back there again.  
And since we won, we won,  
We knew we were right.

### III. LAKE HURON

Yoohoo! Yoohoo!  
I'm blue, blue Lake Huron.  
By my shores in fratricidal wars  
Indians killed each other.  
At Bayfield, people stop  
To see me slop against the pier.  
At Grandbend, people tend instead,  
To look at each other.  
The Au Sable River and the Maitland flow into me.  
They think I'm a sea.  
But Haw! Haw!  
They're not through yet!  
For blue and wet I flow  
Into Lake St. Clair.  
And Lake St. Clair into Lake Erie  
So very, very weary.  
And Lake Erie into Lake Ontario  
Like a blue grain bag  
At which that frowsy hag of a city Toronto nibbles.  
And then the River St. Lawrence  
Whose waters resemble those dark barreled waves  
That drowned the Duke of Clarence.  
So Haw! Haw! You Maitland River  
And you Au Sable one too.  
For when you flow into me  
You're not at all through.

### IV. LAKE ST. CLAIR

I once met a bear  
Who swam in Lake St. Clair  
I once met a bear  
Who swam in Lake St. Clair.  
And after the experience said,  
"Hoity toit, I don't like the way  
Detroit pollutes the air there."  
And after a while  
He added with a smile.  
"And I don't like the way  
Windsor does, either."

### V. LAKE ERIE

Lake Erie is weary  
Of washing the dreary  
Crowds of the cities  
That line her shores.  
Oh, you know, the dirty people of Buffalo.  
And those in Cleveland that must leave land  
To see what the water's like.  
And those that bike  
Motorcar, bus and screeching train  
Come from London in the rain  
To Port Stanley where they spend the day  
In deciding whether Grandbend might not  
Have been a nicer place to go;  
Up and down in thousands  
They walk upon Lake Erie's sands.  
Those in Cleveland say  
As they gaze across the waters  
Where swim their sons and daughters,  
"Plainly, that distant speck  
Must be Port Stanley."  
Those in Port Stanley yawn,  
"Oh, that lump in the mist over there  
Really must be populous Cleveland in Ohio."  
But Lake Erie says, "I know  
That people say I'm shallow  
But you should see me when I go  
With a thump and a plump,  
At the falls of Niagara into Lake Ontario.  
When you see that you'll admit  
That I'm not just a shallow nitwit  
But a lake that takes the cake  
for a gigantic, thundrous, tragic exit.

### VI. LAKE ONTARIO

Left right march the waves  
Towards the sandy shore.  
Where I stand and motionless stare  
At their blue roar.  
Oh, they would stop and listen,  
And be my blue audience.  
If I could leap and glisten more than they;  
More than they.  
But although within me rush  
Waves death cannot deny.  
I must upon these coasts  
Only listen to their cry.  
My voice is soft  
While theirs is loud, loud.  
Their wavy boasts that do  
Drown out all reply.  
I am one,  
They are a crowd.  
Yet though I'm still and alone  
Upon these thin saltless sands.  
Thousands only shall hear the waves  
Clap their fresh young hands  
In lawless blue applause.  
Because I held a megaphone  
To their blue green blue noise,  
Because I made this seashell,  
This poem for your ear  
My dear monseer, of their blue continual hell.