

Master of Music Vocal Recital
Merrill Tanner, soprano
October 1, 1989

Heather Neufeld-Bergen, violin
David Grainger Brown, guitar
Ina Dykstra, piano

- Two of the Nine German Arias.....G. F. Handel
Süsse Stille (1685-1759)
Flammende Rose
- Three Schubert Songs with guitar accompaniment.....Franz Schubert
Heldenröslein (1815 - Gøethe) (1797-1828)
Frühlingsglaube (1822- Uhland)
Nacht und Träume (1825 - Collin)
- A Circle of Tears (1975).....Ray Sealey (b. 1945)
I Lacrimae infantis (Canadian composer)
II Lacrimae pueri text: Betsy Barker Price
III Lacrimae amoris
IV Lacrimae hominis
V Lacrimae solitudinis
VI Lacrimae irae
VII Lacrimae mortis

INTERMISSION

- La Courte Paille.....Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Le Sommeil paroles: Maurice Carême
Quelle aventure!
La reine de cœur
Ba, be, bi, bo, bu...
Les Anges musiciens
Le Carafon
Lune d'Avril

- From the Poems of Emily Dickinson (1949-50).....Aaron Copland
(b. 1900)

Nature, the gentlest mother
There came a wind like a bugle
Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
The world feels dusty
Heart, we will forget him
Sleep is supposed to be
When they come back
I've heard an organ talk sometimes

A special thank you to:

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Doris Tanner,
Hugh Semple,
Naomi Mullins and
Jutta Seehafer.

Reception to follow at:

Doris Tanner's


PROGRAM NOTES

The guitar continuo in the first two Handel arias was arranged by Karl Scheit. Both arias are from the Nine German Arias.

Süsse Stille

Süsse Stille, sanfte Quelle
ruhiger Gelassenheit!
Selbst die Seele
wird erfreut,
wenn ich mir nach dieser Zeit
arbeitsamer Eitelkeit
jene Ruh' vor Augen stelle,
die uns ewig ist bereit.

Sweet tranquility, placid
source of calm repose,
The soul, my very soul
is gladdened
When after this time
Of futile industry
I shall see peace before me
that is always ready
to receive us.

Flammende Rose

Flammende Rose, Zierde der Erden,
glänzender Gärten bezaubern de Pracht!
Augen, die deine Vortrefflichkeit sehen,
müssen, vor Anmut erstaunend, gestehen,
dass dich ein göttlicher Finger gemacht,
Augen, die deine Vortrefflichkeit sehen,
müssen, vor Anmut erstaunend, gestehen,
dass dich ein göttlicher Finger gemacht!

Flaming rose, ornament of the
earth,
Enchanting glory of
magnificent gardens;
Eyes that behold thy excellence
Must wonder at thy beauty
and confess
That you were made by
divine hand.

The three Schubert songs were selected from a modern edition of Schubert songs set for guitar by Schubert. Performance practice during Schubert's lifetime included lieder sung with guitar accompaniment, and so many of his songs were published with guitar transcriptions. The following translations are taken from Thomas Heck's *Sixteen Schubert Songs* (London: Tecla, 1986).

Frühlingsglaube (Umland)

Die Linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
sie säuseln und wehen
Tag und Nacht,
sie schaffen an allen Enden.
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!
Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang!
nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner
mit jedem tag,
man weiss nicht,
was noch werden mag,
das Blühen will nicht enden,
es will nicht enden;
es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal,

Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Quall
nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.

Springtime's Promises

Gentle spring breezes have
awakened,
They drift and weave through
day and night,
They work towards one goal.
O fresh wind, O new sound!
Now, dear heart, be not afraid!
Now shall all things be
transformed.

The world grows more lovely
each day,
No one knows
what yet may come,
Blooming will never cease;

Even the most distant, deepest
valley blossoms;
Now, dear heart, forget thy pain!
Now shall all things be
transformed.

Heidenröslein (Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Sah ein Knab ein Röslein stehn,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
War so jung und morgenschön,
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
Röslein sprach: ich steche dich,
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich will's nicht leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach's
Röslein auf der Heiden,
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
Half ihr doch kein Weh und Ach,
Musst'es eben leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Nacht und Träume (M. von Collin)

Heilige Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
nieder wallen auch die Träume,
wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
durch der Menschen stille, stille Brust!

Die belauschen sie mit Lust,
rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heilige Nacht!
holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Little Wild Rose

A lad spied a wild rose,
Wild rose on the heath,
'Twas so young and fresh
That he ran to see it close,
And gazed on it with pleasure;
Wild little rose so red,
Wild rose on the heath.

Spoke the lad: I'll pick you up,
Wild rose on the heath,
Said the rose: I'll stick you,
So that you'll remember me;
I'll not endure it.
Wild little rose so red,
Wild rose on the heath.

And the naughty lad did pluck
The wild rose on the heath;
Sure enough, the lad got stuck,
Alas, his cries didn't help him,
He had to endure it.
Wild little rose so red,
Wild rose on the heath.

Night and Dreams

Holy night you are falling;
Dreams are also floating down,
As your moonlight fills this place,
Fills men's sleeping hearts.

They listen with pleasure;
They call out at daybreak:
Come again, holy night!
Gentle dreams, come back!

La Courte Paille (Maurice Carême) or *The Short Straw* is a set of seven poems from a child's perspective.

Le Sommeil

Le sommeil est en voyage,
Mon Dieu! où est-il parti?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit,
Il pleure dans son lit-cage,
Il pleure depuis midi.

Où le sommeil a-t-il mis
Son sable et ses rêves sages?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit,
Il se tourne tout en nage,
Il sanglote dans son lit.

Ah! reviens, reviens, sommeil,
Sur ton beau cheval de course!
Dans le ciel noir, la Grande Ourse
A enterré le soleil
Et rallumé ses abeilles.

Si l'enfant ne dort pas bien,
Il ne dira pas bonjour,
Il ne dira rien demain
A ses doigts, au lait, au pain
Qui l'accueillent dans le jour.

Quelle aventure!

Une puce, dans sa voiture,
Tirait un petit elephant
En regardant les devantures
Où scintillaient les diamants.

-Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!
quelle aventure!
Qui va me croire, s'il m'entend?
L'éléphantéau, d'un air absent,
Suçait un pot de confiture.
Mais la puce n'en avait cure,
Elle tirait en souriant.

Sleep

Sleep has gone off on a journey,
Gracious me! Where can it have got to?
I have rocked my little one in vain,
He is crying in his cot,
He has been crying ever since noon.

Where has sleep put
its sand and its gentle dreams?
I have rocked my little one in vain,
he tosses and turns perspiring,
he sobs in his bed.

Ah! Come back, come back, sleep,
on your fine race horse!
In the dark sky, the Great Bear
has buried the sun
and rekindled his bees.

If baby does not sleep well
he will not say good day,
he will have nothing to say
to his fingers, to the milk, to the bread
that greet him in the morning.

What goings-on!

A flea, in its carriage,
was pulling a little elephant along
gazing at the shop windows
where diamonds were sparkling.

-Good gracious! Good gracious!
what goings-on!
who will believe me if I tell them?
The little elephant was absent-mindedly,
sucking a pot of jam.
But the flea took no notice,
and went on pulling with a smile.

- Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!
que cela dure
Et je vais me croire dément!
Soudain, le long d'une clôture,
La puce fondit dans le vent
Et je vis le jeune éléphant
Se sauver en fendant les murs.

- Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!
la chose est sûre,
Mais comment le dire à maman?

La reine de cœur

Mollement accoudée
A ses vitres de lune,
La reine vous salue
D'une fleur d'amandier.

C'est la reine de cœur,
Elle peut, s'il lui plaît,
Vous mener en secret
Vers l'étranges demeures.

Où il n'est plus de portes,
De salles ni de tours
Et où les jeunes mortes
Viennent parler d'amour.

La reine vous salue
Hâtez-vous de la suivre
Dans son château de givre
Aux doux vitraux de lune.

- Good gracious! Good gracious!
if this goes on
I shall really think I am mad!
Suddenly, along by a fence,
the flea disappeared in the wind
and I saw the young elephant
make off, breaking through the walls.

- Good gracious! Good gracious!
it is perfectly true,
but how shall I tell Mummy?

The Queen of hearts

Gently leaning on her elbow
at her moon windows,
the queen waves to you
with a flower of the almond tree.

She is the queen of hearts,
she can, if she wishes,
lead you in secret
to strange dwellings.

Where there are no more doors,
no rooms, nor towers
and where the young who are dead
come to speak of love.

The queen waves to you,
hasten to follow her
into her castle of hoar-frost
with the lovey moon windows.

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu...

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
Le chat a mis ses bottes,
Il va de porte en porte
Jouer, danser, chanter.

Pou, chou, genou, hibou.

Tu dois apprendre à lire,
A compter, à écrire,
Lui crie-t-on de partout.

Mais rikketiketau,
Le chat de s'esclaffer,
En rentrant au château:
Il est le chat botté!

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu...

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, be!
The cat has put on his boots,
he goes from door to door
playing, dancing, singing.

Pou, cabbage, knees, words
that form their plural with x,
'You must learn to read,
to count to write',
they cry to him on all sides.

But rikketiketau,
the cat bursts out laughing,
as he goes back to the castle:
he is Puss in Boots!

Les Anges musiciens

Sur les fils de la pluie,
Les anges du jeudi
Jouent longtemps de la harpe.

Et sous leur doigts, Mozart
Tinte délicieux,
En gouttes de joie bleue.

Car c'est toujours Mozart
Que reprennent sans fin
Les anges musiciens,

Qui, au long du jeudi,
Font chanter sur la harpe
La douceur de la pluie.

The Angel musicians

On the threads of the rain
the Thursday* angels
play all day on the harp

And beneath their fingers, Mozart
tinkles deliciously
in drops of blue joy.

For it is always Mozart
that is repeated endlessly
by the angel musicians,

Who, all day Thursday,
sing on their harps
the sweetness of rain.

*traditionally the school half-day holiday in France

Le Carafon

'Pourquoi, se plaignait la carafe,
N'aurais-je pas un carafon?
Au zoo, madame la Girafe
N'a-t-elle pas un girafon?

Un sorcier qui passait par là,
A cheval sur un phonographe,
Enregistra la belle voix
De soprano de la carafe
Et la fit entendre à Merlin.

'Fort bien, dit celui-ci, fort bien!
Il frappa trois fois dans ses mains
Et la dame de la maison
Se demande encore pourquoi
Elle trouva, ce matin-là,
Un joli petit carafon

Blotti tout contre la carafe
Ainsi qu'au zoo, le girafon'
Pose son cou fragile et long
Sur le flanc clair de la girafe.

Lune d'Avril

Lune,
Belle lune, lune d'Avril,
Faites-moi voir en mon dormant
Le pêcher au cœur de safran,
Le poisson qui rit du grésil,
L'oiseau qui, lointain comme un cor,

Doucement réveille les morts
Et surtout, surtout le pays
Où il fait joie, où il fait clair,
Où soleilleux de primevères,
On a brisé tous les fusils.
Belle lune, lune d'Avril,
Lune.

The baby carafe

'Why, complained the carafe,
should I not have a baby carafe?
At the zoo, Madame the giraffe
'has she not a baby giraffe?'

A sorcerer who happened to be passing by
astride a phonograph,
recorded the lovely soprano voice
of the carafe
and let Merlin hear it.

'Very good,' said he, 'very good.'
He clapped his hands three times
and the lady of the house
still asks herself why
she found that very morning
a pretty little baby carafe

Sur le flanc clair de la girafe.
just as in the zoo, the baby giraffe
rests its long fragile neck
against the pale flank of the giraffe.

April moon

Moon
beautiful moon, April moon,
let me see in my sleep
the peach tree with the saffron heart,
the fish who laughs at the sleet,
the bird who, distant as a hunting horn,

gently awakens the dead
and above all, above all, the land
where there is joy, where there is light,
where sunny with primroses,
all the guns have been destroyed.
beautiful moon, April moon,
Moon

(English translation by Winifred Radford)

A Circle of Tears is a cycle of seven Latin couplets by Betsy Barker Price. They depict tears from the many emotional situations confronted by humankind.

- I Lacrimæ infantis lacti matris,
Lacrimæ innocentæ, aqua earum pura est.
- II Lacrimæ pueri similes plumbo liquefacto
In forma quæ finget ipsam vim graviter cadent.
- III Lacrimæ amoris ex oculis splendoris cadent,
Imagines pastoralium philosophiarum et simplicium.
- IV Lacrimæ hominis artis qui fugaciter tenet
Essentiam modo ut illa evanescat.
- V Lacrimæ solitudinis mundum inundant,
Illæ sunt tristis pluvia Aprilis hominum generis.
- VI Lacrimæ iræ in genis militis
Se effundent calidæ spissæque similes sanguini.
- VII Lacrimæ mortis facie Dei,
Lacrimæ infantis lacti matris, aqua earum pura est.

- I Tears of a baby are for its mother's milk;
They are the tears of innocence, their water is pure.
- II The tears of a young boy are like molten lead;
They fall heavily into the mold which forms his being.
- III Tears of love fall from shining eyes,
reflections of easy pastoral philosophies.
- IV Tears of an artist who holds fleetingly
An essence ... only to have it disappear.
- V Tears of loneliness flood the world;
They are the sad April rain of humanity.
- VI Tears of rage on a soldier's cheek;
They pour warm and thick like blood.
- VII Tears of death are for the face of god;
They are tears of innocence, their water is pure.

Ray Sealey studied guitar in Canada and France with Alexandra Lagoya. He has performed internationally, made recordings, and is a published composer. He is on faculty at the Department of Music, University of Ottawa, and is a regular contributor to CBC radio. Translations are from the score published by Waterloo Music Co. in 1978.

Poems of Emily Dickinson

The following poems, although not a cycle, are bound together by the mature feminine honesty portrayed.

1.

Nature, the gentlest mother
Impatient of no child.....
The feeblest... or the waywardest
Her admonition mild.....
In forest and the hill...
By traveller is heard
Restraining rampant squirrel.....
or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation.....
A summer afternoon.
Her household, her assembly
And when the sun goes down.....
Her voice among the aisles
Incites a timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep,
She turns as long away,
As will suffice to light her lamps.....
Then, bending from the sky,
With infinite affection
And inflexible care
Her golden finger, on her lip.....
Wills silence ev'rywhere,
Wills silence ev'rywhere.

2.

There came a wind like a bugle,
It quivered through the grass,
And a green chill upon the heat so ominous did pass.
We barred the window and the doors
As from an emerald ghost
The doom's electric moccasin...that very instant passed.
On a strange mob of panting trees and fences fled away.
And rivers where the houses ran the living looked that day,
The bell... within the steeple wild...
The flying tidings whirled
How much can come
And much can go
And yet abide the world.

3.

Why do they shut me out of Heaven
Did I sing too loud?
But I can sing a little minor, ...
Timid as a bird.
Wouldn't the angels try me just once more
Just see if I troubled them...
But don't shut the door, don't shut the door.
Oh if I were the gentlemen in the white robes
and they were the little hand that knocked,
Could I forbid, could I forbid, could I forbid.
Why do they shut me out of Heaven,
Did I sing too loud?.....

4.
The world feels dusty, when we stop to die
We want the dew then
Honors taste dry.
Flags vex a dying face
But the least fan stirred by a friend's hand
Cools..... like the rain
Mine be the ministry when thy thirst comes....
Dews of thyself to fetch and holy balms.

5.
Heart we will forget him
You and I, tonight.
You may forget the warmth he gave.
I will forget the light
When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim
Haste lest while you're lagging, ...
I may remember him.

6.
Sleep is supposed to be,.....
By souls of sanity,
the shutting of an eye....
Sleep is the station grand
Down which on either hand
the hosts of witness stand
Morn is supposed to be,.....
by people of degree
the breaking of the day,
Morning has not occurred
That shall aurora be
East of Eternity
One with the banner gay
One in the red array
That is the break of day.

7.
When they come back if blossoms do,.....
I always feel a doubt if blossoms can be born again
When once the art is out.

When they begin.....if robins do
I always had a fear I did not tell
it was their last Experiment last year.
When it is May,.....
if May return.
Has nobody a pang
that on a face so beautiful
we might not look again.

If I am there,.....
one does not know....
what party one may be tomorrow,
But if I *am* there,
I take back all I say!

8.
I've heard an organ talk sometimes.....
In a cathedral aisle.....
And understood....no word it said.
Yet held.... my breath the while....
And risen up and gone away,
A more Bernardine girl
And know not what was done to me.
In that old hallowed... aisle.

