



Department of Music  
University of Alberta

## In Recital

**MILTON LISKA, tenor**

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

assisted by

**MARVA DUERKSEN, piano**

**JUDY LOWREY, harpsichord**

**RONDA METSZIES, violoncello**

**JOANNA CRAWFORD, harp**

**Saturday, May 9, 1992 at 8:00 pm**

**Lascia deh lascia di tormentarmi più (1709)**

Arioso: *Lascia deh lascia*

Recitative: *Sazio ancora non sei*

Aria: *Ti basti, ti basti, Amor crudele*

Recitative: *Sù, sù che tardi, spietato?*

Aria: *Si mora nel tormento*

**Alessandro Scarlatti**  
(1660-1725)

**Mörike Songs (1888)**

*Der Gärtner*

*Der Tambour*

*Auf ein altes Bild*

*Schalfendes Jesuskind*

*Gebet*

*Fussreise*

*Auf einer Wanderung*

*Er ist's*

**Hugo Wolf**  
(1860-1903)

INTERMISSION

**Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building**

\*Selected Songs

Chester Duncan  
(b.1913)

Changing (William Aide) (1970)  
For When Anna Turns Sixteen (Myron Turner) (1967)  
To Daffadills (Robert Herrick) (1990)  
Exchanges (Ernest Dowson) (1974)  
Fairwell to Juliet (Hilaire Belloc) (1973)  
Upon a Maid (Robert Herrick) (1990)  
So We'll Go No More A-Roving (Lord Byron) (1978)

A Birthday Hansel, Op. 92 (1975)

Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

A Birthday Hansel  
My Early Walk  
Wee Willie  
My Hoggie  
Afton Waters  
The Winter  
Leezie Lindsay

\*Note: Performance Materials for the Chester Duncan Songs were provided by the Canadian Music Centre.

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree of Mr Liska.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Lascia deh lascia al fine di tormentarmi più

Arioso: Lascia deh lascia

Leave off, oh leave off at last from tormenting me, from tormenting me more, oh Amor, thou tyrant.

Recitative: Sazio ancora non sei

Hast thou not yet had they fill of having pierced my heart, O cruel maiden, with thousands of arrows? Be it harrowing torture of the pricks of jealous fear in a sea of gall from the most ingrate idol of this earth's empty vainness; be it the purpose of an adverse fortune: Now to a bitter death hast thou condemned me: oh leave off, oh leave off, cruel amor, do not belabour me longer, leave off, enough now!

Aria: Ti Basti

Enough now, cruel Amor, fell Amor. Stop tormenting me or else I want to die. What contemptible idol which tortures me each hour has only one ambition: untimely Death's black mission. Just for amusement.

Recitative: Sù, sù, che tardi, spietato?

Come, come how tardy you merciless monster. See the dart, how it shakes to bring me barbarous death: 'tis used but once Sir. Why are you waiting? What are you thinking? Ah, how well I discern thee! Monster, you wish just to please the ungrateful, shameless Phyllis. That in fires of Hades which devour me I live on ever more and dying hourly.

Aria: Si mora nel tormento

So die I must in torment, so I live I must in pain, as Phyllis decrees.

So die I must, so live I must, so die I must in torment, so live I must in pain so Phyllis decrees. But I can die contented, for Phyllis will be glad to see my heart break, but I can die contented for Phyllis will be glad to see my heart break my heart doth break.

Der Gärtner/The Gardener

On her favourite mount  
as white as snow,  
the fairest princess  
rides through the avenue.

Little pink hat,  
bobbing up, bobbing down,  
Oh, throw a feather  
secretly down!

The path where her steed  
so delightfully prances  
the sand that I strewed,  
they sparkle like gold.

If you, in return, want  
a flower from me,  
for one, take a thousand,  
for one, take all!

## Texts and Translations (continued)

### Der Tambour/The Drummer Boy

Der Tambour: If my mother could work magic. She'd have to go with the regiment to France, and everywhere, and be the camp follower.

In camp, at midnight, when no one's up, save the guard, and everyone, man and horse, snoring, then by my drum I'd sit: my drum would have to be a bowl of hot sauerkraut, the sticks would be knife and fork, my sabre—a long sausage; my shako would be a good tankard which I fill with Burgundy Blood.

And because I lack light, the moon shines into my tent; and it's a French-speaking moon; suddenly I think of my beloved: oh dear now there's an end to my fun!

—If only my mother could work magic!

### Auf ein altes Bild - Inspired by an Old Picture

In a green landscape's summer flowers,  
by cool water, reeds and rushes,  
see how the innocent little boy  
plays freely on the Virgin's lap!

And there, in the wood, blissfully  
green, the timber for the cross!

### Schlafendes Jesuskind - The Child Jesus, Sleeping

Virgin's son, Child of Heaven, on the floor  
on the wood of agony sleeping, magic!  
that, suggestively the pious master  
has set beneath your easy dreams;  
thou flower, still gleaming in the bud,  
the glory of the Father!  
Oh, to see the picture being painted  
behind that forehead, those dark  
lashes, gently, one upon the other!

### Gebet/Prayer

Lord! Send what Thou wilt,  
delight or pain;  
I am content that both  
flow from Thy hands.  
May it be Thy will neither with joys  
nor with sorrows  
to overwhelm me!  
For midway between  
lies blessed moderation.

### Fussreise/Journey on Foot

When, with fresh-cut stick,  
at early morn,  
I walk in the woods,  
up hill and down:  
then, like the small bird in the trees,  
singing and stirring,  
or the golden grape  
sensing spirits of delight

in the first morning sun,  
my dear old Adam feels  
autumn- and spring-fever too,  
God-hearted,  
never-foolishly wasted  
first-delight-of-paradise.

So you are not so bad, old  
Adam, as hard preceptors say:  
but keep on loving and lauding,  
singing and extolling,  
as if each were a new day of Creation,  
your dear Creator and Keeper.

Would he grant it be so,  
and my whole life  
were the gentle sweat  
of just such a morning journey!

### Auf einer Wanderung/On a Walk

Into a pleasant little town I step,  
with streets bathed in evening light.  
From an open window,  
across the most sumptuous show of flowers,  
gold-clock chimes float,  
and *one* voice is a chorus of nightingales,  
so that the blooms tremble, breezes stir,  
and roses glow a heightened red.  
Long I halted, marvelling, oppressed by joy.  
How I made my way out of the town,  
I cannot, in truth, remember.  
Oh, how bright the world here!  
The sky—a purple, surging whirl,  
behind, the town—a golden haze.  
How the alder brook babbles, the valley mill  
roars!

I am as if drunk, as if led astray—  
O Muse, you have touched my heart  
with a breath of love!

### Er ist's/Spring it is...

Spring lets its blue ribbon  
flutter once more in the breeze;  
sweet, familiar fragrance  
*drifts* portentous through the land.

Violets are dreaming,  
soon will be here.  
Hark, softly, from afar, a harp!  
Yes, Spring, it is you!  
I have caught your sound!

### A Birthday Hansel - Poems by R Burns Birthday Song

Heath to our well-lo'ed Hiellan Chief!  
Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief:  
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf,

This natal morn,  
I see thy life is stuff o' prief<sup>1</sup>,  
Scarce quite half-worn:

All hail auld birkie!<sup>2</sup> Lord be near ye,  
And then the Deil, he daurna steer<sup>3</sup> ye:  
Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye,  
For me, shame fa' me,  
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,  
While BURNS they ca' me.

<sup>1</sup>cloth of the best quality    <sup>2</sup>old fellow    <sup>3</sup>harm

## Texts and Translations (continued)

### My Early Walk

A rose bud by my early walk,  
Adown a corn-inclosèd bawk,<sup>1</sup>  
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,  
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o'dawn are fled,  
In a' its crimson glory spread,  
And drooping rich the dewy head,  
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush her covert nest  
A little linnèd fondly prest,  
The dew sat chilly on her breast  
Sae early in the morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,  
On trembling string or vocal air,  
Shall sweetly pay the tender care  
That tents<sup>2</sup> thy early morning

So thou, sweet Rose bud, young and gay,  
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
And bless the Parent's evening ray  
That watch'd thy early morning.

<sup>1</sup>balk:strip of untilled land    <sup>2</sup>shelters

### Wee Willie

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,  
Peel a willow-wand, to be him boots and jacket:  
The rose upon the breer<sup>1</sup> will be him trows and  
doublet,  
The rose upon the breer will be him trows and  
doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,  
Twice a lily-flower will be him sark<sup>2</sup> and cravat;  
Feathers of a flee wad<sup>3</sup> feather up his bonnet,  
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

<sup>1</sup>brier    <sup>2</sup>shirt    <sup>3</sup>would

### My Hoggie

What will I do gin<sup>1</sup> my Hoggie<sup>2</sup> die,  
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie?  
My only beast, I had nae mae,  
And vow but I was vogie.<sup>3</sup>

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,  
Me and my faithfu' doggie;  
We heard nocht but the roaring linn,<sup>4</sup>  
Amang the braes sae scroggie.<sup>5</sup>

But the howlet cry'd frae the castle wa',  
The blitter<sup>6</sup> frae the boggie,  
The tod<sup>7</sup> reply'd upon the hill—  
I trembled for my Hoggie.

<sup>1</sup>if    <sup>2</sup>Hogget:young ewe    <sup>3</sup>fond    <sup>4</sup>waterfall  
<sup>5</sup>rough and thorny    <sup>6</sup>snipe    <sup>7</sup>fox

When the day did daw, and cocks did crow,  
The morning it was foggie;  
An unco tyke lap<sup>8</sup> o'er the dyke,  
And maist<sup>9</sup> has killed my Hoggie.

<sup>8</sup>fierce dog leapt    <sup>9</sup>almost

### Afton Water

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,  
Yet wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,  
I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
and winds by the cot where my Mary resides;  
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
As gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays'  
My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

### The Winter

The Winter it is past, and the summer comes at last,  
And the small birds, they sing on ev'ry tree;  
Now ev'ry thing is glad, while I am very sad,  
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,  
May have charms for the linnèd or the bee;  
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,  
But my true love is parted from me.

### Leezie Lindsay

Will ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay?  
Will ye go to the Hielands wi' me?  
Will ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,  
My pride and my darling to be?

### Acknowledgement

I would like to thank everyone who assisted in the preparation for tonight's recital. A special thank you to Professor Harold Wiens for his invaluable instruction and encouragement. I would also like to thank my parents for helping me through the many years of music lessons, and my family for their unending support.

Reception to follow.