

Visiting Artists:

**Elizabeth Dubberly, soprano**

and

**Stephen Dubberly,  
piano**

**Friday, February 11, 1994  
at 8:00 pm**

Convocation Hall, Arts Building  
University of Alberta

**Program**





## **PROGRAM**

Music for a While  
If Music Be the Food of Love  
Hark, the Ech'ing Air

**Henry Purcell**  
(arranged by Benjamin Britten)

Chansons de Bilitis  
La flûte de Pan  
La chevelure  
Le tombeau des naïades

**Claude Debussy**

## **INTERMISSION**

\*KinderSongs  
The Lamb  
The Dy-Dee Doll  
Amoeboean for Daddy  
Baby Igor's Song

**Stephen Dubberly**

The Tiger  
Could Be  
Papa above!  
Will There Really Be a Morning?

**Virgil Thomson**  
**John Musto**  
**Julliana Hall**  
**Ricky Ian Gordon**

\*world premiere

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### MUSIC FOR A WHILE

Music for a while  
Shall all your cares beguile;  
Wond'ring how your pains were eased  
And disdainng to be pleas'd

Till Alecto free the dead  
From their eternal band;  
Till the snakes drop from her head  
And the whip from out her hand.

### IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE

If music be the food of love,  
Sing on, till I am filled with love;  
For then my listening soul you move  
To pleasures that can never cloy.  
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare  
That you are music everywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear;  
So fierce the transports are, they wound,  
And all my senses feasted are,  
Tho' yet the feast is only sound.  
Sure I must perish by your charms  
Unless you save me in your arms.

### HARK THE ECH'ING AIR!

Hark! hark, the ech'ing air a triumph sings,  
And all around, pleased Cupids clap their wings.



## CHANSONS DE BILITIS/Songs of Bilitis

### 1. LA FLÛTE DE PAN

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, it m'a donné une syrinx faite de roseaux bien taillés, unis avec la blanche cire qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux; mais je suis un peu tremblante. It en joue après moi, si doucement que je l'entends à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire, tant nous sommes près l'un de l'autre; mais nos chansons veulent se répondre et tour à tour nos bouches s'unissent sur la flûte.

Il est tard; voici le chant des grenouilles vertes qui commence avec la nuit. Ma mère ne croira jamais que je suis restée si longtemps à chercher ma ceinture perdue

### 2. LA CHEVELURE

Il m'a dit: "Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé. J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou. J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.

"Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens; et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi, par la même chevelure, la bouche sur la bouche, ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une racine.

"Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos membres étaient confondus, que je devenais toi-même, ou que tu entrais en moi comme mon songe."

Quand il eut achevé, it mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules, et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre, que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

### PAN'S FLUTE

For Hyacinthus' day he gave me a flute made of well-cut reeds joined with the white wax which is sweet to my lips like honey.

He teaches me to play as I sit on his lap, but I tremble a bit. He plays on it after me, so softly that I can barely hear him.

We have nothing to say to each other, so close are we to each other; but our songs try to answer each other, and by turns our mouths meet on the flute.

It's late; here is the song of the green frogs which starts at nightfall. My mother will never believe that I've stayed so long looking for my lost belt.

### THE HAIR

He said to me: "Last night I dreamed. I had your hair around my neck. I had your hair like a black necktie around my neck and on my chest.

"I caressed it, and it was mine, and we were joined forever like that, by the same hair, mouth upon mouth—just like two laurels often have only one root.

"And little by little, it seemed to me, so entangled did our limbs become that I became you, or you entered into me like my dream."

When he had finished, he put his hands softly on my shoulders, and he looked at me with such a tender look that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

### 3. LE TOMBEAU DES NAIÀDES

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais; mes cheveux devant ma bouche se fleurissaient de petits glaçons, et mes sandales étaient lourdes de neige fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: "Que cherches-tu?" ~Je suis la trace du satyre. Ses petits pas fourchus alternent comme des trous dans un manteau blanc. Il me dit: "Les satyres sont morts.

"Les satyres et les nymphes aussi. Depuis trente ans il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible. La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc. Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau."

Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace de la source où jadis riaient les naïades. Il prenait des grands morceaux froids, et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle, il regardait au travers.

### THE TOMB OF THE NAIADS

Along the frost-covered forest I walked; my hair in front of my mouth blossomed with tiny icicles, and my sandals were heavy with muddy and clotted snow.

He said to me: "What are you looking for?" "I'm following the track of the satyr. Its tiny cloven prints alternate like holes in a white coat." He said to me: "The satyrs are dead.

"The satyrs and the nymphs too. For thirty years there hasn't been such a terrible winter. The track you see is that of a buck. But let's stay here, where their tomb is."

And with the blade of his hoe he broke the ice of the spring where once the naiads had laughed. He took some big, cold pieces, and lifting them toward the pale sky, he looked through them.

Pierre Louys

## KINDERSONGS

### 1. THE LAMB

Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, wooly bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,  
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:  
He is called by thy name,  
For he calls himself a Lamb.  
He is meek and he is mild;  
He became a little child.  
I a child, and thou a lamb,  
We are called by his name.  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

William Blake

(From *Songs of Innocence*)

### 2. THE DY-DEE DOLL

My Dy-dee doll  
died twice.  
Once when I snapped  
her head off  
and let it float in the toilet  
and once under the sun lamp  
trying to get warm  
she melted.  
She was a gloom,  
her face embracing  
her little bent arms.  
She died in all her rubber wisdom.

Anne Sexton

### 3. AMOEBOEAN FOR DADDY

I was a pretty baby.  
White folks used to stop  
My mother  
Just to look at me.  
(All black babies  
Are Cute.) Mother called me  
Bootsie and Daddy said...  
(Nobody listened to him).

On the Union Pacific, a  
Dining-car waiter, bowing and scraping,  
Momma told him to  
Stand up straight, he shamed her  
In the big house  
(Bought from tips) in front of her  
Nice club ladies.

His short legs were always  
Half bent. He could have posed as  
The Black jockey Mother found  
And put on the lawn.  
He sat silent when  
We ate from the good railroad china  
And stolen silver spoons.  
Furniture crowded our  
Lonely house.

But I was young and played  
In the evenings under a blanket of  
Licorice sky. When Daddy cam home  
(I might be forgiven) that last night,  
I had been running in the  
Big back yard and  
Stood sweating above the tired old man,  
Panting like a young horse,  
Impatient with his lingering. He said  
"All I ever asked, all I ever asked, all I  
ever--"  
Daddy, you should have died  
Long before I was a  
Pretty baby, and white  
Folks used to stop  
Just to look at me.

Maya Angelou

(From *Shaker, Why Don't You Sing?* Copyright  
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#### 4. BABY IGOR'S SONG

(From "The Crying of Lot 49"

*"Listen, listen, here's where I sing."*

*And sure enough, the child, and dog, and a merry old Greek fisherman who had appeared from nowhere with a zither, now all stood in front of phonyDodecanese process footage of a seashore at sunset, and the kid sang.)*

'Gainst the Hun and the Turk, never once  
we shirk,

My daddy, my doggie and me.  
Through the perilous years, like the Three  
Musketeers,

We will stick just as close as can be.  
Soon our sub's periscope'll aim for  
Constantinople,  
As again we set hopeful to sea;  
Once more unto the breach, for those boys  
on the beach,  
Just my daddy, my doggie and me.

*(Then there was a musical bridge, featuring the fisherman and his instrument, then the young Metzger took it from the top while his aging double, over Oedipa's protests, sang harmony. Either he made up the whole thing, Oedipa thought suddenly, or he bribed the engineer over at the local station to run this, it's all part of a plot, an elaborate seduction, plot.)*

Thomas Pynchon

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#### THE TIGER

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize [sic] the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when the heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? And what dread feet?

When stars threw down their spears,  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terror clasp?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

William Blake

**COULD BE**

Could be Hastings Street,  
Or Lenox Avenue,  
Could be 18th and Vine  
And still be true.

Could be 5th and Mound,  
Could be Rampart:  
When you pawned my watch  
You pawned my heart.

Could be you love me,  
Could be you don't.  
Might be that you'll come back,  
Like as not you won't.

Hastings Street is weary,  
Also Lenox Avenue.  
Any place is dreary  
Without my watch and you.

Langston Hughes

**PAPA ABOVE!**

Papa above!  
Regard a Mouse  
O'erpowered by the Cat!  
Reserve within thy kingdom  
A "Mansion" for the Rat!

Snug in seraphic Cupboards  
To nibble all the day,  
While unsuspecting Cycles  
Wheel solemnly away!

Emily Dickinson

**WILL THERE REALLY BE A MORNING?**

Will there really be a "Morning"?  
Is there such a thing as "Day"?  
Could I see it from the mountains  
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?  
Has it feathers like a Bird?  
Is it brought from famous countries  
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!  
Oh some Wise Man from the skies!  
Please tell this little Pilgrim  
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

Emily Dickinson

Soprano **Elizabeth Dubberly** has been a Resident Artist with Opera Carolina Theatre for the past four years and has toured the Southeastern United States extensively singing such roles as Gretel, Mme Silberklang in *The Impresario*, Serpina in *La serva padrona*, Lola in *Gallantry*, and the title role in *The Ransom of Red Chief*. Other operatic credits include Despina in *Così fan tutte*, Belinda in *Dido and Aeneas*, and Della in the world premiere of *Della's Gift* by Dan Welcher.

Ms. Dubberly has performed with the Knoxville Opera Company, Chattanooga Opera, Opera Carolina, the Knoxville Symphony Orchestra, the Oak Ridge Symphonium, and the Knoxville Chamber Orchestra. As a soloist with orchestra, she has sung Handel's *Messiah*, the Bach B Minor Mass, the Schubert Mass in G, the Beethoven Choral Fantasy, Mozart's *Exsultate Jubilate*, the Mozart Requiem, and the soprano solos in the complete Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. She recently performed the world premiere of the song cycle *Después de pasar* by Juliana Hall in Montevideo, Uruguay.

Ms. Dubberly has studied singing with Doris Yarik-Cross, Richard Cross, and Mignon Dunn, and has coached vocal repertoire with Gérard Souzay. She has taught voice at Pellissippi State Community College and at Davidson College, where she also directed the Opera Workshop. She currently serves as co-coordinator of the Knoxville Opera Company's Apprentice Program and teaches voice at the University of Tennessee.

Pianist **Stephen Dubberly** is Assistant Professor of Music at the University of Tennessee, where he heads the Accompanying Program, serves as Music Director of the Opera Theatre, and teaches courses in Song Literature and Diction. Vocal accompanying credits include performances with Mignon Dunn, Kaaren Erickson, Katherine Luna, Denyce Graves, Elizabeth Futral, Edward Sooter, and Brad Cresswell.

Mr. Dubberly is active as an opera coach. His professional experience includes work with Opera Theatre of Saint Louis, Des Moines Metro Opera, Kentucky Opera, Opera Banff, Opera Carolina, and the Peter Harrower Summer Opera Workshop in Atlanta, Georgia. He is currently coach/accompanist for the Knoxville Opera Company and co-coordinator of the KOC's Apprentice Program. In October 1993 he conducted Opera Theatre of Saint Louis' American-premiere production of *The Black Spider*, a children's opera by Judith Weir.

Mr. Dubberly began his music studies in Montevideo, Uruguay. He received the Master of Music and Doctor of Musical Arts degree from Yale University.





## UPCOMING EVENTS:

Wednesday, at 12:10 pm  
February 16, 1994  
Convocation Hall

**Noon-Hour Organ Recital with visiting  
artist Stephan Blelcher**  
Free Admission

Thursday, at 8 pm  
February 17, 1994  
Convocation Hall

**Master of Music Recital: Michael  
Coderre, baritone**  
Free Admission

Sunday, at 3 pm  
February 20, 1994  
Convocation Hall

**Benefit Faculty Recital**  
(in support of U of A music  
performance activities):  
**Marek Jablonski, piano**  
Admission: \$10/adult,  
\$5/student/senior

Saturday, at 7 pm  
February 26, 1994  
Convocation Hall

**Northern Alberta Band Concert**  
Free Admission

Friday, at 8 pm  
March 4, 1994  
Convocation Hall

**Opera Workshop Performance**  
Alan Ord, director  
Admission: \$5/adult, \$3/student/senior

Saturday, at 8 pm  
March 5, 1994  
Convocation Hall

**Opera Workshop Performance**  
Alan Ord, director  
Admission: \$5/adult, \$3/student/senior

Sunday, at 8 pm  
March 6, 1994  
Convocation Hall

**Two Piano Recital**  
with students of Helmut Brauss  
Free Admission