
In Recital

KATHLEEN LOTZ, soprano

with

ROGER ADMIRAL, pianist

and

JENNIFER BUSTIN, violinist

Saturday, April 28, 1990 at 8 pm

Aminta's Aria "L'amerò sarò costante"
(from *Il Re Pastore*)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Gebet
Nixe Binsefuss
Storchenbotschaf
Er Ist's

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Air Chantés
1. Air Romantique
2. Air Champêtre
3. Air Grave
4. Air Vif

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

INTERMISSION

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building



Department of Music
University of Alberta

The Poet's Echo

1. Echo
2. My Heart...
3. Angel
4. The Nightingale and the Rose
5. Epigram
6. Lines Written During a Sleepless Night

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Selections from *Private Collection*

I Heard...
Says what!
Questions
My Dear Etcetera
Hello Rico

John Weinzweig
(b. 1913)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree for Ms Lotz.

Reception to follow...



TRANSLATIONS

Aria di Aminta/Aminta's Aria

I will love truly, I will be faithful,
a faithful spouse and faithful lover.
I shall long only for my love.
In so dear and sweet a person,
I will find my joy, my delight, my peace.

Gebet/Prayer (Mörike)

Lord! send what Thou wilt, pleasure or pain;
I am content that both flow from your hands.
Yet I pray thee not to overwhelm me with either
joys or pains. For midway lies blessed moderation.

Nixe Binsefuss/The Nixie Reedfoot (Mörike)

The water-elf's daughter is dancing on the ice
in the light of the full moon; boldly she comes singing and
laughing right past the fisherman's house.

I'm the maiden Reedfoot, and I must look after
my fish. My fish are in a tank, having a cold Lent;
the tank is made of Bohemian glass, so that I
can count them at every opportunity.

Do you hear, you fisher brat, you old wretch,
can't you understand that it's winter? Just you
come anywhere near me with your nets and I'll
tear them to shreds for you.

But your little maid is so pious and good,
her sweetheart a fine young huntsman. So as a
wedding-bouquet I'll hang a wreath of reeds at the front
door, and a pike made of heavy silver, inherited from King
Arthur. This master-piece by a dwarf goldsmith brings its
owner the best of luck. Every year it sheds its scales,
worth five hundred groschen in cash.

Farewell my child! farewell for today! The morning cock
is crowing in the village.

Storchenbotschaft/Message by Stork (Mörike)

The shepherd's house, and it stands on two wheels,
stands high on the moorland, early and late; and there
are many who'd be glad of such a night's lodging. A
shepherd wouldn't change his bed with the king.

And if anything strange should happen at night, he says a
little prayer and lies down to sleep; ghosties or witches or
such airy folk may knock as they please, but he will not
answer.

Storchenbotschaft/Message by Stork (cont.)

But once, it really went too far; the shutter bangs, the dog
whines; so our shepherd lifts the latch, and behold, there
stand two storks, man and wife. The couple, they make a
beautiful bow; they would like to say something, if only
they could.

'What are these varmints after? Who ever heard the like?
Yet it must be good news they're bringing me. I suppose
you come from back home on the Rhine? Bitten my girl
on the leg, I dare say? Now the baby will be crying, the
mother even more, wishing her dear husband were with
her and wanting the christening feast arranged: a
lambkin, a sausage, a purse of money? Well, just say I'll
be back in two or three days, say hello to my boy and
give his porridge a stir. But wait! Why are there two of
you? It can't be - no - I hope - not twins?'

Then the storks flap and clatter in the cheeriest of tones;
they nod, and curtsy, and off they fly.

Er ist's/Spring is here (Mörike)

Once again Spring sends its blue ribbon fluttering
through the breezes; sweet well-known scents drift
propitiously over the countryside.

Violets are already dreading, and want to come soon.

Listen! from far off, the soft sound of a harp. That must
be you, Spring; it is you I have heard, it must be you.

Air Romantique/Romantic Air

I walked in the countryside with the storm wind,
beneath the pallid morning, under the low clouds,
a sinister raven followed me on my way and my steps
splashed in the puddles.

The lightning on the horizon forked its flame and the
North Wind redoubled its long wailing; but the tempest
was too weak for my soul, which drowned the thunder
with its throbbing.

From the golden spoils of the ash and the maple autumn
amassed her brilliant booty, and the raven still, with
inexorable flight, bore me company changing nothing
towards my fate.

Translations - continued

Air Grave/Grave Air

Ah! begone now, unhappy thoughts!
O! anger, O remorse!
Memories that beset my two temples with the grip of the dead.

Moss-grown paths, vaporous fountains, deep grottoes,
voices of birds and of the wind, fitful lights of the wild undergrowth.

Insects, animals, beauty to come, do not repulse me
O divine nature I am your suppliant.
ah! begone now, anger, remorse!

Air Vif/Lively Air

The riches of the orchard and the festive garden,
the flowers of the fields, of the woods burst
forth with delight. Alas! and above their head
the wind's voice is rising.

But you, noble ocean that the assault of tempests
will not succeed in ravaging most certainly
with more dignity when you lament, you lose
yourself in dreams.

THE POET'S ECHO

I. Echo

From leafy woods the savage howl,
A distant horn, the thunder's roll,
A maiden singing up the hill,
To every sound
Your answering cry the air doth fill
In quick rebound.

You listen for the thunder's voice,
The ocean wave's wild stormy noise,
The distant mountain-shepherd's cries
You answer free;
To you comes no reply. Likewise
O poet, to thee!

II. My Heart

My heart, I fancied it was over,
That road of suffering and pain,
And I resolved: 'Tis gone for ever,
Never again! never again!
That ancient rapture and its yearning
The dreams, the credulous desire...
But now old wounds have started burning
Inflamed by beauty and her fire.

III. Angel

At Eden's gate a gentle angel
With lowered head stood shining bright,
While Satan sullen and rebellious
O'er Hell's abysses took his flight.

Soul of negation, soul of envy,
He gazed at that angelic light,
And warm and tender glowed within him
A Strange confusion at the sight.

"Forgive", he said, "now I have seen thee,
Not vainly didst thou shine so bright:
Not all in heaven have I hated,
Not all things human earn my spite."

IV. The Nightingale and the Rose

The garden's dark and still;
'tis spring; no night wind blows.
He sings! the nightingale, his love song to the rose.
She does not hearken, his rose beloved, disdainful,
and to his amorous hymn, she dozes,
nodding and swaying.
With such words would you melt cold beauty into fire?
O poet, be aware how far you would aspire!
She is not listening, no poems can entrance her;
You gaze; she only flowers; you call her; there's no
answer.

V. Epigram

Half a milord, half of a boss,
Half of a sage, half of a baby,
Half of a cheat; there's hope that maybe
He'll be a whole one by and by.

VI. Lines Written During a Sleepless Night

Sleep forsakes me with the light;
Shadowy gloom and haunting darkness;
Time ticks on its way relentless
And its sound invades the night.
Fateful crones are at their mumbling,
Set the sleepy night atrembling,
Scurrying mouse-like, life slips by...
Why do you disturb me, say?
What's your purpose, tedious whispers?
Do you breathe reproachful murmurs
At my lost and wasted day?
What is this you want to tell me?
Do you prophesy or call me?
Answer me, I long to hear!
Voices, make your meaning clear...