



Department of Music
University of Alberta

KUNIKO FURUHATA
mezzo-soprano

and

HELMUT BRAUSS
piano

Sunday, January 12, 1992
8:00 PM

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Program



Department of Music
University of Alberta

PROGRAM

- Frauen-Liebe und Leben, Op. 42 Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)
- I Seit ich ihn gesehen
 - II Er, der Herrlichste von allen
 - III Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
 - IV Du Ring an meinen Finger
 - V Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
 - VI Süsser Freund, du blickest
 - VII An meinen Herzen, an meinen Brust
 - VIII Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Selected Songs

- Aufträge, Op. 77, No. 5
- Mein Rose, Op. 90, No. 2
- Heiss mich nicht reden, Op. 98A, No. 5
- Singet, nicht in Trauertönen, Op. 92a, No. 7

- Mädchens Wunsch, Op. 74, No. 1 Fryderyk Chopin
(1810-1849)
- Eine Melodie, Op. 74, No. 9
- Litauisches Lied, Op. 74, No. 16
- Mein Geliebter, Op. 74, No. 8

INTERMISSION

- Down East (1919) Charles E Ives
(1874-1954)
- Allegro (1900)
- Spring Song (1904)
- The Side Show (1921)
- The Circus Band (1894)

- Kaki Ikuma Dan
(b. 1924)
- Yukionna

- Manjushage Kōsaku Yamada
(1886-1965)
- Kane ga narimasu

- Muramatsuri Yoshinao Nakada
(b. 1925)
- Omatsuri wa doko

TRANSLATIONS

Frauen-Liebe und Lieben

Woman's Love and Life

A Cycle of songs by
Adelbert von Chamisso

1. Ever since I saw him
Ever since I saw him,
I seem blind to be
For whate'er I look at,
Only him I see;
Stays his face before me
As in waking dream,
In the deepest darkness
Brighter, brighter doth it gleam.

For the rest, dark and pale
is all around,
for my sisters' games
I am no longer eager,
I would rather weep
quietly in my room;
since seeing him,
I think I am blind.

2. He, of all mankind
He, of all mankind the noblest,
And so gentle, and so kind!
Lips of frankness, eyes of
crystal,
Steadfast courage, flashing mind.

As, in those blue heights above
us,
Bright and noble is yon star,
So is he, in my own heaven,
Bright and noble, high and far.

Forward, forward on thy
highway;
Let me but glory see,
In all humbleness but see it,
Blessed in my sadness be.

Do not hear my silent prayer,
Thy high fortunes follow free;
Heed not me, a lowly maiden,
Lofty star of majesty!

TRANSLATIONS (continued)

I can't believe it, conceive it,
'Tis all a dream and a lie!

4. O ring upon my finger
O ring upon my finger,
My little ring of gold,
Dear jewel, devoutly I kiss thee,
 Devoutly I kiss thee,
To my heart I hold.

I had awaked from dreaming
My childhood's dream of peace
 and grace;
I found me lost and forsaken
In boundless untenanted space.

O ring upon my finger,
'Twas taught to me first by thee,
From thee the revelation
How precious a jewel our life can
 be.

I'll live for him, I will serve him,
Belonging to him whole,
Will give him myself, and
discover transfigured,
Discover transfigured in him, my
 soul.

O ring upon my finger,
My little ring of gold,
Dear jewel, devoutly I kiss thee,
 Devoutly I kiss thee,
To my heart I hold.

5. Help me, dear sisters
Help me, dear sisters,
Help to adorn me,
Me, the Fortunate, tend me now;
Busy your fingers,
Daintily wreathing
Myrtle-flowers about my brow.

When, with a tranquil
Heart and a happy,
Safe in the arms of my love I lay,
Often he whisper'd
All his impatience,
All his longing to hasten the day.

Help me, dear sisters,
Help me to banish
Foolish fears that my heart
oppress,
That with unclouded
Eyes I may greet him,
Him, the fountain of happiness.

When, my beloved,
Thou art before me,
When thou, my sun, dost on me
shine,
Let me devoutly,
Let me all humbly,
Let me bow down to thee, lover
mine.

Strew for him, sisters,
Strew for him flowers.
Bring him beautiful rosebuds too.
And to you, sisters,
Love and leave-taking;
Sadly, gladly I part from you.

6. Dearest man
Dearest man, thou egest
Me with wonder deep;
Dost not guess the reason
Why today I weep?
See the liqued pearl-drops,
Gems I seldom wear,
Tremble bright and happy
On my eye-lid there!

Why my bosom flutters,
Why my heart is proud,
Would my lips were able
To confess aloud'
Come and hide thy face here
On my trembling breast—
In thine ear I'll whisper
How our love is blest.

TRANSLATIONS (continued)

Now thou knowst the reason
Of the tears that ran,
Though thou canst not see them,
My beloved, beloved man!
Stay upon my heart here,
Feel it beat and thrill,
So that close and closer
I may clasp thee still
close and closer!

Look, beside my bed here
Will the cradle bide
Where the pretty picture
Of my dream I'll hide;
Soon will come the morning,
Waked the dream will be;
There will thine image
Laughing up at me!
Thine imagel

7. Here at my breast
Here at my breast, my beautiful
boy,
Thou art my treasure, thou art
my joy.
O love it is gladness, and
gladness is love;
So have I said, and so it will
prove.

I deem'd my fortune all too high,
But still more happy now am I;
Only the heart, only the breast
That baby lips have sweetly
press'd,

Only a mother knows full well
What love and happiness may
spell.
Pity on man I must bestow,
Who mother's joy can never
know.

My darling, darling angel, thou,
Thou lookest at me and smilest
now!
Here at my breast, my beautiful
boy,
Thou art my treasure, thou art
my joy!

8. Now hast thou hurt me first
Now hast thou hurt me first since
love began,
And wounded deep!
Thou sleepest, O cruel, most
unpitiful man,
Death's endless sleep.

The world is empty now for me,
a wife
Left all alone—alone;
For I have loved and I have lived,
but life
I now have none.

I shrink away into my heart's
recess,
The veil doth fall;
I there find thee and my lost
happiness,
My world and all

Aufträge: Messages (L'Egru)
Not so fast, not so fast! Wait a
little, tiny wave!
A message I'll give you for my
beloved
As you glide past, greet he
fondly!
Say, I'd have come too, sailing
on you:
for my greeting a kiss boldly
demand,
but urgent time would not have
suffered it.

Not so swift, stay, allow me,
little light-winged dove.
I have a message to give you for
my beloved.
A thousand greetings give her,
and a hundred more.
Say, I'd have flown with you,
over hill and streams:
for my greeting a kiss boldly to
demand,
but urgent time would not have
suffered it.

TRANSLATIONS (continued)

Wait not for me to drive you, O
laggard moon!
You know my command to you
for my beloved:
secretly, through the window,
greet her fondly
Say, I would have climbed on you
to fly to her in person:
for my greetings a kiss to
demand,
but you are to blame, your
impatience would not have
suffered me to.

Meine Rose - My Rose (Lenau)
To spring's fair jewel,
To the rose, my delight,
Already drooping and paled
By the sun's torrid rays,
I offer a cup of water
From the dark, deep well.

You, rose of my heart,
Are drooping and paled too
By pain's silent rays:
Would that I might pour out
My soul at your feet,
Like water to this flower
Even though I might then
Not see you happily revive.

Heisst mich nicht reden
- Ask me no question (Goethe)
Ask me no questions, bid me
silence,
My duty bids me silence now.
I would my heart might tell you
all its longing,
But this my fate will not allow.
When comes the time, the sun
arises, ends its nightly rest.
With light and comfort glowing;
The stubborn boulder bares its
granite breast.

Not grudges earth its wells, from
deep recesses flowing.
I crave a friend where anguish
may be healed,

One who may know my faults
but yet excuse them;
My oath is sworn, my lips are
tightly sealed,
And none but God, but God can
make me now unloose them.

Singet nicht in Trauertönen
- Sing Not in Mournful Tones
Sing not in mournful tones
of the solitude of night;
no, sweet fair ones, night
was made for company.

As woman was given to man
to be his better half,
so is night half of life—
and the better half.

Can you rejoice in day
which does but interrupt joy?
Good it is for distraction,
but serves for nothing else.

But when, at the nocturnal hour,
the sweet lamp's twilight flows,
and from one near mouth to
another
jest and love pour forth;

when that hasty, roguish lad,
who's wont wildly, ardently to
speed,
often, over a small gift,
lingers lightly sporting;

when, to lovers, the nightingale
sings lovingly a little song
which, to those captive and
troubled,
sounds only like grief and woe:

with what lightly stirring heart
do you harken to the bell
that, with twelve cautious
strokes,
pledges peace and security.

TRANSLATIONS (continued)

Mädchens Wunsch - A young girl's wish (S Witwicki)

Were I the sun, and all the skies were mine,
for you alone, for you ever would I shine.
Blindly would pass over forest and meadow grass,
but always and forever full in your window
and for your sake only shine all the day long,
were I but the sun.

Were I a bird along the hedgerous winging,
no distant valleys should ever hear my singing.
Dumbly I'd pass over forest and meadow grass,
but always and forever sing at your window
and for our sake only.
Oh, why can't I be changed into a bird?

Eine Melodie - Elegy (Z Kraziński)

Bowed 'neath their crosses' cruel weight,
they stand to catch from the mountain top the far gleam of the Promised Land.
Their eyes are mazed with light that seems transcending
whereto they see their own people descending:
Regions themselves, themselves never enter nor taste one morsel
from that born of plenty! And here their bones will
lie maybe forever unremembered.

Litauisches Lied - A Lithuanian Song (L Osieński)

Early one morning the sun was just rising and
by her window my mother was waiting "Tell me, my daughter,
where have you been roaming, how did you wet your pretty garland?"

"I rose early, oh, so early, and morning dew was heavy.
It is no wonder that I wet my garland."
"Now you are lying. I am certain, yes,. You have
gone out so early to prattle with your lover."
"True, mother, I went to meet my lover, I only
went to see him for a moment. In the field we
wandered hand in hand, but just talking.
Dewdrops fell upon my garland, dew fell on my garland."

Mein Geliebter - The handsome lad (B Zaleski)

Young and tall and striking, oh, he's my choice and he's my liking

(refrain) What more handsome would you seek?
Raven hair and gold cheek!

Should you be late in coming my heart grows faint and numb in me

(refrain) What more.....

TRANSLATIONS (continued)

Just an eyelid's flicker will make my heart beat quicker.

(refrain) What more.....

Every fond word he murmurs in my ear, my heart remembers.

(refrain) What more.....

Down East (C E Ives)

Songs! Visions of my homeland, come with strains of childhood,
Come with tunes we sang in school days and with song from mother's heart;
Way down east in a village by the sea, stands an old red farm
house that watches o'er the lea; All that is best in me,
lying deep in memory, draws my heart where I would be, nearer to thee.
Every Sunday morning, when the chores were almost done,
from that little parlor sounds the old melodeon,
Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee;"
With those strains a stronger hope comes nearer to me.

Allegro (H T Ives)

By morning brightest beams, my heart lightest seems,
For in my waking thoughts gay hope to shine;
Before me lies the day, and ere it dies away,
who knows what may be mine!
So straight I leave my night's abode to fare upon the day's long road and
think with rapture ere sun's decline. What may be mine!
By evening's pale gleam, still the fancies teem
And on my resting, new hopes I see;
Before me lies the night, and ere the morning light,
These hopes may come to me!
So straight I leave my day's abode to fare upon
the night's long road a gain with rapture greet I
the sunshine And what may be mine!

Spring Song (H T Ives)

Across the hill of late, came spring
and stopped and looked into this wood and called
and called and called.
Now all the dry brown things are answering,
With here a leaf and there a fair blown flow'r
I only heard her not, and wait and wait.

The Side Show (C E Ives)

"Is that Mister Riley, who keeps the hotel?"
is the tune that accompanies the trotting bell;
An old horse unsound, turns the merrygoround,
making poor Mister Riley look a bit like a Russian dance,
Some speak of so highly, as they do of Riley!

TRANSLATIONS (continued)

The Circus Band (C Ives)

All summer long, we boys dreamed about big
circus joys! Down Main street, comes the band,
Oh! "Ain't it a grand and glorious noise!"
Horses are prancing, Knights advancing;
Helmets gleaming, Pennants streaming,
Cleopatra's on her Throne! That golden hair is all her own.
Where is the lady all in pink?
Last year she waved to me I think,
Can she have died? Can! that! not!
She is passing but she sees me not.

Kaki - Flower Season (M Ohki)

Without any sadness, without any pride,
Quietly, at eventide, Quietly they bloom,
The flowers, And as I look upon at them,
As I gaze upwards and see the flowers,
Alas, they only bring to mind grief that I must bear,
and the long life that I must go on living.
No dust could soil our love between the morning and the evenings.
Because it was so brief. Our love was beautiful just like these flowers.
The flowers bloom year after year, over and over again,
But you and I, we parted here underneath the flowers.
Never shall meet again, not even once more.

Yuklonna - The Snow Maiden (H Kitahara)

Mid the raging of the storm, who is that a calling?
'Tis the maiden of the snows, 'tis the midnight maiden.
She is here and she is there, snowwhite and iceblue hair.
'Mid the snow, and wind, and rain, listen!
That's her voice again!
O sleep my little child, For the night is almost gone.

Manjushage - Red Flower (H Kitahara)

Where are you going, pretty girl?
You came to pick up the red flowers at the grave.
Pretty girl, there are seven flowers on the grave just like the age of the dead child.
Pretty girl, be careful, they bloom one after another.
Why are you weeping? As many flowers as you pick,
The red ones are still there. Seven scary red flowers are still there.

Kane ga narimasu

Temple gong is ringing and its sound is reflected by the mountain.
The sun has just sunk and the mountain appears
like a silhouette in the red evening glow.
Even the first star appeared, why not, you, my dear.

TRANSLATIONS (continued)

Muramatsuri - The village festival (S Horiuchi)

There goes a drum of the village festival,
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub.
The sky is high.
It is the village shrine's festival today,
It is the only festival of the village.
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub.

The village is lonesome
When the festival is over.
I put my ears on the drum
And I hear the festival last year and the year before
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub,
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub.

Omatsuri wa doko - Where is the festival? (E Kishida)

Where is the festival, old man?
From where did the drum beat come?

I heard that there was a dark forest somewhere
And a narrow path within it,
Everybody came to see the festival
From the mountain and from the valley
With paper lantern in their hands.

On festival, I guess that's where I can see many toys.
I suppose there were some stray toys there.
Please old man, walk that way again,
Then I shall play my paper flute for you.



Upcoming Events:

**Encounters III, Sunday, January 19, 1992 at 8 pm,
Convocation Hall, Arts Building**

**Noon-Hour Organ Recital with student organists,
Wednesday, January 22, 1992 at 12:10 pm,
Convocation Hall, Arts Building**