



Donald F. Cook Recital Hall  
M.O. Morgan Building  
Wednesday, 1 April 1998 at 9:00 p.m.

## Calvin Powell, baritone

Dennis Newhook, piano

Straight opening her fertile womb - recit  
Now heav'n in fullest glory shone - air  
from *The Creation*

F.J. Haydn  
(1732-1809)

### 2 Songs from Op. 8

1. *Nocturne*
2. *Amour D'Anton*

E. Chausson  
(1855-1899)

### Heine songs from Schwanengesang

1. *Das Fischermädchen*
2. *Am Meer*
3. *Die Stadt*
4. *Der Doppelgänger*
5. *Ihr Bild*
6. *Der Atlas*

F. Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Non Siate ritrosi  
from *Così fan Tutte*

W.A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)



**Memorial**

University of Newfoundland

048-044-08-97-15,000

*Nocturne - Evening Song*

The night was moody and gloomy;  
 Just a few pins sparkled in the ebony of her long  
 dishevelled hair.  
 Which, on us, and in the faraway sea and on earth,  
 shrouded on a sleep full of mystery, scattered winged  
 perfumes.  
 And our young love, born of our thoughts,  
 awoke on a bed of a hundred frozen roses which had  
 not breathed but a day;  
 and I, I told her, pale and trembling with fever,  
 that we would die together, a smile on our lips, at the  
 same time as our love.

*Amour d'Anton - Yesteryear's Love*

My love of yesteryear, do you remember?  
 Our hearts blossomed just like two roses in the  
 springlike wind of kisses so sweet.  
 Do you remember these things gone by?  
 Do you still see in your golden dreams the blue  
 horizons, the sunlit sea  
 Which, while kissing your feet, slowly falls asleep?  
 In your golden dreams, are you forgetful?  
 In the pale rays of Aprils past do you feel the flower  
 of your dreams opening,  
 a bouquet of fragrant and new-born thoughts?  
 Beautiful Aprils gone-by, down there on the shores!  
 Maurice Bouchor

*Das Fischermadchen - The Fisher-maiden*

O beautiful fisher-maiden, bring your small boat to the  
 shore.  
 Come here to me, and sit with me lovingly hand in  
 hand.

Lay your dear head upon my breast; and do not be  
 afraid:  
 you who entrust yourself each day to the sea so free of  
 care!

My heart is just liked the ocean, with its storms and  
 ebbs and flows:  
 and in its depths is resting many a beautiful pearl.

*Am Meer - By the Sea*

The sea was shimmering far out in the last evening  
 light.  
 We sat by the solitary fisherman's hut, silent and alone.  
 The mist was rising, the waters surged; a sea-gull was  
 flying to and fro.  
 And tears of love fell from your eyes.

I saw them fall on your hand, and sank to my knees;  
 from your white hand I drank away the tears.  
 From that hour my body is wasting away, and my soul  
 dies with longing;  
 for she, the miserable woman, has poisoned me with  
 her tears.

*Die Stadt - The Town*

On the far horizon, like a mistly vision,  
 the town appears with its steeples veiled in the twilight.

A damp current of air ruffles the grey stretch of water,  
 with dreary measure the boatman rows my boat.

From the earth the gleaming sun rises once more,  
 and shows me the place where I lost my love.

*Der Doppelganger - The Ghostly Double*

The night is still, the narrow streets are sleeping.  
 In this house lived my sweetheart; she left this town  
 long ago.  
 But the house is still in the same place.

A man stands there, staring up at it, wringing his hands  
 in silent grief;  
 I shudder as I see his face for the moon reveals my  
 own image.

You counterfeit, pallid companion of mine!  
 Why do you mimic the suffering of love,  
 which tormented me here on many a night, in times  
 gone by?

*Ihr Bild - Her Portrait*

In the dark mysterious dream I stood and gazed at her  
 portrait,  
 and her beloved face came secretly to life.

A wondrous smile played on her lips,  
 and her eyes glistened as if with melancholy tears.

And my tears too flowed down my cheeks.  
 Oh, I cannot believe that I have lost you!

*Der Atlas - Atlas*

I, wretched Atlas, the world, a whole world of sorrows  
 must I bear.  
 I bear the unbearable, and within my body my heart  
 would break.

O arrogant heart, this was your desire!  
 You wanted happiness, infinite happiness - or infinite  
 misery;  
 and now, proud heart, you have your misery!  
 - Heinrich Heine

*"Non siate ritrosi" - Don't be stubborn"*

Don't be stubborn, with your beautiful eyes, two fiery  
 lamps burn in our chests for you.  
 Please make us happy, make love to us, we'll make  
 you happy well.  
 Consider, touch, observe; we are strong and handsome,  
 as all can see,  
 whether by merit or by choice we have sturdy feet,  
 good eyes and noses.  
 And these moustaches can be called the triumph of  
 men, our plumes of love.