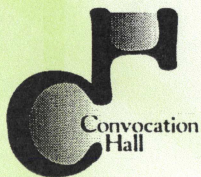


FACULTY &  
*friends*

**Kathleen Corcoran, soprano**  
**Harold Wiens, baritone**  
**Roger Admiral, piano**

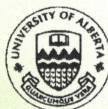
**Friday, September 19, 2003 at 8:00 pm**



Convocation  
Hall

**Arts Building**  
**University of Alberta**

**Program**



DEPARTMENT OF  
**MUSIC**

## Program

Sechs Lieder, Op. 63 (1836) Felix Mendelssohn  
(1809-1847)  
I. Ich wollt' meine Lieb' ergösse sich (1836)  
V. Volkslied (1842)  
II. Abschiedslied der Zugvögel (1844)  
IV. Herbstlied (1844)

Lieder ohne Worte Felix Mendelssohn  
Op. 67, #1 (1844)  
Op. 62, #6 (1843)  
Op. 38, #6 (1835)

Myrten, Op. 25 (1840) Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)  
I. Widmung  
III. Der Nußbaum  
VII. Die Lotosblume  
XXIV. Du bist wie eine Blume  
XXV. Aus den östlichen Rosen  
Schon Blumelein (Op. 43, #3) (1842)  
So Wahr die Sonne Scheinet (Op. 37, #12) (1841)

## Intermission

Morike-lieder (1888) Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)  
Fußreise  
Im Frühling  
Begegnung  
Der Knabe und das Immlein  
Lebe wohl  
Der Gärtner  
Gebet  
Storchenbotschaft

Fünf Duets, Op. 66 (1875) Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)  
I. Klänge (Nr. 1)  
II. Klänge (Nr. 2)  
III. Am Strande  
IV. Jägerlied  
V. Hüt du dich!



## Texts and Translations

### Ich wollt' meine Lieb' ergösse sich

(Heinrich Heine)

Ich wollt' meine Lieb' ergösse sich  
All' in ein einzig Wort,  
Das gäb' ich den luft' gen Winden  
Die trügen es lustig fort.  
Sie tragen zu dir, Geliebte,  
Das lieberfüllte Wort;  
Du hörst es zu jeder Stunde,  
Du hörst es an jedem Ort.  
Und has du zum nächtlichen Schlummer  
Geschlossen die Augen kaum,  
So wird mein Bild dich verfolgen  
Bis in den tiefsten Traum.

### Volkslied

(Ferdinand Freiligrath)

O säh' ich auf der Haide  
Dort im Sturme dich!  
Mit meinem Mantel vor der Sturm  
Beschützt' ich dich!  
Und kommt mit seinem Sturme  
Je dir Unglück nah',  
Dann wär' dies Herz dein Zufluchtsort,  
Gern theilt' ichs ja!  
O wär' ich in der Wüste,  
Die so braun und dürr,  
Zum Paradiese würde sie,  
Wärest du bei mir.  
Und wär' ein König ich  
Und wär' die Erde mein,  
Du wärest in meiner Krone  
Doch der schönste Stein!

### Abschiedslied der Zugvögel

(August Heinrich Hoffmann von  
Fallersleben)

Wie war so schön doch Wald und Feld!  
Wie ist so traurig jetzt die Welt!  
Hin ist die schöne Sommerzeit  
Und nach der Freude kam das Leid.  
Wir wussten nichts von Ungemach,  
Wir sassen unterm Laubes dach  
Vergnugt und froh beim Sonnenschein  
Und sangen in die Welt hinein.  
Wir armen Vöglein trauern sehr,  
Wir haben keine Heimath mehr,  
Wir müssen jetzt von hinnen flieh'n  
Und in die weite Fremde zieh'n

### I want to declare my love to you

(Trans. Julian Haylock)

I want to declare my love to you  
All in a word,  
I would give it to the airy breezes  
To carry it cheerfully away.  
They carry to you, beloved,  
The perfect loving word;  
You hear it every hour,  
You hear it everywhere.  
And during your nightly slumbers  
When you have scarcely closed your  
eyes,  
My image will follow you  
Even into your deepest dreams.

### Folksong

(Robert Burns)

O wert thou in the cauld blast,  
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
My plaidie to the angry airt,  
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;  
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms  
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw  
Thy bield should be thy bosom  
To share it a', to share it a'.  
O were I in the wildest waste  
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
The desert were a Paradise,  
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.  
Or were I Monarch o' the globe,  
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,  
The brightest jewel in my Crown  
Wad be my Queen, wad be my Queen.

### Parting Song of the Migrating Birds

(J.H.)

How beautiful were the woods and  
fields!  
Yet how sad the world is now!  
Gone is the beautiful summertime,  
And after joy came sorrow.  
We knew nothing of discomfort;  
We sat under the canopy of leaves  
Content and happy in the sunshine  
And sang unto the world.  
We poor little birds are now very sad;  
We have no home left here.  
We must now fly away  
To strange far-off lands.

### Herbstlied

(Carl Klingemann)

Ach, wie so bald verhallet der Reigen,  
Wandelt sich Frühling in Winterzeit!  
Ach, wie so bald in trauendes Schweigen  
Wandelt sich alle die Fröhlichkeit!  
Bald sind die letzten Klänge verflogen!  
Bald sind die letzten Sänger gezogen!  
Bald ist das letzte Grun dahin!  
Alle sie wollen heimwärts zieh'n!  
Wandelt sich Lust in sehndendes Leid!  
War't ihr ein Traum, ihr Liebesgedanken?  
Stüss wie der Lenz, und schnell verweht?  
Eines, nur eines will nimmer wanken:  
Es ist das Sehnen, das nimmer vergeht.

### Widmung

(Friedrich Rückert)

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,  
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,  
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,  
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,  
O du mein Grab, in das hinab  
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!  
Du bist die Ruh', du bist der Frieden,  
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.  
Daß du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,  
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,  
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,  
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!  
Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,  
Du meine Wonn' o du mein Schmerz,  
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,  
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,  
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!

### Autumn Song

(J.H)

Oh, how soon the round of nature dies  
away,  
Changing spring into winter!  
Oh, how quickly, into sad silence  
All happiness is changed!  
Soon the last sounds vanish!  
Soon the last songbirds have gone!  
Soon the last green has fled!  
All have returned home!  
Pleasure changes into yearning  
anguish!  
Were you a dream, you thoughts of  
love?  
Sweet as the spring, and quickly gone?  
Only one thing will never change:  
That is the yearning which never fades  
away.

### Dedication

(Richard Wigmore)

You are my soul, my heart,  
my bliss, my pain,  
you are the world in which I live,  
the heaven to which I soar,  
the grave where  
I have forever laid my sorrow!  
You are repose, you are peace,  
you are bestowed on me by heaven;  
your love gives me a sense of worth,  
your gaze has transfigured me,  
lovingly you raise me above myself,  
my good angel, my better self!  
You are my soul, my heart,  
my bliss, my pain,  
you are the world in which I live,  
the heaven to which I soar,  
my good angel, my better self!



### Der Nußbaum

(Johannes Mosen)

Es grünet ein Nußbaum vor dem Haus,  
Duftig, luftig breitet er blätt'rig die Äste aus.  
Viel liebliche Blüten stehen dran;  
Linde Winde kommen, sie herzlich zu  
umfah'n.  
Es flüstern je zwei zu zwei gepaart,  
Neigend, beugend zierlich zum Kusse die  
Hauptchen zart.  
Sie flüstern von einem Magdlein,  
Das dächte die Nächte und Tage lang,  
Wüste ach! selber nicht was!  
Sie flüstern, wer mag versteh'n so gar leise  
Weis'?  
Flüstern von Bräut'gam und nächstem Jahr.  
Das Mägdlein horchet, es rauscht im Baum;  
Sehnend, während sinkt es lächelnd in Schlaf  
und Traum.

### Die Lotosblume

(Heinrich Heine)

Die Lotosblume ängstigt  
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,  
Und mit gesenktem Haupte  
Erwartet sie traumend die Nacht.  
Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle,  
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,  
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich  
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.  
Sie blüt und glüht und leuchtet,  
Und starret stumm in die Höh':  
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert  
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

### Du bist wie eine Blume

(Heinrich Heine)

Du bist wie eine Blume,  
So hold und schön und rein;  
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut  
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.  
Mir ist als ob ich die Hände  
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',  
Betend, daß Gott dich erhalte  
So rein und schön und hold.

### The Walnut Tree

(R.W.)

A walnut tree blooms outside the  
house,  
fragrantly, airily spreading its leafy  
boughs,  
It bears many lovely blossoms,  
tenderly embraced by soft breezes.  
Paired together they whisper,  
gracefully inclining their delicate heads  
to kiss.  
They whisper of a maiden  
who dreamed day and night,  
but knew not what.  
They whisper - but who can understand  
so soft a song? -  
of a bridegroom and the coming year.  
The girl listens, the tree rustles;  
yearning, musing, she smiles and drifts  
into sleep and dreams.

### The Lotus Flower

(R.W.)

The lotus flower fears  
the sun's splendour,  
and with head bowed,  
dreaming, awaits the night.  
The moon is her lover;  
he wakens her with his light,  
and she fondly unveils for him  
her innocent flower-face.  
She blooms and glows and shines,  
and gazes silently at the sky.  
Fragrantly she weeps and trembles  
for love and love's pain.

### You are like a flower

(R.W.)

You are like a flower,  
so sweet and fair and pure;  
I gaze at you, and sorrow  
steals into my heart.  
I feel as if I should lay my hands  
upon your head,  
and pray that God might keep you  
so pure and fair and sweet.

### Aus den östlichen Rosen

(Friedrich Rückert)

Ich sende einen Gruß wie Duft der Rosen,  
Ich send' ihn an ein Rosenangesicht,  
Ich sende einen Gruß wie Frühlingskosen,  
Ich send' ihn an ein Aug' voll Frühlingslicht.  
Aus Schmerzensstürmen, die mein Herz  
durchtosen,  
Send' ich den Hauch, dich unsanft rühr' er  
nicht!  
Wenn du gedenkest an den Freudelosen,  
So wird der Himmel meiner Nächte licht.

### Schön Blümlein

(Robert Reinick)

Ich bin hinausgegangen des Morgens in der  
Fruh,  
die Blümlein täten prangen,  
ich sah so schön sie nie.  
Wagt' eins davon zu pflücken,  
weil so wohl gefiel;  
doch als ich mich wollt bücken,  
sah ich ein lieblich Spiel.  
Die Schmetterlin' und Bienen, die Käfer hell  
und blank,  
die mussten all ihm dienen bei frölichem  
Morgensang;  
und scherzten veil und küssten das Blümlein  
auf den Mund,  
und trieben's nach Gelüsten wohl eine ganze  
Stund.  
Und wie sie so erzeiget ihr Spiel die Kreuz  
und Quer,  
hat's Blümlein sich geneiget mit Freuden hin  
und her.  
Da hab ich's nichtge brochen,  
es wär ja morgen tot,  
und habe nur gesprochen:  
Ade, du Blümlein rot!  
Und Schmetterling' und Bienen,  
die Käfer hell und blank,  
die sangen mit frohen Mienen  
mir einen schönen Dank, schönen Dank.

### From Eastern Roses

(R.W.)

I am sending a greeting like the scent  
of roses,  
I am sending it to a face like a rose,  
I am sending a greeting like spring's  
caresses,  
I am sending it to eyes filled with the  
light of spring.  
>From the storms of sorrow that rage  
in my heart  
I send a breath - may it not touch you  
roughly.  
When you think of me in my  
joylessness  
the sky of my nights turns light.

### Pretty Little Flowers

(Anon.)

I went out early one morning,  
The flowers even more beautiful than I  
had ever seen.  
I wanted to pluck one, because it  
pleased me.  
But as I bent to do so, I saw a lovely  
sight.  
The butterflies and the bees, the beetle,  
shiny and bright,  
Paid homage to the flower with this  
happy morning song.  
They teased and kissed the flower on  
its lips  
And played this game for an entire  
hour.  
And as they played the game, fluttering  
to and fro,  
The flower swayed and nodded with  
gladness, back and forth.  
And so I did not pluck it; would be  
dead by tomorrow.  
Therefore, I said goodbye, little red  
flower.  
And the butterflies and bees and the  
beetle shiny and bright  
Sang with happy faces--a thank you to  
me.



**So wahr die Sonne scheint**

(Friedrich Rückert)

So wahr die Sonne scheint,  
 So wahr die Wolke weinet,  
 So wahr die Flamme sprüht,  
 So wahr der Frühling blüht,  
 So wahr hab'ich empfunden,  
 Wie ich dich halt' umwunden:  
 Du liebst mich wie ich dich,  
 Dich lieb' ich wie du mich.  
 Die Sonne mag verscheinen,  
 Die Wolke nicht mehr weinen,  
 Die Flamme mag versprüh'n,  
 Der Frühling nicht mehr blüh'n:  
 Wir wollen uns umwinden,  
 Und immer so empfinden:  
 U liebst mich wie ich dich,  
 Dich lieb' ich wie du mich.

**Fussreise**

(Eduard Mörike)

Am frischgeschnittenen Wanderstab,  
 Wenn ich in der Frühe  
 So durch die Wälder ziehe,  
 Hügel auf und ab:  
 Dann, wie's Vöglein im Laube  
 Singet und sich rührt,  
 Oder wie die goldne Traube  
 Wonnegeister spürt  
 In der ersten Morgensonne:  
 So fühlt auch mein alter, lieber  
 Adam Herbst- und Frühlingsfieber,  
 Gottbeherzte,  
 Nie verscherzte  
 Erstlings-Paradieseswonne.  
 Also bist du nicht so schlimm, o alter  
 Adam, wie die strengen Lehrer sagen;  
 Liebst und lobst du immer doch,  
 Singst und preisst immer noch,  
 Wie an ewig neuen Schöpfungstagen,  
 Deinen lieben Schöpfer und Erhalter.  
 Möcht es dieser geben,  
 Und mein ganzes Leben  
 Wär im leichten Wanderschweife  
 Eine solche Morgenreise!

**As True as the Sun Shines**

(Anon.)

As true as the sun shines  
 As true as the clouds cry  
 As true as flames sparkle  
 As true as the spring blooms  
 So true have I found  
 That I am bound to you and you love  
 me as I love you,  
 And I love you as you love me.  
 And even though the sun shines no  
 more,  
 The clouds cry no more, the flames  
 sparkle no more,  
 And spring blooms no more,  
 We want to be bound to one another  
 for ever.  
 You love me as I love you.  
 I love you as you love me.

**Journey on Foot**

(Richard Stokes)

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!

**Im Frühling**

(E.M.)

Hier lieg ich auf dem Frühlingshügel:  
 Die Wolke wird mein Flügel,  
 Ein Vogel fliegt mir voraus.  
 Ach, sag mir, alleinige Liebe,  
 Wo du bleibst, daß ich bei dir bliebe!  
 Doch du und die Lüfte, ihr habt kein Haus.  
 Der Sonnenblume gleich steht mein Gemüte  
 offen,  
 Sehnd, Sich dehnend  
 In lieben und Hoffen.  
 Frühling, was bist du gewillt?  
 Wann werd ich gestillt?  
 Die Wolke seh ich wandeln und den Fluß,  
 Es dringt der Sonne goldner Kuß  
 Mir tief bis ins Geblüt hinein;  
 Die Augen, wunderbar berauschet,  
 Tun, als schliefen sie ein,  
 Nur noch das Ohr dem Ton der Biene  
 lauschet.  
 Ich denke dies und denke das,  
 Ich sehne mich und weiß nicht recht nach  
 was:  
 Halb ist es Lust, halb ist es Klage;  
 Mein Herz, o sage,  
 Was webst du für Erinnerung  
 In golden gruner Zweige Dämmerung?  
 --Alte unnenbare Tage!

**Begegnung**

(E.M.)

Was doch heut nacht ein Sturm gewesen,  
 Bis erst der Morgen sich geregt!  
 Wie hat der ungebetne Besen  
 Kamin und Gassen ausgefegt!  
 Da kommt ein Mädchen schon die Straßen,  
 Das halb verschüchtert um sich sieht;  
 Wie Rosen, die der Wind zerblasen,  
 So unstst ihr Gesichtchen glüht.  
 Ein schöner Bursch tritt iht entgegen,  
 Er will ihr voll Entzücken nahn:  
 Wie sehn sich freudig und verlegen  
 Die ungewohnten Schelme an!  
 Er scheint zu fragen, ob das Liebchen  
 Die Zöpfe schon zurecht gemacht,  
 Die heute nacht im offenen Stübchen  
 Ein Sturm in Unordnung gebracht.  
 Der Bursche träumt noch von den Küssen,  
 Die ihm das süße Kind getauscht,  
 Er steht, von Anmut hingerissen,  
 Derweil sie um die Ecke rauscht.

**In Spring**

(R.S.)

Here I lie on the spring hill:  
 the cloud becomes my wings,  
 a bird flies before me.  
 Oh, tell me, one-and-only love,  
 where you are, that I may be with you!  
 But you and the breezes have no home.  
 Sunflower-like my heart lies open,  
 yearning,  
 reaching up  
 in loving and hoping.  
 Spring, what is your will?  
 When shall I be stilled?  
 The cloud I see go its way,  
 and the river;  
 the sun kisses its gold  
 deep into my veins;  
 my eyes, marvelously enthralled,  
 close, as if in sleep,  
 yet my ear harks still to the humming  
 bee.  
 I think this and think that,  
 yearn, and know not quite for what:  
 half joy it is, and half complaint;  
 oh say, my heart,  
 what memories you weave  
 in golden-green bough twilight?  
 --Past, unutterable days!

**Encounter**

(R.S.)

What a storm there was last night,  
 raged until this morning!  
 How that uninvited brush has  
 swept the streets and chimneys clean!  
 Along the street a girl comes,  
 glancing about her, half-afraid,  
 like roses tossed before the wind,  
 ever changing is her face's glow.  
 A handsome lad steps to meet her,  
 would delightedly approach her:  
 oh, the joy and embarrassment  
 in those novice rascals' looks!  
 He seems to ask if his beloved  
 has put straight her plaits  
 which, last night, in her open bedroom,  
 were tousled by a storm.  
 The lad's still dreaming of the kisses  
 which that sweet child exchanged,  
 and stands, captive to her charm,  
 while she whisks around the corner.



**Der Knabe und das Immllein**

(E.M.)

Im Weinberg auf der Höhe  
 Ein Häuslein steht so windebang,  
 Hat weder Tür noch Fenster,  
 Die Weile wird ihm lang.  
 Und ist der Tag so schwüle,  
 Sind all verstummt die Vögelein,  
 Summt an der Sonnenblume  
 Ein Immllein ganz allein.  
 Mein Lieb hat einen Garten,  
 Da steht ein hubsches Immenhaus:  
 Kommst du daher geflogen?  
 Schickt sie dich nach mir aus?  
 "O nein, du feiner Knabe,  
 Es hieß mich niemand Boten gehn;  
 Dies Kind weiß nichts von Lieben,  
 Hat dich noch kaum gesehn.  
 Was wußten auch die Mädchen,  
 Wenn sie kaum aus der Schule sind!  
 Dein herzallerliebstes Schätzchen  
 Ist noch ein Mutterkind.  
 Ich bring' ihm Wachs und Honig;  
 Ade!--ich hab' ein ganzes Pfund;  
 Wie wird das Schätzchen lachen,  
 Ihm wässert schon der Mund."  
 Ach, wolltest du ihr sagen,  
 Ich wußte, was viel süßer ist:  
 Nichts Lieblichers auf Erden,  
 Als wenn man herzt und küßt!

**Lebe wohl**

(E.M.)

Lebe wohl!--Du fühlst nicht,  
 Was es heißt, dies Wort der Schmerzen;  
 Mit getrübtem Angesicht  
 Sagtest du's und leichtem Herzen.  
 Lebe wohl!--Ach, tausendmal  
 hab ich mir es vorgesprochen.  
 Und in nimmersatter Qual  
 Mir das Herz damit gebrochen.

**The Boy and the Little Bee**

(R.S.)

In the vineyard on the heights  
 a little house stands so wind-afraid;  
 has neither door nor window,  
 and boredom makes the day long.  
 And when the day is sultry  
 all the songbirds are silent,  
 a honeybee buzzes, all alone,  
 around the sunflower.  
 My sweetheart has a garden;  
 in it stands a darling beehive:  
 have you come flying from there?  
 Has she sent you out after me?  
 "Oh no, you fine lad,  
 no one told me to send messages.  
 That child knows nothing about love  
 she has barely looked at you yet.  
 What do you expect girls to know  
 when they are hardly out of school!  
 Your dearly-beloved little sweetheart is  
 still her mother's child.  
 I am bringing her wax and honey;  
 Goodbye! - I have a whole pound.  
 How the darling will laugh;  
 her mouth is already watering."  
 Ah, if you wanted to tell her,  
 I know something that's much sweeter:  
 there is nothing lovelier on earth  
 than hugging and kissing!

**(Lebewohl)Farewell**

(R.S.)

Farewell!--You do not feel  
 what it means, this word of pain;  
 with hopeful mien  
 you spoke it, and light heart.  
 Farewell!--Ah, a thousand times  
 I have said that to myself.  
 And in insatiable agony  
 have broken my heart.

**Der Gartner**

(E.M.)

Auf ihrem Leibrößlein,  
 So weiß wie der Schnee,  
 Die schönste Prinzessin  
 Reit't durch die Alee.  
 Der Weg, den das Rößlein  
 Hintanzet so hold,  
 Der Sand, den ich streute,  
 Er blinket wie Gold.  
 Du rosenfarbs Hütlein,  
 Wohl auf und wohl ab,  
 O wirf eine Feder  
 Verstohlen herab!  
 Und willst du dagegen  
 Eine Blüte von mir,  
 Nimm tausend für eine,  
 Nimm alle dafür!

**Gebet**

(E.M.)

Herr! schicke was du willst,  
 ein Liebes oder Leides;  
 Ich bin vergnügt, daß beides  
 Aus deinen Händen quillt.  
 Wollest mit Freuden  
 und wollest mit Leiden  
 Mich nicht überschütten!  
 Doch in der Mitten  
 Liegt holdes Bescheiden.

**The Gardener**

(R.S.)

On her favourite mount  
 as white as snow,  
 the fairest princess  
 rides through the avenue.  
 The path where her steed  
 so delightfully prances,  
 the sand that I strewed,  
 they sparkle like gold.  
 Little pink hat,  
 bobbing up, bobbing down,  
 Oh, throw a feather  
 secretly down!  
 If you, in return, want  
 a flower from me,  
 for one, take a thousand,  
 for one take all!

**Prayer**

(R.S.)

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.



### Storchenbotschaft

(E.M.)

Des Schäfers sein Haus und das steht auf zwei  
Rad,  
Steht hoch auf der Heiden, so frühe wie spat;  
Und wenn nur ein Mancher so'n  
Nachtquartier hätt!  
Ein Schafer tauscht nicht mit dem König sein  
Bett.  
Und käm ihm zur Nacht auch was Seltsames  
vor,  
Er betet sein Sprüchel und legt sich aufs Ohr;  
Ein Gestlein, ein Hexlein, so luftige Wicht',  
Sie klopfen ihm wohl, doch er antwortet  
nicht.  
Einmal doch, da ward es ihm wirklich zu  
bunt:  
Es knopert am Laden, es winselt der Hund;  
Nun ziehet mein Schäfer den Riegel--ei  
schau!  
Da stehen zwei Störche, der Mann und die  
Frau.  
Das Pärchen, es machet ein schön  
Kompliment,  
Es möchte gern reden, ach, wenn es nur  
könn!  
Was will mir das Ziefer? Ist so was erhört?  
Doch ist mir wohl fröhliche Botschaft  
beschert.  
Ihr seid wohl dahinten zu Hause am Rhein?  
Ihr habt wohl mein Mäd'el gebissen ins Bein?  
Nun winet das Kind und die Mutter noch  
meht,  
Sie wünschet den Herzallerliebsten sich her.  
Und wunschet daneben die Taufe bestellt:  
Ein Lämmlein, ein Würstlein, ein Beutelein  
Geld?  
So sagt nur, ich kam'in zwei Tag oder drei,  
Und gruößt mir mein Bübel und rührt ihm den  
Brei!  
Doch halt! Warum stellt ihr zu Zweien euch  
ein?  
Es werden doch, hoff'ich, nicht Zwillinge  
sein?  
Da klappern die Störche im lustigsten Ton,  
Sie nicken und knixen und fliegen davon.

### Stork-tidings

(R.S.)

The house of the shepherd stands on  
two wheels,  
morn and night, high up on the moor,  
a lodging most would be glad of!  
His bed a shepherd won't change with  
the king.  
And should, by night, any strange thing  
occur,  
he prays a brief prayer and lies down to  
sleep;  
ghostie or witch or such airy folk  
may come knocking, but he will not  
answer.  
But one night it became really too  
much:  
the row at the window, the whine of the  
dog;  
so my shepherd unbolts, and behold,  
there stand two storks, man and wife.  
The couple, they make a beautiful bow,  
and would speak, if only they could.  
What do they want of me? Whoever  
heard the like?  
Yet joyful tidings it must be, for me.  
That way you live, do you, by the  
Rhine?  
Pecked my girl on the leg, I expect?  
The child's now crying and the mother  
still more  
wanting her dear husband there.  
Wanting, too, the christening feast  
arranged,  
a lambkin, a sausage, and purse of  
pence?  
Well, tell her I'm coming in two days  
or three,  
say hello to my boy, give his porridge a  
stir.  
But wait! Why have two of you come?  
It won't . . . I hope . . . be twins?  
At that, a merry clatter from the storks,  
he nods, she curtsseys and off they fly.

### Klänge (Nr. 1)

(Claus Groth)

Aus der Erde quellen Blumen,  
aus der Sonne quillt das Licht,  
aus dem Herzen quillt die Liebe,  
und der Schmerz, der es zerbricht.  
Und die Blumen müssen welken,  
und dem Lichte folgt die Nacht,  
und der Liebe folgt das Sehnen,  
das--das Herz so düster macht,  
das--das Herz so düster macht.

### Klänge (No. 2)

(C.G.)

Wenn ein müder Leib begraben,  
klingen Blocken ihn zur Ruh,  
und die Erde schließt die Wunde  
mit den schönsten Blumen zu,  
mit den schönsten Blumen zu.  
Wenn die Liebe wird begraben,  
singen Lieder sie zur Ruh,  
zur Ruh,  
und die Wunde bringt die Blumen,  
doch das Grab erst schließt sie zu!

### Am Strande

(Hermann Holty)

Es sprechen und blicken die Wellen mit  
sanfter Stimme,  
mit freundlichem Blick und wiegen die  
traumende Seele  
in ferne Tage zurück,  
in ferne Tage,  
ferne Tage zurück  
Aus fernen, verklungenen Tagen spricht's  
heimlich mit sanften Stimmen zu mir,  
schaus heimlich mit freundlichen Blicken  
zum Wanderer,  
zum Wanderer am Strande hier.  
Mir ist, als hätten die Stimmen,  
die je die Seele mir sanft bewegt,  
und alle die freundlichen Blicke  
sich in die Wellen gelegt,  
sich in die Wellen,  
in die Wellen gelegt.

### Tones (No. 1)

(Anon.)

>From the earth spring forth flowers.  
>From the sun springs forth light,  
>From the heart springs forth love and  
the pain that breaks it.  
And the flowers must wilt, and light is  
followed by night,  
And love is followed by longing that  
makes the heart so sad.

### Tones (No. 2)

(Anon.)

When a weary body is buried, bells  
ring it to rest!  
And the earth closes up the wound with  
the most beautiful flowers!  
When love is buried, songs sing it to  
rest,  
And the wound brings forth flowers,  
yet only the grave can close it!

### By the Shore

(Anon.)

The waves speak and look with gentle  
voice, with friendly glance,  
And rock the dreaming soul back to  
past days.  
>From past silent days gentle voices  
speak secretly to me,  
look secretly with friendly glances to  
the wanderer along this shore.  
It seems as if the voices, which ever  
gently moved the soul,  
and all the friendly glances had laid  
themselves into the waves.



### Jägerlied

(Carl Candidus)

Jäger, was jagst du die Haselein,  
die Häselein?

Häselein jag ich,

das muß so sein, das muß so sein.

Jäger, was stehst dir im Auge dein,  
im Auge dein?

Tränen wohl sind es,

das muß so sein,

das muß so sein!

Jäger, was hast du im Herzelein?  
im Herzelein?

Lie be und Leiden,

das muß so sein, das muß das muß so sein.

Jäger, wann holst du dein Liebchen heim?  
dein Liebchen heim?

Nimmer, ach nimmer, das muß so sein,  
das muß, das muß so sein.

### Hüt du dich!

(Aus des Knaben Wunderhorn)

Ich weiß ein Mädlein hübsch und fein,  
hüt du dich! hüt du dich!

Ich weiss ein Mädlein hübsch und fein,  
es kann wohl falsch und freundlich sein,  
hüt du dich! hüt du dich!

vertrau ihr nicht, sie narret dich.

Sie hat zwei Äuglein, die sind braun,  
hüt du dich! hüt du dich!

Sie hat zwei Äuglein die sind braun,  
sie werden dich verliebt anschauen.

Hüt du dich! hüt du dich!

vertrau ihr nicht, sie narret dich.

Sie hat ein licht-goldfarbnes Haar,  
hüt du dich! hüt du dich!

Sie hat ein licht-goldfarbnes Haar,  
und was sie red't, das ist nicht wahr.

Hur du dich! hüt du dich!

vertrau ihr nicht, sie narret dich.

Sie gibt dir'n Kränzlein fein gemacht, hüt du  
dich! hüt du dich!

Sie gibt dir'n Kranzlein fein gemacht, für  
einen Narrn wirst du geacht!

Hüt du dich! hüt du dich!

vertrau ihr nicht,

sie narret dich.

### Hunter's Song

(Anon.)

Hunter, why do you hunt the young  
rabbit?

I hunt rabbits, this is how it must be.

Hunter, what do I see in your eye?

Tears, this is how it must be!

Hunter, what do you have in your  
heart?

Love and suffering, this is how it must  
be.

Hunter, when will you bring your  
sweetheart home?

Never, his is how it must be.

### Be on Guard

(Anon.)

I know a maiden beautiful and elegant,  
be on guard! be on guard!

I know a maiden beautiful and elegant,  
who can be both false and friendly,  
be on guard! be on guard,

Do not trust her, she is playing you for  
a fool.

She has two brown eyes,

be on guard, be on guard!

She has two brown eyes,  
they will look at you with love.

Be on guard, be on guard!

Do not trust her, she is playing you for  
a fool.

She has light-gold coloured hair,

be on guard, be on guard!

She has light-gold coloured hair,

And what she says is not true.

Be on guard, be on guard!

Do not trust her, she is playing you for  
a fool.

She will give you a beautifully made  
garland,

be on guard, be on guard!

She will give you beautifully made  
garland,

She regards you as a fool!

Be on guard, be on guard!

Do not trust her, she is playing you for  
a fool.

### Program Notes

#### Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

b. 3 Feb 1809~ Hamburg

d. 4 Nov 1847~ Leipzig

#### Six 2-part Songs, Op. 63

While Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Wolf continue to be considered the backbone of the Austro-German Romantic lieder tradition, Mendelssohn has been largely sidelined. Such neglect has been attributed to the comparative narrow emotional range of his compositions and failure to fully engage the text musically. This view overlooks the north German school tradition from which Mendelssohn comes. As such Mendelssohn sought to convey the *tone* of the poem without expressing its specific nuances, which was considered to be disruptive, obscuring and distracting from the text. Rather, Mendelssohn's music incorporates simple presentation of the poem, often in strophic form with an unobtrusive accompaniment.

Composed between 1836 and 1844, the duets of Opus 63 are characteristic with their skipping rhythms, here magically conveying a sense of unrepressed elation. Within *Abschiedslied der Zugvögel* (Songs of the Migration Birds), abrupt changes in a text that moves from sadness to happy reflection are indicated in shifting tonality, moving from minor to major and back to minor again.

*Herbstlied* (Song of Autumn), originally conceived for solo piano titled *Lied* in 1836 and later set to a poem by Klingemann, has generally been perceived as the finest piece in Opus 63. It moves ever so slightly from the strict simplicity usually seen in Mendelssohn as the voices, often in alternation, show more independence than in other songs.

*Volklied* (Folksong) again shows the impression made on Mendelssohn following his 1829 visit to the Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh; who intrigued by "long red beards, tartan plaids, bonnets and feathers,

naked knees, and bagpipes," immediately began work on the "Scottish" Symphony. In this instance, Mendelssohn sets a poem by the famed Scottish poet, Robert Burns. While remaining firmly within the world of the art song, Mendelssohn gives expression to folk tone of Burns's poem with a simple setting of the text and a drone in the piano recalling the bagpipes of Scotland.

#### Mendelssohn

##### *Lieder ohne Worte*

Composed primarily during the 1830's and 1840's, the *Lied ohne Worte* (Songs without Words), was a genre that Mendelssohn developed and with which his reputation as a composer of piano music became inseparably attached. Mendelssohn titled the songs "Melodies for the Pianoforte," in 1830 for the publication of the first book: it was not until 1835, when the second book was published, that the songs were given the title by which they are known today.

Although the technical demands range from straightforward to taxing, the songs were designed primarily for domestic music making. Indeed the pieces struck a resonant chord in Victorian England where the new army of pianists within the growing middle class embraced them. The songs immediately provoked questions: what was Mendelssohn's intent? When asked about the specific meaning of the songs, Mendelssohn mysteriously replied: "[If] I happen to have had certain words in mind for one or another of these songs, I would never want to tell them to anyone, because the same words never mean the same things to different people."

With due deliberation, Mendelssohn left most of the *Songs without Words* untitled. Although they have clear songlike qualities with their lyrical



treble line supported by flowing accompaniment, and are frequently cast in ABA form (or song-form) suggesting the trappings of a texted art song; for the large majority their poetic associations remain unknown. While a few defy classification, the songs generally fit into three categories: the tripartite division of solo lied, duets, and part-songs mirror similar divisions in Mendelssohn's texted songs.

Opus 67, no. 1, a solo lied, shows Mendelssohn's ability to use a simple idea and imbue it with added meaning and color. This talent is revealed when the opening melody is presented in a new and creative manner as the piano chimes out its upper register in the most delicate bell-like manner. Flowing sixteenth notes support a lyrical melody in the soprano.

Also a solo lied, Opus 62, no. 6 was not named by Mendelssohn, who only indicated the tempo and mood of *Allegretto grazioso*, yet the piece has since acquired the title "Spring Song." One of the most famous of the *Songs without Words*, it has a graceful melody with wistful arpeggiated grace notes in the accompaniment creating the feeling of vernal freshness.

Marked "Duetto", Opus 38, no. 6 was written in 1836 at the time of Mendelssohn's engagement to Cécile Jeanrenaud. The texture created is ingenious as the opening soprano is lucidly answered by the tenor while the melody and accompaniment are simultaneously interwoven. With the closing section, the two voices come together beautifully as they are doubled at the octave.

#### **Robert Schumann**

**b. 8 June 1810~ Zwickau, Saxony**  
**d. 29 July 1856~ Eendenich, near Bonn**

#### **Myrthen, op. 25**

Schumann's comment, "much of you [Clara] is embedded in my Eichendorff Liederkreis," certainly could also be applied to the twenty-six songs of the *Myrthen lieder*, op. 25, which similarly intertwines his feeling for Clara.

Echoing the romantic language of flowers in which myrtles were given to the bride on her wedding day, Schumann presented the publication to Clara on their wedding day in 1840. The profoundly felt hymn to his loved one bears the dedication: "To his beloved wife."

With the setting of Rückert poem, Schumann uses a different musical approach for the portrayal of the emotions of love than with his setting of Heine. Clothing human love in pseudo-Christian imagery, *Widmung* (Dedication) is not only a musical dedication to Clara, but also a passionate love song.

In contrast, *Der Nussbaum* (The Walnut Tree) bears a quiet simplicity, while also capturing the mystical tone as one envisions the sleeping girl and wind-kissed foliage, each stirred in dream. The wistful mood is set through the interplay of the piano and voice which together sigh and echo, murmur and reply.

*Die Lotosblume* (The Lotus-flower), with text by Heine is among Schumann's most famous compositions. The sultry tone of the poem evoked from Schumann previously unheard musical effects and harmonic tensions reflecting the polarities of tenderness and passion within the poem.

The meditative quality of *Du bist wie eine Blume* (The Flower of Resignation) captured with the opening chords in the piano is unbroken by the quiet entry of the melody. Together the text and strong bass octaves sound the depths of devotion. The music quickens for the gesture of the placing of the hands, speaks for the prayer and intones fervently in the postlude.

Using the Persian poetic form, ghazal, Rückert employs a favorite image of fresh fragrance blown by on a breeze in *Aus den östlichen Rosen* (From the Roses in the East). Schumann's setting of the poem marks his first encounter with lure of exoticism and the unknown captured in 19<sup>th</sup> century perceptions of the Orient. As the narrator sends greeting to his love, the music, quick with anticipation, reflects a note scribbled in the margins of the manuscript: "awaiting Clara."

#### **Hugo Wolf**

**b. 13 March 1860~ Windischgraz, Styria**  
**[now Slovenjgradec, Slovenia]**  
**d. 22 February 1903~ Vienna**

#### **Gedichte von Eduard Mörike (Poems by Eduard Mörike)**

In this centennial year of Wolf's death, his compositions provide an eloquent witness to the continuing expressive and dramatic power of German lieder. Composed in 1888, the Mörike songbook represents a high point in Wolf's creative career. The fifty-three songs draw upon the work of Eduard Mörike, a clergyman and teacher whose placid life contrasted sharply that of his imagination. Evoking the best from Wolf, Mörike's poetry subtly blends, fervent lyricism and sharply etched psychological realism.

Many of the songs in this evening's performance convey important themes in the Mörike collection. Love in its different guises is central is a central. *Begegnung* (Encounter) speaks of the forbidden fruits of love as its intensely agitated, syncopated theme relentlessly conveys the double meaning of a nocturnal storm that has occurred during the night while still capturing the quiet rapture and shyness of the young lovers who later meet in the street.

*Der Knabe und das Imlein* (The Boy and the Little Bee) presents a dialogue between a youth and a little bee, to whom, he entrusts with a message for his sweetheart. Felicitous onomatopoeic depiction touches capture the buzz of the bee demonstrating Wolf's genius

for musical analogues of sights and sounds in the external world.

*Lebe wohl* (Farewell) is one of the few poems inspired by the poet's own life, yet Mörike's youthful passion for Luise Rau is conveyed with sadly falling semi-tones in the voice. The drooping melodic line echoed in subsequent passages conjures a moving farewell to Mörike's beloved.

The religious tone of *Fussreise* (Journey of Foot) and *Gebet* (Prayer) reveal a second theme within the Mörike songs. While evoking images of the Garden of Eden, *Fussreise* creates a sense of release, exaltation, and abiding delight as the narrator walks through the woods in early morning, feeling as though he were witnessing the dawn of creation. *Gebet*, a prayer, moves with a hymn-like quality as the narrator petitions for moderation so that he will not be too overwhelmed with either joy or sorrow.

*Storchenbotschaft* (Stork-tidings) represents the comedic in the Mörike songs. Within *Storchenbotschaft*, both the voice and piano express exasperated bewilderment at the thought of two stork's—indicating twins! A lively cross-examination follows in which the words, the bagpipe tune, and the storks' nodding and bowing motive combine hilariously in music as enjoyable as it is effective.

#### **Johannes Brahms**

**b. 7 May 1833~ Hamburg**  
**d. 3 April 1897~ Vienna**

#### **Five Duets, Op. 66**

With the duets of Opus. 66, originally composed for soprano and alto, Brahms leaves the world of the professional recitalist, creating songs



for the amateur to enjoy in the realm of social music making. Composed in 1875, little has been said about Brahms's duets of Op. 66. Scholarly comments on the collection have often been cutting, suggesting: "Over the duets for soprano and contralto there is no need to linger. They rarely seek to do more than please and none of them compares in importance with the more significant solo songs." (Lathan)

This view is not only remiss in overlooking some lovely repertoire, but is also a reflection of ever increasing attitudes that first found expression during Brahms's lifetime: the prominence of the solo recital has led to the presumption that works like these, which have no regular place on the concert stage, must therefore be insignificant. It further fails to recognize the at in a unique way that Brahms's duets take on wider development, becoming "real songs" for two voices in which each vocal part is treated as an independent personality, often being constructed with the greatest skill.

Such is the case with images of spring flowers fading in *Klänge I*, which speaks of love springing forth from the heart and the grief that breaks it. It is a beautifully tailored canon as the imitates the upper's plaint a fifth away by inversion.

*Am Strande* (On the Shore) is unique in Opus 66, being the only song that does not speak of the pain and pleasures of love. Rather, it is contemplative as it dreams of days gone by when soft voices whispered and looked with a friendly eye upon the traveler.

Images of the forest and the chase are evoked by the sound of the hunter's horn in *Jägerlied* (Hunter's Song). With its question and answer format, the alto huntsman is ever more morose and varied, expressing the inevitability of tears, love and grief.

*Hüt du dich* (Beware!) ends the collection with Brahms's roguish humor as it warns, tongue in cheek, against trusting the fair maiden; she will fool you. Rhythmic pitfalls hidden in the piano accompaniment echo the pitfalls of trusting the fair one.

Notes by Deanna C Davis

**Kathleen Corcoran**, a native of Newfoundland, received Bachelor of Music and Master of Music degrees from the University of Alberta where she studied with Harold Wiens. She has also studied in Austria, Denmark and Slovakia.

Kathleen is a music professor at Augustana University College and enjoys an active performing career. She has been a soloist with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra, Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra, Lethbridge Symphony Orchestra, Alberta Baroque Ensemble, Regina Symphonic Ensemble, Richard Eaton Singers, Madrigal Singers and Pro Coro Canada. Many of Kathleen's performances have been broadcast on CBC.

**Harold Wiens** is a professor of voice at the University of Alberta, a position he has held since 1975. He received a degree from Wilfrid Laurier University, and thereafter spent five years studying and performing in Germany where he graduated from the Nordwestdeutsche Musik-Akademie in Detmold, Germany. He supported his studies through a German Academic Exchange Fellowship that he held for three years. Harold has appeared as soloist and recitalist with orchestras and choral societies throughout Germany, France, Ireland and North America. In 2001 he performed and conducted master classes in Paraguay, South America. Radio and television recordings include a number of appearances on the national CBC networks. Harold has premiered and recorded many new works by composers such as Malcolm Forsythe, Violet Archer, Gerhard Krapf and Alfred Fisher.

Together with Dr Henry Janzen and the Department of Educational Psychology he recently began a research project exploring the relation between vocal health and development, and its effect upon stress. These findings will be presented at a Conference sponsored by the International Council of Psychologists in Manila, Philippines, July 2002. Currently, he is involved in a project designed to study the effects of voice training/healing upon individuals who suffer from Parkinson's disease.

**Roger Admiral** completed a Doctor of Music degree at the University of Alberta. His main teachers include Helmut Brauss, Peter Smith and Virginia Blaha. With help from the Johann Strauss Foundation, Roger also studied Lied-duo at the Mozarteum in Salzburg. Recent performances include a recital with baritone Nathan Berg on the Great Performers series at Lincoln Center, New York City (United States of America) and with mezzo-soprano Marie-Nicole Lemieux at the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra's *Symphony Under the Sky*. Currently Roger works in Edmonton and performs as part of the Kovalis Duo with Montreal percussionist Philip Hornsey



## Upcoming Events

### September

22 Monday, 12:00 pm

#### Noon Hour Organ Recital

Featuring Gary Tong (MMus)  
Second prize winner, RCCO National  
Organ Playing Competition  
Free admission

26 Friday, 6:00 pm

#### Sonal Mansingh in Performance

Presented by the Indian Students  
Association. Admission: \$15members,  
\$10 non-members. For information, call  
435-0937 or 441-3845

27 Saturday, 8:00 pm

New Music Series

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(Borealis Electroacoustic Music Society)  
Electroacoustic music and improvisation  
Studio 27, Fine Arts Building  
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contact BEAMS at info@beams.ca

### October

3 Friday, 8:00 pm

Alumni Concert

**Judith Richardson, soprano**

**Michelle Wylie, soprano**

**Frank Ho, violin**

**Steven Williams, trumpet**

**Tammy-Jo Mortensen, organ**

**Elizabeth Scholtz, piano**

Featuring works by Debussy, Mozart,  
Mendelssohn and Copland

4 Saturday, 11:00 am-12:30 pm

*Meet a Master* (Piano Event)

Visiting Artist **Marc-André Hamelin**

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Free admission

5 Sunday, 1:00 pm

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Mike Seeger and  
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5 Sunday, 8:00 pm

#### University Symphony Orchestra

**Tanya Prochazka, Conductor**

Featuring Beethoven *Symphony No. 8*,  
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Ravel *Le Tombeau de Couperin*

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