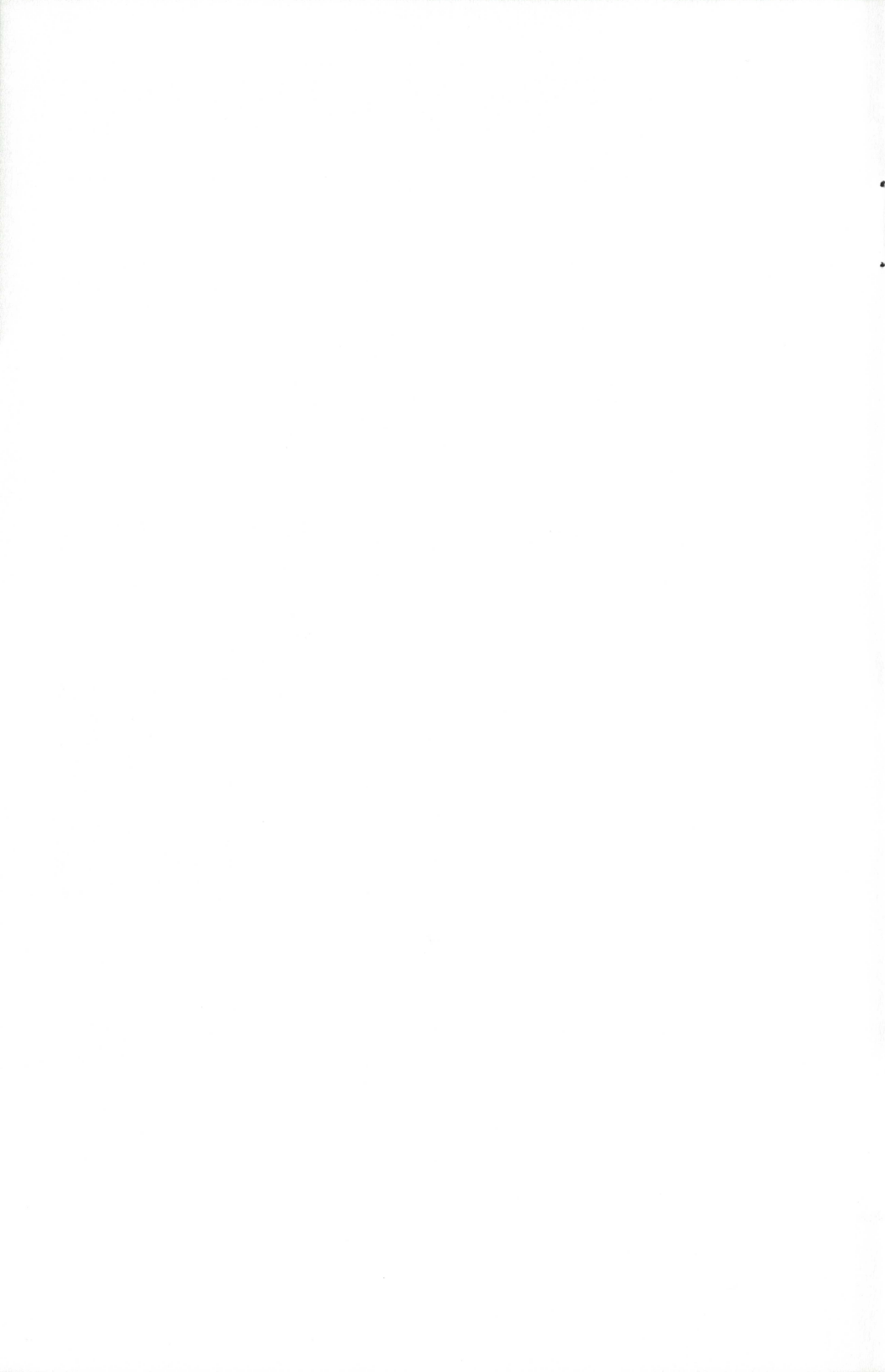


TRI BACH
ARTIST·IN·RESIDENCE

EDITH WIENS

S O P R A N O





EDITH WIENS

soprano

RUDOLF JANSEN

piano

PROGRAM

Seligkeit
Der Einsame
Ariette der Claudine
An Silvia

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Die junge Nonne
Auf dem Wasser zu singen
Fischerweise

Die Kinderstube
Mit der Njanja
Im Winkel
Der Käfer
Mit der Puppe
Abendgebet
Steckendpferdreiter

Modest P Mussorgsky
(1839-1881)
edited by Kurt Masur

INTERMISSION

Ruhe, meine Seele
Einerlei
Wiegenlied
Wir beide wollen springen
Zueignung

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair
If You've Only Got A Moustache
Open Thy Lattice, Love
The Shanghai Chicken

Stephen Foster
(1826-1864)

La regata veneziana
Anzoleta avanti la regata
Anzoleta co' passa la regata
Anzoleta dopo la regata

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Texts and Translations

Seligkeit [Text: Hölty]

Freuden sonder Zahl!
Blühm im Himmelsaal
Engeln und Verklärten,
Wie die Väter lehrten.
O, da möcht ich sein
Und mich ewig freun!

Jedem lächelt traut
Eine Himmelsbraut'
Harf und Psalter klinget,
Und man tanzt und singet.
O, da möcht ich sein
Und mich ewig freun!

Lieber bleib ich hier,
Lächelt Laura mir
Einen Blick, der saget,
Dass ich ausgeklaget.
Selig dann mit ihr,
Bleib ich ewig hier!

Der Einsame [Text: Lappe]

Wenn meine Grillen schwirren,
Bei Nacht, am spät erwärmten Herd,
Dann sitz ich mit vergnügtem Sinn
Vertraulich zu der Flamme hin,
So leicht, so unbeschwert.

Ein trautes, stilles Stündchen
Bleibt man noch gern am Feuer wach,
Man schürt, wenn sich die Lohe senkt,
Die Funken auf und sinnt und denkt:
Nun abermal ein Tag!

Was Liebes oder Leides
Sein Lauf für uns dahergebracht,
Es geht noch einmal durch den Sinn;
Allein das Böse wirft man hin,
Es störe nicht die Nacht.

Zu einem frohen Traume
Bereitet man gemach sich zu,
Wann sorgenlos ein holdes Bild
Mit sanfter Lust die Seele füllt,
Ergibt man sich der Truh.

Oh, wie ich mir gefalle
In meiner stillen Ländlichkeit!
Was in dem Schwarm der lauten Welt
Gibt nicht Zufriedenheit.

Zirpt immer, liebe Heimchen,
In meiner klause eng und klein.
Ich duld euch gern: ihr stört mich nicht,
Wenn euer Lied das Schweigen bricht,
Bin ich nicht ganz allein.

Bliss

Joys without number
bloom in Heaven's hall
for angels and transfigured,
as our fathers taught.
Oh, there would I be,
and rejoice eternally!

Sweetly upon all smiles
a heavenly bride'
harp and psalter sound
and all dance and sing.
Oh, there would I be,
and rejoice eternally!

Here I'll rather stay
if Laura look my way,
and give a look that says
I've to lament no more.
Blissful then with her,
I'll stay ever here!

The Solitary

When my crickets chirrup
at night by my late-burning hearth,
happily I sit,
communing with the flame,
light-hearted and at ease.

For one sweet quiet hour
it's good to linger by the fire,
stirring the sparks when the blaze
goes down, musing and thinking:
"Well, that's another day!"

Whatever joy or sorrow
the course of it has brought,
runs once more through the mind;
the bad, however, gets cast aside,
so as not to spoil the night.

For pleasant dreams
we gently compose ourselves,
and when lightly, some sweet image
fills our soul with tender joy,
we yield to rest.

Oh how I love
my peaceful rustic life!
What, in the loud teeming world,
holds captive the unruly heart,
brings no content.

Chirp away, dear crickets,
in my own small room.
I'm glad you're there: you're no trouble,
and when your song breaks the silence,
I'm no longer all alone.

Ariette der Claudine [Text: Goethe]
from Claudine Von Villa Bella
Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen;
Treue wohnt für sich allein.
Liebe kommt euch rasch entgegen;
Aufgesucht will Treue sein.

An Silvia [Text: Shakespeare, trans. Bauernfeld]
Was ist Silvia, saget an,
Daß sie die weite Flur preist?
Schön und zart seh ich sie nahn,
Auf Himmelsgunst und Spur weist,
Daß ihr alles untertan.

Ist sie schön und gut dazu?
Reiz labt wie milde Kindheit;
Ihrem Aug eilt Amor zu,
Dort heilt er seine Blindheit,
Und verweilt in süßer Ruh.

Darum Silvia, tön, O Sang,
Der holden Silvia Ehren;
Jeden Reiz besiegt sie lang,
Den Erde kann gewähren:
Kränze ihr und Saitenklang!

Die junge Nonne [Text: Jachetutta]
Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende Sturm!
Es klirren die Balken, es zittert das Haus!
Es rollt der Donner, es leuchtet der Blitz,
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!

Immerhin, immerhin, so tobt' es auch
jüngst noch in mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzt der Sturm,
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzt das Haus,
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzt der Blitz,
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab.

Nun tobe, du wilder gewalt'ger Sturm,
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh,
Des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.

Ich harre, mein Heiland! mit sehndem Blick!
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole die Braut.
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.
Horch, friedlich ertönt das Glöcklein vom Turm!
Es lockt mich das üsse Getöse
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höhen.
Alleluja!

Song to Claudine

Love roves everywhere;
Constancy lives alone.
Love comes rushing towards you;
Constancy must be sought.

To Silvia
Tell me, what is Silvia
that the wide meadow extols her?
Dainty and fair I see her coming,
a sign of heaven's favour is
that all are subject to her.

Is she fair and kind as well?
Refreshing her gentle child-like charm;
Cupid hastens to her eyes,
there cures his blindness
and tarries in sweet peace.

Therefore to Silvia, sound, O song,
to sweet Silvia's renown;
long has she won every grace
that earth can grant;
garlands bring her and sound of strings!

The Young Nun
How the gale howls and rages in the trees!
The rafters rattle, the house shivers!
The thunder rolls, the lightning flashes,
The night is black as the tomb!

Not long ago, such a storm still raged
in me!
My life raged as now the gale,
my limbs trembled as now the house,
my love flamed as now the lightning,
my breast, within, was black as the tomb!

Now rage, wild and mighty storm!
In my heart is peace, and repose,
for her groom there waits a loving bride,
purified by testing fire,
wedded to eternal love.

I wait, my Saviour, with longing gaze!
Come, Heavenly Bridegroom, claim our bride,
deliver her soul from earthly prison.
Hark, the peaceful bell from the tower.
That sweet sound calls me
all-powerfully to eternal heights.
Hallelujah!

Auf dem Wasser zu singen [Text: Stolberg]
Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn;
Ach, auf der Freude sanftschimmernden Wellen
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen
Tanzt das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.

über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines
Winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein,
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines
Säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines
Atmet die Seel im errötenden Schein.

Ach, es entschwindet mit taurigem Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit.
Morgen entschwindet mit schimmerndem Flügel
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,
Bis ich auf höherem, strahlendem Flügel
Selber entschwinde der wescheidenden Zeit.

Fischerweiser [Text: Schlechta]
Den Fischer fechten Sorgen
Und Gram und Leid nicht an;
Er löst am frühen Morgen
Mit leichtem Sinn den Kahn.

Da lagert rings noch Friede
Auf Wald und Flur und Bach,
Er ruft mit seinem Liede
Die gold'ne Sonne wach.

Er singt zu seinem Werke
Aus voller frischer Brust,
Die Arbeit gibt ihn Stärke,
Die Stärke Lebenslust.

Bald wird ein bunt Gewimmel
In allen Tiefen laut
Und plätschert durch den Himmel,
Der sich im Wasser baut.

Doch wer ein Netz will stellen,
Braucht Augen klar und gut,
Muss heiter gleich den Wellen
Und frei sein wie die Flut.

Dort angelt auf der Brücke
Die Hirtin. Schlauer Wicht,
Entsage deiner Tücke,
Den Fisch betrügst du nicht.

To Be Sung On the Water
Amidst the shimmer of mirroring waves
swan-like glides the wavering skiff;
ah, on joy's gently shimmering waves
the soul goes gliding on like the skiff;
for from heaven onto the waves
the evening glow dances around the skiff.

Over the tops of the westerly wood,
friendly beckons the reddish gleam,
beneath the branches of the easterly wood,
the sweet-flag murmurs in the reddish gleam;
the joy of heaven, the peace of the wood
the sould inhales in the reddening gleam.

Alas, away on dewy wings
from me on the rocking waves flees time.
Tomorrow away on shimmering wings
as yesterday and today, time will flee,
until I upon loftier, radiant wings
myself shall flee the changing time.

Fisherman's Song
The fisherman no sorrow,
no pain, no grief assails;
at break of day he casts off
his boat with easy mind.

Peace still lies all around
in wood and field and stream,
but he, with his singing,
awakes the golden sun.

He sings, while he is working,
from full and lively breast,
his labors give him vigor,
his vigor -- zest for life.

And soon in motley fashion,
the depths will teem and sound,
and, splashing, break the heavens
that on the waters rest.

But whoever wants to set nets,
needs eyes both good and clear,
must be cheerful as the waves,
and free as is the tide.

There on the bridge is fishing
the shepherdess. Sly thing,
give up your trickery,
this fish you'll not take in.

Die Kinderstube

Mit der Njanja [Text: Mussorgsky]

Nun erzähl' mir, Urselchen,
O erzähl' mir, Herzelein,
Jene Mär vom Unhold Bösewicht:
Wie der Unhold durch die Wälder ging,
Wie der Unhold kleine Kinder fing
Und sie frass und benagte die Knöchelchen.
Und die Kinder, wie sie weinten, jammerten.

Urselchen!

Aber sag' mal wofür denn straft er sie
Sie beleidigten ihre Wärterin,
Sie gehorchten ihren Eltern nicht
Und der Unhold frass sie, Urselchen?

Oder hör mal

Du erzähl das Märchen von dem König lieber,
Der im Schlosse lebte an dem blauen Meere
Er ging lahm, war "Hinkepink" genannt;
Wo er stolpert ein Pilz schoss darauf.
Seine Königin war schnupfig stets;
Wie sie niest Scheiben klirrlala

Hör' mal, Urselchen,

Du erzähl das Märchen von dem Unhold nicht,
Lass den Unhold!
Nun erzähl mir lieber dies,
das Lustige!

Im Winkel

Seht mir den Wildfang!
Der Knäuel ist dort
Die Stricknadel fort, Herrgott!
Mein Strumpf ist nun hin!
Du hast ja das Tintenfass umgekippt!
Wart' nurl! Wart' nurl!
In den Winkel! Du Wildfang!

Ich bin doch gänzlich schuldlos, Urselchen

Wozu soll mir dein Strickzeug, Urselchen?
Die Nadeln nahm ich nicht, das Kätzchen tat's
Mit dem Knäuel spielt'ich, das Kätzchen tat's
Und Fritzele war mäuschenstill,
Fritzele hat nichts getan.
Wie böse ist die Wärterin!
Sie hat die Nase sich nicht ausgeschnaubt;
Fritz ist säuberlich und glattgekämmt,
Und bei jener sitzt die Haubeschiefe
Fritzchen muss nun in dem Winkelstehn,
Er ist nicht schuld und man straft ihn doch;
Und er wird sie nicht lieben,
die boshafte Wärterin; Horst du!

The Nursery

With Nursey

Come and tell me, Nursey dear,
that old tale you know so well,
of the wolf, that wicked dreadful wolf!
How he used to roam around the house,
how he carried children to the wood and
devoured them, not leaving a single bone,
and the children used to weep and cry for help...

Nursey dear!

Was the reason he ate them ev'ry bit,
'cause they would not do what their nurses said,
would not listen to their parents too,
so he ate those children, Nursey dear?

Wait a moment!

I would rather hear about the King and Queen,
who beside the sea dwelt in a lovely palace.
He was lame and hobbled as he walked,
when he stumbled down, up a mushroom camel
And the Queen had such a nasty cold;
and in sneezing cracked all the window pane!

Listen, Nursey dear,

I don't want to hear about the wolf again.
Let's forget him!
Let me hear the other, yes!
That funny tale!

In the Corner

My, but you're naughty!
You unrolled the yarn!
The needles are lost! Naughty!
All the loops are undone!
and ink is all over the stockings
Go now! Stand there!
in the corner! Bad Michael!

But I did really not do anything!

I did not touch the stockings or the yarn,
the kitten did it all, the kitty cat,
lost the needles, spilled ink and everything.
Your little boy has not been a naughty boy,
no, not at all.
But Nanna is a mean old thing;
and Nanna has a nasty dirty nose.
Michael's hair is brushed clean and neat:
Nanna's bonnet isn't neat at all!
Nanna was not fair to punish him,
and make him stand in the corner here.
Son now Michael does not love his
Nannie nurse any more. So there!

Der Käfer

Hör' mal, Grossmamal was ich sage,
aber höre doch!
Lange spielt'ich dort im Sande
vor der Laube, bei den Birken;
Baut' ein Häuschen aus den glatten weissen
Spänen

Die mir Mama gab,
dass ich was zum Spielen hätte
Fertig stand beinah das Häuschen,
Hatt' ein Dächlein, war ein echtes Häuschen
Bummel!

Fällt drauf ein Käfer, surrt so böse,
Ein schwarzer Käfer, gross und so dick,
Er rührt seine Hörner, fürchterlich
Und sieht mich immer an, so boshaft.
Und sieht mich immer an, so boshaft.
Wie erschreck ich da

Der Käfer surrt, lauter,
Spreizte seine Flügel und wollte mich beissen
Dann flog er auf und prallte an meine Schläfel
Ich duck mich nieder, Grossmama, blieb still
Und wag' mich kaum zu rühren!
Gucke nur sachte hin, was er nun macht?
Was seh ich?

Du glaubst nicht, Grossmama;
Dort im Sande unbeweglich
Liegt der Käfer auf dem Rücken
Und scheint nicht böse,
rührt nicht mehr die schwarzen Hörner,
Und surrtauch, gar nicht, nur die Flügel
zittern kaum.

Ist's Verstellung? Ist er gestorben?
Grossmama, sag' mir was hat der Käfer?
Was hat der Käfer?
Er stiess mich heftig und fiel zu Boden
Was ist ihm geschehen, dem Käfer?

Mit der Puppe

Tappi, schlaf, schlaf, Tappi, schlafe ein,
Schliess die müden Augelein
Tappi! Schlaf endlich!
Tappi, schlafe ein,
Liegst du jetzt nicht still,
Holt der Wold dich bald, frisst dich auf im Wald.
Tappi, schlafe ein
Alle deine Traüme wirst du mir erzählen;
Von jenem Lande,
Wo man ewig feiert,
Wo im grünen Laube
Reifen süsse Trauben,
Vögel buntgefiedert singen frohe Lieder!
Schlaf ein, schlaf ein, schlaf ein, Tappi.

The Beetle

Nannie! Nannie dear! See what happened
Oh, my Nannie dear!

I was playing in my sandbox by the arbor
in the beeches building houses,
building them from chips of maple
that my mother cut me,
she her very self had cut me.

When my house was really finished
with the roof on, with the roof on really,
then right on the gable,
a beetle sat, a big fat one!

O so black, O so fiercel
He wiggled his whiskers up and down,
and looked at me and scared me, O so!

O he scared me so!
He buzzed so loud, angry
in a rage he spread out his wings and
tried to grab me!
and up he flew and hit me upon my
forehead!

I kept my eyes shut, Nannie dear,
and sat, and hardly dared to whisper.
Then with one eye I peeped out just to look,
and really and truly, Nannie dear!
There the beetle lay all upside down with
both his little feet up,
no longer angry;
not a wiggle in his whiskers;
his wings were shaking, but he did not make
a sound.

Is he dead yet?
Is he just pretending?
What will he do now?
He tried to hit me,
and down he tumbled.
What will he do now? The beetle?

With the Doll

Dolly lullaby, Dolly lulla-by.
Go to sleep and close your eyes.
Dolly! sleep, Dolly.
Dolly, go to sleep,
if you are not good,
soon the wolf will come, take you
to the wood.
Dolly go to sleep, when you wake you'll
tell me
all that you were dreaming:
the magic island, where the sun is beaming
where is neither sowing, reaping, toil or mowing,
and the juicy pears, ripen golden gleaming.
Dolly, lullaby by-o-by, Dolly.

Abendgebet

Gott im Himmel, segne
Vater und Mutter
Und erhalt' auf Erden sie!
Gott im Himmel, segne
Bruder Heinele und Bruder Fritzelein.
Gott im Himmel, segne
Unsere Grossmama auch
Und gib ihr Gesundheit und erhalte sie,
Unsere Grossmama, unsere teuerste;
lieber Gott!
Lieber Gott, segne auch
Tante Fanny, Tante Helene,
Tante Lotte, Tante Mathilde,
Tante Klara, Tante Alice,
Luise, Renata und Eva;
Onkel Arthur und Onkel Eberhard,
Leonhard, Walter und Peter;
O, Gott Allmächtiger, behüte sie Alle
den Poldi,
den Rudi, den Moritz, den Willy;
die Grete, Käte, Trude, Thekelchen
Mutter, ach, Mutter! Wie heisst es weiter?
Du hast schon wieder es vergessen!
Zum letzten Male sag ich's
Gott im Himmel, segne nun auch mich,
Sünderin!
Gott im Himmel, segne nun auch mich, Sünderin!
So, Mütterchen?

Steckendpferdreiter

Hopp, hopp, hopp! Hopp, hopp!
Hei, mach Platz! Hopp! Heil Hei,
mach Platz! Hopp, hopp, hopp!
Hopp, hopp! Hopp, hopp, hopp! Hoppl, hoppl
Heil Hei, heil Hei, heil
Ta,ta,ta, etc. Ta,ta, etc.
Prrr! Halt! Willy, gut'Morgen!
Hör mal: Willst du heute spielen, Willy?
Ich hab'ne andere Leine jetzt:
Lang ist sie, stark ist sie, wunderschön!
Die wird sicher nicht reissen.
So komme also heute, Willy; aber
beizeiten! Holla, hopp! Hopp, hopp!
Adieu, Willy! Muss nach Jükki reiten
doch vor Abend noch kehr'ich heim zum Spielen
Wir gehn Alle,
Alle ja schon früh zu Bette
Also komme nur! Ta, ta, etc.
Heil Ta, ta, etc.
Mach Platz! Heil Hei, mach Platz! Hei, hei,
mach Platz! hei, hei! Gib mal acht!
Au! O, weh tut's! Mein Bein schmerzt!
O, weh tut's! Mein Bein schmerzt!

Evening Prayer

God, protect and bless them.
Father and mother.
God protect and bless them all.
Guard them Lord and bless them:
Brother Vassinka, brother Mishenka
God protect and bless her,
grandmother, well-belov-ed.
Long may she live, keep her well and care
for her,
good little grandmother, old little grand-
mother,
bless them all!
Bless my aunts, all of them,
Aunty Kitty, Aunty Natalie, Aunty Mary,
Aunty Parasha, Aunty Luba,
Barbara, Sasha, and Olga and Tanya and
Nadia;
Uncles Peter and Nicky, uncles Vladimir
and Grisha and Sasha. O bless them!
God protect my aunts and my uncles and
Philip and Johnny and Mitya and Peter
and Dasha, Pasha, Sophie, Duniushka,
Nannie, O Nannie, what is the ending?
"You naughty girl to have forgotten!
How often have I told you:
and to me a sinner, be, O Lord, mercifull"
and to me a sinner, be, O Lord, mercifull
So Nannie dear?

Hobby-horse rider

Hey, Hopp, hopp, hopp!
Hopp, hopp
Gee, go on, Hey! hey! Gee go on!
Hopp, hopp, hopp, hopp, hopp!
Hopp, hopp, hopp! hopp, hopp,
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, ta, etc.
Hey, ta, ta, etc. Get up! Whoa, stop!
Basil, O Basil!
Listen! Come and play with me
this evening.
Do not be too late!
Get up there! hopp!
Good-bye, Basil,
I am off to Jukki,
I'll be back tonight,
long before your bedtime.
Very early, I'll come back
again to Basil,
sharp at six o'clock.
Ta, ta, etc.
Hey! get up, hopp,
Hey, get up,
hey, hey, get up, hey, hey,

Steckendpferdreiter (continued)

Komm zu mir, mein liebster Herzensjunge!
Nun, lass das Weinen, 's vergeht, mein Kind.
Nu, hör mal, steh doch auf vom Sande, so, so,
mein Kind!
Schau mal hin, wie schön das aussieht!
Siehst du: im Busch, am Zaune?
O, sieht das Vöglein reizend aus!
Was für Federchen!
Siehst du? Und nun? Vorbei?
Aha! Was sagst du, Mutter? Es was zum Spass
nur, du Liebe Hör'mall!

Ruhe, meine Seele [Text: Henckell]

Nicht ein Lüftchen regt sich leise,
Sanft entschlummert ruht der Hain;
Durch der Blätter dunkle Hülle
Stiehlt sich lichter Sonnenschein.

Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele,
Deine Stürme gingen wild,
Hast getobt und hast gezittert,
Wie die Brandung, wenn sie schwillt.

Diese Zeiten sind gewaltig,
Bringen Herz und Hirn in Not --
Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele,
Und vergiss, was dich bedroht!

Einerlei [Text: Amin]

Ihr Mund ist stets derselbe,
sein Kuss mir immer neu,
ihr Auge noch dasselbe,
sein freier Blick mir treu;
O du liebes Einerlei,
wie wird aus dir so mancherlei!

Wiegenlied [Text: Dehmel]

Träume, Träume, du mein süßes Leben,
Von dem Himmel, der die Blumen bringt.
Blüten schimmern da, die leben
Von dem Lied, das deine Mutter singt.

Träume, träume, Knospe meiner Sorgen,
Von dem Tage, da die Blume spross;
Von dem hellen Blütenmorgen,
Da dein Seelchen sich der Welt erschloss.

Träume, träume, Blüte meiner Liebe,
Von der stillen, von der heil'gen Nacht,
Da die Blume seiner Liebe
Diese Welt zum Himmel mir gemacht.

Wir beide wollen springen [Text: Birbaum]

Es ging ein Wind durch's weite Land,
Drang Mund an Mund, blies Hand in Hand,
Und war als wie ein Singen.
Hat dich und mich zusammengeweht.
Und wenn er jetzt auch stille steht,
Wir beide wollen springen.

Hobby-horse rider (continued)

Oh look out! ouch!
Oh how my foot hurts me.
Darling boy, and does it really hurt so?
Now stop your crying, 'twill soon be well.
Stand up and see if still it hurts you.
All well again?
Can you see the pretty birdie?
See there behind the bushes?
Ah, what a pretty bird it is.
O how beautiful!
See it? And now, all well? all well!

Peace, my soul

Not a breath stirs,
the wood rests in gentle sleep;
through the leaves' dark veil
bright sunshine steals.

Peace, peace, my soul.

Wild have been your storms,
you have raged and quivered
like the swelling breakers.

These times are violent,
causing heart and mind distress --
peace, peace, my soul,
and forget what threatens you!

One and the same

Her mouth is the same always
its kiss is ever new,
still the same her eyes,
their frank gaze true to me;
O you sweet one-and-the-same,
the diversity that comes of you!

Cradle Song

Dream, my sweet life, dream
of heaven that brings flowers.
Blossoms gleam there which live
by the song your mother sings.

Dream, bud of my anxiety, dream
of the day the flower sprouted;
of that bright blossom morning
when your soul opened to the world.

Dream, blossom of my love, dream
of that silent, that holy night,
when the flower of his love
made this world heaven for me.

We both feel like skipping

A wind passed through the breadth of the land,
pressed lips to lips, blew hand in hand,
and was like singing.
It wafted you and me together.
And through it now has stopped,
we both feel like skipping.

Zueignung [Text: Gilm]

Ja, du weisst es, teure Seele,
dass ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
habe Dank.

Einst heilt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
hoch den Amethysten-Becher
und du segnetest den Trank,
habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
habe Dank!

Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair
I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Borne like a vapor, on the summer's air;
I see her tripping where the bright streams play,
Happy as the days that dance on her way.
Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour,
Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er;
I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair.
Floating like a vapor on the soft summer's air.

I long for Jeanie with the day-dawn smile,
Radiant in gladness, warm with winning guile.
I hear her melodies like joys gone by.
Sighing like the night wind and sobbing like the rain.
Wailing for the lost one that comes not again;
I long for Jeanie and my heart bows low.
Never more to find her where the bright waters flow.

If You've Only Got a Moustache
Oh! all of you poor single men,
Don't ever give up in despair,
For there's always a chance while
there's life
To capture the hearts of the fair.
No matter what may be your age,
You always may cut a fine dash
You will suit all the girls to a hair
If you've only got a moustache!

Your head may be thick as a block,
And empty as any football,
Oh, your eyes may be green as the grass,
Your heart just as hard as a wall.
Yet take the advice that I give,
You'll soon gain affection and cash,
And will be all the rage with the girls.
If you've only got a moustache!

Dedication

Yes, dear soul, you know,
away from you I'm in torment,
love makes hearts sick,
have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom,
held high the amethyst goblet
and you blessed that draught,
have thanks.

And you drove our from it the evil ones,
till I, as never before,
holy, sank holy upon your heart,
have thanks!

If You've Only Got a Moustache (continued)

He once was in sorrow and tears
Because he was jilted you know.
So right down to the river he ran,
To quickly dispose of his woe.
A good friend she gave him advise
And timely prevented the splash.
Now at home he has a wife and the heirs,
And all through a handsome moustache!

Open Thy Lattice, Love
Open thy lattice, love, listen to me!
The cool, balmy breeze is abroad on the sea!
The moon, like a queen, roams her realms of blue,
And the stars keep their vigils in heaven for you.

Ere morn's gushing light tips the hills with its ray,
Away o'er the waters away and away!
Then open thy lattice, love, listen to me!
While the moon's in the sky and breeze on the sea!

The Shanghai Chicken

De Shanghai chicken when you put him in de pit
He'll eat a loaf of bread up, but he can't fight a bit.
De Shanghai fiddle is a funny little thing
And ebry time you tune him up he goes ching ching.

Oh! de Shanghai,
Don't bet your money on de Shanghai.
Bake de little chick in de middle ob de ring
But don't bet your money on de Shanghai.

I go to de fair for to see the funny fowls,
De dubble headed pigeon and de one-eyed owls;
De old lame goose wid no web between the toes.
He kills himself a laughing when the Shanghai crows.

Shanghai Chicken (continued)

De Shanghai's tall but his appetite is small
He'll only swallow every thing that he can over
haul;

Four bags of wheat just as certain as you're born
A bushel of potatoes and a tub full of corn.

La regata veneziana

Anzoleta avanti la regata
Là su la machina xe la bandiera,
varda, la vendistu, vala a ciapar.
Co quella tornime in qua sta sera,
o put a sconderte ti pol andar,
In pope Momolo, no te incantar.

Va voga d'anema la gondoleta,
né il primo premio to pol mancar.
Va là, recordite la to Anzoleta
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.
In pope, Momolo, cori a svolar!

Anzoleta co' passa la regata

I xe qua, i xe qua, vardeli, vardeli,
povereli i ghe da drento,
ah contrario tira el vento,
i gha l'acqua in so favor.

El mio Momolo dov'elo?

Ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.
IAh! che smanial me confondo,
a tremar me sento el cuor.

Su coragio, voga, voga,
prima d'esser al paletto
se ti voghi, ghe scometo,
tutti indrio ti lassarà.

Caro caro, par che el svola,
el il magna tuti quanti,
meza barca l'è andà avanti,
ah capisso, el m'a varda.

Anzoleta dopo la regata

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,
caro Momolo, de cuor;
qua destrachite che xe ora
de sugarte sto sudor.

Ah t'ò visto co passando
su mi l'ocio ti a butà
e go dito respirando:
un bel premio el ciaparà.

The Viennese Regatta

Three songs in the Venetian dialect
Over there the flag is flying,
look, you can see it, now go for it.
Bring it back to me this evening
or run away and hide.
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't start gawping!

Row the gondola with heart and soul,
then you cannot help being first.
Go on, think of your Angelina
watching you from this harbour.
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't start gawping!
Once in the boat, Momolo, go with the wind

They're coming, they're coming, look at them,
the poor things, they're nearly all in;
ah, the wind's against them
but the tide's running their way.

My Momolo, where is He?

Ah, I see him, in second place.
Ah! the excitement's too much for me,
my heart's racing like mad.

Come on, keep it up, row, row,
you must be first to the finish,
if you keep on rowing, I'll lay a bet
you'll leave all the others behind.

Dear boy, he's almost flying,
he's beating the others hollow
he's gone half a length ahead.
ah, now I understand: he's seen me.

Here's a kiss for you, and another,
darling Momolo, from my heart;
now relax, because I must
dry the sweat from your body.

Ah, I saw you, as you passed,
throwing a glance at me,
and I said, breathing again:
he's going to win a good prize.

Anzoleta dopo la regata (continued)

si un bel premio in sta bandiera,
che xe rossa de color;
gha parlà Venezia intiera,
la t'a dito vincitor.

Ciapa un baso, benedeto,
a vogar nissun te pol,
de casada de tragheto
ti xe el megio barcarol.

Indeed, the prize of this flag
the red one;
all Venice is talking about you,
they have declared you the victor.

Here's a kiss, God bless you,
no one rows better than you,
of all the breed of watermen,
you are the best gondolier.

Program Notes

Edith Wiens sings regularly with the world's top orchestras and conductors, and has given recitals in Paris, Vienna, Milan, Florence, Amsterdam, Munich, Moscow, Buenos Aires, New York and Montreal. Last season her North American engagements included appearances with the New York Philharmonic and the Montreal Symphony, as well as the Brahms German Requiem with the Chicago Symphony under Daniel Barenboim. In Europe she sang *Les Nuits d'été* in London under Sir Colin Davis, and Mendelssohn's *Paulus* on tour with Kurt Masur. She also toured Japan in Mahler's Fourth Symphony with the *Orchestre de la Suisse Romande* under Armin Jordan.

This season she is singing recitals in Vienna's *Musikverein*, and will return there in the June 'Festwochen' to sing the *Berg Altenberg Lieder*. A tour of Haydn's *Creation* takes Miss Wiens to Brussels and London. Again, with Kurt Masur, she will sing the Brahms German Requiem in Leipzig with the *Gewandhaus Orchestra*. On the operatic stage she has sung *Donna Anna* at Glyndebourne and in Amsterdam, the *Countess (Figaro)* in Buenos Aires, *Illia* in Japan, and the *First Lady (The Magic Flute)* at La Scala. This season's addition is the role of *Marzelline* in *Fidelio*.

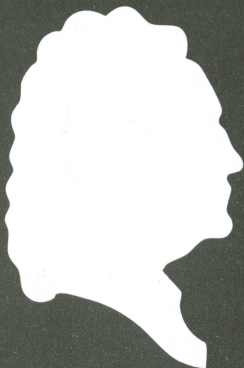
Her recordings include *Peer Gynt*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* with the *Gewandhaus Orchestra* and Masur; Schumann's *Paradies und die Peri* (Grammy 1991) and Mahler's Fourth Symphony under Sir Neville Marriner; and Mozart's *Mass in C Minor* with the London Philharmonic. She has also recorded two *Lieder* albums of Schubert and Schumann, which received excellent critical acclaim.

Pianist Rudolf Jansen was born in Arnhem, the Netherlands. He completed his studies at the Amsterdam Conservatory in 1966 and received the "Prix d'Excellence." He now holds a professorship at the same conservatory. Mr Jansen has specialized more and more in the art of accompaniment. He has given concerts throughout the world with many of today's most distinguished artists, including Elly Ameling, Irina Arhipova, Olaf Baer, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Robert Holl, Tom Krause, Jean-Pierre Rampal, John Shirley-Quirk, Peter Schreier and Edith Wiens. He is a featured artist on many chamber music and *lieder* recordings, and is also much sought after for his masterclasses. Rudolf Jansen has recorded for CBS, DGG, Erato, EMI and Phillips.

Edith Wiens and Rudolf Jansen
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