

# In Recital

## **Marijke Roos, piano**

Candidate for the Master of Music degree  
in Applied Music

with

**Kathleen Lotz, soprano**

**Tatiana Warszynski, violin**

**George Andrix, viola**

**Josephien van Lier, cello**

**Wednesday, April 3, 1996 at 8:00 pm**

**Convocation Hall, Arts Building**



**Department of Music  
University of Alberta**



## Program

- Fussreise (1888)  
(Mörrike) Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)
- Verborgtheit (1888)  
(Mörrike)
- Nixe Binsefuss (1888)  
(Mörrike)
- Wiegenlied (im Sommer) (1882)  
(Reinick)
- Er Ist's (1888)  
(Mörrike)
- 
- Ruhe, meine Seele!, Op. 27, No. 1 (1894)  
(Henckell) Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)
- Schlechtes Wetter, Op., 69, No. 5 (1918)  
(Heine)
- Morgen, Op.27, No. 4 (1894)  
(John Henry Mackay)
- Ständchen, Op. 17, No. 2 (1885)  
(Adolf Friedrich Graf von Schack)
- Hat gesagt - bleibt's nicht dabei, Op. 36, No. 3 (1898)  
from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn"  
compiled by Clemens Brentano and Achim von Arnim

## Intermission

- Piano Quartet in G Minor, Op. 25 (1861) Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)
- I Allegro
- II Intermezzo. Allegro, ma non troppo - Trio Animato
- III Andante con moto
- IV Rondo alla Zingarese

## Translations

### Fussreise/A Walk

When with a freshly-cut walking staff,  
In the early morning hours,  
I walk through the woods,  
Uphill and down;  
And a little bird in the branches  
Sings and bestirs itself,  
Or the golden grape  
Is rejoicing  
In the first rays of the sun:  
Then the old dear Adam in me feels also  
The spring and autumn fever,  
Cherished by the Lord,  
Never to be wasted,  
The first joys of Paradise.  
After all, you are not as bad,  
Old Adam,  
As the stern teachers say;  
You still love and cherish,  
Still sing and praise,  
As on an ever new day of creation,  
Your beloved Creator and Protector.  
I wish it were so,  
That my whole life were spent  
In the easy toil of wandering,  
As on this morning walk!

### Verborgtheit/Concealment

Let, o world, o let me be!  
Tempt me not with charitable gifts,  
Let this heart, in solitude, feel  
Its joy, its pain!  
I do not know the cause of this sadness,  
It is indefinable pain;  
Yet, constantly through my tears I see  
The friendly rays of sunshine  
Often I am barely conscious  
When the bright joy breaks  
Through the darkness, and wondrously  
Lightens my heart

### Nixe Binsefuss/The Water-Nymph

The daughter of the water-spirit  
Dances on the ice in the light of the full moon,  
She sings and laughs fearlessly  
As she passes the fisherman's house,  
"I am the maiden Binsefuss\*  
And must watch over my fishes.  
My fishes are in a container  
They are fasting in the cold;  
Their container is of Bohemian glass.  
There I count them regularly.  
Hey fisherman! Hey, old simpleton,  
Don't you like the wintertime?  
Come to me with your nets!  
I'll rip them to shreds!  
True, your daughter is gentle and good,  
Her sweetheart is a fine huntsman.  
So I'll hang for her, as a wedding bouquet  
A wreath of rushes in front of the house,  
And a perch of heavy silver;  
A heritage from King Arthur,  
A dwarf goldsmith's masterpiece.  
To the one who owns it, it brings good luck:  
It can be stripped of its scales every year.  
That brings in five hundred grochen in cash.  
Farewell my child, farewell for now!  
The cock in the village is crowing.  
\*Literally, "foot of rushes"

### Wiegenlied (im Sommer)/Cradle Song (in summer)

The golden day is dying, the sun sinks in the  
west,  
My babe in the cot is lying, the birds have  
sought their nest;  
One tiny bird among them all in forest glad  
doth softly call:  
"Good night, good night, sweet baby,  
now good night!"

I sit and rock the cradle, the clock goes ticky  
tack;  
The bees all honey laden, return on homeward  
track.



**Wiegenlied (im Sommer)/Cradle Song (in summer) (continued)**

When hov'ring round the blossoms near, what  
did ye buzz in baby's ear?  
"Good night, good night, sweet baby,  
now good night!"

**Er Ist's/Spring is Here!**

Spring lets its blue ribbon  
Flutter once again in the breeze;  
Sweet, well-remembered scents  
Pervade the land with promise.

Violets are already budding,  
They will soon appear.  
Hear in the distance the soft sound of a harp!  
Spring, indeed it is you!  
I have sensed you!

**Ruhe, meine Seele!/Rest, My Soul!**

Not a breeze gently stirs;  
Fallen into gentle slumber, the grove reposes;  
Through the dark covering of the leaves  
Bright sunshine steals.

Rest, rest, my soul,  
Your storms passed wildly,  
You have raged and you have trembled,  
Like the surf when it swells.

These times are powerful,  
They distress heart and brain -  
Rest, rest, my soul;  
And forget what threatens you!

**Schlechtes Wetter/Foul Weather**

This really is foul weather;  
It's raining and blowing and snowing.  
I sit at the window and look  
Out into the darkness.

One solitary light glimmers there.  
And wanders slowly along;  
A mamma with her lantern  
Hobbles across the street there.

**Schlechtes Wetter/Foul Weather (continued)**

I fancy it's flour and eggs  
And butter she's buying;  
She wants to bake a cake  
For her big daughter.

Who's lying at home in the armchair  
And blinking sleepily at the light;  
Whose golden hair is tumbling  
Over her sweet face.

**Morgen/Tomorrow**

And tomorrow the sun will shine again  
And on the path that I shall follow  
It will reunite us, fortunate ones,  
In the midst of this sunshine-breathing earth  
And to the beach, wide and blue with waves,  
We shall descend, silently and slowly;  
Mutely we shall look into each other's eyes,  
And the mute silence of happiness shall  
descend upon us...

**Ständchen/Serenade**

Open the door, open the door, but quietly,  
my dear,  
So as not to awaken anyone from slumber.  
The brook barely murmurs, barely does a leaf  
On the bushes and hedges tremble in the wind.  
And so, quietly, my darling, so that no one  
stirs,  
Just place your hand gently on the handle.

With steps as light as the steps with which  
elves  
Hop over the flowers,  
Fly softly out into the moonlit night,  
To slip into the garden and meet me.  
All round, the blossoms slumber by the  
babbling brook  
And emit fragrance in their sleep; only love is  
awake.

Sit down, there is a mysterious half-light here  
Under the lime trees;

## Translations (continued)

### Ständchen/Serenade (continued)

The nightingale above our head shall dream  
about our kisses,  
And the rose, when it awakes in the morning  
shall glow brightly from the night's shudders  
of ecstasy.

### Hat gesagt - bleibt's nicht dabei/He Said So, But That Won't Be the End of It

My father said I should rock the baby,  
He'd boil three hen's eggs for me in the  
evening;  
If he boils three for me,  
He'll eat two on me,  
And I don't want to rock the baby for a single  
egg.

My mother said I should tattle on the girls,  
She'd roast three birds for me in the evening;  
If she roast three for me,  
She'll eat two on me,  
And I won't be a tattler for a single bird.

My sweetheart said I should think of him,  
He'd give me three kisses in the evening;  
If he gives me three,  
That won't be the end of it,  
What do I care about the bird, what's the egg  
to me?

**Upcoming Events:**

**Wednesday, April 10 at 12:00 noon**  
Convocation Hall  
Free admission

**Wednesday, April 10 at 8:00 pm**  
Convocation Hall  
Admission: \$5/adult, \$3/student/senior

**Monday, April 15 at 8:00 pm**  
Convocation Hall  
Free admission

**Tues. & Wed., Apr. 16 & 17 at 8:00 pm**  
Timms Centre  
Admission: \$10/adult, \$5/student/senior

**Saturday, April 27 at 8:00 pm**  
Convocation Hall  
Admission: \$10/adult, \$5/student/senior

**Noon-Hour Organ Recital: *Mixtures II*.** A broad variety of solo organ works featuring students at the University of Alberta.

**The University of Alberta Jazz Bands I & II.** Raymond Baril and Tom Dust, directors. *An Evening of Big Band Jazz.*

**Master of Music Recital: Allan Gilliland, composition.** A program of recent works featuring Pro Coro Canada, Hammerhead Consort and the University of Alberta Symphonic Ensemble.

*Music at Convocation Hall Series:* Composers' Concert featuring works by Howard Bashaw and Malcolm Forsyth. Lecturers: Howard Bashaw, Malcolm Forsyth and John Charles. Guest Host: John Charles, Critic, Edmonton Sun.

**Celebrating Young Artists!**  
Featuring some of our finest students in recital.

**Please note:** All concerts and events are subject to change without notice. Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).



