

In Recital

Milton Schlosser, piano

Candidate for the Doctor of Music degree

with

Kathleen Lotz, soprano

and

Tanya Prochazka (Faculty), cello

Thursday, April 20, 1995 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Norsk Musikk
A Recital of Music by Norwegian Composer
Edvard Grieg
(1843-1907)

Haugtussa, Op. 67 (1898)

Det syng
Veslemøy
Blåbaeri-li
Møte
Elsk
Killingdans
Vond dag
Ved gjaetle-bekken

Digte, Op. 60 (1894)

Liden Kirsten
Moderen synger
Mens jeg venter
Der skreg en fugl
Og jeg vil ha mig en hjertenskjaer

Intermission

Sonata for Cello and Piano, Op. 36 (1883)

Allegro agitato
Andante molto tranquillo
Allegro; allegro molto e marcato

Translations

The Mountain Maid: Song Cycle from Arne Garborg's "Haugtussa," Opus 67

Translations by Rolf Stang

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Det syng/The Enticement

Just knowing the dream, just knowing the song,
the tune will hold fast in your mem'ry;
seductively beckoning all the day long,
its sounds echo deep in each rev'rie.
Bewitch'd by your spell, with me you must dwell;
your spinning wheel tread in the misty Blue-Fell!

You never shall fear the soft gentle night,
when dreams soar aloft on stretch'd wings
in transport beyond day's aura so bright,
'midst sounds borne on sighing, hush'd strings.
The slopes yield to sleep, peace reigns on each
steep,
as day's strife gives way to contentment so deep.

You never shall fear the chance wildness of love,
forgetful and false in its wooing;
it conquers with fire or tames meek as a dove;
the bear's fierce anger subduing.
Bewitch'd by your spell, with me you shall dwell;
your silver thread spin in the misty Blue-Fell!

Veslemøy/The Young Maiden

She is lovely,
so lissome, so lithe,
her dark features finely drawn,
with deepset, silv'ry grey eyes,
her manner impassive and calm.
There hovers an air round her head
of a dream-like fragility;
each gesture, each word that is said,
she imbues with tranquility.

Neath her brow, low and strikingly fair,
bright eyes shine though as through a veil,
as if gazing afar through that stare
to regions beyond this pale.

But, her breathing, so halting reveals
the slight tremor around her mouth,
yet her fears and the frailness she feels
are conceal'd by her glow, her youth.

Blåbær-li/Blueberry Slope

Ah! look, how this field's abloom!
Let's stop to rest here, my Bossie!
We may help ourselves I presume;
just eat, so your coat grows glossy!
Such berries! I've ne'er seen the like!
The slope their blue-hue they lend.
I've hunger, too, from our hike;
we'll stay and feast 'til day's end!

But, what if the bear should come?
There need must be room here for two.
With him here, my voice would fall dumb;
that scamper's provok'd with a "boo".
I might say: "Please, help yourself!
My goodness, now don't be shy!
It's you first, (I'll wait myself;)
you own what's under the sky!"

But were it the sly, red fox,
he'd soon taste the sting of my handstaff,
I'd chase him to give him sharp knocks,
were he kin to the Pope,
this riff-raff!
This loathsome, sneaky red lout!
He steals both our sheep and lambs.
His elegant looks, there's no doubt,
mask his cruel treach'ry and shams.

But, were it the wolf, we dread,
as false as our bailiff, the mean brute,
a birch-club I'd strike at his head
and pray that I'd break his unclean snoot.
The ewes and their newborns succumb;
poor mother's lost much of her flock.
I swear! if he only should come,
my blows the wretch would be mock.

But, were it that splendid boy,
the one from yon' brushwood clearing,
once more a big smack I'd deploy,
but this time, one quite endearing!

What thoughts! my word, how absurd...
my fantasy always at fault!
I must go tend to my herd;
dear Bossie's dreaming of salt.

Môte - The Tryst

A Sunday morn', she waits up on the hill,
each longing thought aglow with sweet emotion,
each heartbeat fill'd with tender, new devotion;
love's dream awakens, tremulous and still.
A shimm'ring glow the hill, then,

Môte – The Tryst (continued)

seems to cover; she flush'd with joy;
he's come, her handsome lover!

Though, now he's there, she yearns to faint away,
but stops entranc'd and turns her eyes in greeting;
they both reach out, their warm hands firmly
meeting,
and thus they stand, not knowing what to say.
These graceless words burst forth, yet him en'thrall:
"But, tell me, oh! When did you grow so tall?"

As daylight yields to evening's mild embrace,
each slowly drawn towards the other's presence,
their arms entwine in silent acquiescence,
their lips with trembling ardour meet; hearts enlace.
Cares slip away. Night shielding them from harm;
she sleeps content now, cradled in his arm!

Elsk/Love

That boy's a rogue, yet my heart he's captur'd,
a bird ensnar'd, I'm a bird enraptur'd;
that roguish boy goes his own proud way,
he knows this bird ne'er from him will stray.

Oh, would you'd bind me with braid and twining,
with burning knots to allay my pining.
Oh, would you drew me so close, so tight,
my soul set free could take flight, take flight.
If I knew magic to conjure troll-spells,
I'd grow inside you, there where your soul dwells,
I'd grow inside you, beneath your skin,
be with you only, your heart within.
It's I who carry you in my heart now,
you hold my mind in full pow'r and part now;
the slightest impulse, each thought, the same,
they whisper solely your name, your name.

As cloudless skies let the radiant sun through,
my only thought this: it shines upon you!
When dusk descends and day dims its light,
ill he be thinking of me tonight?
Will he be thinking of me tonight?

Killingdans/Kidlings' Dance

Oh hip, oh hop, turn and spin,
old top, on this wonderful day;
oh, nip and knock,
as you stomp and sock,
in this spirited fray.
Oh, now here's Run-in-the-Sun,
oh, now here's Fun-in-the-Sun,
oh, now here's Dance-in-the-Lea,
and there's Sir Prance-in-the-Lea;

Killingdans/Kidlings' Dance (continued)

a time so jolly, for carefree folly
this bright, sunny day.

Oh, nudge his neck,
take a plunge and peck,
butt him off his toes;
Oh, crack the whip,
as you trot and flip;
he'll land on his nose.
Oh, now there's Lick-in-the-Sun,
oh, now there's Kick-in-the-Sun,
oh, now there's Play-in-the-Lea,
and here's Miss Bray-in-the-Lea;
time now for silence;
no more deny, thence,
this nook its repose!

So, ends the lull;
hear that cracking skull,
now take that, ha, ha, ha!
So, prod and push,
smartly smack his puss,
now get yours, baa, baa, baa!
Oh, now they roll in a ring,
oh, now they sway and they swing,
oh, now they perch: tippy-toe,
oops, now they lurch domino;
again, it's oops, ah,
and then it's whoops, ah,
then just: tra la la!

Vond Dag/Hurtful Day

She mark'd the days, the hours,
each eve', as well,
till Sunday came;
he promis'd and did tell her;
should hailstones pour down
o'er the slopes pellmell;
still, would they meet there in the goatherd's
shelter.

But, Sunday came and pass'd, all mist and rain;
in tears, behind a bush, she 'waited him in vain.
Like to a bird with broken, bleeding wing,
tears flow, like drops of blood to vent her sorrow,
she seeks her bed to ease the sick'ning sting;
yet, tosses nightlong, sleepless till the morrow,
Hot tears again stream down, her cheeks to sear.
Now must she die; she's lost her love so dear.

Ved Gjøtø-Bekken/At the Brook

You soft swirling brook,
you soft purling brook,
you lie here contented,
so warm and clear.

You splash yourself clean:
a sparkling, bright sheen,
and murmur'ring, you stream
over rock crowns that gleam.
In sunlight, your soft, glowing
shimmer brings cheer.
Oh, here let me rest now!

You mild splashing brook,
you wild splashing brook,
through sun brighten'd slopes,
course your happy way!
Your dim, babbling sounds,
hum click, clack in rounds,
neath high arching leaves,
they their melodies weave,
where long, drowsy shadows
and coolness hold sway.
The air sets me dreaming.

You shimmering brook,
you glimmering brook,
snug in your bed neath the moss banks,
you sing.

As day dreams fleet by,
and musing you sigh,
your whisp'rings increase
in this vast utter peace,
a balm for all heartache,
oh, soothe this yearning!
It's here I'll remember.
Oh, quickening brook,
oh, flickering brook,
what thoughts on your way
do you thus intone,
as through open space
through bright fields you race,
lost in deep terrain,
to appear again?
Have ever you seen one as I, so alone?
Ah, here I'll forget now.

Ved Gjøtø-Bekken/At the Brook (continued)

You light tripping brook,
you bright tripping brook,
you dawdle and play
in the grove on your way.
And smile t'wards the sun,
and chirp as you run,
and laugh in the shade,
as you dart through the glade.
No song sing of me,
my poor thoughts to betray!
Oh, let me now slumber!

Five Songs by Vilhelm Krag, Opus 60

Translations by W. H. Halverson

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Liden Kirsten/Little Kirsten

Little Kirsten sat late one evening,
while cuckoos moan'd in the forest green.
And she humm'd while sitting there weaving
a veil of the loveliest sheen.
Little Kirsten, she sat by the window
and gaz'd at her ring of gold,
smil'd, face glowing with wonderment,
imagining joys untold.

Little Kirsten, clad in her handwoven garb,
reclin'd her head in her arms.
The air grew fragrant as Kirsten
dream'd of her lover's sweet charms.
Little Kirsten loosen'd her golden braids and
went to bed close on midnight.
Little Kirsten folded her slender hands
while cuckoos moan'd in the moonlight.

Moderen synger/The Mother's Lament

Gretchen lies in her coffin
deep in the frozen earth;
on her head is a bonnet
once worn in days of mirth.

Laid in a coal black coffin,
Gretchen so pure, so proud;
tiny hands now gently folded
over the linen shroud.

Lonely I sit in the darkness,
hearing the tempests that rave,
crushing all the fair flowers
on little Getchen's grave.

Mens jeg venter/On the Water

Seagulls soaring,
earth's fetters mocking,
sun like fire!

Wild ducks displaying
their golden stockings,
fine attire!

Row, row across the bay,
ev'ry care let us cast away,
see the trees gently swaying,
hey, ho heying.

Loose your braids
and remove your bonnet,
darling mine.
Then we will dance
and I'll sing a sonnet,
stars will shine.

Wait, wait!
Midsummer day at the church
we our vows will say,
fiddles soon will be playing,
hey, ho heying,

Rock me, rock me,
O waters rolling,
rock awhile.
Soon my beloved with me
will be strolling down the aisle.

Rock, rock,
to dream, to sleep,
my true love is mine to keep,
hear the fiddles' sweet playing!
Hey, ho heying.

Der skreg en Fugl/A Bird Cried Out

A bird cried out on the endless sea,
wild and lonely;
forlornly sounding its mournful cry,
wearily flapping, on, on it did fly,
winging t'wards dim horizons,
ver the sea.

Og jeg vil ha mig en Hjertenskjær/Midsummer Eve

O, I will get me a vest of silk,
yes, sir! a vest of silk,
and then a horse that's as white as milk,
prancing and white as milk.
And I must get me a stirrup too,
yes, sir! a stirrup too,
and a velvet shirt with fine buttons of blue,
a shirt with fine buttons of blue,
A heron's feather I'll wear in my hat,
yes, sir! in my bright red hat!
Ah, what a midsummer evening that,
midsummer evening that!

And I will get me a maiden bright,
yes, sir! a maiden bright.
And waving my hat with a royal air,
I'll lift to my saddle that maiden fair,
and ride o'er the meadow
with never a care,
that midsummer silv'ry night.

Program Notes

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907) is the most prominent Norwegian composer of the late nineteenth century, a period often designated as "nationalist-Romantic." Although initially trained at the Leipzig Conservatory in Germany, Grieg was to develop a compositional style which reflected the melodies, harmonies, and rhythms of Norwegian folksongs and dances. His activities as composer, conductor, pianist, and writer earned him numerous distinctions during his lifetime, including honorary doctorates from Cambridge and Oxford and membership in the Institut de France.

Music critics consider the song cycle *Haugtussa* to be one of Grieg's finest compositions. The lyrics are selections taken from the poem cycle of the same title written by Arne Garborg (1851-1924). Garborg - teacher, journalist, writer, linguist - was an enthusiast of the Norwegian dialect *landsmål*. Garborg's *Haugtussa*, with its descriptions of nature and country life, prompted Grieg to suggest while reading it that "... the music is really already composed. One just needs to write it down." And with reference to *landsmål*, Grieg characterized it as "a world of unborn music."

The theme of *Haugtussa* (*The Mountain Maid*) is that of unrequited love. The central character is Velsemøy, a *seter* - girl who lives at home during the autumn and winter and moves to the mountain pastures with her herds during the spring and summer. She is considered to be strange by those in her community, as she is clairvoyant and is able to see spirits, including trolls. The complexity of her character is confirmed in the eight poems which Grieg chooses from the Garborg collection; she ranges from ecstasy to desolation, with humour interspersed. Of interest is that, as opposed to Franz Schubert's song cycle *Die schöne Müllerin* (which also ends with a song by a brook), *Haugtussa* purports to articulate a female point of view.

Vilhelm Krag (1871-1933) was born in Kristiansand and is known for his poems, novels, and plays. Grieg chose five of Krag's poems for the opus 60 collection of songs. Relatively short in duration, Grieg's Opus 60 exhibits a wealth of musical materials, both vocally and pianistically. In *Liden Kirsten*, the piano accompaniment imitates the call of the cuckoo and suggests the gentle movement of the loom as Kirsten weaves her bridal linen. The tragic resignation of a mother singing at the death of her child in *Moderen synger* is contrasted with the happy sounds of summer as found in *Mens jeg venter* (fragments of two Norwegian children's songs are sung by the vocalist). The piano prelude and postlude in *Der skreg en fugl* contain the most explicit portrayal of nature in all of Grieg's songs, being Grieg's own transcription of a sea-gull's cry heard in the Hardanger fjord. In the final song, Grieg constructs a soundscape replete with musical surprises and heightening intensity to reflect the intention of finding, if not seducing, "a maiden bright."

The *Cello Sonata* was written for the composer's brother, John. While the composer himself was critical of the composition (he felt it recycled too many ideas from his previous works), others were far more favourable in their reviews. Indeed, today the sonata is in the standard repertoire of cellists. The work exploits the full range of the cello and maximizes interplay between the cello and piano. From the outset of the first movement, melodic and rhythmic elements are used by Grieg to create drama and passion. The second movement, gentle and lyrical, is followed by the extensive third movement which is characterized by the lively rhythm of the Norwegian *halling* dance.

The Department of Music is pleased to announce the following information regarding the upcoming semester. The department is committed to providing a high-quality education in music and to fostering a love of music in all our students. We will be offering a variety of courses and activities throughout the year. Please contact the department office for more information.

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