

School of Music
Faculty of Fine Arts
University of Victoria



**University
of Victoria**
School of
Music

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UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA • SCHOOL OF MUSIC

ORION SERIES IN FINE ARTS

presents

Krisztina Szabó

Mezzo-soprano

&

Arthur Rowe

Piano

Sunday, November 27, 2016 • 2:30 p.m.

Phillip T. Young Recital Hall

MacLaurin Building, University of Victoria

Free admission

finearts.uvic.ca/music

PROGRAM

Zigeunerlieder

He! Zigeuner

Hochgetürmte Rimaflut, wie bist so trüb

Wisst ihr, wann mein Liebster am besten mir gefällt?

Lieber Gott du weisst, wie oft in stiller Nacht

Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze

Röslein dreie in der Reihe blühen so roth

Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn, mein süßes Lieb

Rote Abendwolken ziehn am Firmament

J. Brahms
(1833–1897)

Az hól én elmegyek

A rossz feleség

Kitrákotty mese

Magas kösziklának

Z. Kodály
(1882–1967)

INTERMISSION

*Beverages and snacks available at the
concession located in the lounge.*

Siete Canciones Populares Españolas

El paño moruno

Seguidilla murciana

Asturiana

Jota

Nana

Canción

Polo

Manuel de Falla
(1876–1946)

Countess Maritza:

Luck is a Golden Dream

E. Kálmán
(1882–1953)

Giuditta:

Meine Lippen sie Küssen so Heiß

F. Lehár
(1870–1948)

Carmen:

Habañera

Seguidilla

G. Bizet
(1838–1875)

TRANSLATIONS

Brahms: *Zigeunerlieder*

Translations by Martha Gerhart

1.

Hey, gypsy, strike up on the strings!
Play the song of the unfaithful girl!
Let the strings weep and wail, sadly anxious,
Until the hot tears moisten this cheek!

2.

High flooding Rima tide, how turbid you are!
On the bank, I cry out loud for you, my love!

Waves are fleeing, waves are rushing,
Roaring up to the shore to me.
On the bank of the Rima let me
Forever weep for her!

3.

Do you know when my dear little child is loveliest of all?
When her sweet little mouth jokes and laughs and kisses.
Little girl, you are mine; fervently I kiss you.
Kind heaven created you only just for me!

Do you know when I like my lover best of all?
When he holds me closely entwined in his arms.
Sweetheart, you are mine; fervently I kiss you.
Kind heaven created you only just for me!

4.

Dear God, you know how often I have regretted
that I once gave my beloved a little kiss.
My heart bid that I must kiss him;
I shall remember, as long as I live, that first. Kiss.

Dear God, you know how often in the still of night
I have, in pleasure and pain, thought of my darling.
Love is sweet, though bitter also is remorse.
My poor heart will remain forever; ever true to him.

5.

A swarthy lad leads to the dance his blue-eyed, beautiful dear one.
As he boldly clicks his spurs, a Czardas melody begins.
He kisses and caresses his sweet little dove,
whirls her; leads her; shouts and leaps, and throws three shiny silver guilders
on the cimbalom, so that it resounds.

6.

Three little roses in a row are blooming so red.
For the lad to go visit his girl there is no forbidding!
Dear God, if that were forbidden,
the beautiful wide world would have ceased to exist long ago.
Were it a sin to remain single!

The loveliest town in Alföld is Kecskemét;
there, there are a good many trim, nice girls.
Friends, choose for yourselves there a little bride;
woo her for her hand in marriage and establish your household;
drink up cups of joy!

7.

Do you sometimes recall, my sweet love,
what you once, on sacred oath, vowed to me?
Deceive me not, leave me not;
you don't know how much I love you.
Do you love me as I, you;
then God's grace will pour down upon you!

Kodaly

(Translations by Krisztina Szabó)

Wherever I roam

Wherever I roam even the trees are weeping.
From their weak branches, the leaves fall.
Fall, leaves; hide me, for my sweetheart weepingly searches for me.

The road weeps before me,
The path grieves,
And it says: May God bless you.

May God bless you with all goodness,
Like the violets in the garden, with their beautiful scents.

The Cock-a-doodle Story

To the market I went with a hapenny in my hand. A rooster I bought with a hay penny in my hand. My rooster says: Cock-ri-coo!
Cock-a-doodle, my sweet rooster
And still I have a haypenny in my hand!

To the market I went with a haypenny in my hand. A chicken I bought with a haypenny in my hand. My chicken says: cheep, cheep, cheep, my rooster says: Cock-ri-coo!
Cock-a-doodle, my sweet rooster
And still I have a hay penny in my hand!

To the market I went with a hay penny in my hand. A turkey I bought with a hay penny in my hand. My turkey says: Gobble, gobble
My chicken says: cheep, cheep, cheep,
My rooster says: Cock-ri-coo!
Cock-a-doodle, my sweet rooster
And still I have a hay penny in my hand!

To the market I went with a hay penny in my hand. A lambkin I bought with a hay penny in my hand. My lambkin says: Baa-a, baa-a
My turkey says: Gobble, gobble
My chicken says: cheep, cheep, cheep,
My rooster says: Cock-ri-coo!
Cock-a-doodle, my sweet rooster
And still I have a hay penny in my hand!

To the market I went with hay penny in my hand. A piglet I bought with a hay penny in my hand. My piglet says: Oink, oink, oink
My lambkin says: Baa-a, baa-a
My turkey says: Gobble, gobble
My chicken says: cheep, cheep, cheep,
My rooster says: Cock-ri-coo!
Cock-a-doodle, my sweet rooster
And now, my hay penny is spent!

The Bad Wife

"Come home, dearest mother. Father is very ill!"
"Wait, my daughter; just a little while. Let me dance a while longer.
Soon I will be coming! Just a turn or two more and I will soon be home!"

"Come home, dearest mother. Father has had his last confession!"
"Wait, my daughter; just a little while. Let me dance a while longer.
Soon I will be coming! Just a turn or two more and I will soon be home!"

"Come home, dearest mother. Father has died!"
"Wait, my daughter; just a little while. Let me dance a while longer.
Soon I will be coming! Just a turn or two more and I will soon be home!"

"Come home, dearest mother. Father has been buried."
"Oh no! My best sheet! My beautiful, white sheet!
Another husband I will get, but not so another good linen.

I cannot sew, and a new sheet I cannot make!"

High up in the mountains

High up in the mountains,
from the rocky mountainside grows an antidote to love's pain.
It heals my heart, my weak countenance, and always renews me.
Whoever has not felt love
Can only find it in dreams.

Oh, how beautiful it is
More sweet than anything;
An unfading rose
In whose shadow, in whose fragile shelter my head finds rest.
But it departs from me, suddenly it fades --
That which gives my life its greatest support.

As long as I live,
Always my love, will I love you.
Though I leave you now, on my heart is written your sacred name.
My heart will be in darkness, my soul will weep
Until I see you again.

May God punish whoever has dealt me such a blow as to tear me away from you.
From God in the highest Heaven, may no blessing fall on him.
But you, my dearest, may the fidelity of your heart keep you with me forever.

De Falla: *Siete Canciones Populares Españolas*

(Translations by Claudia Landivar Cody except "Jota" and "Cancion" by Anne Evans)

El paño moruno: The Moorish Cloth

On the fine cloth in the store
a stain has fallen;
It sells at a lesser price,
because it has lost its value.
Alas!

Seguidilla Murciana

Who has a roof of glass
should not throw stones
to their neighbor's (roof).
Let us be muleteers;
It could be that on the road
we will meet!

For your great inconstancy
I compare you
to a [coin] that runs
from hand to hand;
which finally blurs,
and, believing it false,
no one accepts!

Asturiana

To see whether it would console me,
I drew near a green pine,
To see whether it would console me.

Seeing me weep, it wept;
And the pine, being green,
seeing me weep, wept.

Jota

They say we don't love each other
because they never see us talking
But they only have to ask
both your heart and mine.

Now I bid you farewell
your house and your window too
and even ... your mother
Farewell, my sweetheart
until tomorrow.

Nana

Go to sleep, Child, sleep,
Sleep, my soul,
Go to sleep, little star
Of the morning.
Lulla-lullaby,
Lulla-lullaby,
Sleep, little star
of the morning.

Canción: Song

Because your eyes are traitors
I will hide from them
You don't know how painful
it is to look at them.
"Mother; I feel worthless,
Mother."

They say they don't love me
and yet once
they did love me
"Love has been lost
in the air
Mother, all is lost
It is lost,
Mother."
Polo
Ay!
I keep a... (Ay!)
I keep a... (Ay!)
I keep a sorrow in my breast,
I keep a sorrow in my breast
Ay!
that to no one will I tell.

Wretched be love, wretched,
Wretched be love, wretched,
Ay!
And he who gave me to understand it!
Ay!

Lehar: My lips, they kiss so hotly

(Translation is by Linda Godry)

I don't understand myself,
why they keep talking of love,
if they come near me,
if they look into my eyes and kiss my hand.

I don't understand myself,
Why they talk of magic,
you fight in vain, if you see me
if you pass me by.

But if the red light is on
In the middle of the night
And everybody listens to my song,
Then it is plain to see:

My lips, they give so fiery a kiss,
My limbs, they are supple and white,
It is written for me in the stars:
Thou shalt kiss! Thou shalt love!

My feet, they glide and float,
My eyes, they lure and glow,
And I dance as if entranced, 'cause I know!

My lips give so fiery a kiss!

In my veins
runs a dancer's blood,
Because my beautiful mother
Was the Queen of dance in the gilded
Alcazar!

She was so very beautiful,
I often saw her in my dreams,
If she beat the tamburine, to her beguiling
dance
All eyes were glowing admiringly!

She reawakened in me,
mine is the same lot.
I dance like her at midnight
And from deep within I feel:

My lips, they give so fiery a kiss!
My limbs, they are supple and white,
It is written for me in the stars:
Thou shalt kiss! Thou shalt love!

My feet, they glide and float,
My eyes, they lure and glow,
And I dance as if entranced, 'cause I know!
My lips give so fiery a kiss!

BIOGRAPHIES

KRISZTINA SZABÓ

In 2016-17 Krisztina Szabó appears as soloist and actor in Canadian Stage/Necessary Angel Theatre's *All But Gone*, an innovative new production featuring plays by Samuel Beckett and music by Kaija Saariaho and Garrett Sholdice; as soloist in *Messiah* with Tafelmusik; as the title role in Rossini's *Cenerentola* with Edmonton Opera; as soloist for a world premiere of a work by Gary Kulesha with the NAC Orchestra, Ottawa; as soloist in Mahler's *Symphony No. 2* with Ottawa Symphony Orchestra; as soloist with Music of the Baroque, Chicago; as Sofiya in Tapestry New Opera's *Oksana G*; and in recital and masterclass at the University of Victoria, University of Alberta and Mount Allison University. Last season highlights include appearances with the Canadian Opera Company in three leading roles (Thisbe/Arianna/Clorinda) in *Pyramus and Thisbe* and she reprised the role of Judith in Bartók's *Bluebeard's Castle* with Samuel Ramey for the Colorado Music Festival. In 2015, she was nominated twice for a Dora Award for Outstanding Female Performance for her work with the Canadian Opera Company and with Tapestry Opera. Ms. Szabó is a member of the Voice Faculty at the University of Toronto.

ARTHUR ROWE

Canadian pianist and Steinway Artist Arthur Rowe is a critically acclaimed recitalist, soloist with orchestra and chamber musician. He has recorded with various artists for the Crystal, ebs, Innova, GM and Fanfare labels. His Schubert recording on the Centaur label (available on iTunes), was reviewed by Fanfare magazine, which said, "Rowe's reading (of the posthumous B flat Sonata) is one of the most beautiful I have heard... The D. 899 Impromptus are equally impressive...his purling right-hand runs recall Schnabel's velvety sound..."

A highly respected chamber musician, Mr. Rowe regularly collaborates with artists and chamber ensembles across North America. He has been a guest artist at summer festivals in Blossom, Interlochen, Niagara, Santa Fe and Seattle, as well as in France, New Zealand, and Yugoslavia. In 2004 The Harrington String Quartet joined forces with Arthur Rowe and William Preucil in New York for a performance of the Chausson *Concerto for Violin, Piano and String Quartet*, which was reviewed by Harris Goldsmith as a "reading that rivaled the benchmark recordings by Franzescatti/Casadesus/Pascal, and Heifetz/Sanroma/New Arts".

2016/17 performances include recitals with William Preucil, Concertmaster of the Cleveland Orchestra, Vancouver's Vetta Ensemble, and the Dover and Cecilia Quartets, both past winners of the Banff International String Quartet competition. Having previously held positions at the University of Iowa and the University of Western Ontario, Arthur Rowe is Professor of Piano at the University of Victoria and the Artistic Director of the Victoria Summer Music Festival.

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