

**School of Music**  
**Faculty of Fine Arts**  
University of Victoria

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SCHOOL OF MUSIC • UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA

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FACULTY CONCERT SERIES

# *On Winds of Song*

*Featuring*

Merrie Klazek, trumpet

Alana Despins, French horn

Scott MacInnes, trombone

Paul Beauchesne, tuba

The Sobremesa Saxophone Quartet

*&*

Harald Krebs, piano

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**Sunday, January 12, 2020 • 2:30 p.m.**

Phillip T. Young Recital Hall

MacLaurin Building, University of Victoria

Admission by donation

# PROGRAM

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Harald Krebs, piano

“Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,” Op. 34, No. 2    Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

“Bei der Wiege,” Op. 47, No. 6

“Nachtlied,” Op. 71, No. 6

Alana Despins, French horn

Scott MacInnes, trombone

“Auf dem See in tausend Sterne,” Op. 14, No. 6    Josephine Lang (1815-1880)

“Nacht ist wie ein stilles Meer”

Fanny Hensel (1805-1847)

“Nach Süden,” Op. 10, No. 1

Merrie Klazek, trumpet

“Wie rafft’ ich mich auf,” Op. 32, No. 1    Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

“Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen,” Op. 32, No. 2

“Wenn du nur zuweilen lächelst,” Op. 57, No. 2

“O komme, holde Sommernacht,” Op. 58, No. 4

“Es liebt sich so lieblich im Lenz,” Op. 71, No. 1

Alana Despins, French horn

Scott MacInnes, trombone and bass trombone

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

“Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht”

“Ging heut’ Morgen über’s Feld”

“Ich hab’ ein glühend Messer”

“Die zwei blauen Augen”

Paul Beauchesne, tuba

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INTERMISSION

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*Concession open in the lounge.*

“Ferne,” Op. 15, No. 3

Josephine Lang

“Der Herbst,” Op. 12, No. 5

(arr. Sharon and Harald Krebs)

“Erinnerung,” WoO

“Fee’n-Reigen,” Op. 3, No. 4

Sobremesa Quartet

Ayari Kasukawa, soprano saxophone

Matt Fichter, alto saxophone

Todd Morgan, tenor saxophone

Karsten Brewka, baritone saxophone

“Les deux roses”

Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

“Les berceaux,” Op. 23, No. 1

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

“Oh, quand je dors”

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

“Asturiana”

Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

“El paño moruno”

Merrie Klazek, trumpet and flugelhorn

“In der Nacht,” Op. 74, No. 4

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Merrie Klazek, flugelhorn

Scott MacInnes, trombone

“Das Leben”

Richard Roessler (1880-1962)

“Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär,” Op. 43, No. 1

Robert Schumann

“An den Abendstern,” Op. 103, No. 4

“An die Nachtigall,” Op. 103, No. 3

“Wir drei”

R. Roessler

Alana Despina, French horn

Scott MacInnes, trombone

We acknowledge that the land on which we gather is the traditional territory of the WSÁNEĆ (Saanich), Lkwungen (Songhees) and Wyomilth (Esquimalt) peoples of the Coast Salish Nation.

## SONG TEXTS

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### Felix Mendelssohn group

#### “Auf Flügeln des Gesanges” (On Wings of Song)

My darling, I'll carry you away on wings of song to the most beautiful place on the banks of the Ganges, replete with roses, violets, and lotus flowers. We shall rest under palm trees and dream the blissful dream of love. (Heinrich Heine)

#### “Bei der Wiege” (At the Cradle)

Sleep and dream of the time to come, and of the power of spring, which shall blossom and shimmer for you someday! (Karl Klingemann)

#### “Nachtlied” (Night Song)

The day has gone. Time passes through the night and takes away many a one who didn't expect it. Where have friends and bright eyes gone? Nightingale, brightly resounding waterfall, let us praise God together until morning comes! (Joseph von Eichendorff)

### Josephine Lang/Fanny Hensel group

#### “Auf dem See in tausend Sterne” (On the lake, into a thousand stars)

On the lake, the sun splits into a thousand stars. In the same way, your image sank into the waves of my life, bringing forth ever new poems. Do you dare to immerse yourself in this shimmering sea? Come, oh come, and let the glowing waves sweep over you! (Christian Reinhold Köstlin – a poem addressed to Josephine Lang)

#### “Nacht ist wie ein stilles Meer” (The Night is like a Quiet Sea)

The night is like a quiet sea; its waves echo joy and sorrow and laments of love. Desires are like clouds moving through silent spaces; who knows if they are thoughts or dreams? Even if I close my lips, which would like to lament to the stars, the gentle beating of the waves continues within my heart. (Joseph von Eichendorff)

#### “Nach Süden” (Southward)

Migrating birds swoop down from the trees. One hears their chorus: Southward, where flowers bloom forever! When spring comes, we shall return—but now, southward! (Wilhelm Hensel)

### Johannes Brahms group

#### “Wie rafft' ich mich auf in der Nacht” (I roused myself in the night)

I roused myself in the night and walked through the gates. I leaned over the bridge and gazed at the billows, rolling onward and never returning. Overhead, far above me, were the stars. I gaze upward and downward again. Ah, how have you spent your days! Now try to calm the remorse in your pounding heart! (August von Platen)

#### “Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen” (Not to visit you anymore)

I decided, and swore, never to visit you again, and yet I go every evening, having lost all power and resolve. I long to perish, and yet long to live for you, with you, and never to die. Ah, speak only one clear word, give me life or death, unveil your true feelings to me! (Georg Friedrich Daumer)

**“Wenn du nur zuweilen lächelst” (If you only smile occasionally)**

If you only smile occasionally, only once in a while fan coolness onto my unbounded burning—then I shall be patient, and shall let you persist in doing everything that hurts me. (Georg Friedrich Daumer)

**“O komme, holde Sommernacht” (Oh come, sweet summer night)**

Oh come, sweet summer night, come quietly. Love has made you for victory! Flowers slyly open up, the rose bows its head in the twilight—and my beloved shall be mine! (Melchior Grohe)

**“Es liebt sich so lieblich im Lenz” (It is lovely to love in the springtime)**

The bright waves flow by. It is lovely to love in the springtime! A shepherdess sits on the riverbank and weaves wreaths, sighing, “To whom shall I give them?” A man rides by and greets her! She watches the feather in his hat wave in the distance. She weeps and tosses her wreaths into the water. The nightingale sings of love and kisses. It is lovely to love in the springtime! (Heinrich Heine)

**Gustav Mahler group**

**“Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht” (My darling’s wedding day)**

My darling’s wedding day is a sad day for me. I go into my dark little room and weep. Blue flower, sweet bird singing in the meadow—ah, how beautiful the world is! Do not sing, do not blossom! Spring and singing are over! In the evening when I go to bed, I think of my sorrow—my sorrow. (Gustav Mahler)

**“Ging heut Morgen über’s Feld” (I walked through the field this morning)**

I walked through the field this morning. There was still dew on the grass. The merry finch said to me, “Isn’t it a beautiful world?” The bluebell rang out a morning greeting to me: “Isn’t it a beautiful world?” And the world began to sparkle in the sunlight. Now my happiness must surely begin? No, no—the happiness I have in mind can never bloom for me! (Gustav Mahler)

**“Ich hab’ ein glühend Messer” (I have a red-hot knife)**

I have a red-hot knife in my breast—it cuts so deeply into every joy. Ah, what an evil guest—it grants me no peace by day and night. Woe is me! When I gaze into the heavens, I see two blue eyes. When I walk in the field of yellow flowers, I see blond hair wafting in the wind. Woe is me! When I start up from my dream and hear her silvery laughter, oh, woe is me! I wish I were lying on the black bier and could never again open my eyes! (Gustav Mahler)

**“Die zwei blauen Augen” (The two blue eyes)**

The two blue eyes of my darling sent me into the wide world. I had to take farewell from my favourite place. Oh, blue eyes, why did you look at me? Now I must sorrow forevermore. I walked away by night over the dark heath. Nobody said adieu to me. My only companions were love and pain! On the street stands a linden tree. It showered its blossoms on me, and everything was well again—everything: love, sorrow, world, and dream. (Gustav Mahler)

## **Josephine Lang group**

### **“In weite Ferne” (Into the distance)**

I would like to dream my way into the distance, where you are—where there is snow, where there are foaming brooks, mountain goats on ice fields, figs ripening in warm valleys. I shall continue to love you, and we shall be just as we were, when you return home. (Johann Gustav Droysen)

### **“Der Herbst” (Autumn)**

Is there rustling in the foliage? Are the grapes turning red? Is autumn coming? How its approach once oppressed me! But now I wait for its arrival, for when the leaves fall, my beloved shall come! (Christian Reinhold Köstlin, based on a letter from Josephine Lang)

### **“Erinnerung” (Memory)**

Every dream shows me my death; no future smiles for me. I hardly know what happiness is; into my life's spring there descended the blizzard of misfortune. Joy, hope and love have passed away; would that memory would pass away with them! (Lord Byron)

### **“Fee'n-Reigen” (Fairy Dance)**

The silver bells of May ring out, inviting us to the dance. Come hither; ye fairies, to the place where moonlight trembles over the primroses; there let the airy round dance be woven! Humans pass away like leaves and find rest in a small wooden chamber—but we laugh at the wrinkles of time and remain the same always! (Friedrich von Mathisson)

## **French and Spanish group**

### **“Les deux roses” (The two roses)**

Arise—it is dawn. See these roses in my hand; they are opening under the tears of morning. Spring is everywhere. At your feet, the rose sheds its tears. Now it is time, timid lover. For you, I have gathered these flowers of love in the wet grass. Come to the one who loves you. With my own hands I wish to place these roses on your heart. (In Russian by Afanasy Fet; translated into French by Louis Pomey)

### **“Les berceaux” (The cradles)**

Along the quay, the ships rocked by the sea take no notice of cradles rocked by women. The day of parting will come; as the women weep, men will go out toward delusive horizons. And on that day, the great ships, as they flee from the port, shall feel restrained by the spirit of the distant cradles. (René-François Sully-Prudhomme)

### **“Oh, quand je dors” (Ah, as I sleep)**

Ah, as I sleep, come to my bed, as Laura appeared to Petrarch. When your breath touches me, my lips shall part. Let your gaze brighten my face, on which a dark dream has rested. On my lips place a kiss and change from an angel into a woman. At once, my soul shall awaken! (Victor Hugo)

### **“Asturiana”**

I approached a green pine tree, seeking consolation. Seeing me weep, it wept too. (Anonymous)

### **“El paño moruno” (The Moorish cloth)**

There is a stain on the fine cloth in the store. It sells at a lower cost because it has lost its value. Alas! (Anonymous)

### **Duets**

#### **“In der Nacht” (At night)**

Everyone has gone to sleep except you, for hopeless sorrow chases sleep from your bed, and your thoughts hover in silent anxiety toward your love. (Anonymous Spanish poem, translated into German by Emanuel Geibel)

#### **“Das Leben” (Life)**

Every morning, I rejoice that I have woken to a new day, and [I rejoice] even more in the evening that I have completed another day. Thus, my spirit yearns in the evening for the morning, and in the morning for the evening. Ah heart, you seem to be alive, and yet you are heading only toward death. (Friedrich Rückert)

#### **“Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär” (If I were a bird)**

If I were a bird, I would fly to you. But since it cannot be, I'll stay here. Although I am far from you, I am with you and speak with you as I sleep—but when I wake up, I am alone. No hour of the night passes in which my heart does not awaken and think of you—that you have given me your heart! (Anonymous)

#### **“An den Abendstern” (To the evening star)**

Soar up into the sky, beautiful evening star! Everyone sees you with pleasure among the teeming lights. May they rise or set, none of your brothers are as radiantly clad as you! Their garment is edged with gold, but yours is woven through and through with diamonds. You shine more gloriously even than the moon, for its shimmer comes from another source, whereas your radiance is entirely your own. (Elisabeth Kulmann)

#### **“An die Nachtigall” (To the nightingale)**

Stay here and sing, oh nightingale. Let your song ring out everywhere. Everything listens to you; not even a leaf rustles, the other birds fall silent, the brook roars less loudly. Stay here and sing, oh nightingale. Let your song ring out everywhere. (Elisabeth Kulmann)

#### **“Wir drei” (The three of us)**

Where the brook secretly rushes by, the young spring eavesdropped on us. He asked what we were doing and nodded lovingly at us; we looked at each other and laughed—spring and I and you! At his side, we tramped through the wide world, which was full of blooming and singing. Upon all of our pathways, I called to you joyously, “We are walking toward happiness, spring and I and you!” The highest hill is glowing, the deepest valley is shining. Your eyes, bedewed with joy, are like sunbeams. The lark lifts its wings and strives heavenward, and we sing love songs—spring and I and you! (Hans Eschelbach)