

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

SCHOOL OF MUSIC • UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA
FACULTY CONCERT SERIES

19TH-CENTURY WOMEN COMPOSERS OF SONG

*A Concert in Celebration of
Josephine Lang's 200th Birthday*

Saturday, February 21, 2015 • 8:00 p.m.

Phillip T. Young Recital Hall

MacLaurin Building, University of Victoria

Adults: \$18 / Students, seniors, alumni: \$14

With

Nancy Argenta, soprano
Ingrid Attrot, soprano
Charlotte Hale, soprano
Sharon Krebs, soprano
Anna Shill, soprano
Chelsey Ternes, soprano
Shelley Shen, mezzo-soprano
Kathryn Whitney, mezzo-soprano
Stephen Rodgers, tenor

Sam McNally, Drake Lovett, Collin Lloyd,
Justin Malchow, James Waddell, John Millsip, horn
Ian VanGils, Alex White, trumpet
Megan White, Eric Showers, Trevor Hoy, trombone

Harald Krebs, piano
Thomas Nicholson, piano
Arthur Rowe, piano

And

The University of Victoria Chamber Singers
Dr. Garry Froese, Conductor

Julia Albano-Crockford
Laura Altenmueller
Frances Armstrong-Douglas
Richard Bailey
Joey Cutajar
Kimberley Farris-Manning
Zander Felton
Micha Fortin
Cody Froese
Laura Giffen
Jenna Grossman
Crystal-Anne Howell

Allison Kingsley
Alex Klassen
Marlena Kurek
Kenji Lee
Margaret Lingas
Emmanuel Moore
Ryan Narciso
Natasha Penfield
Joshua Poon
Zachary Power
Sean Quicke
Nicholas Renaud
Matthew Sabo

Kassandra Schantz
Shelley Shen
Samuel Simons
Duncan Slade
Emily Stewart
Chelsey Ternes
Rebecca Thackray
Austin Warren
Kelsey Wheatley
Mandy Wiltshire
Dawn Yuan
Xuguang Zhang

PROGRAM

“Die Wolken”, op. 25, no. 5 Josephine Lang
“Erinnerung”, WoO (1815–80)

Sharon Krebs, *soprano*, and Harald Krebs, *piano*

Sechs Lieder, op. posth. 9 Fanny Hensel
No. 1 “Die Ersehnte” (1805–47)
No. 4 “Die frühen Gräber”
No. 6 “Die Mainacht”

Stephen Rodgers, *tenor*, and Harald Krebs, *piano*

Mazurka in F minor, op. 49, no. 2 Josephine Lang
Arabesque, WoO
Scherzo, *Quatre pièces fugitives*, op. 15, no. 4 Clara Schumann
(1819–96)

Arthur Rowe, *piano*

“Im Garten klagt die Nachtigall”, op. 8, no. 2 Ingeborg von Bronsart
(1840–1913)

Chelsey Ternes, *soprano*, and Harald Krebs, *piano*

“Die Verlassene”, WoO Pauline Viardot
(1821–1910)
“Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage”, WoO Clara Schumann
“Am Strande”, WoO

Charlotte Hale, *soprano*, and Harald Krebs, *piano*

“Ständchen”, unpublished Josephine Lang

Sharon Krebs, *soprano*, Charlotte Hale, *soprano*,
and Kathryn Whitney, *mezzo-soprano*

“Nichts über Ruh”, unpublished Josephine Lang
“Das ist die wehmuthvollste Zeit”, unpublished
“Auf dem See in tausend Sterne”, op. 14, no. 6

Anna Shill, *soprano*, and Harald Krebs, *piano*

Intermission

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

“Seid mir gegrüsst”, op. 36[38], no. 3 Josephine Lang
“Abschied”, op. 11, no. 4
“Sängers Trost”, op. 11, no. 5

Kathryn Whitney, *mezzo-soprano*, and Harald Krebs, *piano*

“Die Fischerkinder”, op. 12, no. 1 Johanna Kinkel
(1810–58)

Ingrid Attrot, *soprano*, Nancy Argenta, *soprano*,
Harald Krebs, *piano*

“Der Mond kommt still gegangen”, op. 13, no. 4 Clara Schumann
“Ob ich manchmal Dein gedenke”, op. 27, no. 3 Josephine Lang

Ingrid Attrot, *soprano*, and Harald Krebs, *piano*

“Das Veilchen”, WoO Clara Schumann
“An den Mond”, op. 7, no. 5 Johanna Kinkel
“Frühzeitiger Frühling”, [op. 6], no. 3 Josephine Lang

Nancy Argenta, *soprano*, and Harald Krebs, *piano*

“Frühzeitiger Frühling”, WoO Fanny Hensel
“Wandl' ich in dem Wald des Abends”, WoO

Sopranos and altos of the UVic Chamber Singers,
directed by Garry Froese

“Jägerlied”, unpublished Josephine Lang, arr. by Felix Mendelssohn
“Trinklied vor der Schlacht”, unpublished (1809–47)

Tenors and basses of the UVic Chamber Singers,
directed by Garry Froese

Sam McNally, Drake Lovett, Collin Lloyd,
Justin Malchow, James Waddell, John Millsip, *horn*
Ian VanGils, Alex White, *trumpet*
Megan White, Eric Showers, Trevor Hoy, *trombone*

“Hymne au soleil”, WoO Lili Boulanger
(1893–1918)

UVic Chamber Singers, directed by Garry Froese
Soloist: Shelley Shen, *mezzo-soprano*
Thomas Nicholson, *piano*

We warmly thank the Archive of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in Wien for making available the autograph of Felix Mendelssohn's arrangements of Josephine Lang's “Jägerlied” and “Trinklied vor der Schlacht.”

TRANSLATIONS

Josephine Lang, "Die Wolken" ("The Clouds"), op. 25, no. 5

Quickly as arrows they go by.
Oh, if you knew how far and whereto!
You too would be so glad to fly from here!
Lightly as the birds in the airy expanse
You would fly to the edge of the clouds,
To attain light and life!

Text by Felix Köstlin, translation © Harald and Sharon Krebs

Josephine Lang, "Erinnerung" ("Remembrance"), WoO

Every dream shows me my end!
The future no longer smiles upon me!
I barely know anymore what happiness is.
Into the springtime of my life fell
The wintry play of the snowflakes of misfortune.
Joy, Hope, Love have passed away;
I wish Remembrance were among [the things that had passed away]!

*Original text by Lord Byron, German translation by Ernst Ortlepp,
translation of German © Sharon Krebs*

Fanny Hensel, "Die Ersehnte" ("The one so yearned for"), op. posth. 9, no. 1

If only the next spring would bring you to my arms!
If only the birds would sing me my wedding song from the blossoms,
Then, then I would be blessed
On earth with the bliss of heaven.

Ecstasy! She will conjure paradise for me!
She will gladly wander with me in God's garden;
She will rock in my arms
And give wings to the spring evening.

Come, the tears of yearning in my eye call to you!
And this fluttering heart, full of sweet foreboding!
Dismally flowed my life –
O messenger of heaven, come to cheer it.

*Text by Ludwig Höltz, translation © Emily Ezust, from the
LiederNet Archive – <http://www.lieder.net/> (used by permission)*

Fanny Hensel, "Die frühen Gräber" ("The early graves"), op. posth. 9, no. 4

Welcome, o silver moon,
Fair, quiet companion of the night!
You flee? Don't hurry away - remain, friend of thought!
Look, it stays - it was only the clouds that were moving.

Only the awakening May
Is yet fairer than the summer night,

When dew, bright as light, trickles from his locks
And red, he comes up over the hill.

You nobler beings, alas! garlanded
Are your monuments, with stern moss!
O, how happy I was when, still with you,
I saw day redden and night glimmer!

*Text by Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock, translation © Emily Ezust, from the
LiederNet Archive – <http://www.lieder.net/> (used by permission)*

Fanny Hensel, “Die Mainacht” (“May Night”), op. posth. 9, no. 6

When the silvery moon blinks through the shrubbery
And scatters its slumbering light over the lawn,
And the nightingale sings flutingly,
I walk sadly from bush to bush.

How I praise your happiness, fluting nightingale,
For your wife lives with you in the same nest,
Bestowing upon her singing spouse
A thousand faithful kisses.

Shrouded by foliage, a pair of doves
Coo their rapture to me;
But I turn away, seeking darker shadows,
And the lonely tear flows.

Text by Ludwig Höltz, translation © Sharon Krebs

Ingeborg von Bronsart, “Im Garten klagt die Nachtigall”,
 (“The nightingale laments in the garden”), op. 8 no. 2

The nightingale laments in the garden
And its delicate little head droops:
What good is it that I have such beautiful songs
And such wondrously sweet sounds—
As long as I have this my grey plumage
And not the beauty of the rose!

In the flowerbed the rose complains:
How can life please me?
What good is it that more than all other flowers
I have grace, scent, and beauty—
As long as I do not have the nightingale's
Song and sweet sounds!

Mirza Schaffy resolved the matter:
He said: Leave off complaining,
You rose with your scented garments,
You nightingale with your songs:
Unite yourselves in my poems
For humankind's joy and listening pleasure.

*Original Azerbaijani text by Mirza Şafi Vazeh, German translation by Friedrich von Bodenstedt,
translation of German © Sharon Krebs*

Pauline Viardot, "Die Verlassene" ("The forsaken one"), WoO

Once fate led you toward me,
Deep within my heart I felt myself wounded
And when I came upon you, beloved, in the streets,
I lowered my eyes; the heavens were opened for me.
Love is lost, I feel it with trembling,
I lower my eyes, my life is wilted!

Take into your hand a little knife of gold,
Plunge it into my heart without fear or hesitation;
Then see to whom I wanted to give my whole existence,
And for whom alone this poor heart beat.
If truth lives therein and love and faithfulness,
To that may my breaking heart bear witness anew.

*Anonymous German translation of an Italian folk song,
translation of German © Sharon Krebs*

Clara Schumann, "Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage"
("The 'good night' that I say to you"), WoO

The 'good night' that I say to you,
Beloved friend, do you hear it?
An angel who carries the message
Goes to and fro between us.

The angel brings my good night wish to you
And has brought back to me a greeting from you:
"To you, too, at this very moment
Your friend's songs are saying good night."

Text by Friedrich Rückert, translation © Sharon Krebs

Clara Schumann, "Am Strande", WoO

Sadly I gaze from the cliff
Upon the tide which has separated us,
And with ardour my lips implore,
Spare him, Elements!
Fear is my soul's master;
Ah, and hope almost disappears;
Only in dreams do spirits
Bring me tidings of my beloved.
You, who were the happy companions
Of golden days of joy and jesting,
You, who have never shed tears of grief –
Ah, you do not know my pain!
Be kind to me, oh nightly hours,
Send rest to descend upon my eyes,
Then, gracious spirits, whisper to me
Tidings of my beloved.

*Original text by Robert Burns, German translation by Wilhelm Gerhard,
translation of German © Sharon Krebs*

Josephine Lang, "Ständchen" ("Serenade"), unpublished

The earth rests in heaven,
Moon and stars keep watch;
Upon the earth, a little garden
Slumbers in the flowers' splendour.
Good night, good night!

In the garden there stands a little house,
Quietly covered by a canopy of lime trees;
Outside before the little bay window
A singing bird keeps watch.
Good night, good night!

In the bay-windowed room a maiden sleeps,
Dreaming of the splendour of the flowers;
Within her heart rests heaven,
Wherein the angels keep watch.
Good night, good night!

Text by Robert Reinick, translation © Sharon Krebs

Josephine Lang, "Nichts über Ruh" ("Nothing more important than peace"), unpublished

Nothing more important than peace!
Nothing more important than peace?
Do you still recognize this word?
You spoke it in a beloved place.
It rings on and on in my heart!
Peace, peace, peace remained there
[i.e., was left behind at the beloved place].

Text by Agnes von Calatin, translation © Sharon Krebs

Josephine Lang, "Das ist die wehmuthvollste Zeit" ("That is the most melancholy time"), unpublished

That is the most melancholy time,
When day has gone to rest,
When flowers and birds, ready for sleep,
Hang their tired heads.

The moon with its pale light
Gazes sadly down upon you;
It shows me your dear face,
Your mute smile again!

Many violets and narcissi bloom.
None of the flowers makes me happy.
Silent, I see springtime
Passing by, and I weep!

Text by M.K. [Maria Köstlin], translation © Sharon Krebs

Josephine Lang, "Auf dem See in tausend Sterne", op. 14, no. 6

On the lake the sun has fragmented itself
Into a thousand stars,
Such that [the lake] far and wide
Quivers like a sea of fire.

Thus into the waves of my life
Your dear image sank down,
And from a thousand wellsprings of joy
New songs [poems] constantly burst forth.

Fair sailor-maiden, do you dare
To enter into this shimmering sea?
Come, oh come! And let it always
Glowingly crash about you!

Text by C. Reinhold [Köstlin], translation © Sharon Krebs

INTERMISSION

Josephine Lang, "Seid mir gegrüsst" ("I greet you"), op. 36[38], no. 3

Greetings to you, you laughing hills,
Gloriously crowned with green foliage!
Mildly wafted about by the wings of Zephyr;
You do not fall victim to the predations of any storm!

Greetings to you, oh quiet sea,
Billowing waves upon the lonely shore,
Mirror for the hosts of stars at night!
Greetings to you, land of my youth!

Dear images of joys that have passed away,
That disappeared after a short space!
May the pain of earthly partings
Turn my eyes to the blessed goal [of heaven]!

Text by Hélène d'Orléans, translation © Sharon Krebs

Josephine Lang, "Abschied" ("Farewell"), op. 11, no. 4

When we parted, the sky was stormy and forlorn.
To me, the earth was cold. The birds fell silent in the valley.
Years have passed since then, but for me, the sky is still stormy,
The earth is still cold, [and] no bird sings for me in the valley.

Text by Justinus Kerner, translation © Sharon Krebs

Josephine Lang, "Sängers Trost" ("Singer's [Poet's] comfort"), op. 11, no. 5

Even if someday no beloved
Weeps tears onto my grave,
The flowers still drop down
Their gentle dew.

Even if no wanderer
Lingers there while passing by,
The moon during its journey
Looks down upon that place.

Even if on these fields
Soon no earthling remembers me,
The meadow and the quiet grove
Do remember me.

Flowers, grove, and meadow,
Star- and moonlight,
Of whom I once sang [in my poems],
Shall not forget their singer [poet].

Text by Justinus Kerner, translation © Harald and Sharon Krebs

Johanna Kinkel, "Die Fischerkinder" ("About the fisherman's children"), op. 12, no. 1

Have you heard the old fairy-tale
About the fisherman's children?
The ones who went out to sea
Alone in a rickety boat?

They picked water-lilies for each other,
They sang each other many songs,
They embraced and kissed each other
In sweet exchange.

They lost sight of the shore
When the day departed,
They never returned,
Their names have been forgotten.—

And do you know: we are the children,
I am the maiden, you the lad / You are the maiden, I the lad,
The sea is our love;
It shall likely become our grave!

Text by Wolfgang Müller von Königswinter, translation © Sharon Krebs

Clara Schumann, "Der Mond kommt still gegangen" ("The moon approaches quietly"),
op. 13, no. 4

The moon approaches quietly
With its golden light.
The tired world then falls asleep
Resplendent in beauty.

And swaying upon the breezes
Are, from many a loyal spirit,
Thousands of loving thoughts,
Wafting over those who sleep.

And down in the valley there sparkle
The windows of my beloved's house.
But in the darkness, I gaze
Quietly out at the world.

Text by Emanuel von Geibel, translation © Sharon Krebs

Josephine Lang, "Ob ich manchmal Dein gedenke" ("Do I sometimes think of you?"),
op. 27, no. 3

Do I sometimes think of you?
If you [only] knew how much!
Draw unto yourself even the shadows
Of [my] dreaming thoughts!

Day and night, and at all hours,
Oh all [those words] do not express it;
You alone, since we found each other;
Are the substance of my utterances.

I see everything else tottering
About me like dreams and illusions!
To think of you is my [very] life!
To love you is my existence.

Text by C. Reinhold [Köstlin], translation © Harald and Sharon Krebs

Clara Schumann, "Das Veilchen" ("The Violet"), WoO

A little violet stood upon the meadow,
Lowly, humble, and unknown;
It was a dear little violet.
There came a young shepherdess
With a light step and a merry spirit
Along, along,
Along the meadow, and sang.

Ah! thinks the violet, if I only were
The most beautiful flower in nature,
Ah, only for a little while,
Until the darling had picked me
And pressed me to her bosom until I became faint,
Ah only, ah only
A quarter of an hour long!

Alas! but alas! the maiden came
And paid no heed to the little violet,
She trampled the poor violet.
It drooped and died and yet rejoiced:
And if I must die, yet I die
Through her, through her,
Yet [I die] at her feet.

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, translation © Sharon Krebs

Johanna Kinkel, "An den Mond" ("To the moon"), op. 7, no. 5

You fill bush and valley again
Quietly with a splendid mist
And finally set loose
Entirely my soul.
Every echo my heart feels,
Of happy and troubled times;
I alternate between joy and pain
In my solitude.

Blissful is he who, away from the world,
Locks himself without hate,
Holding to his heart one friend
And enjoying with him
That which is unknown to most men
Or never contemplated,
And which, through the labyrinth of the heart,
Wanders in the night.

*Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, translation © Emily Ezust, from the
LiederNet Archive – <http://www.lieder.net/> (used by permission)*

Josephine Lang, "Frühzeitiger Frühling" ("Premature Spring"), [op. 6], no. 3

Days of ecstasy, come you so early?
Does the sun present me with hill and forest?
The brooks flow more generously now.
Is it the meadows? Is it the valley?

Under the blossoming wealth of greenery,
The little bees sip, buzzing, on nectar.
Colourful plumage rustles in the grove,
Heavenly songs ring out!

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, translation © Harald and Sharon Krebs

Fanny Hensel, "Frühzeitiger Frühling" ("Premature Spring"), WoO

Days of ecstasy, come you so early?
Does the sun present me with hill and forest?
The brooks flow more generously now.
Is it the meadows? Is it the valley?
Blue-tinged freshness. Heaven and the heights!
The lake is teeming with golden fish.

Soon a breath of air stirs more powerfully,
Yet it is immediately lost in the shrubs.
But it returns to [my] bosom;
Muses, help [me] bear the happiness!
Tell me what happened to me since yesterday.
Sweet sisters, my beloved has arrived!

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, translation © Harald and Sharon Krebs

Fanny Hensel, "Wand' ich in dem Wald des Abends" ("When I wander in the evening woods"), WoO

When I wander in the evening woods,
In the dream-like woods,
Ever at my side wanders
Your tender form.

Is this not your white veil?
Is this not your mild face?
Or is it only moonlight
Breaking through the darkness of the firs?

Is it my own tears
That I hear softly running?
Or are you, beloved, truly walking here,
Weeping close beside me?

*Text by Heinrich Heine, translation © Emily Ezust, from the
LiederNet Archive – <http://www.lieder.net/> (used by permission)*

Josephine Lang, arr. by Felix Mendelssohn "Jägerlied" ("Song of the Hunters"), unpublished

Briskly, ye hunters, free and fleet!
[Take] the musket from the wall!
The courageous one fights the world!
Briskly upon the enemy!
For the German fatherland!

From the west, the north, south and east,
We are driven by the ray of revenge:
From the Oder River, Weser, Main,
From the flowing Elbe and from Father Rhine,
And from the Danube Valley.

Those of you who loved us faithfully,
May the Lord be your shield,
Should we pay [for victory] with our blood;
For freedom is the greatest possession,
Even if it requires a thousand lives.

Thus, merry hunters, free and fleet,
However much your beloved weeps!
God will help us in the righteous war!
Briskly into battle! – death or victory!
Briskly, comrades, upon the enemy!

Text by Theodor Körner, translation © Sharon Krebs

Josephine Lang, arr. by Felix Mendelssohn "Trinklied vor der Schlacht" ("Drinking song before battle"), unpublished

Battle, you are commencing!
Greet them in the joyful circle,
Loudly, according to the Germanic custom.
Comrades, step forward!

The wine is still bubbling;
Before the trombones blast forth,
Let us reconcile life;
Comrades, pour out [the wine]!

Do you hear them nearing?
Love and joys and sorrows!
Death! you cannot separate us.
Drink to that, comrades!

The battle summons! we're off!
Hark, the trumpets are calling.
Forward, to life or to death!
Comrades, drink up!

Text by Theodor Körner, translation © Sharon Krebs

Lili Boulanger, "Hymne au soleil", WoO

Let us bless the power of the reborn sun.
With all the universe, let us celebrate its return.
Crowned with splendour, it rises, it soars.
The waking of the earth is a hymn of love.
Seven rushing steeds that the god scarcely holds back
Ignite the horizon with their scorching breath.

Oh vivid sun, you appear!
With its fields in bloom, its mountains, its thick forests,
The vast sea set ablaze by your fires,
The universe, younger and fresher
With morning vapours, [is] glistening with dew.

*Text by Casimir Delavigne, translation © Korin Kormick from the
LiederNet Archive – <http://www.lieder.net/> (used by permission)*

UPCOMING EVENTS

Sunday, February 22, 8:00 p.m. (Admission by donation)

VIOLIN CLASS RECITAL

Students from the studio of Sharon Stanis.

Phillip T.Young Recital Hall

Wednesday, February 25, 8:00 p.m. (Admission by donation)

PIANO CLASS RECITAL

Students from the studio of Eva Solar-Kinderman.

Phillip T.Young Recital Hall

Thursday, February 26, 8:00 p.m. (Admission by donation)

PIANO CLASS RECITAL

Students from the studio of Arthur Rowe.

Phillip T.Young Recital Hall

Friday, February 27, 12:30 p.m. (Admission by donation)

FRIDAYMUSIC

Featuring School of Music voice students.

Phillip T.Young Recital Hall

Friday, February 27, 8:00 p.m. (\$18 & \$14)

FACULTY CONCERT SERIES

Bruce Vogt, piano

Piano virtuoso, Bruce Vogt, performs works by Mozart, Liszt and Schubert.

Phillip T.Young Recital Hall

Saturday, February 28, 2:30 p.m. (Free admission)

THANK-YOU CONCERT

Featuring School of Music Scholarship recipients

The School of Music says Thank-You to our concert-goers, the community, and supporters with a wonderful afternoon of music.

Phillip T.Young Recital Hall

Tickets available at the UVic Ticket Centre (250-721-8480),
online (www.tickets.uvic.ca) and at the door:

To receive our *On the Pulse* brochure and
newsletter by email, contact: concert@uvic.ca



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