

School of Music
Faculty of Fine Arts
University of Victoria

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MUSIC



FACULTY CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES

Songs With & Without Words

Featuring

Anne Grimm, soprano
Benjamin Butterfield, tenor
Suzanne Snizek, flute
Connie Gitlin, clarinet
Merrie Klazek, flugelhorn
Jason Gordon, euphonium

Harald Krebs, Eva Solar-Kinderman, Bruce Vogt & Yoomi Kim, piano

&

The Lafayette String Quartet:
Ann Elliott-Goldschmid, violin
Sharon Stanis, violin
Joanna Hood, viola
Pamela Highbaugh Aloni, cello

Sunday, February 2, 2020 • 2:30 p.m.

Phillip T. Young Recital Hall
MacLaurin Building, University of Victoria
Admission by donation

PROGRAM

Overture on Hebrew Themes, Op. 34

Sergei Prokofiev
(1891-1953)

Connie Gitlin, clarinet
Lafayette String Quartet
Harald Krebs, piano

Das Lied im Grünen D. 917 Der Leiermann D. 911, from *Winterreise*

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Benjamin Butterfield, tenor
Eva Solar-Kinderman, piano

Mignon Lieder

Kennst du das Land
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Anne Grimm, soprano
Bruce Vogt, piano

Italian Serenade in G major for String Quartet *Molto vivo*

Hugo Wolf

Lafayette String Quartet

INTERMISSION

Concession open in the lounge

In der Nacht, Op. 74, No. 4

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Merrie Klazek, flugelhorn
Jason Gordon, euphonium
Harald Krebs, piano

Sechs Deutsche Lieder, Op. 103

Sei still mein Herz
Zwiegesang
Sehnsucht

Louis Spohr
(1784-1859)

Anne Grimm, soprano
Connie Gitlin, clarinet
Harald Krebs, piano

Three Songs on Poems by Walter Kempowski

Blumen – gab es denn Anemonen?
Nüsse fielen aufs Dach
Lieder wie schwirrende Pfeile

Harald Krebs
(b. 1955)

Benjamin Butterfield, tenor
Harald Krebs, piano

Divertimento for flute, violin, violoncello and piano

Allegro non troppo quasi una Marcia
Andante
Molto allegro e giocoso

Simon Laks
(1901-1983)

Suzanne Snizek, flute
Ann Elliott-Goldschmid, violin
Pamela Highbaugh Aloni, cello
Yoomi Kim, piano

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.

TRANSLATIONS

Das Lied im Grünen

Johann Anton Friedrich Reil

To the countryside, to the countryside,
Spring beckons, that lovely little boy;
and leads us out with a flower-entwined staff
to where the larks and blackbirds are so wakeful;
to the forests, to the fields, to the hill by the brook -
To the countryside, to the countryside.

In the countryside, in the countryside,
life is wonderful, and we wander there with pleasure
and pin our eyes on it while yet far off;
and as we wander with high spirits,
about us always flutters a childlike delight,
in the countryside, in the countryside.

In the countryside, in the countryside,
one can rest so well, experiencing such lovely feelings,
and thinking comfortably on this and that,
and magically banishing those things that depress us
while invoking those things in which our hearts delight.
In the countryside, in the countryside.

In the countryside, in the countryside,
the stars become so clear that wise men
of the old world prize them for guiding life;
little clouds stroke us gently as they pass,
hearts grow lighter; the senses clarify --
in the countryside, in the countryside.

In the countryside, in the countryside,
many a plan has grown wings;
the future loses its grim aspect,
the eye is strengthened, the gaze is refreshed,
wishes rock gently back and forth
in the countryside, in the countryside.

In the countryside, in the countryside
in the morning and the evening, in the cosy quiet,
many a little song and many an idyll sprout;
and Hymen often crowns the poetic jest -
for attraction is easy, and the heart is susceptible
in the countryside, in the countryside.

To the countryside, to the countryside,
let us joyfully follow that friendly boy.
If one day life no longer blooms for us, then
we wisely will not miss that green time;
for when it was essential, we happily dreamed away
in the countryside, in the countryside.

Der Leiermann (The Hurdy Gurdy Man)

Wilhelm Müller

There, behind the village,
stands a hurdy-gurdy-man,
And with numb fingers
he plays the best he can.

Barefoot on the ice,
he staggers back and forth,
And his little plate
remains ever empty.

No one wants to hear him,
no one looks at him,
And the hounds snarl
at the old man.

And he lets it all go by,
everything as it will,
He plays, and his hurdy-gurdy
is never still.

Strange old man,
shall I go with you?
Will you play your hurdy-gurdy
to my songs?

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Mignon Lieder

Kennst du das Land?

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Do you know that land? where the lemon trees blossom,
Where the golden oranges glow in the dark foliage,
Where a gentle breeze blows from the blue sky,
The myrtle stands silently and the laurel loftily,
Do you know it well?

Thence! Thence

I would like to go with you, oh my beloved.

Do you know the house? Its roof rests upon columns,
The great hall is radiant, the chamber,
And marble statues stand and gaze upon me:
What have they done to you, you poor child?
Do you know it well?

Thence! Thence

I would like to go with you, oh my protector.

Do you know the mountain and its path winding through the clouds?
The mule picks its way through the fog;
The old brood of the dragons lives in caves;
The rocky cliffs plunge down and over them the floodwaters cascade.
Do you know it well?

Thence! Thence

Oh father, our way leads, let us go!

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Only someone who knows yearning
Understands what I suffer!
Alone and separated
From all joy
I gaze up at the firmament
Toward that other side.
Ah, he who loves me and knows me
Is far away.
I grow dizzy, my innards
Are burning.
Only someone who knows yearning
Understands what I suffer!

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Sechs Deutsche Lieder

Sei still, mein Herz (Be still my heart)

Karl Friedrich von Schweitzer

I harbored hope deep in my breast,
Which embraced it trustingly;
My eyes gleamed full of life's joy,
As its magic flowed over me;
When I listened to its flattering voice,
In the storm its echo is drowned out.
Be still, my heart, and don't think on it;
This is now the truth – the other was deception.

I built, from flowers and sunshine,
A bridge through my life,
Upon which I walked, crowned with laurel,
Dedicated to the noblest of strivings;
The gratitude of humanity was my loveliest reward –
The mob laughs out loud with impudent scorn.
Be still, my heart, and don't think on it;
This is now the truth – the other was deception.

Zwiesang (Duet)

Robert Reinick

In a lilac bush sat a little bird
In the quiet, lovely May night,
Beneath was a girl in the high grass
In the quiet, lovely May night.
The girl sang, the bird kept silence;
The bird sang, the girl listened;
And far and wide their duet rang out
Through the moonlit valley.

What did the bird sing in the branches
Through the quiet, lovely May night?
What was the girl singing at the same time
Through the quiet, lovely May night?

The bird: about spring sun;
The girl: about love's delight:
And how that song pierced my heart
I will never forget for my entire life.

Sehnsucht (Longing)

Emanuel von Geibel

I look into my heart, and I look at the world,
Until the tears fall from my brimming eyes;
Although the distance shines with a golden light,
The north holds me fast, and I cannot reach it.
Oh, such narrow constraints, and such a broad world,
And time, so fleeting!
Oh, if I had wings; through the blue air
How I wish to bathe in the sun's fragrance!
But in vain! And hour after hour passes –
Mourning youth, burying song! –
O such narrow constraints, and such a broad world,
And time, so fleeting!

Translations by Pamela Dellal
www.pameladellal.com/Reviving_Song.html

Three Songs on Poems by Walter Kempowski

Blumen, gab es denn Anemonen?

Flowers – were there anemones?
Had poppies turned toward the light?
The thistle in silvery dust,
not to mention roses.
The tree was hacked down
still full of blossoms,
and a cart drove over the flowerbed.

Nüsse fielen aufs Dach

Nuts fell upon the roof,
and birds flew away.
Clouds stood upon the heavens.
Was that the whole of summer?
Had winter suffocated in snow?
In the only springtime –
the hard, chapped hand.
Autumn alone brought that which it owed you.

Lieder wie schwirrende Pfeile

Songs like whirring arrows
over mountain and valley.
Do they glance off?
Do they penetrate between mortice and stone?
Do they surge up in you?

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