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1989  
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The  
Musical-Poetical Club  
(The Fortepiano Society)

presents its

# Autumn Fortepiano Concert

Saturday, November 18, 1989

DAT 11,535

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Sunday, November 19, 1989

DAT 11,536

CASS 11,537

Brechemin Auditorium  
School of Music  
University of Washington

# Program

## Three Songs

Der Jüngling an der Quelle, D. 300 (Salis-Seewis)  
Die Forelle, D. 550 (Schubart)  
Suleika I, D. 720 (Goethe)

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Alison Guay, soprano  
Anne Marie Scotto, fortepiano

20 Ländler, D. 366 and 814, arr. for Piano four-hands  
by Johannes Brahms

Schubert

Tamara Friedman and George Bozarth, fortepiano

Three Songs from *Schwanengesang*, D. 957

Schubert

Am Meer (Heine)  
Aufenthalt (Rellstab)  
Ständchen (Rellstab)

Paul Elgin, baritone  
George Bozarth, fortepiano

CASS SIDE A  
SIDE B

Pause

## Three Songs

Die Zufriedenheit, K. 473 (Weiße)  
Abendempfindung an Laura, K. 523 (anon.)  
Oiseaux, si tous les ans, K. 307 (Ferrand)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Adriana Giarola, soprano  
George Bozarth, fortepiano

Sonata in C major, K. 521

Mozart

Allegro - Andante - Allegretto

Vincent Ranger and Mark Kuss, fortepiano

The fortepiano in these concerts is a replica of an Anton Walter instrument (Vienna, ca. 1795), built by Rodney Regier of Freeport, Maine, in 1987. This instrument was acquired with a grant from the Graduate School Research Fund and matching funds from the School of Music and the College of Arts and Sciences.

The Musical-Poetical Club, now in its second year, is a graduate-student organization devoted to fostering the performance of late 18th- and early 19th-century music on period instruments and in authentic styles.

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### *Future Fortepiano Events*

Friday, January 19, 5:00 p.m. *Lecture-demonstration by Elizabeth Field, Classical violin, and David Breitman, fortepiano.* Room 213, Music Building. Admission free. Sponsored by *The Musical-Poetical Club, the ASUW, and the GPSS*

Sunday, January 21, 3:00 p.m. *Concert by Elizabeth Field, Classical violin, and David Breitman, fortepiano.* Brechemin Auditorium, Music Building. Admission: \$5.00; students and seniors, \$2.00. Sponsored by *The Musical-Poetical Club and The Early Music Guild of Seattle*

Friday and Saturday, February 2 and 3, 8:00 p.m. *Fortepiano and Friends.* A Concert of Lieder, Piano and Chamber Music by Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert, performed by Nancy Zylstra, soprano; Sandra Schwarz, Classical violin; Meg Brennand, Classical cello; Tamara Friedman and George Bozarth, fortepiano. The Davidson Galleries, 313 Occidental Avenue South (Pioneer Square). \$10.00; students and seniors, \$7.00. Presented by *The Early Music Guild of Seattle*

Monday, February 5, 8:00 p.m. *Faculty Recital by Emilie Berendsen, mezzo-soprano, with Bern Herbolsheimer, piano.* Works by Haydn and Beethoven performed with fortepiano; also works by Bizet, Brahms, and Franck. Brechemin Auditorium, Music Building. Admission: \$5.00; students and seniors, \$2.00.

Sunday, March 4, 3:00 p.m. *Spring Concert of The Musical-Poetical Club.* A program of music for and with the Classical fortepiano, performed by UW graduate students and faculty. Brechemin Auditorium, Music Building. Admission free.

Saturday, May 5, 6:30 p.m. *Lecture-demonstration by Steven Lubin, fortepiano.* Roethke Auditorium, Kane Hall. Admission free. Sponsored by *The Musical-Poetical Club, The Early Music Guild of Seattle, and the School of Music, University of Washington (with assistance from the Graduate School); presented in conjunction with the Early Music Guild concert of the Mozartean Players, Stanley Ritchie, Classical violin, Myron Lutzke, Classical cello, and Steven Lubin, fortepiano*

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By the time Anton Walter built the fortepiano on which Rodney Regier modelled the instrument being played in these concerts, Cristofori's invention had undergone nearly a century of modification, much of this in the direction of simplification. The first pianos, made in Florence around 1700, already had a complex system of levers not all that different from the action in the modern piano (although much smaller and lighter-weight). The fortepiano action perfected by the South German builder Johann Andreas Stein in the 1770s, and much admired by Mozart, derives as much from the clavichord as from the harpsichord: the hammer mechanism is mounted directly on the key, creating an action extremely sensitive to variations in touch. After Stein's death in 1792, his daughter Nannette and son Matthäus Andreas moved the family business to Vienna, joining the migration of piano builders to this capital city of the Hapsburg empire, with its ready market among music-loving aristocrats and bourgeoisie. Henceforth Stein's type of instrument became known as the "Viennese" fortepiano, as opposed to the "English" fortepiano of John Broadwood and others, which used an entirely different type of action that was a direct precursor of the action found in the modern grand piano.

Anton Walter probably began making pianos of the "Viennese" type in the late 1770s. When Mozart moved from Salzburg to Vienna in 1781 and began composing and performing piano concertos for the Viennese public, it was a fortepiano by Walter that he purchased. In 1790 Walter was appointed "Imperial Royal Court Organ- and Instrument-maker" to the Hapsburg court. By then, as one contemporary writer noted, "among the many fortepiano makers [in Vienna], it is Herr Walter who has become the most famous artist in this trade and who is more or less the foremost builder of this instrument." The replica fortepiano built by Rodney Regier shows the same mastery of construction—both internally and externally—as do the extant Walter originals.

Of performance on Viennese fortepianos, the pianist and composer Johann Nepomuk Hummel wrote (in 1827), "the [Viennese] piano allows the performer to impart to his execution every possible degree of light and shade, speaks clearly and promptly, has a round fluty tone, . . . and does not impede rapidity of execution by requiring too great an effort." In comparison to a modern Steinway, in fact, the Walter piano needs only about one-fifth the amount of weight to press down its keys. The depth that the key descends is also much shallower than on a modern piano. The range of the Walter/Regier is five octaves; its hammers are quite small and covered with leather (rather than felt), and its strings are very light gauge. The instrument's upper register is bright and clear, its middle range can be rich and viola-like, and it has a full, resonant bass.

Hundreds of pianos of this style were built in Vienna ca. 1780-1800, and these instruments would still have been in use throughout the first decades of the nineteenth century, even though newer models, with larger range and heavier construction, were being built. Thus, for example, a drawing of Schubert's apartment in Vienna around 1820 shows a fortepiano nearly identical in appearance to the Walter/Regier, even though pianos of six and more octaves were available from all makers.

## Franz Schubert, Three Songs

### *Der Jüngling an der Quelle — The Youth by the Spring* (Johann Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis)

Leise, rieselnder Quell!  
Ihr wallenden, flüsternden Pappeln!  
Euer Schlummergeräusch  
Wecket die Liebe nur auf.  
Linderung sucht ich bei euch,  
Und sie zu vergessen, die Spröde,  
Ach, und Blätter und Bach  
Seufzen, Luise, dir nach.

Softly rippling brook!  
Swaying, whispering poplars!  
Your slumbrous murmur  
awakens only love.  
I sought consolation in you,  
and to forget her, who is so aloof.  
Alas, the leaves and the brook  
sigh for you, Louise!

### *Die Forelle — The Trout* (Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart)

In einem Bächlein helle,  
Da schoß in froher Eil'  
Die launische Forelle  
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.  
Ich stand an dem Gestade  
Und sah in süßer Ruh'  
Des muntern Fischleins Bade  
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

In a clear brooklet,  
in joyous haste,  
the capricious trout  
darted by like an arrow.  
I stood on the bank  
and, in blissful peace, watched  
the lively fish swimming  
in the clear brook.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute  
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,  
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,  
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.  
Solang dem Wasser Helle,  
So dacht' ich, nicht gebricht,  
So fängt er die Forelle  
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

An angler with his rod  
stood on the bank,  
cold-bloodedly watching  
the fish's twists and turns.  
As long as the water  
remains so clear, I thought,  
he'll never catch the trout  
with his rod.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe  
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht  
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,  
Und eh ich es gedacht,  
So zuckte seine Rute,  
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,  
Und ich mit regem Blute  
Sah die Betrog'ne an.

But at length the thief  
grew impatient. Cunningly  
he made the brook cloudy,  
and in an instant  
his rod quivered,  
and there writhed the fish;  
and I, with blood boiling,  
looked at the cheated creature.

*Suletka I*  
(Marianne von Willemer,  
adapted by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?  
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?  
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung  
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

What does this stirring portend?  
Is the east wind bringing me joyful tidings?  
The refreshing motion of its wings  
cools the heart's deep wound.

Kosend spielt er mit dem Straube,  
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,  
Triebt zu sichern Rebenlaube  
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.

Caressingly it plays with the dust,  
throws it up in light clouds,  
and chases to the safety of the vine-leaves  
the happy swarm of insects.

Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,  
Kühlt auch mir die heißen Wangen,  
Küßt die Reben noch im Fliehen,  
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.

Gently it tempers the burning heart of the sun,  
cools my hot cheeks;  
even as it flies it kisses the vines  
resplendent upon hill and field.

Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern  
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüße;  
Eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,  
Grüßen mich wohl tausend Küsse.

And its soft whispering bring me  
a thousand greetings from my beloved;  
before these hills grow dark  
a thousand kisses will surely greet me.

Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!  
Diene Freunden und Betrübten.  
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,  
Dort find' ich bald den Vielgeliebten.

And so you can go on your way!  
Serve friends and those afflicted!  
There, where high walls glow,  
I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,  
Liebeshauch, erfrishtes Leben  
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,  
Kann mir nur sein Atem geben.

Alas, the true message of the heart,  
the breath of love, renewed life,  
will come to me only from his lips,  
can be given to me only by his breath.

Franz Schubert. Three Songs from *Schwanengesang*

*Am Meer — By the Sea*  
(Heinrich Heine)

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus  
Im letzten Abendscheine;  
Wir saßen am einsamen Fischerhaus,  
Wir saßen stumm und alleine.

The sea glittered far and wide  
in the sun's dying rays;  
we sat by the fisherman's lonely house,  
we sat silent and alone.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll,  
Die Möwe flog hin und wieder;  
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll  
Fielen die Tränen nieder.

The mist rose, the waters swelled,  
a seagull flew to and fro;  
from your loving eyes  
the tears fell.

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand,  
Und bin aufs Knie gesunken;  
Ich hab' von deiner weißen Hand  
Die Tränen fortgetrunken.

I saw them fall on your hand,  
I sank upon my knee;  
from your white hand  
I drank away the tears.

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich mein Leib,  
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen;—  
Mich hat das unglückselige Weib  
Vergiftet mit ihren Tränen.

Since that hour my body is consumed  
and my soul dies of longing.  
That unhappy woman  
has poisoned me with her tears.

*Aufenthalt — Resting Place*  
(Ludwig Rellstab)

Rauschender Strom, brausender Wald,  
Starrender Fels, mein Aufenthalt.  
Wie sich die Welle an Welle reiht,  
Fließen die Tränen mir ewig erneut.

Surging river, roaring forest,  
immovable rock, my resting place.  
As wave follows wave,  
so my tears flow, ever renewed.

Hoch in den Kronen wogend sich's regt,  
So unaufhörlich mein Herze schlägt.  
Und wie des Felsen uraltes Erz,  
Ewig derselbe bleibet mein Schmerz.

As the high tree-tops stir and heave,  
so my heart beats incessantly.  
Like the rock's age-old ore  
my sorrow remains forever the same.

*Ständchen — Serenade*  
(Ludwig Rellstab)

Leise flehen meine Lieder  
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;  
In den stillen Hain hernieder,  
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Softly my songs plead  
through the night to you;  
down into the silent grove,  
beloved, come to me!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen  
In des Mondes Licht;  
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen  
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Slender tree-tops whisper and rustle  
in the moonlight;  
my darling, do not fear  
that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.

Hörst die Nichtigallen schlagen?  
Ach! sie flehen Dich,  
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen  
Flehen sie für mich.

Do you not hear the nightingales call?  
Ah, they are imploring you;  
With their sweet, plaintive songs  
they are imploring for me.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,  
Kennen Liebesschmerz,  
Rühren mit den Silbertönen  
Jedes weiche Herz.

They understand the heart's yearning,  
they know the pain of love;  
with their silvery notes  
they touch every tender heart.

Laß auch Dir das Herz bewegen,  
Liebchen, höre mich!  
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen!  
Komm', beglücke mich!

Let your heart, too, be moved,  
Beloved, hear me!  
Trembling, I await you!  
Come, make me happy!

Translations of poems from *Schwanengesang* by Richard Wigmore,  
*Schubert: The Complete Song Texts* (London: Victor Gollancz, 1988)

# Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Three Songs

## *Die Zufriedenheit — Contentment* (Christian Felix Weiße)

Wie sanft, wie ruhig fül' ich hier  
Des Lebens Freuden ohne Sorgen!  
Und sonder Ahnung leuchtet mir  
Willkommen jeder Morgen.

How gentle, how peaceful here  
is my life, joyful and free from care,  
and with no misgivings  
I welcome each bright new dawn.

Mein frohes, mein zufried'nes Herz  
Tanzt nach der Melodie der Haine,  
Und angenehm ist selbst mein Schmerz,  
Wenn ich vor Liebe weine.

My happy, my contented heart  
dances to the music of the groves,  
and even my pain is pleasant  
when I weep for love.

Wie sehr lach' ich die Großen aus,  
Die Blutvergießer, Helden, Prinzen!  
Denn mich beglückt ein kleines Haus,  
Sie nicht einmal Provinzen.

How much I laugh to scorn the great ones,  
shedders of blood, heroes, princes!  
For I am content with only a little house,  
they not even with provinces.

Wie wüten sie nicht wider sich,  
Die göttergleichen Herr'n der Erden!  
Doch brauchen sie mehr Raum als ich,  
Wenn sie begraben werden?

How they rage among themselves,  
these godlike masters of the earth!  
But will they need more room than I  
when they come to be buried?

## *Abendempfindung an Laura — Evening Sentiment to Laura* (anonymous)

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,  
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;  
So entflieh'n des Lebens schönste Stunden,  
Flieh'n vorüber wie im Tanz!

It is evening, the sun has gone down  
and the moon streams its silver rays;  
thus to life's loveliest hours fly away,  
flying past as in a dance!

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,  
Und der Vorhang rollt herab.  
Aus ist unser Spiel! des Freundes Träne  
Fliesset schon auf unser Grab.

Soon life's colorful stage will fade,  
and the curtain will descend.  
Our play is ended! our friend's tears  
already flow on our grave.

Bald vielleicht — mir weht, wie Westwind leise,  
Eine stille Ahnung zu —  
Schliess' ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,  
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.

Soon perhaps — like the gentle west wind,  
a quiet thought comes to me —  
I will end this life's pilgrimage,  
and fly to the land of rest.

Werd't ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,  
Trauernd meine Asche seh'n,  
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen  
Und will Himmel auf euch weh'n.

If you will weep then by my grave,  
and look in mourning upon my ashes,  
then, O friends, I will appear to you  
and breathe the breath of heaven upon you.

Schenk auch du ein Trächen mir  
Und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab;  
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke  
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.

Shed a tear also for me,  
and pluck a violet for me from my grave;  
and with your soulful gaze  
look gently down on me.

Weih mir eine Träne und ach!  
Schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weih'n,  
O sie wird in meinem Diademe  
Dann die schönste Perle sein.

Dedicate a tear to me, and ah!  
Be not ashamed to do so;  
O, in my diadem it will become  
the fairest pearl of all.

**Oiseaux, si tous les ans  
(Antoine Ferrand)**

Oiseaux, si tous les ans  
Vous changez de climats,  
Dès que le triste hiver  
Dépouille nos bocages;  
Ce n'est pas seulement  
Pour changer de feuillages,  
Ni pour éviter nos frimats;  
Mais votre destinée  
Ne vous permet d'aimer,  
Qu'à la saison des fleurs.  
Et quand elle est passée,  
Vous la cherchez ailleurs,  
Afin d'aimer toute l'année.

Birds, if yearly  
you fly to other climates  
the moment sad winter  
strips bare our woods,  
it is not solely  
for change of foliage  
or to escape our frosts,  
but because your destiny  
permits you to love  
only in the season of flowers.  
And when that season's passed,  
you seek it elsewhere  
in order to love throughout the year.