

No. 11
Betty.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS

Present

THE PHILADELPHIA STRING QUARTET

STANLEY RITCHIE, violin ALAN IGLITZIN, viola
IRWIN EISENBERG, violin CHARLES BRENNAND, 'cello

with guest artist
CAROL WEBBER, soprano

Friday, February 6, 1976

Meany Theater, 8:00 PM

All used for
CH 2-29-76.

PROGRAM

Tape No. 1-7980

✓ WILLIAM BERGSMAN 16:04
(b. 1921)

Fourth Quartet
Themes and Variations
Interlude
Presto - Andante amabile

✓ HAYDN 21:09
(1732-1809)

Quartet, Op. 76, No. 6
Allegretto - Allegro
Fantasia: Adagio
Menuetto: Presto
Allegro spiritoso

INTERMISSION

Tape No. 2-7981

✓ SCHOENBERG 29:14
(1874-1951)

Second Quartet, Op. 10 with Soprano
Mässig
Sehr rasch
Litanei
Entrückung

Litanei

SCHOENBERG

Deep is the sorrow which now surrounds me,
Once more I enter, Lord! into thy house.
Long was the journey,
Weary my limbs now.
Empty are the altars,
The only fullness is grief.

My thirsty tongue longs for wine.
Hard was the struggle,
Stiff is my arm.

Grant sweet rest to faltering footsteps,
To mouths that hunger for bread!
Weak is my breath, calling forth a dream.
Empty are my hands and fevered my mouth.

Lend me thy coolness, quench the burning.
Relieve this hoping; send thy light!
Deep in my heart flames still glow.
Deep from within me comes a cry...
Kill all the longing! Heal the wounds!
Take my love, grant me thy joy!

Entrückung

I feel wind from other planets.
The faces that once turned to me in friendship are now in darkness,
strangely, palely glowing.

And trees and paths I loved have paled until I scarcely know them
And thou, light and beloved shadow,
Cause of all my sorrow,
art now dissolved in deep burning flames.

After the struggle and the wild confusion,
Oh, to come once more in holy awe and yearning.

I lose myself in tones,
Circling, weaving, in groundless thanks,
And nameless praises.
My soul gives itself to this great space.

A mighty wind overwhelms me,
Rushing, sweeping over sacred ground
Where, spent with passion, praying women weep in the dust.

Then I see misty clouds rising into the sun-filled, glowing heavens,
beyond distant mountain passes.
The ground beneath shudders white and soft like curds.
I climb over vast chasms. I feel myself soaring above the furthest clouds,
Through crystalline infinity I rise.
I am an ember of the holy fire.
I am only an echo of the holy voice.