

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

The School of Music and the Office of Lectures and Concerts

present

March 6, 1971

8:00 P.M.

Hub Auditorium

The Philadelphia String Quartet

VEDA REYNOLDS, *Violin*

ALAN IGLITZIN, *Viola*

IRWIN EISENBERG, *Violin*

CHARLES BRENNAND, *Cello*

Quartet-in-Residence to the state universities and colleges of Washington

and

Reel No. 1-6000 Elizabeth Suderburg, *Soprano*

HAYDN
(1732-1809)

19:43

Quartet in G major, Opus 33 No. 3 (1781)

5:32 *Allegro moderato*
3:09 *Scherzo: Allegretto*
7:07 *Adagio*

CH 3-14-71.

2:35 *Finale: Rondo. Presto* 18:23

Reel No. 2-6001

SCHOENBERG
(1874-1951)

32:42

String Quartet No. 2 with voice (1907)

Mässig
21:35 *Sehr rasch*
Litanei: Langsam
Entrückung

OH 3-14-71.

Poems by Stefan George

Reel No. 3-6002

INTERMISSION

GINASTERA
(b. 1916)

26:48

String Quartet No. 2 (1958)

Allegro rustico
Adagio angoscioso
Presto magico
Libero e rapsodico
Furioso

RH 3-18-71.

PROGRAM NOTES

Schoenberg: Quartet No. 2
Texts (Stefan George)

LITANY

Deep is the grief which surrounds me,
I enter again, Lord, into thy house...

The journey was long, my limbs are weary,
The coffers are empty, only pain abounds.

My thirsty tongue longs for the wine,
The strife was hard, my arm is numb.

Give rest to my faltering steps,
Break thy bread for the hungry mouth.

Weakly my breath calls through a dream,
My hands are hollow, fevered my mouth.

Lend thy coolness, quench the flames,
Away with mere hope, send light!

Fire still burns fiercely in my heart,
From deep within me comes a cry...

Destroy my longing, close my wound!
Take love from me, grant me thy peace!

REMOTENESS

I sense an air as of another planet.
The faces through the darkness I see
fainter
Which only just so kindly turned
toward me.

And trees and paths which I loved,
now grow paler
So that I scarcely know them, and
you lighter
Beloved shadow-causer of my
torments--

RS:smo

REMOTENESS (CONTINUED)

Have in the deeper glow now fully
faded

Only to cast round me after
tossing turmoil

Of fights a spell of pious
shuddering.

I am dissolved in music, circling,
binding,

With boundless gratitude and praise
unnamed,

Yet wishless to the grand breath
yielding.

A wild and strong wind now
overtakes me,

Enraptured by the solemn rites of
service,

Where women, thrown in dust,
cry pleading.

Then I see how the airy mists are
lifting

In sun-filled skies, in air so
clear and free,

Which envelopes you only on
farthest mountains.

The earth shakes white and soft as
something curdled,

I climb across some deep ravines
gigantic.

I feel as if I, past the last cloud
floating,

Were in a sea of crystal-glittering
splendour,

I am a spark, no more, of holy fire,
A thundering only of the holy voice.