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

Elizabeth Suderburg, Soprano

Reel No. 1 - 6000
HAYDN 19:43
(1732-1809) Quartet in G major, Opus 33 No. 3 (1781)
5:32 Allegro moderato
3:09 Scherzo: Allegretto
7:07 Adagio
S. 35 Finale: Rondo. Presto 18:23

Reel No. 2 - 6001
SCHOENBERG 32:42
(1874-1951) String Quartet No. 2 with voice (1907)
21:35

Reel No. 3 - 6002
GINASTERA 26:48
(b. 1916) String Quartet No. 2 (1958) RH 3-18-71

INTERMISSION

Mässig
Sehr rasch
Litanei: Langsam
Entrückung
Poems by Stefan George

Allegro rustico
Adagio angoscioso
Presto magico
Libero e rapsodico
Furioso
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!

REMO T ENESS

I sense an air as of another planet.  
The faces through the darkness I see  
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--

REMO T ENESS (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.