THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

presents a faculty recital:

To Serenade You I Have Come

Songs from
Hugo Wolf's Italian Songbook,
Poems of Paul Heyse
sung in German

PROGRAM

1-8  The Courtship

9-14 The Serenade
  Intermission

15-24 The Quarrel

25-28 Peace

Julian Patrick, baritone
Carmen Pelton, soprano
Lisa Bergman, piano

Songs arranged in narrative order by Carmen Pelton

April 29, 1997  8:00 PM  Meany Theater
The Courtship

1. Ein Ständchen Euch zu bringen... 1:30
To serenade you I have come,
if the master of the house doesn’t object.
You have a beautiful daughter; it might be
better not to keep her indoors too strictly.
And if she’s already in bed, then kindly
let her know on my behalf
that her true love has passed this way,
who has had her in his mind by day and by night,
and that in every daily tally of twenty-four hours,
I miss her for fully twenty-five.

2. Du denkst mit einem Fädelchen... 1:14
You think to catch me with a thread,
to enthrall me with one glance.
But I’ve already caught others
who flew higher than you,
so don’t trust me if you see me laughing.
I am in love—but not with you!

3. Was für ein Lied... 1:43
What song shall be sung to you
that would be worthy of you? Where to find it?
I’d like best to derive it from deep in the earth,
ever before sung by any creature;
a song that no man or woman until today,
has ever heard or sung, not even the oldest.

4. O war dein Haus... 1:40
Oh, were your house transparent like a glass,
my love, when I tip-toe by!
Then I would always see you within;
how I’d gaze at you with all my soul!
How many looks your heart would send me,
more than there are drops in the March river!
How many the looks I would send across to you,
more than there are drops showering down in the rain!

5. Wie lange schon... 1:54
How long have I always yearned:
oh, if only a musician loved me!
Now the Lord has granted my wish
and sends me one all milk and blood.
And here he comes, with a delicate air,
and bows his head, and plays the violin.

6. Man sagt mir... 1:23
They tell me your mother disapproves;
then stay away, my dear, respect her wishes.
Oh, dearest, no; don’t respect her wishes;

7. Wenn du mich mit den Augen streifst... 1:50
When your gaze strays over to me and you laugh,
and then look down and sink your chin on your breast,
I beg you to give me a sign first,
so that I can curb my heart
and keep it tame and quiet
when it wants to leap for great love;
that I can retain my heart within my breast,
when it wants to break out for great joy.

8. Gesegnet sei, durch den die Welt entstand... 1:34
Blessed on him, through whom the world began;
how finely he created it on all sides!
He created the sea with its unfathomable depths;
he created the ships that glide over it;
he created paradise with its eternal light;
he created beauty and your countenance.

II. The Serenade

9. Schon streck’ ich aus... 2:06
No sooner had I stretched out in bed my weary limbs,
than you appeared before me in vision, my dear love.
At once I leap up, put my shoes back on,
and go wandering through the town with my lute.
I sing and play so that the streets resound...
Many a girl is listening; I have soon passed by.
Many a girl has been moved by my song, while •.

10. Der Mond hat eine schwere Klag’... 2:01
The moon has raised a serious complaint
and has made the matter known to the Lord:
She feels that she cannot continue to stay in the sky
above because you have robbed her of her radiance.
She says that when she last mustered the radiance
of all the stars, the full count was incomplete.
you have stolen two of the loveliest—those two eyes
of yours, whose light has blinded me.

[continued...please turn page quietly]
11. Mein Liebster singt am Haus...
My lover is singing outside in the moonlight, and I must lie listening here in bed.
Away from my mother I turn, and weep, my tears are blood which will not dry.
That broad stream by the bed I've wept, for my tears I cannot tell if day has yet dawned.
That bedside stream I've wept from yearning; blinded am I by my tears of blood.

12. Heut' Nacht erhob ich mich...
Tonight I rose at midnight and found that my heart had secretly slipped away from me.
I asked: Heart, where are you storms off with such force? It said: Only to see you had it escaped.
Now see how it must be with my loving: my heart slips from my body to see you!

13. O wüßtest du...
Oh, if you only knew, you false traitress, how much I suffered in the night for your sake.
While you have lain locked up indoors, I spent my time outside in the open.
My rose-water has been the rain, the lightning my only message of love; dice with the storm I've played,
while I kept watch under your eaves.
My bed was laid beneath your eaves with the sky spread above as my blanket.
The threshold of your door—that was my pillow. Poor wretch that I am, what I have to endure!

14. Ich liess mir sagen...
I made inquiries and I was told: handsome Toni is starving himself to death.
Ever since love has tormented him so cruelly he eats seven loaves per molar.
After meals, to fortify his digestion, he consumes a sausage and another seven loaves.
And if Tonina won't ease his pain, there'll soon be an outbreak of famine and starvation.

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INTERMISSION

III. The Quarrel

15. Wie soll ich fröhlich sein;
How shall I be happy, and even laugh, when you always spurn me so openly?
She carries on just like Tuscany's river,
that every mountain stream must follow.
she's like the Arno, I'm inclined to think:
now with many followers, now with none.*
[*The Italian river Arno has many tributaries
which dry up during the summer months.]

21. Mein Liebster ist so klein...
My sweetheart's so small that without bending
he sweeps my room with his hair.
When he went into the garden to pick jasmine,
a snail scared him out of his wits.
Then when he sat down indoors to recover,
a fly knocked him spinning;
and when he came to my window,
a blue-bottle fly smashed his head in.
A curse on all flies, gnats and blue-bottles,
and whoever has a sweetheart from Maremma!
A curse on all flies, gnats and midges
and on all who, for a kiss, have so low to stoop!

22. Ich hab in Penna...
I have a lover who lives in Penna;
another in the plain of Maremma;
one in the beautiful port of Ancona;
for the fourth I must travel to Viterbo.
Another lives yonder in Casentino,
the next—in my hometown,
and I have yet another in Magione,
four in La Fratta—and ten in Castiglione!

23. Selig ihr Blinden...
Blessed are you blind who cannot see
the charms that kindle our fires;
Blessed are you deaf who, unappalled,
the laments of lovers can laugh away;
Blessed are you dumb, who to women
your distress of heart cannot convey;
Blessed are you dead, who have been buried!
You will have rest from love's torments.

24. Schweig' einmal still...
Do be quiet, you odious babbler out there!
Your damned singing makes me sick.
Even if you kept it up till morning,
you'd still not manage a decent song.
So do be quiet and get to bed.
I'd rather hear a donkey's serenade.

IV. Peace

25. Heb' auf dein blondes Haupt...
Lift up your blond head, and do not sleep,
and do not be beguiled by slumber.
Four things of importance I have to say,
one of which must you miss.
The first: for you my heart is breaking;
the second: yours alone do I want to be;
the third: that to you my salvation I commend;
the last: my soul loves you alone.

26. Auch kleine Dinge...
Even small things can delight us,
even small things can be precious.
Consider how we love to adorn ourselves with pearls;
they are costly, and are only small.
Consider how small the olive is,
yet it is sought-after for its goodness.
Just think of the rose, how small it is,
yet it smells so sweet, as you know.

27. Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen...
Let us make peace, my dearest life,
already we have quarrelled too long.
If you will not yield, I shall;
how could we two make war to the death?
Peace is made by princes and by kings,
and should it elude two lovers?
Peace is made by princes and by soldiers,
and should not two who are in love succeed?
Do you think that where such great lords succeed,
a pair of happy hearts can fail?

28. Wir haben beide lange Zeit...
We have both been silent for a long time,
all at once speech came back to us again.
The angels that fly down from heaven,
they brought peace again after war.
The angels of God have descended,
with them peace has entered in.
love's angels came in the night
and have brought peace to my breast.

Translations by Graham Johnson
The Italian Songbook of Hugo Wolf

When we encounter this work for the first time, we discover a new song landscape—a delightfully hybrid country where Italian folk earthiness is wedded to the highest German art. Wolf had already proved himself a giant of the Lied in his settings of Mörke, Goethe and others, and he had long been adept at inspired syntheses of word and tone. But by 1890 the composer had reached a phase in his life where he no longer needed the monumental grandeur of German literature to achieve his ends. He had already turned his gaze south to the Mediterranean; the songs of the Spanisches Liederbuch strike a new hedonistic note in his work. But the surprise of the Italienisches Liederbuch (translations by Paul Heyse of essentially anonymous folk lyrics drawn from collections by Tommaseo, Tigri, Dalmedico and others) is that the composer also delights in the joys of the miniature.

[In these poems] the intense human activity of an Italian village is mirrored by a parade of the tiniest and most subtle musical devices and inflections. The people depicted in Heyse’s collection are a part of society, part of a bustling and vibrant community, yet somehow anonymous in that their behavior in love is archetypal, as repetitive and inevitable as life itself. And as a result of the composer entering into the spirit of these words in the most profound way, there is in this combination of music and poetry a timelessness which places the work far beyond the realms of nineteenth-century song and Italian pastiche.

Notes by Graham Johnson

Wolf’s published order of the forty-six songs in this collection had no narrative. They are for that reason not a cycle of songs, but rather a collection of love songs. For this evening’s program I have chosen approximately half of the songs and placed them in four groups of related texts. Further ties from song to song and any implied ongoing story may be drawn by the listener. The alternation of songs sung by male and female singer throughout the collection is Wolf’s intention.

Carmen Pelton

ABOUT THE PERFORMERS...

A most distinguished and versatile American artist, JULIAN PATRICK, baritone, has performed world-wide with major opera companies such as Theatre de Geneve, Vienna Volksoper, and the Netherlands, Welsh National, Chicago Lyric, New York City, Metropolitan, San Francisco, Chicago Lyric, Houston Grand, Dallas, and Seattle Operas. His operatic repertoire consists of over 90 major roles ranging from Alberich in Wagner’s RING cycle to Figaro in Il Barbiere di Siviglia. He is equally at home on the concert stage, having appeared with nearly all the major symphony orchestras in the United States and a number in Europe. In January of this year he sang Prospero in Lee Hoiby’s opera The Tempest, as well as Faninal in Der Rosenkavalier with Dallas Opera. In summer 1997 he will repeat Faninal for Seattle Opera. Patrick is a Professor of Voice at the University of Washington.

Soprano CARMEN PELTON is known for her powerful interpretations of music in many genres, particularly contemporary music. She has appeared in such illustrious venues as the Goodman Theater in Chicago and New Haven’s Long Wharf Theater. Her first New York appearance, in the lead role of Susan B. Anthony in Virgil Thomson’s Mother of Us All, was an off-Broadway hit and led directly to performances at Wolf Trap and the Kennedy Center Honors Program. This summer she will sing at Sergiu Luca’s Cascade Head Festival in Lincoln City, Oregon; the Seattle International Festival; Carmina Burana with the Cascade Festival in Bend, Oregon and Mahler’s Symphony No. 2 at the Brevard Music Festival. In September her trio of voice, violin and piano, “wrdg: wonton ravioli and the dairy queen,” will make their New York City debut in an eclectic program of music “from baroque to funk” at Merkin Concert Hall. Carmen Pelton is on the Voice Faculty of the University of Washington and the Brevard Music School in North Carolina.

LISA BERGMAN, piano (Artist-in-Residence) made her Carnegie Recital Hall debut in 1983 and has since then performed extensively on both east and west coasts with such artists as Julius Baker, Marni Nixon, and Ransom Wilson. She received Master’s degrees from Juilliard and The State University of New York at Stony Brook, and a Bachelor’s degree from the University of Washington, cum laude. Much in demand as a lecturer on the art of accompanying, she is also a member of the University of Washington Music Faculty teaching in the fields of accompanying and opera coaching. As official accompanist she performed in the 1982 and 1983 Regional Metropolitan Opera Auditions, the 1986 International Clarinet Convention, and the 1989 Western National Tuba Conference. She has appeared in recitals, festivals, competitions and conventions in New York, Munich, San Diego, Anchorage, Banff, Aspen, and Portland. Ms. Bergman and violinist Linda Rosenthal recently released their recording of violin/piano favorites on CD, LP and cassette.
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