

THE ARTISTS

Tyler Duncan

BARITONE

Erika Switzer

19TH-CENTURY PIANOFORTE

19th-Century Pianoforte
by Broadwood

(SEE PAGE 2 FOR DETAILS)

Supported by

David McMurtry

Pre-concert chat with
host Matthew White at 12:15:

Tyler Duncan & Erika Switzer



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PROGRAMME

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 2 AT 1:00 PM | CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL

SCHUMANN: DICHTERLIEBE AND BRAHMS: VIER ERNSTE GESÄNGE

Robert Schumann (1810-1856):

Dichterliebe, op 48 (1840)

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
2. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
7. Ich grolle nicht
8. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
9. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
10. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
12. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
14. Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich
15. Aus alten Märchen
16. Die alten, bösen Lieder

INTERVAL

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897):

Vier ernste Gesänge, op 121 (1896)

(Four Serious Songs)

1. Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh
2. Ich wandte mich und sahe an
3. O Tod, wie bitter bist du
4. Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit Engelzungen redete

AN INSERT WITH THE TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS WILL BE AVAILABLE AT THE CONCERT

THE PERFORMERS

Tyler Duncan

Canadian baritone Tyler Duncan recently performed at the Metropolitan Opera as Fiorello in Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, and as Morales in Bizet's *Carmen* with the Seiji Ozawa Music Academy in Tokyo and Kyoto Japan. At the Spoleto Festival he debuted as Mr. Friendly in the 18th-century ballad opera *Flora*, returning the next season as the Speaker

in Mozart's *The Magic Flute*. His concerts include Mahler's 8th Symphony with the American Symphony Orchestra and the Toronto Symphony; Bach and Mendelssohn's *Magnificat* with the New York Philharmonic; Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* with the Munich Bach Choir; Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with the Calgary Philharmonic; Handel's *Messiah* with Tafelmusik, the Montreal and Toronto Symphony Orchestras.

He has performed at Germany's Halle Händel Festival, Verbier Festival, Vancouver Early Music Festival, Montreal Bach Festival, Oregon Bach Festival, Lanaudière Festival, Stratford Festival, Berkshire Choral Festival, and New York's Carnegie Hall.

Frequently paired with pianist Erika Switzer, Tyler Duncan has given acclaimed recitals in New York, Boston, and Paris, and throughout Canada, Germany, Sweden, France, and South Africa.



Erika Switzer

Erika Switzer is an internationally active pianist, teacher, and arts administrator. She enjoys long-term partnerships with several notable singers, including soprano Martha Guth, mezzo-soprano Hai-Ting Chinn, tenor Colin Balzer, and baritone Tyler Duncan. Erika Switzer has been heard on the stages of New York's Weill Recital Hall

(Carnegie) and Frick Collection, at the Philadelphia Chamber Music Society and the Spoleto Festival in Charleston, SC, as well as all across Canada at festivals including Vancouver's Music on Main, Montreal's André Turp Society and Ottawa's ChamberFest.

During her seven-year sojourn to Germany, she presented recitals at the Festspielhaus Baden-Baden and the Winners & Masters series in Munich, and she won numerous awards, including pianist prizes at the Robert Schumann, Hugo Wolf, and Wigmore Hall International Song Competitions. Erika Switzer is on the music faculty at Bard College and the Vocal Arts Programs of the Bard Conservatory of Music. As co-creator of *Sparks & Wiry Cries*, she contributes to the future of art song performance through publication of *The Art Song Magazine*, presentation of recitals in New York City (Casement Fund Song Series), and the commission of new works. Learn more at sparksandwirycries.org.

Early Music Vancouver's 19th-Century Pianoforte by Broadwood

(London, 1870)

The most recent addition to EMV's important collection of historical instruments was a generous gift by
Dr. Patricia M. Lee and Dr. Nicholas H. Lee.

This is an original 19th-century instrument by Broadwood, one of the oldest and most renowned piano makers in the world. Established in the mid-1700s, Broadwood has built pianos in England for over two centuries and continues to make some of Europe's finest pianos today.

This small grand piano of 1870, built in a beautiful walnut burl, was typical for the time; these instruments in the Empire Revival style were quite popular in late 19th-century parlors and country house boudoirs. A decal inside the casing reads "Consigned to Balmoral" which suggests that it may have been made for Queen Victoria's residence at the Scottish castle she loved so much.

POETRY AND MUSIC

SCHUMANN'S DICHTERLIEBE AND BRAHMS' VIER ERNSTE GESÄNGE

Poetry and music have much in common. They exploit sound as their primary medium, and share structural features such as rhythm, meter, volume or accent, pitch, and syntax. During the renaissance of lyric verse in the early nineteenth century, poetry and music became inextricably linked in the genre of the German *lied*. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe believed that music completed the lyric poem, commenting in a letter that when poetry is set to music, "something unique happens. Only then is the poetic inspiration, whether nascent or fixed, sublimated (or rather fused) into the free and beautiful element of sensory experience. Then we think and feel at the same time, and are enraptured thereby." The *lied* paired poignant, self-reflexive poetry about individuals' confrontations with nature and society with the intimate, accessible, and richly expressive solo human voice accompanied by the marvellous, new, piano-forte.

Schumann: Dichterliebe

Robert Schumann was a voracious reader of poetry, but until 1839 he had composed only piano music. Suddenly (and most happily for us), the convergence of some new aesthetic ideas, his pragmatic need to compose marketable music by which he might earn a living, and the emotional crisis of his court battle with Friedrich Wieck for Clara's hand in marriage, resulted in an explosion of song writing – 140 *Lieder* composed in a single year. He wrote to Clara that he "found himself walking round his room singing like a nightingale." Stylistically, Schumann's songs are like sung piano pieces. He became a master of marrying a quasi-verbal vocal line with a musically independent piano part.

The poems of Heinrich Heine were among Schumann's favourites. Heine's poems are short, usually one to three verses, using simple vocabulary and folk-like meters and rhyme schemes. Their form and style, however, is a façade for content that is sophisticated, sardonic, and sometimes angry. Many of his colleagues found Heine's work confusing and at odds with the goals of lyric poetry. Schumann met Heine in 1828 and wrote in his diary about a man with a perpetually ironic smile with whom he felt immediate friendship and had spent an entire day wandering through Munich. In fact, Schumann's piano music is not unlike Heine's poetry – short pieces with biting rhythms and often ambiguous meanings. In another diary entry, Schumann wrote that he preferred Heine's "bizarrerie" to the pretentiousness of critics.

Schumann winnowed Heine's *Lyrisches Intermezzo*, a collection of sixty-five poems published in his *Buch der Lieder* (1827), down to twenty poems, which he set to music in only nine days. When the song cycle, which Schumann titled *Dichterliebe* was published about a year later, he had further distilled it to sixteen songs. In so doing, he became co-creator of the cycle's text, transforming Heine's loosely organized collection into a narrative set. In it, an artist remembers his experience of love (songs 1-4), rejection and loss (song 5-11), and struggle to come to grips with his sorrow (songs 12-16). Schumann's work is the embodiment of the Romantic ideal of finding unity amid variety. Each song is a unique and vivid miniature that contributes to a

story of intense and changing emotions. Often, Schumann employs the piano preludes and postludes to link songs by recalling past material or foreshadowing the content of the next song.

It may seem surprising that Schumann chose to publish songs about the trauma of rejected love during the year in which he won a lawsuit against his father-in-law-to-be (who was sentenced to two weeks in jail for defamation of Schumann's character!) and was finally permitted to marry his beloved Clara, but stress of the legal battle, the fear of losing Clara forever, the instability of his own mental health, and the new pressure to support a family weighed heavily on him. Fourteen years after the publication of *Dichterliebe*, he attempted suicide, terrified that his delusions would cause him to harm his family. Johannes Brahms had then recently met and become close to the Schumann family, and would remain a close friend of Clara Schumann for the rest of her life.

Brahms: Vier ernste Gesänge

These four *lieder* were Brahms' response to news of Clara's imminent death. Rather than choosing contemporary poetry, Brahms selected biblical texts from Ecclesiastes and I Corinthians that express the vanity of human existence and the redemptive power of love. Expressing his characteristically reserved attitude towards matters of faith, Brahms described his settings as "damnably serious and at the same time... impious." He moved away from the melodious approach to song of his youth to an intensely declamatory vocal style that harkens back to the sacred monody of the Baroque and paired it with a dramatic and virtuosic piano part. In a letter to their mutual friend Joseph Joachim, he expressed his reflection on an elderly artist's experience of love and loss, writing, "The thought of losing her can terrify us no longer, not even me the lonely man for whom there is all too little alive in the world. And when she is gone from us, will our faces not light up with pleasure when we remember her? That wonderful woman whom we were privileged to take delight in throughout a long life – to love and admire her ever more greatly. Only thus do we mourn her."

– Christina Hutten

Robert Schumann:

Dichterliebe

Texts by
Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

1

(Op. 48, No. 1)

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
als alle Knospen sprangen,
da ist in meinem Herzen
die Liebe aufgegangen.

In the wonderfully fair month of May,
as all the flower-buds burst,
then in my heart
love arose.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
als alle Vögel sangen,
da hab' ich ihr gestanden
mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

In the wonderfully fair month of May,
as all the birds were singing,
then I confessed to her
my yearning and longing.

2

(Op. 48, No. 2)

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
viel blühende Blumen hervor,
und meine Seufzer werden
ein Nachtigallenchor,

From my tears spring
many blooming flowers forth,
and my sighs become
a nightingale choir,

und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
das Lied der Nachtigall.

and if you have love for me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
and before your window shall sound
the song of the nightingale.

3

(Op. 48, No. 3)

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
sie selber, aller Liebe Bronne,
ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I once loved them all in love's bliss.
I love them no more, I love only
the small, the fine, the pure, the one;
she herself, source of all love,
is rose and lily and dove and sun.

4

(Op. 48, No. 4)

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
so schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh!
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
so werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust,
doch wenn du sprichst: Ich liebe dich!
so muß ich weinen bitterlich.

When I look into your eyes,
then vanish all my sorrow and pain!
Ah, but when I kiss your mouth,
then I will be wholly and completely healthy.

When I lean on your breast,
I am overcome with heavenly delight,
ah, but when you say, "I love you!"
then I must weep bitterly.

5

(Op. 48, No. 5)

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
in den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund',
den sie mir einst gegeben
in wunderbar süßer Stund'!

I want to plunge my soul
into the chalice of the lily;
the lily shall resoundingly exhale
a song of my beloved.

The song shall quiver and tremble,
like the kiss from her mouth,
that she once gave me
in a wonderfully sweet hour!

6

(Op. 48, No. 6)

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
mit seinem großen Dome
das große, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildniß
auf goldenem Leder gemalt.
In meines Lebens Wildniß
hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
um unsre liebe Frau;
die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

In the Rhine, in the holy stream,
there is mirrored in the waves,
with its great cathedral,
great holy Cologne.

In the cathedral, there stands an image
on golden leather painted.
Into my life's wilderness
it has shined in amicably.

There hover flowers and little angels
around our beloved Lady,
the eyes, the lips, the little cheeks,
they match my beloved's exactly.

Please turn page quietly, and only after the music has ended.

7

(Op. 48, No. 7)

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
ewig verlornes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht,
das weiß ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht.
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frißt,
ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

I bear no grudge, even as my heart is breaking,
eternally lost love! I bear no grudge.
Even though you shine in diamond splendor,
there falls no light into your heart's night,
that I've known for a long time.

I bear no grudge, even as my heart is breaking.
I saw you, truly, in my dreams,
and saw the night in your heart's cavity,
and saw the serpent that feeds on your heart,
I saw, my love, how very miserable you are.
I bear no grudge.

8

(Op. 48, No. 8)

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
sie würden mit mir weinen
zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen,
wie ich so traurig und krank,
sie ließen fröhlich erschallen
erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüßten sie mein Wehe,
die goldenen Sternelein,
sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Die alle können's nicht wissen,
nur Eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
zerrissen mir das Herz.

And if they knew it, the blooms, the little ones,
how deeply wounded my heart is,
they would weep with me
to heal my pain.

And if they knew it, the nightingales,
how I am so sad and sick,
they would merrily unleash
refreshing song.

And if they knew my pain,
the golden little stars,
they would descend from their heights
and would comfort me.

All of them cannot know it,
only one knows my pain,
she herself has indeed torn,
torn up my heart.

9

(Op. 48, No. 9)

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmetternd darin.
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitreigen
die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;
dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
die lieblichen Engelein.

There is a fluting and fiddling,
and trumpets blasting in.
Surely, there dancing the wedding dance
is my dearest beloved.

There is a ringing and roaring
of drums and shawms,
amidst it sobbing and moaning
are dear little angels.

10

(Op. 48, No. 10)

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
das einst die Liebste sang,
so will mir die Brust zerspringen
von wildem Schmerzendrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
dort lös't sich auf in Tränen
mein übergroßes Weh'.

I hear the little song sounding
that my beloved once sang,
and my heart wants to shatter
from savage pain's pressure.

I am driven by a dark longing
up to the wooded heights,
there is dissolved in tears
my supremely great pain.

11

(Op. 48, No. 11)

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
die hat einen Andern erwählt;
der Andre liebt' eine Andre,
und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
den ersten besten Mann
der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte
doch bleibt sie immer neu;
und wem sie just passiert,
dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

A young man loves a girl,
who has chosen another man,
the other loves yet another
and has gotten married to her.

The girl takes out of resentment
the first, best man
who crosses her path;
the young man is badly off.

It is an old story
but remains eternally new,
and for him to whom it has just happened
it breaks his heart in two.

12

(Op. 48, No. 12)

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
und schau'n mitleidig mich an:
Sei uns'rer Schwester nicht böse,
du trauriger, blasser Mann.

On a shining summer morning
I go about in the garden.
The flowers are whispering and speaking,
I however wander silently.

The flowers are whispering and speaking,
and look sympathetically at me:
"Do not be angry with our sister,
you sad, pale man."

Please turn page quietly, and only after the music has ended.

13

(Op. 48, No. 13)

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
mir träumte du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
floß noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
mir träumt' du verließest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
mir träumte du wär'st mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
strömt meine Tränenflut.

I have in my dreams wept,
I dreamed you lay in your grave.
I woke up and the tears
still flowed down from my cheeks.

I have in my dreams wept,
I dreamed you forsook me.
I woke up and I wept
for a long time and bitterly.

I have in my dreams wept,
I dreamed you still were good to me.
I woke up, and still now
streams my flood of tears.

14

(Op. 48, No. 14)

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich,
und sehe dich freundlich grüßen,
und lautaufweinend stürz' ich mich
zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich,
und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;
aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
die Perlenrännentröpfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort,
und gibst mir den Strauß von Zypressen.
Ich wache auf, und der Strauß ist fort,
und's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

Every night in my dreams I see you,
and see your friendly greeting,
and loudly crying out, I throw myself
at your sweet feet.

You look at me wistfully
and shake your blond little head;
from your eyes steal forth
little pearly teardrops.

You say to me secretly a soft word,
and give me a garland of cypress.
I wake up, and the garland is gone,
and the word I have forgotten.

FRIDAY AUGUST 4 AT 1:00 PM | CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL

CONVERSIONS: MENDELSSOHN, MOSCHELES AND BACH

Byron Schenkman

19TH-CENTURY PIANOFORTE

Michael Unterman

CELLO

Pianist Byron Schenkman and cellist Michael Unterman present a recital based on composers from the Mendelssohn circle in Leipzig, each of whom was born Jewish but converted to Christianity to conform to societal norms. The works by Ignaz Moscheles and Felix Mendelssohn in particular are notable for the ways in which they riff off of Lutheran roots in surprising ways.

This performance will also feature the Pianoforte by Broadwood (London, 1870)

DETAILS AND TICKET INFORMATION: EARLYMUSIC.BC.CA

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
hervor mit weißer Hand,
da singt es und da klingt es
von einem Zauberland’;

wo bunte Blumen blühen
im gold’nen Abendlicht,
und lieblich duftend glühen
mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Und grüne Bäume singen
uralte Melodei’n,
die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
und Vögel schmetternd drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
wohl aus der Erd’ hervor,
und tanzen luft’gen Reigen
im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
an jedem Blatt und Reis,
und rote Lichter rennen
im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen
aus wildem Marmorstein,
und seltsam in den Bächen
strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach! könnt’ ich dorthin kommen,
und dort mein Herz erfreu’n,
und aller Qual entnommen,
und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
das seh’ ich oft im Traum,
doch kommt die Morgensonne,
zerfließt’s wie eitel Schaum.

From old fairy-tales it beckons
to me with a white hand,
there it sings and there it resounds
of a magic land,

where colorful flowers bloom
in the golden twilight,
and sweetly, fragrantly glow
with a bride-like face.

And green trees sing
primeval melodies,
the breezes secretly sound
and birds warble in them.

And misty images rise
indeed forth from the earth,
and dance airy reels
in fantastic chorus.

And blue sparks burn
on every leaf and twig,
and red lights run
in crazy, hazy rings.

And loud springs burst
out of wild marble stone,
and oddly in the brooks
shine forth the reflections.

Ah! If I could enter there
and there gladden my heart,
and have all anguish taken away,
and be free and blessed!

Oh, that land of bliss,
I see it often in dreams,
but come the morning sun,
and it melts away like mere froth.

16

(Op. 48, No. 16)

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
die Träume bös' und arg,
die laßt uns jetzt begraben,
holt einen großen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
doch sag' ich noch nicht was.
Der Sarg muß sein noch größer
wie's Heidelberger Faß.

Und holt eine Totenbahre,
von Bretter fest und dick;
auch muß sie sein noch länger
als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
die müssen noch stärker sein
als wie der starke Christoph
im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
und senken in's Meer hinab;
denn solchem großen Sarge
gebührt ein großes Grab.

Wißt ihr warum der Sarg wohl
so groß und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

The old, angry songs,
the dreams angry and nasty,
let us now bury them,
fetch a great coffin.

In it I will lay very many things,
though I shall not yet say what.
The coffin must be even larger
than the Heidelberg Tun.

And fetch a death-bier,
of boards firm and thick,
they also must be even longer
than Mainz's great bridge.

And fetch me also twelve giants,
who must be yet mightier
than mighty St. Christopher
in the Cathedral of Cologne on the Rhine.

They shall carry the coffin away,
and sink it down into the sea,
for such a great coffin
deserves a great grave.

How could the coffin
be so large and heavy?
I also sank my love
with my pain in it.

Translations by James C.S. Liu,
with assistance from Alison Hickey, Emily Spear, Kathy Gerlach, and especially invaluable input from James Wilkinson.

INTERVAL

Johannes Brahms:
Vier Ernste Gesänge
(Four Serious Songs)

Texts from the Bible

Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh

(Ecclesiastes 3: 19-22)

Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh;
wie dies stirbt, so stirbt er auch;
und haben alle einerlei Odem;
und der Mensch hat nichts mehr denn das Vieh:
denn es ist alles eitel.

Es fährt alles an einem Ort;
es ist alles von Staub gemacht,
und wird wieder zu Staub.
Wer weiß, ob der Geist des Menschen
aufwärts fahre,
und der Odem des Viehes unterwärts unter
die Erde fahre?
Darum sahe ich, daß nichts bessers ist,
denn daß der Mensch fröhlich sei in seiner Arbeit,
denn das ist sein Teil.
Denn wer will ihn dahin bringen,
daß er sehe, was nach ihm geschehen wird?

For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts,
as the one dieth, so dieth the other;
yea, they have all one breath;
so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast:
for all is vanity.

All go unto one place;
all are of the dust
and all turn to dust again.
Who knoweth the spirit of man
that goeth upward,
and the spirit of the beast
that goeth downward to the earth?
Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better,
than that a man should rejoice in his own works;
for that is his portion:
for who shall bring him to see
what shall be after him?

Ich wandte mich und sahe an

(Ecclesiastes 4: 1-3)

Ich wandte mich und sahe an
Alle, die Unrecht leiden unter der Sonne;
Und siehe, da waren Tränen derer,
Die Unrecht litten und hatten keinen Tröster;
Und die ihnen Unrecht taten, waren zu mächtig,
Daß sie keinen Träster haben konnten.
Da lobte ich die Toten,
Die schon gestorben waren
Mehr als die Lebendigen,
Die noch das Leben hatten;
Und der noch nicht ist, ist besser, als alle beide,
Und des Bösen nicht inne wird,
Das unter der Sonne geschieht.

So I returned, and considered
all the oppressions that are done under the sun:
and behold the tears of such
as were oppressed, and they had no comforter;
and on the side of their oppressors there was power;
but they had no comforter.
Wherefore I praised the dead
which are already dead
more than the living
which are yet alive.
Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been,
who hath not seen the evil work
that is done under the sun.

Please turn page quietly, and only after the music has ended.

O Tod, wie bitter bist du

(Ecclesiastes 4: 1-3)

O Tod, wie bitter bist du,
Wenn an dich gedenket ein Mensch,
Der gute Tage und genug hat
Und ohne Sorge lebet;
Und dem es wohl geht in allen Dingen
Und noch wohl essen mag!
O Tod,
wie bitter bist du.

O Tod, wie wohl tust du dem Dürftigen,
Der da schwach und alt ist,
Der in allen Sorgen steckt,
Und nichts Bessers zu hoffen,
Noch zu erwarten hat!
O Tod,
wie wohl tust du!

O, death, how bitter you are,
in the thoughts of a man
who has good days, enough
and a sorrow-free life
and who is fortunate in all things,
and still pleased to eat well!
O, death,
how bitter you are,

O death, how well you serve him who is in need
Who is feeble and old,
and is beset by all sorrows,
and has nothing better to hope for
or to expect;
O death,
how well you serve.

Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit Engelnzungen redete

(1 Corinthians 13: 1-3, 12-13)

Wenn ich mit Menschen und mit Engelnzungen redete,
Und hätte der Liebe nicht,
So wär' ich ein tönend Erz,
Oder eine klingende Schelle.
Und wenn ich weissagen könnte,
Und wüßte alle Geheimnisse
Und alle Erkenntnis,
Und hätte allen Glauben, also
Daß ich Berge versetzte,
Und hätte der Liebe nicht,
So wäre ich nichts.
Und wenn ich alle meine Habe den Armen gäbe,
Und ließe meinen Leib brennen,
Und hätte der Liebe nicht,
So wäre mir's nichts nütze.
Wir sehen jetzt durch einen Spiegel
In einem dunkeln Worte;
Dann aber von Angesicht zu Angesichte.

Jetzt erkenne ich's stückweise,
Dann aber werd ich's erkennen,
Gleich wie ich erkennet bin.

Nun aber bleibet Glaube, Hoffnung, Liebe,
Diese drei;
Aber die Liebe ist die größte unter ihnen.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels,
and have not charity,
I am become as sounding brass,
or a tinkling cymbal.
And though I have the gift of prophecy,
and understand all mysteries,
and all knowledge;
and though I have all faith,
so that I could remove mountains,
and have not charity,
I am nothing.
And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,
and though I give my body to be burned,
and have not charity,
it profiteth me nothing.
For now we see through a glass,
darkly;
but then face to face;

now I know in part;
but then I shall know
even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, agape (love)
these three;
but the greatest of these is agape.