

## THE ARTISTS

**Colin Balzer**

TENOR

**Lucas Harris**

19TH-CENTURY GUITAR

Guitar by  
 Gaetano Guadagnini (Torino, 1831),  
 restored by  
 Michael Schreiner (2016)

Supported by  
**David McMurtry**

Pre-concert chat with  
 host Matthew White at 12:15:  
**Colin Balzer & Lucas Harris**



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## VANCOUVER BACH FESTIVAL 2018

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

## SCHUBERT LIEDER FOR VOICE AND GUITAR

— THIS PROGRAMME WILL BE PERFORMED WITHOUT AN INTERVAL —

Franz Schubert (1797-1828):

**Das Wandern** Op 25 Nr 1 (Wilhelm Müller) — arr. Franz von Schlechta (1796-1875)**Die Neugierige** Op 25 Nr 6 (Wilhelm Müller) — arr. Franz von Schlechta**Die Post** Op 89 Nr 13 (Wilhelm Müller) — arr. Franz von Schlechta

Mauro Giuliani (1781-1829):

**Ständchen** Op 89 Nr 5 (Christoph August Tiedge)**An das Schicksal** Op 89 Nr 6 (Louis von Reissig)

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Emilia Giuliani (1813-1850):

**Prelude** Op 46 Nr 6 – Allegro

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Louis Spohr (1784-1859):

**Beruhigung** Op 72 Nr 4 (anon)**Getrennte Liebe** Op 37 Nr 5 (Heinrich Schmidt)**Der erste Kuss** Op 41 Nr 5 (Moritz Kartscher)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828):

**Erste Verlust** Op 5 Nr 4 (Johann Wolfgang von Goethe) — arr. Franz von Schlechta**Nachtstück** Op 36 Nr 2 (Johann Baptist Mayrhofer) — arr. Friedrich Pfeifer

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828):

**Aufenthalt** D 957 Nr 5 — transcription for solo guitar by Johann Kaspar Mertz (1806-1856)

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Carl Maria von Weber (1786-1826):

**An den Mond** Op 13 Nr 4 (Georg Reinbek)**Die Zeit** Op 13 Nr 5 (Jos. Ludwig Stoll)**Der arme Minnesänger** Op 25 Nr 2 (August von Kotzebue)**Lass mich Schlummern** (August von Kotzebue)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828):

**Sei mir gegrüßt** (Friedrich Rückert) — arr. Napoléon Coste (1805-1883)**Ständchen (Horch, horch, die Lerch)** — arr. Napoléon Coste

(from Shakespeare's "Cymbeline", German translation by Friedrich Reil)

## PROGRAMME NOTES

BY COLIN BALZER

"Very often one hears in a house violin playing on the ground floor, piano on the first floor, flute on the second, singing and guitar on the third..."

Vienna paints a contrasting picture in the period following the Napoleonic Wars. The city's population was increasing as people abandoned rural life, and while rapid industrialization brought with it smog, dirt, and disease, it also gave rise to a new urban middle class. The conservative and authoritarian government made heavy handed use of both the secret police and censorship to quash open political

discussion, and yet art, music, and literature flourished with an unpretentious and carefree style which came to be known as the Biedermeier period. One manifestation of this post war sense of social optimism and cultural vitality was the emergence of casual middle class parlour gatherings featuring songs and dances often accompanied by the guitar.

The popularity of the guitar flourished alongside this surge of cultural expression in Vienna due in part to its portability and relative affordability, as well as changes made to the nature of the instrument itself. Foremost among these changes were the movement from double-strung courses to six single strings, and the adoption of fixed metal frets. This resulted in greater pitch clarity and enabled a wider variety of musical expression, allowing guitarists to expand beyond the role of strummed accompaniment in chamber music to more virtuosic and articulated solo repertoire. In response to the guitar's popularity, well known composers from across Europe began producing music for it. Among these were the composers Diabelli, Hummel, Rossini, Verdi, Paganini, Boccherini, Berlioz, Louis Spohr and Carl Maria von Weber. During the Biedermeier period Vienna was home to many successful solo guitarists not the least of which was Mauro Giuliani, a celebrated virtuoso, prolific composer, and author of guitar methods. His daughter Emilia would later emerge as a guitar virtuoso and composer in her own right.

While scholars may debate whether or not Schubert played the guitar himself, the fact that he was very familiar with the instrument seems undeniable. Throughout Schubert's life one finds evidence of exposure to the guitar. The poet-guitarist Theodor Körner was said to have given Schubert lessons. His one-time roommate, the poet Johann Mayrhofer, and the singer Johann Michael Vogl, for whom Schubert wrote many songs, both played guitar. The composer and publisher Anton Diabelli, who published many of Schubert's early works (some of which were initially published as transcriptions for voice and guitar) was a professional guitarist. The music of



Franz Schubert

Schubert was featured in prominent concerts in Vienna on at least one occasion alongside works composed by Giuliani featuring the guitar. Perhaps most importantly was the role that the guitar played in the previously mentioned musical gatherings hosted by Leopold von Sonnleithner, Johann Umlauff, Franz von Schlechta, and Anna Fröhlich: all of whom were either professional or amateur guitarists

themselves (it is reportedly the sister of Anna Fröhlich, Käthi, who first used the term "Schubertiade"). Here the guitar had a well-established roll, and there are several accounts of performances where Schubert's songs were performed specifically for the composer himself by his friends but sung with guitar accompaniment.

Schubertiades were usually gatherings held in private dwellings where, in addition to music, there was often poetry reading, dancing, and even charades. The patronless Schubert found both financial support and artistic inspiration from this dynamic community of musicians, painters, poets, and fans, and there was considerable cross-pollination among the disciplines. Music at these gatherings was not limited to that of Schubert, and the songs of composers like Spohr and Weber (both of whose music Schubert was also familiar with) as well as Giuliani would have been right at home.

That Schubert wrote any Lieder specifically with guitar accompaniment in mind is unclear. However, the arpeggiated articulation and the use of close chord voicings in many of Schubert's piano accompaniments evokes the idiomatic style of the period's emerging guitar repertoire. In addition, the keys of many of Schubert's songs take advantage of the use of the guitar's open strings. While not necessarily intentional, these factors allowed many of Schubert's songs to be transcribed with minimal need for arranging. Adapting music for the guitar was an accepted practice of the time and transcriptions of songs by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven were common, as were transcriptions of arias from popular Italian operas. This tradition of transcribing Schubert's songs which began with his guitarist friends and acquaintances Anton Dianella, Franz von Schlechta, Joseph Wanczura, and Friedrich Pfeifer, was continued after his death by guitar virtuosos such as Napoléon Coste and Johann Kaspar Mertz (Mertz was so inspired by Schubert's songs that he adapted several of them into solo guitar pieces), and is a tradition which is continued by guitarists to this day.

## THE PERFORMERS

### Colin Balzer tenor

Canadian lyric tenor Colin Balzer's North American engagements include recitals at New York's Frick Collection and on the Philadelphia Chamber Music series; concerts with the Portland, New Jersey, Utah, Victoria, Ann Arbor, Québec, Atlanta, and Indianapolis Symphonies; Early Music Vancouver; Tafelmusik and the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir; Les Violons du Roy; the National and Calgary Philharmonics; Ottawa's National Arts Centre Orchestra; Musica Sacra and the Oratorio Society of New York at New York's Carnegie Hall. In addition, he is regularly featured in opera productions at the Boston Early Music Festival.

Guest soloist appearances abroad include work with Collegium Vocale Gent led by Philippe Herreweghe, Fundacao OSESP Orchestra and Louis Langrée, Les Musiciens du Louvre under Marc Minkowski, Rotterdam Philharmonic led by Yannick Nézet-Séguin, Akademie für alte Musik under Marcus Creed, and the RIAS Kammerchor, Scottish Chamber Orchestra, Radio Kamer Filharmonie, Estonian Chamber Choir, and Musik Podium Stuttgart. Operatic forays include the role of Don Ottavio in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* at the Bolshoi and in Aix-en-Provence and Mozart's *La finta giardiniera* in Aix and Luxembourg.

Particularly esteemed as a recitalist, he has been welcomed at London's Wigmore Hall, the Britten Festival in Aldeburgh, the Vancouver Chamber Music Festival, the Wratislavia Cantans in Poland, and at the Festspielhaus in Baden-Baden. Recordings to date include Wolf's *Italienisches Liederbuch* and Eisler and Henze song anthologies. Mr. Balzer holds the rare distinction of earning the Gold Medal at the Robert Schumann Competition in Zwickau with the highest score in 25 years. Born in British Columbia, he received his formal musical training at the University of

British Columbia with David Meek and with Edith Wiens at the Hochschule für Musik Nürnberg, Augsburg.

### Lucas Harris 19th-century guitar

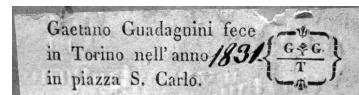
Lucas Harris discovered the lute during his undergraduate studies at Pomona College, where he graduated *summa cum laude*. He then studied early music in Italy at the *Civica scuola di musica di Milano* (as a scholar of the Marco Fodella Foundation) and then in Germany at the *Hochschule für Künste Bremen*.

After several years in New York City, he moved to Toronto in 2004 and became the regular lutenist for the Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra. He is a founding member of the Toronto Continuo Collective, the Vesuvius Ensemble (dedicated to Southern Italian folk music), and the Lute Legends Ensemble (a multi-ethnic trio of lute, pipa, and oud). Lucas plays with many other ensembles in Canada and the USA, including the Helicon Foundation (New York) and the Smithsonian Chamber Players (Washington, D.C.). He is on faculty at the Tafelmusik Summer and Winter Baroque Institutes, Oberlin Conservatory's Baroque Performance Institute, and Vancouver Early Music's Baroque Vocal Programme. In 2014, Lucas completed graduate studies in choral conducting at the University of Toronto, the degree having been funded by a prestigious SSHRC research grant not often awarded to performers. Upon graduating, Lucas was chosen as the Artistic Director of the Toronto Chamber Choir, for which he has created and conducted a dozen themed concert programmes. He has also directed projects for the Pacific Baroque Orchestra, the Ohio State University Opera Program, Les voix baroques, and the Toronto Consort. Last year, Lucas became a Canadian citizen. He is the proud father of Daphnée (age 7).

### LUCAS HARRIS: ABOUT THE GUITAR USED IN TODAY'S RECITAL



A few years ago, I heard that an old guitar was going to be donated to the Royal Conservatory in Toronto. It was an Italian guitar from 1831 by Gaetano Guadagnini, the grandson of the famous violin maker. It had been donated by the owner of a large antique store in the Ontario countryside, who had bought it from a local teenager in order to help him pay for college. Apparently, he had featured the instrument on an episode of "Pawn a thon Canada" (I was promised a copy of the show but it never arrived). Who knows how the instrument might have made its way to the Southern Ontario countryside! It was in such bad shape that I dared not tune it up to hear what kind of sound it made, but something compelled me to take a risk and buy it.



Slowly over the next three years, the Toronto luthier Michael Schreiner did a painstaking restoration of the instrument which included fixing many cracks in the soundboard and ribs, removing machine tuners and installing wooden pegs that it would have originally used, shaving down the neck block, cleaning and refinishing, etc. Thankfully I fell in love immediately with the guitar's beautiful tone.

Michael's blog about the restoration with pictures can be found at this web page:

[schreinerlutesandguitars.blogspot.ca/2016/](http://schreinerlutesandguitars.blogspot.ca/2016/)

## TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

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FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828):

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### Das Wandern Op 25 Nr 1

#### Das Wandern

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,  
Das Wandern!  
Das muß ein schlechter Müller sein,  
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,  
Das Wandern.  
  
Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,  
Vom Wasser!  
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,  
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,  
Das Wasser.  
  
Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,  
Den Rädern!  
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,  
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde drehn,  
Die Räder.  
  
Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,  
Die Steine!  
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn  
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,  
Die Steine.  
  
O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,  
O Wandern!  
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,  
Laßt mich in Frieden weiterziehn  
Und wandern.

#### Wandering

Wandering is the miller's joy,  
Wandering!  
He must be a miserable miller,  
Who never likes to wander.  
Wandering!  
  
We've learned this from the water,  
From the water!  
It does not rest by day or night,  
It's always thinking of its journey,  
The water.  
  
We see this also with the wheels,  
With the wheels!  
They don't like to stand still,  
And turn all day without tiring.  
The wheels.  
  
The stones themselves, heavy as they are,  
The stones!  
They join in the cheerful dance,  
And want to go yet faster.  
The stones!  
  
Oh, wandering, wandering, my joy,  
Oh, wandering!  
Oh, Master and Mistress,  
Let me continue in peace,  
And wander!

Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827) | *Die schöne Müllerin*, no. 2 (1818)

### Die Neugierige Op 25 Nr 6

#### Der Neugierige

Ich frage keine Blume,  
Ich frage keinen Stern,  
Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,  
Was ich erfähr' so gern.  
  
Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,  
Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;  
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,  
Ob mich mein Herz belog.  
  
O Bächlein meiner Liebe,  
Wie bist du heut so stumm!  
Will ja nur Eines wissen,  
Ein Wörtchen um und um.

#### Curiosity

I ask no flower,  
I ask no star;  
None of them can tell me,  
What I desperately want to know.  
  
I am definitely not a gardener,  
The stars are too high;  
I will ask my little brook,  
Whether my heart has deceived me.  
  
O little brook of my love,  
Why are you so silent today?  
I want to know just one thing,  
One little word again and again.

>

Ja, heißt das eine Wörtchen,  
Das andre heißtet Nein,  
Die beiden Wörtchen schließen  
Die ganze Welt mir ein.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,  
Was bist du wunderlich!  
Will's ja nicht weiter sagen,  
Sag', Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

"Yes" is the one little word;  
The other is "No",  
Both these little words  
Make up the entire world to me.

O little brook of my love,  
Why are you so strange?  
I'll surely not repeat it;  
Tell me, little brook, does she love me?

Wilhelm Müller | *Die schöne Müllerin*, no. 7 (1818)

## Die Post Op 89 Nr 13

### Die Post

Von der Straße her ein Posthorn klingt.  
Was hat es, daß es so hoch aufspringt,  
Mein Herz?

Die Post bringt keinen Brief für dich:  
Was drängst du denn so wunderlich,  
Mein Herz?

Nun ja, die Post kommt aus der Stadt,  
Wo ich ein liebes Liebchen hatt',  
Mein Herz!

Willst wohl einmal hinübersehn,  
Und fragen, wie es dort mag gehn,  
Mein Herz?

### The Post

A posthorn sounds from the street.  
What is it that makes you leap so high,  
My heart?

The post brings no letter for you.  
Why then do you rush so bizarrely,  
My heart?

Well, the post comes from the town  
Where once I had a true love,  
My heart!

Do you want to take a look  
And ask how things are back there,  
My heart?

Wilhelm Müller | *Die Winterreise*, no. 6 (1824)

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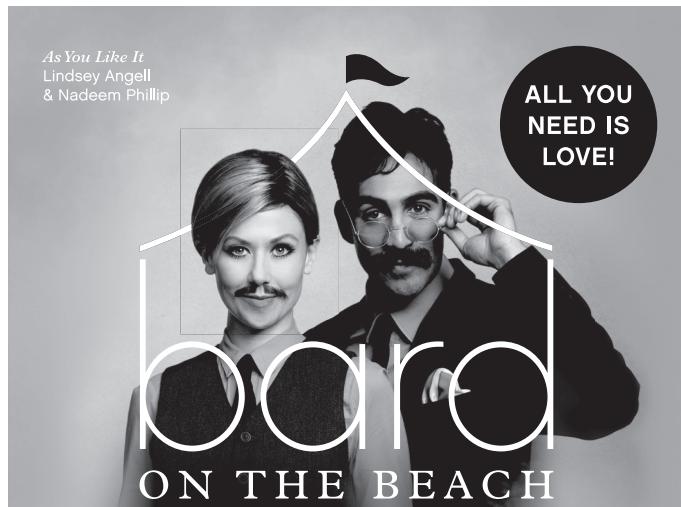


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## MAURO GIULIANI (1781-1829):

### Ständchen Op 89 Nr 5

#### Ständchen

Alles ruht wie abgeschieden,  
Abgelöst ist jedes Joch;  
Selbst der Gram entschließt in Frieden;  
Meine Liebe, wachst du noch?  
Höre meinen letzten Laut,  
Der sich nur der Nacht vertraut.

Töne leiser, dunkle Grille,  
Dort in deinem Gartenhain!  
Um ihr Fenster weht die Stille,  
Ruhig ist ihr Kämmerlein.  
Störe du, mein Lautenton,  
Dora nicht, sie schlummert schon.

Um die nahe Kirchhofsmauer  
Wandeln, wie die Sage spricht,  
Nächtlich düstre Geisterschauer;  
Doch die Liebe fürchtet nicht.  
Auch beseelt der Raum mit Muth,  
Wo die sanfte Unschuld ruht.

Stummer wird's und immer stummer.  
Lüftchen, wecke sie nicht auf,  
Bringest du zu ihrem Schlummer  
Meines Liedes Ton hinauf!  
Er verwandelt dann vor ihr  
Sich in einen Traum von mir!

#### Serenade

Everything rests as if secluded,  
Every burden is relieved;  
Even grief passes on in peace;  
My dear, are you still awake?  
Hear my last sound,  
Which confides in the night.

Chirp quietly, dark crickets,  
There in your garden grove!  
Through her windows blows tranquility,  
Her little room is calm.  
Don't disturb Dora, my Lutesong,  
She is already asleep.

Round the nearby churchyard walls  
Wander, so the legend says,  
Ghostly horrors in the mist by night;  
But love does not fear.  
That place is enlivened with courage,  
Where gentle innocence rests.

It is silent and still more silent;  
Breezes, do not wake her.  
Bring to her slumber  
The sound of my song!  
Where it then transforms for her  
Into a dream of me.

Christoph August Tiedge (1752-1841) | *Das Echo, oder Alexis und Ida*, no. 9

### An das Schicksal Op 89 Nr 6

#### An das Schicksal

Höre Schicksal, was ich heische,  
Höre mich zum letzten Mahl!  
Führ mich aus dem Weltgeräusche  
In ein stilles Friedenstal.  
Hier gieb mir ein Hüttnchen endlich,  
Wo mich nichts mehr traurig macht,  
Wo ein Gärtchen, still und ländlich,  
Meinem Blick' entgegen lacht.

Wo in Ruh', mit einem Liebchen,  
Mir der Traum des Lebens flieht,  
Wo ein Mädchen und ein Bübchen  
Hoffnungsvoll dem Vater blüht.  
Ach, des Weltgeräusches müde,  
Such' ich lange schon die Ruh':  
Schicksal, führ mich bald voll Güte,  
Einem solchen Hüttnchen zu!

#### To Fate

Hear Fate, what I beg for,  
Hear me for the last time!  
Lead me from the noisy world  
To a quiet and peaceful valley.  
Give me a little cottage there at last  
Where nothing saddens me anymore,  
Where a small garden, tranquil and rural,  
Brings laughter to my eyes.

Where in peace, with a sweetheart,  
Escaping to my life's dream,  
Where a girl and a boy  
Hopefully the Lord causes to blossom.  
Ah, weary of this noisy world,  
I've searched a long time for peace:  
Fate, kindly guide me soon,  
To just such a cottage!

Christian Ludwig Reissig (1784-1847) | *Blümchen in der Einsamkeit*, 1809

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## EMILIA GIULIANI (1813-1850):

### Prelude Op 46 Nr 6 - Allegro (Guitar Solo)

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## LOUIS SPOHR (1784-1859):

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### Beruhigung Op 72 Nr 4

#### Beruhigung

Du armes Herz, was wünschest du?  
Was soll dein leises Beben?  
Umsonst ist all dein Streben  
Und nimmer wird dir Ruh.

Dir ist so eng, dir ist so weit;  
Jetzt sorgenvolles Bangen,  
Dann wonniges Verlangen  
Und ewig, ewig währt der Streit.

Was dich erfreut, was dich bethört,  
Ich weiß es nicht zu fassen,  
Ist's Lieben, ist es Hassen,  
Was so den Frieden stört?

Sey ruhig, Herz, o stürme nicht,  
Du mußt die Schmerzen tragen,  
Darfst ob der Not nicht klagen!  
Bald dämmert Morgenlicht!

Dann flieht der Schmerz,  
Dann flieht die Not,  
Dein Bangen, und dein Sehnen,  
Dein Hoffen, deine Tränen  
Stillt leis und sanft der Tod.

#### Becalming

You poor heart, what do you desire?  
What is this gentle trembling?  
All your striving is pointless,  
And never shall you find rest.

You feel so cramped, you feel unfathomable;  
Now care-stricken anxiety,  
Then ecstatic yearning, and forever,  
Forever continues the conflict.

What delights you, what bewitches you,  
I can't comprehend it.  
Is it love, is it hate  
That so disturbs your peace?

Be still, heart, don't rage so,  
You must bear the pain,  
Must not complain of your misery!  
Soon the morning light shall dawn!

Then pain flees,  
Then hardship flees.  
Your anxiety and your yearning,  
Your hopes, your tears  
Shall be stilled softly and gently by death.

(anon)

### Getrennte Liebe Op 37 Nr 5

#### Getrennte Liebe

Der Liebe bangen Sorgen  
erbleicht der Freude Strahl!  
Stets naht mir trüb' der Morgen  
und weckt der Sehnsucht Qual;  
ich flieh' die heitern Tage!  
Für meiner Liebe Klage  
sinkst du, o stille Nacht,  
wo nur der Kummer wacht!

Du tönst der Schwermuth Lieder,  
die sanft die Brust ergießt,  
in stiller Andacht wieder,  
daß mild die Thräne fließt!

O mög' der Tag nun scheiden,  
daß ihr, o meine Saiten,  
mit mir die Nacht begrüßt,  
wo mild die Thräne fließt.

#### Distant Love

Love's anxious worries  
makes the radiance of joy turn pale.  
The morning is always dull  
and wakes the torments of longing.

I flee those carefree days!  
For my lovesick lament  
do you descend, o silent night,  
where only my grief is awake.

You sound the melancholy songs  
which gently pour from my breast,  
and then in quiet devotion  
will my tears tenderly flow!

I wish the day would dissolve,  
so that you, o my strings,  
would welcome the night with me,  
where my tears tenderly flow.

Heinrich Schmidt (1779-1857)

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

## Der erste Kuss Op 41 Nr 5

### Der erste Kuss

Die Lippe brennt, die Wange glüht,  
Verlangen sprüht das düstere Auge in Thränen;  
wer kühlte die Gluth, wer stillt das Blut,  
wo endet das endlose Sehnen?

Das Wort erstirbt, die Seele bebt,  
verzagend hebt das Herz sich in hoffender Liebe,  
wer hemmt die Fluth, wer stärkt den Muth,  
wer hellet die nächtliche Trübe?

Das Leben blüht, es ruft die Lust!  
an Liebchens Brust wohnt selige Ruhe hinieden;  
der Liebe Gruß, der erste Kuß  
bringt kosend den himmlischen Frieden.

### The First Kiss

The lips burn, the cheeks smoulder,  
Desire makes gloomy eyes sparkle with tears,  
Who will cool this fire, calm the blood,  
where does the endless yearning stop?

Words die away, the soul trembles,  
the sinking heart is lifted up in hopeful Love,  
Who can stop this flood, who will bolster my courage,  
who will brighten these nocturnal clouds?

Life blossoms, it awakens desire!  
Blissful peace dwells on my beloved's breast,  
Love beckons, and the first kiss  
brings the caress of heavenly peace.

Moritz Kartscher (1793?-1834)

## FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828):

### Erste Verlust Op 5 Nr 4

### Erster Verlust

Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,  
Jene Tage der ersten Liebe,  
Ach, wer bringt nur eine Stunde  
Jener holden Zeit zurück!  
Einsam nähr' ich meine Wunde,  
Und mit stets erneuter Klage  
Traur' ich ums verlorne Glück,  
Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,  
Jene holde Zeit zurück!

### First Loss

Ah, who will bring back those fair days,  
Those days of first love?  
Ah, who will bring back but one hour  
Of that sweet time?  
Alone I nourish my wound  
And with ever renewing lament,  
Mourn my lost happiness.  
Ah, who will bring those fair days,  
that sweet time back?

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832) | *Die ungleichen Hausgenossen*, 1785

## Nachtstück Op 36 Nr 2

### Nachtstück

Wenn über Berge sich der Nebel breitet,  
Und Luna mit Gewölken kämpft,  
So nimmt der Alte seine Harfe, und schreitet,  
Und singt waldeinwärts und gedämpft:

"Du heilige Nacht:  
Bald ist's vollbracht,  
Bald schlaf ich ihn, den langen Schlummer,  
Der mich erlöst von allem Kummer."

Die grünen Bäume rauschen dann:  
"Schlaf süß, du guter, alter Mann;"  
Die Gräser lispeln wankend fort:  
"Wir decken seinen Ruheort;"

Und mancher liebe Vogel ruft:  
"O laßt ihn ruhn in Rasengruf!"  
Der Alte horcht, der Alte schweigt,  
Der Tod hat sich zu ihm geneigt.

### Night Song

When the mist spreads over the mountains,  
And the moon battles against the clouds,  
Then the old man takes his harp and strides  
toward the forest, singing in a hushed voice:

"You sacred night:  
soon it will be over,  
soon I shall sleep the long slumber  
that will free me from all heartache."

The green trees rustle:  
"Sleep sweetly, you good, old man..."  
The grass whispers as it waves:  
"We will cover his resting place..."

And many a lovely bird calls:  
"O let him rest in his grassy tomb!"  
The old man hears, the old man is silent;  
Death has bowed toward him.

Johann Baptist Mayrhofer (1787-1836)

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FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828):

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**Aufenthalt D 957 Nr 5**

— transcription for guitar solo by Johann Kaspar Mertz (1806-1856)

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CARL MARIA VON WEBER (1786-1826):

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**An den Mond Op 13 Nr 4**

**An den Mond**

Sanftes Licht  
Weiche nicht!  
Leite des Geliebten Tritte  
Her zu dieser stillen Hütte,  
Wo an seines Mädchens Brust  
Ihn erwartet Himmelslust.  
  
Unbelauscht  
Umgetauscht  
Herz um Herz und Treu für Treue,  
Fern von Neid und fern von Reue,  
Wie in stolzer Säle Pracht  
Für die Liebe friedlich wacht.

Kerzenschein  
Ist nicht rein!  
Nur in Deinem milden Strahle,  
Schwelgt das Herz beim Göttermahle,  
Das der Liebe Hand ihm beut,  
Unbelauscht und unbereut.

**To the Moon**

Gentle light,  
Do not vanish!  
Lead the beloved's steps  
Here to this quiet cottage,  
Where on his maiden's breast  
He anticipates heavenly joy.

Secretly  
Exchanging  
Heart for heart and vow for vow,  
Far from envy and far from sorrow,  
As if in proud, glorious halls  
They peacefully await Love.

Candlelight  
Is not stark!  
Only in your tender glow  
Does the heart luxuriate in this feast for the Gods  
That the hand of Love offers,  
Secretly and without regret.

Georg Reinbek (1766-1849) | *Eitelkeit, Unschuld und Liebe* (1817)

**Die Zeit Op 13 Nr 5**

**Die Zeit**

Es sitzt die Zeit im weißen Kleid  
Und webt und singt und webt.  
Sie sitzt über ein offenes Grab  
Es rollen ihr lächelnd die Tränen herab.  
  
Es sitzt die Zeit im weißen Kleid  
Und webt und singt und webt.  
So sitzt sie singend viel tausend Jahr  
Und weint und lächelt und webt immerdar.

**Time**

Time sits in a white dress  
Weaving, singing, and weaving some more.  
It sits just over an open grave  
While tears roll down her smile.

Time sits in a white dress  
Weaving, singing, and weaving some more.  
So she sits singing for thousands of years,  
Weeping and smiling and weaving forever.

Josef Ludwig Stoll (1778-1815)

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

## Der arme Minnesänger Op 25 Nr 2

### Über die Berge mit Ungestüm

Über die Berge mit Ungestüm  
Vor der Liebe ein Jüngling lief,  
Meinte, sie wäre hinter ihm:  
Aber sie saß im Herzen tief,  
Und ließ mit schelmischem Wohlbehagen  
Sich über die Berge schaukeln und tragen!

Seine Zither schlug er entzwei,  
Wähnend, dass der Liebe Nest  
In der Zither verborgen sei:  
Aber sie saß in der Hand ihm fest;  
Will er die neuen Saiten berühren,  
Läßt sie schon wieder sich hören und spüren.

Ist er endlich doch heimgekehrt,  
Klopft an die Tür; es ruft "Herein!"  
Als er die klare Stimme gehört,  
Hat er gedacht: "Wer mag das sein?"  
Lauscht er behende durch flimmernde Ritzen,  
Sieht er die Liebe am Herde schon sitzen.

### Over the Mountain with Haste

Over the mountain  
Did a furious young man run from his beloved,  
He thought she was behind him  
But she sat deep in his heart  
And with playful well-being  
Let herself be rocked and carried over the mountain!

He smashed his zither in two  
Imagining that Love's nest  
Was hidden within it,  
But it sat fixed in his hand;  
He wishes to touch the new strings,  
To hear and feel them again.

When he finally returned home,  
He knocked on the door and heard "Come in!"  
As he heard that clear voice,  
He thought "Who could that be?"  
He furtively peeks through the flickering cracks  
And sees his love already sitting by the hearth.

August von Kotzebue (1761-1819) | *Der arme Minnesinger*

### Lass mich Schlummern

### Laß mich schlummern, Herzlein schweige

Laß mich schlummern, Herzlein schweige,  
sei nicht immer so laut, so wach,  
horch, es säuselt durch die Zweige,  
horch, es zwitschert im grünen Dach.

Liebe, Liebe zirpt die Grille,  
Liebe zwitschert das Vögelein,  
drum sei still, mein Herzlein, stille,  
still! Sang der Liebe wiege dich ein.

### Let me Slumber, be Silent my Heart!

Let me slumber, heart be silent,  
Do not be always so loud, so awake;  
Hark, there is rustling in the branches,  
Hark, there is twittering in the green canopy!

'Love, love' chirps a cricket,  
'Love' tweets a little bird --  
So be quiet, my heart, quiet,  
Quiet! Love is singing you a lullaby.

August von Kotzebue | *Der arme Minnesinger*



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## FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828):

### Sei mir gegrüßt

arr. Napoléon Coste (1805-1883)

#### Sei mir gegrüßt

O du Entriss'ne mir und meinem Kusse!

Sei mir gegrüsst!

Sei mir geküsst!

Erreichbar nur meinem Sehnsuchtsgrusse!

Sei mir gegrüsst!

Sei mir geküsst!

Du von der Hand der Liebe diesem Herzen

Gegeb'ne! du

Von dieser Brust

Genomm'ne mir! mit diesem Tränengusse

Sei mir gegrüsst!

Sei mir geküsst!

Zum Trotz der Ferne, die sich, feindlich trennend,

Hat zwischen mich

Und dich gestellt;

Dem Neid der Schicksalsmächte zum Verdrusse

Sei mir gegrüsst!

Sei mir geküsst!

Wie du mir je im schönsten Lenz der Liebe

Mit Gruss und Kuss

Entgegen kamst,

Mit meiner Seele glühendstem Ergüsse,

Sei mir gegrüsst!

Sei mir geküsst!

Ein Hauch der Liebe tilget Raum' und Zeiten,

Ich bin bei dir,

Du bist bei mir,

Ich halte dich in dieses Arms Umschlusse,

Sei mir gegrüsst!

Sei mir geküsst!

#### I greet you

You who were torn from me and my kisses,

I greet you!

I kiss you!

You, whom only my greetings of longing can reach,

I greet you!

I kiss you!

You who were bestowed on this heart

By the hand of love,

You who were taken

From my breast! With this deluge of tears

I greet you!

I kiss you!

Defying the distance that, hostile and divisive,

Has come

Between you and me;

Frustrating the envious powers of fate,

I greet you!

I kiss you!

As in love's fairest spring

You once came to me

With greetings and kisses,

So with the most fervent outpouring of my soul

I greet you!

I kiss you!

One breath of love dissolves time and space,

I am with you,

You are with me;

I hold you tightly in these arms' embrace,

I greet you!

I kiss you!

Friedrich Rückert | Östliche Rosen, 1819-20 / Zweite Lese, 1822

### Ständchen (Horch, horch, die Lerch)

arr. Napoléon Coste (1805-1883)

#### Ständchen

Horch, horch, die Lerch' im Ätherblau!

Und Phöbus, neu erweckt,

Tränkt seine Rosse mit dem Tau,

Der Blumenkelche deckt.

Der Ringelblume Knospe schleußt

Die goldnen Äuglein auf;

Mit allem, was da reizend ist,

Du süße Maid, steh auf!

#### Serenade

Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heavens gate sings,

And Phoebus gins arise,

His Steeds to water at those Springs

On chalic'd Flowers that lies

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their Golden eyes

With every thing that pretty is,

My Lady sweet, arise!

William Shakespeare, from *Cymbeline* | Trans. Abraham Voss (1785-1847)

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