

BELVEDERE PRODUCTIONS

presenting

Schubert Lieder

Presenting the Schubert Lieder



Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

2005

Please join the performers after the concert
for complimentary drinks and tortes by
Gabriele.

Emma and Jamie's CD, *Night Dreams* will be
available.

Pilgrim Church provides wheelchair access via the
rear (northern) doors.

Toilets can be accessed through the door on the left
of the performance area.

BELVEDERE PRODUCTIONS

presents a recital of

Schubert Lieder

with

EMMA HORWOOD Soprano

JAMIE COCK Piano

GEOFFREY BOURGAULT du COUDRAY Clarinet

SUNDAY OCTOBER 23rd

An die Musik

Auf dem Wasser zu singen

Die Forelle

Du Bist die Ruh

Andante in A major for solo piano

Vier Canzonen

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Interval

Ave, Maria!

Liebhaber in allen Gestalten

Ständchen D957 No. 4

Heidenlroslein

Nacht und Traume

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

An die Musik (To Music)

You, gracious art
In how many grey hours
Where my life's wild circle surrounds
Have you mine heart to warm love lifted up
Has me into a better world led.

Often has a sigh from your harp escaped
A sweet holy chord from you
The better time of heaven revealing to me.
You, gracious art, I thank you for it.

Auf dem Wasser zu singen (To be sung on the Water)

Amid the shimmer of mirroring waves
The rocking boat glides like a swan;
On the gently shimmering waves of joy
The soul glides just like the boat;
From the sky the sun's last rays shine down,
Dancing all around the boat.

Above the treetops of the grove in the west
The pleasant ruddy glow beckons to us,
Beneath the branches of the grove in the east
The reeds whisper in the ruddy glow;
And in the blushing glow the soul
Breathes heavenly joy and the calm of the grove.

Alas, on dewy wings does time
Fly from me on the rippling waves.
Tomorrow, on shimmering wings, will time
Escape me, as it did yesterday and today,
Until I met myself, with loftier, splendid wings,
Shall escape the passage of time.

Die Forelle (The Trout)

In a bright little brook
there shot in merry haste
a capricious trout:
past it shot like an arrow.
I stood upon the shore
and watched in sweet peace
the cheery fish's bath
in the clear little brook.

A fisher with his rod
stood at the water-side,
and watched with cold blood
as the fish swam about.
So long as the clearness of the water
remained intact, I thought,
he would not be able to capture the trout
with his fishing rod.

But finally the thief grew weary
of waiting. He stirred up
the brook and made it muddy,
and before I realized it,
his fishing rod was twitching:
the fish was squirming there,
and with raging blood I
gazed at the betrayed fish.

At the golden fountain
of youth, you linger so confidently;
But think of the trout,
and if you see danger, flee!

Mostly it is from lack
of cleverness that maidens
miss the angling seducers.
So beware! otherwise you may bleed too late!

Du Bist die Ruh (You are Peace)

Thou art repose
and gentle peace.
All earthly woes
where thou art cease.

Trouble shall flee
far from my soul;
My heart by thee
shall be made whole.

In this domain,
Oh reign supreme;
Oh lasting make
this blissful dream.

Thou heart's desire,
bourne of rest,
Come nigh and nigher
to this lone breast

My tented eyes
from gloom of night
See Paradise,
full of thy light.

Vier Canzonen

I
Do not approach the urn
Which contains my bones,
This pitiful earth
Is sacred to my grief.

I spurn the hyacinths you bring,
I do not want your tears.
What use to the dead
are two tears, two flowers?

Faithless one! You should have
offered me a ray of hope
while I still dragged out my life
in the vale of sighs.

Ah, why deafen the forest
with futile weeping?
Respect an unhappy shadow
and allow it to sleep.

II
See how white the moon is,
See how blue the night.
No breeze whispers,
No stem trembles.

The lone nightingale
Flies from the hedge to the ash-tree,
And sighing all the while,
Calls to his faithful love.

She, who can hardly hear him,
Comes from branch to branch,
And she seems to say to him:
Do not weep, I am here.

What lamenting is this,
What gentle cries, Irene?
You were never able
to answer me like this.

III

From that face I learned
to sigh with love,
I shall always sigh with love
for that face.

The fire which inflamed me
is my only joy and pleasure,
all other flames are too cold
to warm my heart.

IV

Remember me, my beloved,
if I should die,
how much my faithful heart
loved you.

And if cold ashes
are capable of love,
then in the grave,
I shall still adore you.

Above my bed hangs a carbon print of the painting by Gustav Klimt: Schubert. Schubert is singing songs for piano by candlelight with three little Viennese Misses. Beneath it I scribbled: "One of my gods! People created the gods so as, despite all, to somehow rouse otherwise unfulfilled ideals hidden in their hearts into a more vital form!"

I often read from Niggli's Schubert biography. Its intent, you see, is to present Schubert's life, not Niggli's thoughts about it. But I have returned a hundred time to the passage on page 37. He was a music teacher on the estate of Count Esterhazy in Zelesz, an instructor to the very young Countesses Marie and Karoline. To Karoline he lost his heart. Thus emerged his creations for four-handed piano. The young countess never learned of his profound affection. Only once when she teased him that he had never dedicated a single one of his compositions to her, he replied: "What for?! As it is, it's all for you!"

As if a heart about to burst revealed its grief and then closed up again for eternity-. That's why I often turn to page 37 in Niggli's biography of Schubert.

Peter Altenberg

Gretchen am Spinnrade

(Gretchen at the spinning-wheel)

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy.
I'll never find peace,
No, never again.

When he is not with me
I am as though dead,
The whole world
Is bitter gall.

My poor head
Is distraught,
My poor mind
Is shattered.

My peace is gone.
My heart is heavy.
I'll never find peace,
No never again.

Only him do I seek,
When I look out of the window,
Only to find him
Do I leave the house.

His lofty gait,
His noble bearing
His smiling lips,
His compelling glance,

The magic of
His eloquent tongue,
The grip of his hand
And oh! His kiss!

My peace is gone.
My heart is heavy.
I'll never find peace,
No never again.

My bosom yearns
For him,
O that I might grasp him
And hold him tight,

And kiss him
As I long to do,
That I might expire
Of his kisses!

My peace is gone.
My heart is heavy.

Ave, Maria!

Ave, Maria! Maiden mild!
Oh listen to a maiden's prayer;
For thou canst hear tho' from the wild,
And Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care
Tho' banish'd outcast and reviled,
Oh, Maiden hear a maidens prayer.
Oh Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

Ave, Maria! Undefined!
The flinty couch we now must share,
Shall seem with down of eider piled
If Thy, if Thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breath of Balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maiden hear a maiden's prayer.
Oh Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

Ave, Maria! Stainless-styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee, shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care
Beneath Thy guidance reconciled,
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer;
And for a father bear a child!
Ave Maria!

Liebhaber in allen Gestalten (Lovers in all guises)

I wish I were a fish,
So agile and lively;
And if you went fishing,
I would not avoid you,
I wish I were a fish,
So agile and lively.

I wish I were gold,
Always at your disposal;
Whenever you bought something
I would hurry to you.
I wish I were gold,
Always at your disposal.

But I am what I am,
You must accept me!
If you want someone better
You'll have to get them carved.
I am what I am,
You must accept me.

Ständchen D957 No. 4
Softly my songs cry
through the night to you.
Down to the quiet grove,
beloved, come to me!

Slender treetops rustle, whisper
in the moonlight;
that hostile listeners will betray you,
do not be afraid, my darling.
Do you hear the nightingale's singing?

Ah, they are crying to you;
with their songs of sweet complaint
they are weeping for me.

They know the heart's longing,
know the pain of love,
touch with their silver tones
every tender breast.

Let your breast too be moved,
beloved, hear me;
trembling I am waiting for you!
Come, make me happy!

Heidenroslein (Rosebud on the Heath)

A boy saw a rose
Growing on the heath,
As fair as the beauty of morning,
He ran to look at it more closely
And saw it to his delight.
Little rosebud so red,
Little rosebud on the heath.

The boy said: "I'll pluck you,
Little rosebud on the heath!"
The rose replied: "I'll prick you,
So that you'll always remember me,
And I won't endure it.
Little rosebud so red,
Little rosebud on the heath.

And the cruel boy plucked
The little rosebud on the heath:
The rose defended itself and pricked him,
She just had to endure it.
Little rosebud so red,
Little rosebud on the heath.

Nacht und Traume (Night and Dreams)

Sacred Night, you sink down on us,
Dreams also descend,
(as your moonlight descends through space)
Into our quietened hearts.
We listen joyfully to these dreams and call,
When day breaks:
Come again, tender night!
Tender dreams, come again!

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen
(The Shepherd on the Rock)

When, from the highest rock up here,
Down to the valley deep I peer,
And sing,

Far from the valley dark and deep
Echoes rush through, in upward sweep,
The chasm.

The farther that my voice resounds,
So much the brighter it rebounds
From under.

My sweetheart dwells so far from me,
I hotly long with her to be
O'er yonder.

I am consumed in misery,
I have no use for cheer,
Hope has on earth eluded me,
I am so lonesome here.

So longingly did sound the song,
So longingly through wood and night,
Towards heav'n it draws all hearts along
With unsuspected might.

The Springtime is coming,
The Springtime, my cheer,
Now must I make ready
On wanderings to fare.

Franz (Anton) Schubert (*b.* Dresden, 1768; *d.* Dresden 1824), double-bass player and composer. He was in the service of the Saxon court. He has the misfortune of being remembered only by a letter he addressed to Breitkopf and Härtel, the Leipzig publishers, who had returned to him by mistake his Viennese namesake's song 'Erlkönig'. The relevant passage of the letter, which is dated 18 April 1817, runs thus in an English translation:

... I have further to inform you that some ten days ago I received a valued letter from you in which you enclosed a manuscript of Goethe's 'Erl King' alleged to be set by me. With the greatest astonishment I beg to state that this cantata (!) was never composed by me. I shall retain the same in my possession in order to learn, if possible, who sent you that sort of trash in such an impolite manner and also to discover the fellow who has thus misused my name...

Groves Dictionary of Music and Musicians

Emma Horwood

Emma graduated with a Bachelor of Music from the Elder Conservatorium at Adelaide University in 2001 and now works as a freelance harpist, singer, teacher and conductor. A leading soprano soloist and ensemble singer in Adelaide, Emma is a member of the Adelaide Chamber Singers, female vocal trio Eve, vocal ensemble Syntony, and soprano soloist for The Firm (being their artist-in-residence in 2005). She presents frequent solo recitals, is the invited soloist of many choirs and has recorded a solo CD Night Dreams and trio CD Evesong. Emma performs regularly as harpist and vocalist at weddings and functions, works on a casual basis as harpist with the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra (with whom she played Wagner's Ring Cycle in 2004), teaches harp, tutors for the Australian Girls Choir and conducts female a capella group Galline. Emma completed her Graduate Diploma in Education in 2005.

Jamie Cock

Jamie Cock graduated from the Elder Conservatorium at Adelaide University in 1993, having studied with Dianne Spence, Noreen Stokes and Stefan Ammer. He pursued further studies in Prague with Boris Krajny and later in chamber music at the Musikhochschule in Freiberg, Germany with Professor Felix Gottlieb. As a pianist specializing in chamber music he has performed concerts with singers and instrumentalists throughout Europe. Now based in Adelaide, he works as a professional chamber musician, accompanist and teacher.

BELVEDERE PRODUCTIONS

and

Savvy Arts Management

acknowledge the support of

Arts SA

Australia Council

Adelaide Symphony Orchestra

Jeanette Sandford-Morgan

ABC Classic FM

5MBS

Radio Adelaide

The Pilgrim Church

