

842



THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Presents

“...MOSTLY SCHUBERT...”

Sunday, September 22, 2002

4:00 p.m.

Amarnick-Goldstein Concert Hall
de Hoernle International Center

Program

LAURA WILCOX, viola/Artist-Faculty, Lynn University

JOSÉ R. LOPEZ, piano

“... MOSTLY SCHUBERT...”

8 Songs from “Winterreise” D. 911..... Franz Schubert

(1797-1828)

Gute Nacht (Good Night)

Erstarrung (Congealing)

Auf dem Flusse (On the River)

Die Post (The Post)

Im Dorfe (In the Village)

Der Sturmische Morgen (Stormy morning)

Tâuschung (Deception)

Der Leiermann (The Organ grinder)

Sonata No. 5 in E-flat major..... Jan Ktitel Vahal

(1739-1813)

Allegro vivace

Poco adagio

Rondo: Allegretto

I N T E R M I S S I O N

Sonata in A minor D. 821 “Arpeggione”..... Franz Schubert

(1797-1828)

Allegro moderato

Adagio

Allegretto

1. GOOD NIGHT

A stranger when I came here,
A stranger, I must away
The month of May was friendly
With many a bunch so gay.
Love, vowed the pretty maiden,
Marriage, her mother said,
The world is sadness-laden,
The path in snow is clad.

I cannot for my journeying
Choose my own time to go,
Must now find my own pathways,
Here in this darkness now.
A shadow for the moon above
Accompanies me, dark,
On yonder meadows' snowcove
I look for deers' footmark.

Why should I tarry longer,
Till they all chase me hence?
Let vagrant dogs go howling
Before their masters' fence;
Love is so fond of wandering,
God made it in His Might,
For one to next philandering—
My maiden, here is Good Night!

I'll not disturb your slumber,
Will not disturb your piece!
You shall not in your chamber
Hear when I turn the keys!
While passing by, in writing
I'll chalk 'Good Night!' to you,
So that you see when 'waking,
My thoughts of you where true!

1. GUTE NACHT

Fremd bin ich eingezogen,
Fremd zieh ich wieder aus.
Der Mai war mir gewogen
Mit manchem Blumenstrauss.
Das Mädchen sprach von Liebe,
Die Mutter gar von Eh'---
Nun ist die Welt so trübe,
Der Weg gehüllt in Schnee.

Ich kann zu meiner Reisen
Nicht wählen mit der Zeit,
Muss selbst den Weg mir weisen
In dieser Dunkelheit.
Es zieht ein Mondenschatten
Als mein Gefährte mit,
Und auf den weissen Matten
Such ich des Wildes Tritt.

Was soll ich länger weilen,
Dass man mich trieb hinaus?
Lass irre Hunde heulen
Vor ihres Herren Haus;
Die Liebe liebt das Wandern—
Gott hat sie so gemacht
Von einem zu dem andern.
Fein Liebchen, gute Nacht!

Will dich im Traum nicht stören,
Wär' schad' um deine Ruh,
Sollst meinen Tritt nicht hören—
Sacht, die Türe zu!
Schreib' im Vorübergehen
Ans Tor dir: «Gute Nacht!»
Damit du mögest sehen,
An dich hab ich gedacht.

4. CONGEALING

I have in vane been tracing
Her steps in the virgin snow,
Where we entwined, were pacing
Through meadows green below.

I'll kiss the earth while sobbing,
I'll brake through ice and snow,
I'll dig with my heart throbbing,
Till the earth shows below.

Where will I find a blossom,
Where blades of grass so green?
The flowers all are dead now,
The meadow looks so mean.

Shall I not take a keepsake
From this my love-starved place?
Where my own pains are stilled,
Who'll tell me of her grace?

My heart is nearly dead now,
Cold stares her face in pain,
If e'er my heart should soften
Her face will also wane!

13. THE POST

From the street I hear a posthorn sound,
What is it that it so high must bound,
My heart?

The postman has no mail for thee,
Why do you urge so strange in me,
My heart!

Well, true, the post comes from the town
Where I a fair young maid have known,
My heart!

Perhaps you'd like to stop one day,
And ask how things are there all way,
My heart?

4. ERSTARRUNG

Ich such' im Schnee vergebens
Nach ihrer Tritte Spur,
Wo sie an meinem Arme
Durchstrich die grüne Flur.

Ich will den Boden küssen,
Durchdringen Eis und Schnee
Mit meinen heißen Tränen,
Bis ich die Erde seh'.

Wo find' ich eine Blüte,
Wo find' ich grünes Gras?
Die Blumen sind erstorben,
Der Rasen sieht so blass.

Soll denn kein Angedenken
Ich nehmen mit von hier?
Wenn meine Schmerzen schweigen,
Wer sagt mir dann von ihr?

Mein Herz wie erfroren,
Kalt starrt ihr Bild darin;
Schmilzt je das Herz mir wieder,
Fließt auch ihr Bild dahin.

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?

17. IN THE VILLAGE

The dogs are barking, chains a-clatter,
Men are now asleep in the beds,
Dreaming of things they wish they had,
Enjoying both the good and the bad,
And all is gone with the new day, —
Of course, they all enjoyed yesterday,
And hope all that they had to leave behind,
Again among their pillows to find;
Bark me away, you watchful dogs,
Let me not rest in the hour of sleep,
I have come to the end of all dreams,
Nothing to wait for 'mong sleepers,
it seems!

18. STORMY MORNING

How the storm tore rents
In heavens gray attired!
The rags of cloud are flying
Around, of combat tired.

And flames of fire lambent,
Fly between them and part,
That's what I call a morning,
A morning after my heart!

My heart sees in the heavens
Its own picture unspoilt—
It's nothing but the Winter,
The Winter, cold and wild.

17. IM DORFE

Es bellen die Hunde, es rasseln die Ketten;
Es schlafen die Menschen in ihren Betten,
Träumen sich manches, was sie nicht haben,
Tun sich im Guten und Argem erlaben,
Und morgen früh ist alles zerflossen, —

Je nun, sie haben ihr Teil genossen
Und hoffen, was sie noch übrigliessen,
Doch wiederzufinden auf ihren Kissen.
Bellt mich nur fort, ihr wachen Hunde,
Lasst mich nicht ruhn in der Schummerstunde!
Ich bin zu Ende mit allen Träumen—
Was will ich unter den Schläfern säumen?

18. DER STÜRMISCHE MORGEN

Wie hat der Sturm zerrissen
Des Himmels graues Kleid!
Die Wolkenfetzen flattern.
Umher in mattem Streit

Und rote Feuerflammen
Ziehn zwischen ihnen hin:
Das nenn ich einen Morgen
So recht nach meinem Sinn!

Mein Herz siecht an dem Himmel
Gemalt sein eignes Bild —
Es ist nichts als der Winter,
Der Winter kalt und wild!

19. DECEPTION

A friendly light before me dances,
I follow 't here, I follow 't there,
I love to dance with it and see
It lure a wayfarer like me!

Ah, who is so wretched like me,
He would gladly cheated be,
Cheat 'hind ice and night and fear,
Thinks he sees a bright abode,
With a loved soul contained?
All deception that I gained!

19. TÄUSCHUNG

Ein Licht tanzt freundlich vor mir her,
Ich folg ihm nach die Kreuz und Quer;
Ich folg ihm gern und seh's ihm an,
Dass es verlockt den Wandersmann.

Ach, wer wie ich so elend ist,
Gibt gern sich hin der bunten List,
Die hinter Eis und Nacht und Graus
Ihm weist ein helles, warmes Haus
Und eine liebe Seele drin ?
Nur Täuschung ist für mich Gewinn!

24. THE ORGAN GRINDER

(1st Version)

Over, 'hind the village,
Stands an organ man,
And with frozen fingers
He grinds what he can.

Barefoot, teeth a-chatter,
Tottering to and fro,
Yet his little platter
Holds no coin e'en so.

No one cares to listen,
No one spares a glance.
Just the dogs keep snarling
Round the poor old man.

And he lets it happen,
All just as it will;
Grinding on his organ,
Never standing still.

Strange old man, so curious,
Shall I come with you?
Will you to my own songs
Grind you organ, too?

24. DER LEIERMANN

Drüben hinterm Dorfe
Steht ein Leiermann,
Und mit starren Fingern
Dreht er, was er kann.

Barfuss auf dem Eise
Wankt er hin und her,
Und sein kleiner Teller
Bleibt ihm immer leer.

Keiner mag ihn hören,
Keiner sieht ihn an,
Und die Hunde knurren
Um den alten Mann,

Und er lässt es gehen
Alles, wie es will,
Dreht, und seine Leier
Steht ihm nimmer still.

Wunderlicher Alter!
Soll ich mit dir gehn?
Willst zu meinen Liedern
Deine Leier drehn?

Laura Wilcox, viola

LAURA WILCOX studied at SUNY-Purchase School of Music in New York and McGill University in Montreal. She has studied with Emanuel Vardi, Lorand Fenyves, Robert Levin, Charles Castleman, Paul Rolland, and John Graham. Further studies include coaching with members of the Emerson, Juilliard, Cleveland, and Orford string quartets.

Her recitals and solo appearances in Canada, the United States, Latin America, and Europe have been qualified as "outstanding... a true virtuoso... brilliant... unique, full, deep and rich beautiful sound... sensitive... eloquent... rich... a committed soloist and musician... sterling musicianship... a kaleidoscopic range of colors... communicative... enchanting... mesmerizing". She has received awards from the Canada Council for the Arts, the Chalmers Foundation, and the Ontario Arts Council.

Besides most of the classical repertoire for viola, Laura has performed a large number of contemporary works, many of which have been commissioned or written for her. She has given the North and South American premieres of Ligeti's Sonata, Barroso's Concerto for viola, Henze's Sonate for viola and piano, Yun's "Duo" for viola and piano, among others. Her recordings include CBC/Radio-Canada performances at the National Arts Centre in Ottawa, the Glenn Gould Studio, the Music Gallery in Toronto, the Eckhardt-Gramatte Hall at the Rozsa Centre in Calgary, and for the series "Music Toronto", Pollack Hall, Redpath Hall in Montreal, the Chapelle Historique du Bon Pasteur in Montreal among other cultural houses and venues. She was a founding member of the Atlantic String Quartet and principal viola with the Jeunes Virtuoses de Montreal, Laura is an active performer in many chamber music groups in Toronto, Quebec, New York, and in Florida. She is also an active teacher and performer in festivals throughout the United States and Canada. She is currently on the faculty as professor of viola and chamber music at the Conservatory of Music at Lynn University in Florida.

José R. Lopez, piano

An acclaimed versatile pianist, José R. Lopez performs regularly as a recitalist and sought-after collaborative artist. He has performed as soloist with orchestras in Italy and Venezuela, and has given recitals throughout South Florida, Nevada, Washington, D.C., Argentina and Central America. An advocate of contemporary music, he has performed World and American premieres in several states, including a recording on the INNOVA label. His local chamber music performances include frequent appearances in the Mainly Mozart Series, the Palm Beach Chamber Music series, FIU Music Festival and Festival Miami. Jose Lopez received the Bachelors, Masters and Doctoral degrees from the University of Miami School of Music, where he studied with Rosalina Sackstein, a former disciple of Claudio Arrau. He has been orchestral pianist for the Florida Philharmonic since 1989 and adjunct faculty at Florida International University since 1996.

Upcoming Events

OCTOBER

10-6-2002

2:00 PM

The Elan Wind Quintet-Outreach
The Boca Raton Museum of Art

4:00 PM

****Season Opening Celebration***

A multitude of our spectacular artist-faculty share the stage for a concert spotlighting their solo performance talent.

10-13-2002

4:00 PM

****Chamber Music Concert***

Our Florida Philharmonic principal artists star with their guest.

10-18-2002

7:30 PM

****Music for Trumpet and Piano***

Our Empire Brass trumpeter is joined by Pianist Lisa Leonard.

10-22-2002

7:00 PM

Music for the Mind series-Outreach

Roberta Rust piano Recital, Harriet Theatre

10-24-2002

7:30 PM

****Conservatory All-Stars***

The Dean's Favorite Concert series!

10-25-2002

7:30 PM

****Alumni Concert***

Qi Liu (Class of 2000)

*Located at The Amarnick-Goldstein Concert Hall