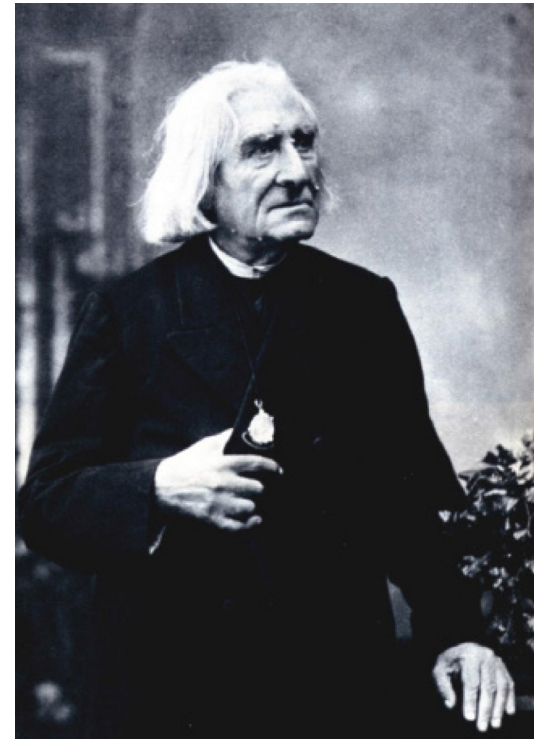




UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND DANCE

**The Music of Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)**



Organized by the Oregon Chapter of the American Liszt Society, in commemoration of Liszt's 202nd birthday.

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Season 113, Program 7

**Beall Concert Hall
Tuesday, October 22, 2013 | 7:30 p.m.**



“Lyrical Liszt”

The world has known Liszt as a great piano virtuoso yet has had trouble accepting him in any other role – least of all the composer of profound musical works. In his piano works, apart from obvious virtuosity, Liszt always incorporates pure lyricism. His works manifest the true romantic spirit of the nineteenth century - the expression of emotions. From the deep pathos to the exultation of the heavens, these emotions come to life through exquisite lyricism. The same lyrical inspirations of the piano compositions can also be seen in his lieder and chamber works. Liszt wrote over 60 songs, as well as several works for small chamber groups. Unfortunately, these works are all but forgotten. This concert features some of these forgotten compositions. These are pieces that are extremely inspired and luxuriate in romantic harmonies and melodies. It is through these works that we see Liszt as a true creative artist and composer.

Invocation

Nikolai Valov , piano

S'il est un charmant gazon

Victor Hugo
(1802 – 1885)

Oh! quand je dors

Victor Hugo

Sarah Kenzinger, soprano
Gabriel Neves Coelho, piano

Im Rhein

Heinrich Heine
(1797 – 1856)

Hohe Liebe

Ludwig Uhland
(1787 – 1862)Christine Welch Elder, soprano
Crystal Zimmerman, piano

Elegie II, for violin & piano, S.131

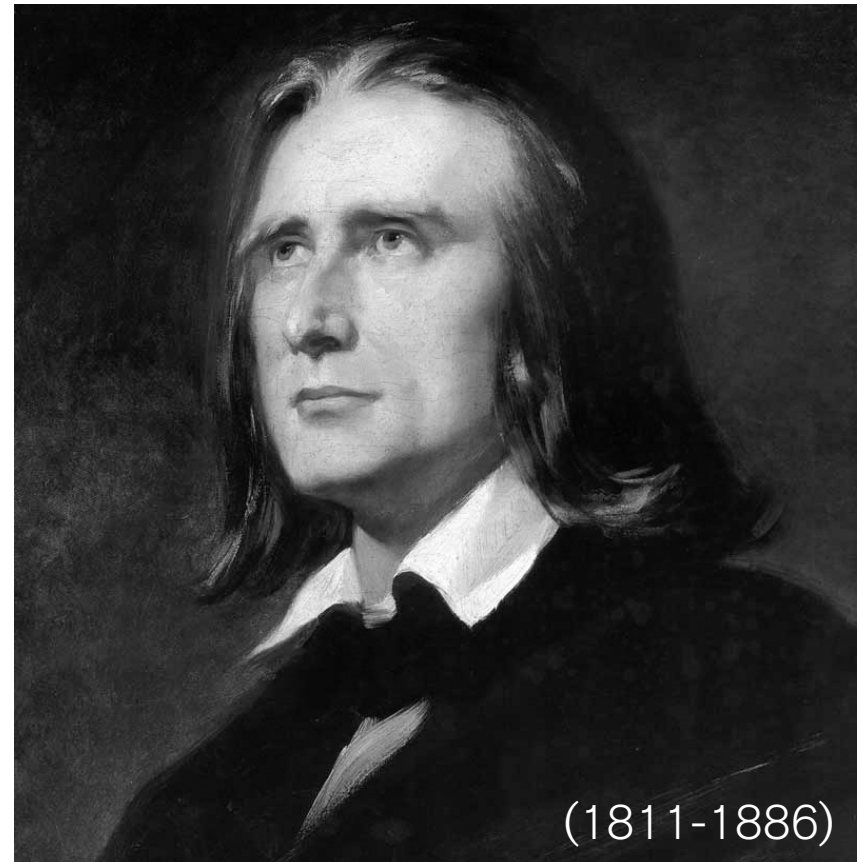
Holly Roberts, violin
Keaton Springfield, pianoDer Fischerknabe - Friedrich Schiller (1759 – 1805)

Es lächelt der See, er ladet zum Bade,
Der Knabe schlief ein am grünen Gestade,
Da hört er ein Klingen,
Wie Flöten so süß,
Wie Stimmen der Engel
Im Paradies.

The lake smiles, so inviting to bathe,
the boy slept on the green bank,
then, he hears a tinkling,
as of sweet flutes,
like the voices of angels
in paradise.

Und wie er erwachet in seliger Lust,
Da spielen die Wasser ihm um die Brust,
Und es ruft aus den Tiefen:
Lieb' Knabe, bist mein!
Ich locke den Schläfer,
Ich zieh ihn herein.

And as he awakens in blissful desire,
the waters now play against his breast,
and a call from the depths:
Dear boy, you are mine!
I lure the sleeper,
I draw him down.



(1811-1886)

Hohe Liebe - Ludwig Uhland (1787 – 1862)

In Liebesarmen ruht ihr trunken, Des Lebens Früchte winken euch; Ein Blick nur ist auf mich gesunken, Doch bin ich vor euch allen reich.	In the arms of your love you lie intoxicated, The fruits of life beckon to you; Only one glance has fallen upon me, But I am richer than all of you.
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Das Glück der Erde miss ich gerne Und blick, ein Märtyrer, hinan, Denn über mir in goldner Ferne Hat sich der Himmel aufgetan.	I gladly do without earthly joy And, a martyr, I gaze ahead, For over me in the golden distance Heaven has opened.
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Die Lorelei - Heinrich Heine (1797 – 1856)

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten Daß ich so traurig bin; Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.	I'm looking in vain for the reason That I am so sad and distressed; A tale known for many a season Will not allow me to rest.
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Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt, Und ruhig fließt der Rhein; Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt Im Abendsonnenschein.	Cool is the air in the twilight And quietly flows the Rhine; The mountain top glows with a highlight From the evening sun's last shine.
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Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet Dort oben wunderbar, Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.	The fairest of maiden's reposing So wonderously up there. Her golden treasure disclosing; She's combing her golden hair.
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Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme Und singt ein Lied dabei; Das hat eine wundersame Gewaltige Melodei.	She combs it with comb of gold And meanwhile sings a song With melody strangely bold And overpoweringly strong.
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Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe ergreift es mit wildem Weh, Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe, Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh.	The boatman in his small craft Is seized with longings, and sighs. He sees not the rocks fore and aft; He looks only up towards the skies.
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Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn; Und das hat mit ihrem Singen Die Lorelei getan.	I fear that the waves shall be flinging Both vessel and man to their end; That must have been what with her singing The Lorelei did intend.
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La Tombe et la rose
Comment, disaient-ils

Karen Esquivel, contralto
Eduardo Moreira, piano

Victor Hugo
Victor Hugo

Die Lorelei
Der Fischerknabe

Laura Wayte, soprano
Alexandre Dossin, piano

Heinrich Heine
Friedrich Schiller
(1759 – 1805)

Rigoletto – Concert Paraphrase

Ednaldo Borba , piano

TRANSLATIONS

Invocation

*Élevez-vous, voix de mon âme, Avec
l'aurore, avec la nuit! Élanchez-vous
comme la flamme, Répandez-vous
comme le bruit! Flottez sur l'aile des
nuages, Mêlez-vous aux vents, aux or-
ages, Au tonnerre, au fracas des flots;*

Rise up, voice of my soul, With the
dawn, with the night! Leap up like the
flame, Spread abroad like the noise! Float
on the wing of the clouds, Mingle with the
winds, with storms, With thunder, and the
tumult of the waves.

*Élevez-vous dans le silence À l'heure
où dans l'ombre du soir La lampe des
nuits se balance, Quand le prêtre éteint
l'encensoir; Elevez-vous au bord des
ondes Dans ces solitudes profondes Où
Dieu se révèle a la foi!*

Rise up in the silence At the hour when,
in the shade of evening, The lamp of night
sways, When the priest puts out the
censer; Rise up by the waves In these
deep solitary places
Where God reveals himself to faith!

S'il est un charmant gazon – Victor Hugo (1802 – 1885)

S'il est un charmant gazon Que le ciel arrose, Où [brille] ¹ en toute saison Quelque fleur éclore, Où l'on cueille à pleine main Lys, chèvre-feuille et jasmin, J'en veux faire le chemin Où ton pied se pose!	If there's a lovely grassy plot watered by the sky where in every season some flower blossoms, where one can freely gather lilies, woodbines and jasmines... I wish to make it the path on which you place your feet.
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S'il est un rêve d'amour, Parfumé de rose, Où l'on trouve chaque jour Quelque douce chose, Un rêve que Dieu bénit, Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit, Oh! j'en veux faire le nid Où ton coeur se pose!	If there is a dream of love scented with roses, where one finds every day something gentle and sweet, a dream blessed by God where soul is joined to soul... oh, I wish to make it the nest in which you rest your heart.
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Oh! quand je dors – Victor Hugo (1802 – 1885)

Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de ma couche, comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura, Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche... Soudain ma bouche S'entrouvrira!	Oh, when I sleep, approach my bed, as Laura appeared to Petrarch; and as you pass, touch me with your breath... at once my lips will part!
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Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura, Que ton regard comme un astre se lève... Soudain mon rêve Rayonnera!	On my glum face, where perhaps a dark dream has rested for too long a time, let your gaze lift it like a star... at once my dream will be radiant!
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Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une flamme, Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura, Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens femme... Soudain mon âme S'éveillera!	Then on my lips, where there flits a brilliance, a flash of love that God has kept pure, place a kiss, and transform from angel into woman... at once my soul will awaken!
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Im Rhein - Heinrich Heine (1797 – 1856)

Im Rhein, im schönen Strome, Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n Mit seinem großen Dome Das große, heil'ge Köln.	In the Rhine, in the holy stream Is it mirrored in the waves – With its great cathedral – That great, holy city Cologne.
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Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis, Auf goldnem Leder gemalt; In meines Lebens Wildnis Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.	In the Cathedral stands an image Painted on golden leather; Into the wildness of my life Has it shone, friendly.
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Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein Um unsre liebe Frau; Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein, Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.	Flowers and little cherubs hover Around our beloved Lady; The eyes, the lips, the cheeks— They match my beloved's exactly.
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La Tombe et la rose – Victor Hugo (1802 – 1885)

La tombe dit à la rose : -- Des pleurs dont l'aube t'arrose Que fais-tu, fleur des amours ? La rose dit à la tombe : -- Que fais-tu de ce qui tombe Dans ton gouffre ouvert toujours ?	The tomb says to the rose: From the tears with which the dawn sprinkles you What do you make, flower of love? The rose says to the tomb: What do you do with that which falls In your ever-open abyss?
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La rose dit: -- Tombeau sombre, De ces pleurs je fais dans l'ombre Un parfum d'ambre et de miel. La tombe dit: -- Fleur plaintive, De chaque âme qui m'arrive Je fais un ange du ciel.	The rose says: somber tomb, From these tears I make in the shadow A perfume of amber and of honey. The tomb says: plaintive flower, Of each soul that arrives in me I make an angel of heaven.
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Comment, disaient-ils – Victor Hugo (1802 – 1885)

Comment, disaient-ils, Avec nos nacelles, Fuir les alguazils? Ramez, disaient-elles.	"How," asked the men, "can we flee the Spanish police in our small boats?" "Row," replied the women.
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Comment, disaient-ils, Oublier querelles, Misère et périls? Dormez, disaient-elles.	"How," asked the men, "can we forget strife, misery and danger?" "Sleep," replied the women.
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Comment, disaient-ils, Enchanter les belles Sans philtres subtils? Aimez, disaient-elles.	"How," asked the men, "can we enchant beautiful women without love potions?" "Love," replied the women
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