



**EMERALD**  
ENSEMBLE

**LOVE SONGS**

*Featuring Johannes Brahms's*

*Liebeslieder &  
Neue Liebeslieder*

Wednesday, February 14, 2018

*Valentine's Day*

Resonance at SOMA Towers

Bellevue, Washington

**Dr. Gary D. Cannon**

*Artistic Director*

# PROGRAM

## Love Songs

February 14, 2018

### Liebesslieder Walzer, op.52

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

1. Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes
2. An Gesteine rauscht die Flut
3. O die Frauen
4. Wie des Abends schöne Röte
5. Die grüne Hopfenranke
6. Ein kleiner, hübsche Vogel nahm den Flug
7. Wohl schön bewandt
8. Wenn so lind dein Augen mir
9. Am Donaustrande, da steht ein Haus
10. O wie sanft die Quelle
11. Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen
12. Schloß auf, und mache Schlösser
13. Vöglein durchrauscht die Luft
14. Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar
15. Nachtigall, sie singt so schön
16. Ein dunkeler Schacht ist Liebe
17. Nicht wandle, mein Licht dort außen
18. Es bebet das Gesträuch

### *Love and Humor*

**Tell me the truth about love**

**Amor**

**Love in the Dictionary**

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

William Bolcom (b.1938)

Celius Dougherty (1902–1986)

Melissa Plagemann, *mezzo-soprano*

Jay C. Rozendaal, *piano*

### *Lost Love*

**Après un rêve**

**Beatriz's Song**

**I hear an army**

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

William Walton (1902–1983)

Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

Gary D. Cannon, *tenor*

Christina Siemens, *piano*

~intermission~

# Love Songs

## *Faithful Love*

**Sì, tra i ceppi**  
**Through Love's Eyes**

*world premiere performance*

George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)  
Donald M. Skirvin

J. Scott Kovacs, *bass-baritone*  
Jay C. Rozendaal, *piano*

## *Love and Dreams*

**Oh! quand je dors**  
**En drøm**  
**Var det en dröm**

Franz Liszt (1811–1886)  
Edvard Grieg (1843–1907)  
Jean Sibelius (1865–1957)

Maria Männistö, *soprano*  
Christina Siemens, *piano*

## **Neue Liebeslieder Walzer, op.65**

Johannes Brahms

1. Verzicht, o Herz, auf Rettung
2. Finstere Schatten der Nacht
3. An jeder Hand die Finger
4. Ihr schwarzen Augen
5. Wahre, wahre deinen Sohn
6. Rosen steckt mit an die Mutter
7. Vom Gebirge, Well' auf Well'
8. Weiche Gräser im Revier
9. Nagen am Herzen
10. Ich kose süß mit der und der
11. Alles, alles in den Wind
12. Schwarzer Wald, dein Schatten ist so düster!
13. Nein, Geliebter, setze dich
14. Flammenauge, dunkles Haar
15. *Zum Schluß:* Nun ihr Musen, genug!

# Program Notes

## Liebeslieder Walzer, opus 52 (1868–9)

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

What were you like at age twenty? Perhaps you were in college, training for a career. Perhaps you had already embarked on that career, with varying degrees of confidence and trepidation. Perhaps you saw a life of many diverse opportunities yet awaiting you. Recall yourself at age twenty and imagine that the world's leading authority in your field crowned you the next global genius. Would this increase your confidence? Or cause a new wave of self-criticism, even fear of inevitable failure? Thus was Brahms's blessing and curse when Robert Schumann, the pre-eminent figure in German concert music, acclaimed his younger colleague in the October 1853 issue of his newspaper, *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. Brahms was seen by the few who had heard his piano music as the Chosen One who would lead a generation of German composers to their rightful place as the world's supreme musicians.

Brahms's life had been relatively unprepossessing. He was born in 1833 in Hamburg, a port city in northern Germany not noted for its musical establishment. His father would today be classified as a freelance musician, playing frequently at taverns and joining the militia band. The young Brahms studied piano from age seven and eventually began playing professionally in restaurants and theaters (though not seaside brothels, as is commonly believed). In 1853, while touring Germany as the accompanist for an expatriate Hungarian violinist, he met the pianist-composer Franz Liszt and the day's leading violinist, Joseph Joachim. The latter encouraged Brahms to introduce himself to Robert Schumann, which he did in September 1853. The very next month, the master-composer introduced his his young new friend to the world.

That February, Schumann suffered a mental breakdown and attempted suicide, leading to his incarceration in an asylum. His wife, Clara, was one of the nineteenth century's greatest pianists. In order to make ends meet, she reenergized her concertizing throughout Europe. Brahms, having developed a close relationship with the Schumanns, joined their household in Düsseldorf to assist in family and business duties. He grew particularly close to Clara, accompanying her on concert tours. After Robert died in July 1856, Brahms himself began to perform with greater frequency throughout Germany. He also gained seasonal appointments as conductor of the court choir and orchestra at Detmold and of an amateur women's choir in Hamburg.

In September 1862 Brahms first visited Vienna and began to develop a reputation as an important composer of chamber music piano works, and art songs. He also devoted himself considerably to music of the near and distant past. The next season he served as conductor of the Vienna Singakademie, with which he programmed Renaissance motets, music by Bach, and earlier nineteenth-century works. He edited unpublished piano works by Franz Schubert, whose genius was finally beginning to be broadly recognized, thirty years after his death. Among the Schubert works edited by Brahms were two books of Ländler, a genre of traditional Austrian country-dance that had evolved into the

Viennese waltz. Most importantly, the death of his mother in February 1865 inspired Brahms to begin the large-scale choral *Ein deutsches Requiem* (A German Requiem). Its first performances, in 1867–9, were greeted with mixed reaction.

While he continually revised and expanded his *Requiem*, Brahms also penned a flurry of songs, following in Robert Schumann's footsteps. In 1868 alone, Brahms published twenty-five songs in five sets. In this state of mind, in the summer of 1869, he vacationed to Lichtenthal in eastern Bavaria. Clara Schumann and her children were also there. He visited them daily. Of his particular interest was twenty-four-year-old Julie, gentle and caring, though often sickly. With his heart secretly full of love for Julie—a love which she never hinted at returning—he had been composing a series of eighteen *Liebeslieder* waltzes. Brightness and optimism burst through these works, and we have Julie to thank for them. (To learn how Brahms's unrequited love unfolded, see the note for the *Neue Liebeslieder* below.)

The choice of scoring demonstrates his more practical goal: sales. Sure, Brahms hoped that the *Requiem*, the earlier orchestral serenades and First Piano Concerto, and the “serious” piano works and chamber music would form the basis of his reputation as a composer. But he needed to make a living. In the days before recordings and radio, middle-class families gathered at the piano and made music together. Works for piano four-hands (two pianists playing at the same piano) were ubiquitous, including Brahms's first set of Hungarian Dances, published the previous year. In fact, Brahms also arranged the *Liebeslieder* for performance without singers; he and Clara played them that summer. By adding vocal quartet, even more members of the family could join in. (Brahms had already composed a set of vocal quartets, published in 1864 as his opus 31.) When Brahms sent the *Liebeslieder* to his publisher, he called them “trifles”, but added: “I will gladly risk being called an ass if [they] don't give a few people pleasure.” This market of *Hausmusik* (“house music”) is how composers survived financially in the late nineteenth century.

Brahms pointedly called these his *Liebeslieder Walzer* (“Love-Song Waltzes”). Hence they are linked both by poetry and musical form. As for the texts, they were translations of Hungarian, Polish, and Russian dance-songs prepared by the German poet-philosopher Georg Friedrich Daumer for his two volumes titled *Polydora*. Brahms would eventually set fifty-four different poems by Daumer, including a few in the half-decade before the *Liebeslieder*. And regarding the musical form, all eighteen songs are true waltzes; you could even dance to them, though some might be tricky. The Viennese waltz had been all the rage for four decades (Johann Strauss's *An der schönen, blauen Donau* [“On the Beautiful, Blue Danube”] had been published two years prior). Many composers, including Schumann, had adapted the waltz to more formal manner; between 1865 and 1867 Brahms produced twenty-one waltzes for piano. One of the marvels of the *Liebeslieder* is how Brahms convincingly marries these decidedly non-waltz texts to his chosen genre.

All eighteen numbers are in 3/4 time, but Brahms varies them fascinatingly though style of melody, implied tempo, diverse counterpoints, duration (some are barely a minute long), voicing (including duets and solos), balance between men and women, and the usage of individual voices within quartet movements. He had considered grouping them in different ways before publication, but decided on one volume only. Though no such indication appears in the score, some movements were clearly intended to flow directly together, functioning as mini-groups. Sometimes, however, there are more striking shifts of mood or key.



1.  
Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes,  
Das mir in die Brust, die kühle,  
Hat geschleudert mit dem Blicke  
Diese wilden Glutgefühle!

Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen,  
Willst du, eine Überfromme,  
Rasten ohne traute Wonne,  
Oder willst du, daß ich komme?

Rasten ohne traute Wonne,  
Nicht so bitter will ich büßen.  
Komme nur, du schwarzes Auge,  
Komme, wenn die Sterne grüßen.

2.  
Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut,  
Heftig angetrieben;  
Wer da nicht zu seufzen weiß,  
Lernt es unterm Lieben.

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*Tell, maiden so lovely,  
who in my cool breast  
has hurled, with your glances,  
these wild, fervent emotions!*

*Will you not soften your heart;  
will you, exceedingly pious one,  
remain without courageous bliss,  
or will you that I come to you?*

*To remain without courageous bliss,  
so bitter a fate I would not suffer.  
Come then, with your dark eyes,  
come, when the stars greet us.*

*To the rocks roar the flood,  
heavily powered.  
Who knows not {...},  
will learn through loving.*

3.

O die Frauen, o die Frauen,  
Wie sie Wonne tauen!  
Wäre lang ein Mönch geworden,  
Wären nicht die Frauen!

*O women, O women,  
with what bliss they melt the heart!  
Long ago I would have become a monk,  
were it not for women!*

4.

Wie des Abends schöne Röte  
Möcht' ich arme Dirne glühn,  
Einem, einem zu gefallen,  
Sonder Ende Wonne sprühn.

*Like an evening's beautiful redness  
would I, a poor maiden, glow—  
to please one, one alone,  
a special, blissful end would sparkle.*

5.

Die grüne Hopfenranke,  
Sie schlängelt auf der Erde hin.  
Die junge, schöne Dirne,  
So traurig ist ihr Sinn!

*The green tendrils of the vine,  
they coil toward the ground.  
The young, beautiful maiden,  
so sad in her senses!*

Du höre, grüne Ranke!  
Was hebst du dich nicht himmelwärts?  
Du höre, schöne Dirne!  
Was ist so schwer dein Herz?

*You hear, green tendrils!  
Why do you not rise toward heaven?  
You hear, beautiful maiden!  
What is so heavy in your heart?*

Wie höbe sich die Ranke,  
Der keine Stütze Kraft verleiht?  
Wie wäre die Dirne fröhlich,  
Wenn ihr der Liebste weit?

*How can the tendrils rise,  
their little supports gain strength?  
How can the maiden be joyous,  
when her lover is away?*

6.

Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel nahm den Flug  
Zum Garten hin, da gab es Obst genug.

*A little, pretty bird took flight  
to the garden, bountiful with fruit.*

*Were I a pretty little bird,  
I would not hesitate; I would do the same.*

Leimruten-Arglist lauert an dem Ort;  
Der arme Vogel konnte nicht mehr fort.  
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär,  
Ich säumte nicht, ich täte so wie der.

*Lime-branches' guile lie in wait in that place;  
the poor bird cannot fly off.*

*Were I a pretty little bird,  
I would hesitate; I would not do the same.*

Der Vogel kam in eine schöne Hand,  
Da tat es ihm, dem Glücklichen, nicht and.  
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär,  
Ich säumte doch, ich täte so nicht wie der.

*The bird came to a beautiful hand,  
such that he, the lucky little one, wanted not.*

*Were I a pretty little bird,  
I would not hesitate; I would do the same.*

7.

Wohl schön bewandt  
War es vorehe  
Mit meinem Leben  
Mit meiner Liebe.  
Ja, durch zehn Wände  
Erkannte mich  
Des Freundes Sehe,  
Doch jetzo, wehe,  
Wenn ich dem Kalten  
Auch noch so dicht  
Vorm Auge stehe,  
Es merk'ts sein Auge,  
Sein Herze nicht.

*How beautiful  
all did seem  
with my life,  
with my love.  
yes, through ten walls—  
would reach to me  
my lover's gaze.  
But now, alas,  
when I stand before him  
even so very close,  
stopped in front of his eyes,  
his eyes do not see,  
neither his heart.*

8.

Wenn so lind dein Auge mir  
Und so lieblich schauet—  
Jede letzte Trübe fliehet,  
Weiche mich, umgrauet.

Dieser Liebe schöne Glut,  
Laß sie nicht verstieben!  
Nimmer wird, wie ich, so treu  
Dich ein andrer lieben.

*When so warmly and lovely  
your eyes look to me—  
every last trouble flees,  
disappearing from me.*

*These loves, beautiful glow,  
let them not vanish!  
Never will another, as I,  
so truly love you.*

9.

Am Donaustrande, da steht ein Haus,  
Da schaut ein rosiges Mädchen aus.  
Das Mädchen, es ist wohl gut gehegt,  
Zehn eiserne Riegel sind vor die Türe gelegt.  
Zehn eiserne Riegel—das ist sein Spaß;  
Die spreng ich, als wären sie nur von Glas.

*On the Danube's shore there stands a house,  
out of which a rosy maiden looks.  
The maiden, she is well guarded:  
ten iron bolts are fixed to the door.  
Ten iron bolts—that's but a joke!—  
I'll explode them as though they were glass.*

10.

O wie sanft die Quelle sich  
Durch die Wiese windet!  
O wie schön, wenn Liebe sich  
Zu der Liebe findet!

*Oh, how gentle is the stream  
that winds through the meadow!  
Oh, how beautiful, when love  
finds itself a love!*

11.

Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen  
Mit den Leuten;  
Alles wissen sie so giftig  
Auszudeuten.

*No, there is no coming to terms  
with these people;  
they know things; so stingingly  
they point.*

Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich  
Lose Triebe;  
Bin ich still, so heißt's, ich wäre  
Irr aus Liebe.

*When I'm mirthful, [they say] I nurture  
loose desires;  
when I'm calm, that means I would  
be mad with love.*

12.

Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser,  
Schlösser ohne Zahl!  
Denn die bösen Mäuler will ich  
Schließen allzumal.

*See, how the waves are clear,  
the moon looking from above!  
You who are my love,  
love me again.*

13.

Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft,  
Sucht nach einem Aste;  
Und das Herz—ein Herz begehrt's,  
Wo es selig raste.

*A little bird whooshes though the wind,  
searching for a branch;  
and the heart—seeks a heart  
where it can rest in bliss.*

14.

Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar,  
Blickt der Mond hernieder!  
Die du meine Liebe bist,  
Liebe du mich wieder.

*See, how the waves are clear,  
the moon looking from above!  
You who are my love,  
love me again.*



15.

Nachtigall, sie singt so schön,  
Wenn die Sterne funkeln,—  
Liebe mich, geliebtes Herz,  
Küsse mich im Dunkeln!

*Nightingale, who sings so beautifully,  
when the stars sparkle,—  
My love, beloved heart,  
kiss me in the dark!*

16.

Ein dunkler Schacht ist Liebe,  
Ein gar zu gefährlicher Brunnen;  
Da fiel ich hinein, ich Armer  
kann weder hören noch sehn,  
Nur denken an meine Wonnen,  
Nur stöhnen in meinen Wehn.

*Love is a dark pit,  
an all too dangerous well;  
I fell in, poor me  
can neither hear nor see.  
only thinking of my delights,  
only groaning in my pain.*

17.

Nicht wandle, mein Licht, dort außen  
Im Flurbereich!  
Die Füße würden dir, die zarten,  
Zu naß, zu weich.

*Wander not, my light, out there  
in the meadow!  
To your tender feet it would be  
so wet, so soft.*

All überstömmt sind dort die Wege,  
Die Stege dir;  
So überreichlich tränke dorten  
Das Auge mir.

*All overflowing are the paths,  
the walkways too;  
so copiously do weep  
my eyes.*

18.

Es bebet das Gesträuche,  
Gestreift hat es im Fluge  
Ein Vögelein,  
In gleicher Art erbebet,  
Die Seele mir erschüttert  
Von Liebe, Lust und Leide,  
Gedenkt sie dein.

*The shrub trembles;  
streaking through it, in flight,  
is a little bird.  
In the same manner does shake  
my soul, shocked  
by love, desire, and suffering,  
when it remembers you.*

Assorted folk songs, as translated by Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800–1875) in  
*Polydora: Ein Weltpoetisches Liederbuch* [A World-Poet's Songbook] (1855)



**Melissa Plagemann, mezzo-soprano**

Praised for her “clear, burnished voice” and “mezzo rich with an alto’s strength and a soprano’s shining top edge” (Tacoma News Tribune), Melissa Plagemann’s busy performing schedule spans the stages of opera, oratorio, chamber music, and ensemble performances. In the 2017/18 season, she covers the role of Kate Pinkerton (*Madama Butterfly*) with Seattle Opera. She returns to both Symphony Tacoma and Orchestra Seattle for their performances of Handel’s *Messiah*, and to Pacific Northwest Ballet for *Nutcracker*. She also joins Philharmonia Northwest and Kirkland Choral Society for Verdi’s *Requiem*, and the Tacoma Youth Symphony for a concert of opera arias. In recital, she joins with pianist and composer Sheila Bristow for an evening of premieres by Bristow and Forrest Pierce, and in May she will perform selections of William Bolcom’s *I Will Breathe a Mountain* with pianist Jeffrey Gilliam, with the composer in attendance, as part of his 80th birthday celebration at Western Washington University. Melissa teaches on the faculties of Pacific Lutheran and Western Washington Universities, and is a managing diva of Opera On Tap’s Seattle chapter.

She lives in Shoreline with her husband and daughter.



## *Love and Humor*

Melissa Plagemann, Jay C. Rozendaal

Between the World Wars, many composers experimented with ways to blend formal classical music with popular forms, even music-hall and cabaret. Kurt Weill is perhaps the most famous author of such exploits ("Mack the knife", anyone?), but he was certainly not alone. In the late 1930s, the English poet W.H. Auden held court in a large household of expatriate bohemians in New York City. Among his coterie was a young composer, Benjamin Britten, who set several of Auden's poems as cabaret songs. After the Second World War, this trend diminished, but it also birthed its greatest accomplishments, courtesy of William Bolcom, Seattle native and UW grad, who has strewn cabaret morsels throughout his career.

As for *Love in the Dictionary*, composed by the American pianist Celius Dougherty... perhaps the less said, the better. Enjoy.



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# **Shall We Dance?**

**Brahms**  
*Liebeslieder  
Waltzes*  
**Bach**  
*Der Geist hilft*  
*Tangos  
& more!*

Saturday, April 7, 7:30 pm – Medina  
Sunday, April 8, 3:30 pm – Redmond

# **Cascadian Chorale**

Gary D. Cannon, Artistic Director

## **Tell me the truth about love**

from *Cabaret Songs* (1938)  
Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

Liebe l'amour amor amoris [love]  
Some say that Love's a little boy  
And some say it's a bird,  
Some say it makes the world go round  
And some say that's absurd:  
But when I asked the man next door  
Who looked as if he knew,  
His wife was very cross indeed  
And said it wouldn't do.

Does it look like a pair of pyjamas  
Or the ham in a temp'rance hotel,  
O tell me the truth about love.  
Does its odour remind one of llamas  
Or has it a comforting smell?  
O tell me the truth about love.  
Is it prickly to touch as a hedge is  
Or soft as eiderdown fluff,  
Is it sharp or quite smooth at the edges?  
O tell me the truth about love.

I looked inside the summerhouse,  
It wasn't ever there,  
I've tried the Thames at Maidenhead  
And Brighton's bracing air,  
I don't know what the blackbird sang  
Or what the roses said,  
But it wasn't in the chicken run  
Or underneath the bed.

Can it pull extraordin'ry faces,  
Is it usually sick on a swing,  
O tell me the truth about love.  
Does it spend all its time at the races  
Or fiddling with pieces of string,  
O tell me the truth about love.  
Has it views of its own about money,  
Does it think Patriotism enough,  
Are its stories vulgar but funny?  
O tell me the truth about love.

Your feelings when you meet it, I  
Am told you can't forget,  
I've sought it since I was a child  
But haven't found it yet;  
I'm getting on for thirty-five,  
And still I do not know  
What kind of creature it can be  
That bothers people so.

Your feelings when you meet it, I  
Am told you can't forget,  
I've sought it since I was a child  
But haven't found it yet;  
I'm getting on for thirty-five,  
And still I do not know  
What kind of creature it can be  
That bothers people so.

When it comes, will it come without warning,  
Just as I'm picking my nose,  
O tell me the truth about love.  
Will it knock on my door in the morning  
Or tread in the bus on my toes,  
O tell me the truth about love.  
Will it come like a change in the weather,  
Will its greeting be courteous or bluff,  
Will it alter my life altogether?  
O tell me the truth about love.

— W. H. Auden (1907–1973)

**Amor**, from *Cabaret Songs*, volume 1 (1963–78)  
William Bolcom (born 1938)

It wasn't the policeman's fault  
In all the traffic roar  
Instead of shouting halt when he saw me  
He shouted Amor.

Even the ice-cream man  
(Free ice-creams by the score)  
Instead of shouting Butter Pecan one look at me  
He shouted Amor.

All over town it went that way  
Ev'rybody took off the day  
Even philosophers understood  
How good was the good 'cuz I looked so good!

The poor stopped taking less  
The rich stopped needing more.  
Instead of shouting no and yes  
Both looking at me shouted Amor.

My stay in town was cut short  
I was dragged to court.  
The judge said I disturbed the peace  
And the jury gave him what for!

The judge raised his hand  
And instead of Desist and Cease  
Judgie came to the stand, took my hand  
And whispered Amor.

Night was turning into day  
I walked alone away.  
Never see that town again.  
But as I passed the churchhouse door  
Instead of singing Amen  
The choir was singing Amor.

— Arnold Weinstein (1927–2005)

**Love in the Dictionary** (1948)

Celius Dougherty (1902–1986)

Love: A strong, complex emotion  
Or feeling of personal attachment,  
Causing one to appreciate,  
Delight in,  
Or crave the presence  
Or possession of the object,  
And to please and promote the welfare of that object.  
Devoted affection  
Or attachment;  
Specifically, the feeling between husband and wife,  
Brother and sister,  
Or lover and sweetheart;  
One who is beloved;  
A sweetheart;  
Animal passion;  
The personification of the love-passion: Cupid;  
In some games, as tennis, nothing.

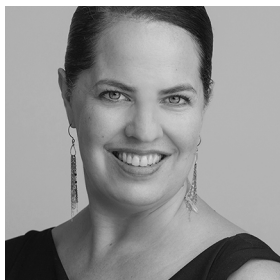
— from the Funk & Wagnalls dictionary

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Christina Siemens, piano

Christina Siemens is an active professional musician in demand as both pianist and vocalist. She began her work with Pacific Northwest Ballet in 2003 and was promoted to full time Company Pianist in 2008. Ms. Siemens' solo keyboard repertoire with PNB includes *Variations Serieuses* (Mendelssohn), *Concerto DSCH* (Shostakovich), *The Four Temperaments* (Hindemith), *Remembrances* (Wagner), *Petite Mort* (Mozart), *Polyphonia* (Ligeti), *The Piano Dance* (Ligeti), *Rubies* (Stravinsky), *After the Rain* (Pärt), *Rush* (Martinů) and *Pictures at an Exhibition* (Mussorgsky). Her playing of *The Piano Dance*, choreographed by Paul Gibson, was lauded as "exemplary". Recent seasons include numerous trips to New York with select PNB principal dancers in to perform ballet excerpts on the Guggenheim Museum's Works and Process series. Vocal performances as soprano soloist from recent seasons included Seattle Symphony's production of *Carmina Burana*, PNB's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Nutcracker*, *West Side Story*, and recital of Sibelius art songs. She also regularly performs with The Tudor Choir and Byrd Ensemble. Ms. Siemens enjoys ongoing performance engagements with the Northwest Boychoir, regularly accompanying their annual Lessons and Carols as well as national tours. 2017 marks her debut as pianist with the Seattle Art Song Society with a recital of songs by Bern Horboslheimer. She will conclude her 2017–18 with PNB's June – July Parisian tour. She studied piano at the University of Washington with Patricia Michaelian and also at the Bowdoin College of the Arts in Maine. Ms. Siemens continues to be very involved in the Seattle studio recording industry, performing on many film soundtrack recordings.

## Lost Love

Gary D. Cannon, Christina Siemens

Gabriel Fauré is now regarded as the consummate French composer of the late nineteenth century, but that reputation came only after his Requiem became known in the late 1890s. At the time of most of his output, Fauré was an obscure Parisian church organist who showed up at fashionable salons with new songs, piano works, and chamber music. Among his vast quantity of *mélodies* is *Après un rêve*, a tale of love once dreamed and never again achievable. Fauré paints the poem with his usual ingenious harmonic progressions and with his heart uncharacteristically on his sleeve.

In the mid-twentieth century, classical music underwent a major crisis. Newfangled atonality emerged from the German-speaking lands, and composers had to decide whether to embrace these unconventional and not broadly popular trends. Two composers who stayed true to their conservative roots were Samuel Barber and William Walton. Barber was, in addition to being the century's greatest American composer (that's right, you heard me!), a world-class song accompanist who also trained as a baritone. His many art-songs, such as the dramatic Joyce setting *I hear an army*, show his exceptional skill with both piano and voice. Meanwhile, in England, Walton was made to write music for patriotic films and events during the Second World War. One such project was a radio play to commemorate the 450th anniversary of Christopher Columbus's arrival in the New World. The music is mostly forgettable, but 'Beatriz's Song' stands out, tinged with Spanish longing. In the play, Beatriz has just been paid a final visit by her lover, Columbus.

*Après un rêve*, opus 7 no.1 (1877)

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton image  
je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,  
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,  
tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre  
pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,  
les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,  
splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues,

Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des songes—  
je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends moi tes mensonges,  
reviens, reviens radieuse,  
reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!

*In a sleep charmed by your image  
I dreamt of happiness, a burning mirage.  
Your eyes were milder, your voice pure and sonorous,  
you shone like a sky lit by the dawn.*

*You called me and I left the earth  
to flee with you toward the light.  
The heavens for us opened their clouds,  
Unknown splendors, divine and shining exchange.*

*Alas! Alas, sad awakening from dreams!  
I call upon you, O night, give me your lies,  
return, return radiant,  
return, O night of mystery.*

— Anonymous Italian, as translated by  
Romain Bussine (1830–1899)

**Beatriz's Song**, from *Christopher Columbus* (1942)  
William Walton (1902–1983)

When will he return?  
Only to depart,  
Harrowed by the omen  
Of his restless heart;  
Bondsman of the Voice,  
Rival to the Sun,  
Viceroy of the sunet,  
Till his task be done.

Though he is my love  
He is not for me;  
What he loves is over  
Loveless miles of sea.  
Haunted by the West,  
Eating out his heart—  
When will he return?  
Only to depart.

— Louis MacNeice (1907–1963)

**I hear an army**, from *Three Songs*, opus 10 (1936)  
Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

I hear an army charging upon the land,  
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their knees:  
Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,  
Disdaining the reins, with fluttering whips, the charioteers.

They cry unto the night their battle-name:  
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.  
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,  
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long, green hair:  
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.  
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?  
My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?

— James Joyce (1882–1941),  
from *Chamber Music* (1907)



**Gary D. Cannon, tenor**

Dr. Gary D. Cannon is one of the Seattle area's most versatile choral personalities, active as conductor, musicologist, and singer. He is co-founder, Artistic Director, and conductor of the Emerald Ensemble. Since 2008, Cannon has served as conductor and Artistic Director of two prominent community choirs. The Cascadian Chorale, a chamber choir based in the Eastside suburb of Bellevue, performs a breadth of mostly unaccompanied repertoire including many premieres of works by local composers. The Vashon Island Chorale, numbering 80–100 singers, is a focal point of its island's arts community. At the invitation of the Early Music Guild, he founded and directed a Renaissance choir, Sine Nomine (2008–15). He has three times conducted for Vashon Opera. Equally comfortably directing professional and volunteer ensembles, Dr. Cannon has also conducted Anna's Bay Chamber Choir, Choral Arts Northwest, Earth Day Singers, Kirkland Choral Society, Northwest Mahler Festival, Seattle Praetorius Singers, several choirs at the University of Washington, and others.

Cannon lectures for Seattle Symphony and has provided written program notes for choirs across the country. His research and writing topics span music of nine centuries, with special emphasis on William Walton and other twentieth-century English composers. He taught at Whatcom Community College (2004–6), where he received the Faculty Excellence Award. As a tenor, he has appeared as a soloist with Pacific Northwest Ballet, Seattle Philharmonic, and the Auburn, Eastside, Rainier, and Sammamish Symphony Orchestras, as well as Byrd Ensemble, Canonici, Les Chanterelles, Choral Arts Northwest, Master Chorus Eastside, St. James Cathedral Cantorei, Seattle Bach Choir, and Tudor Choir. A California native, Cannon holds degrees from the University of California at Davis and the University of Washington.

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**J. Scott Kovacs, lyric bass**

J. Scott Kovacs is often heard as a soloist but has a deep love of choral music, which “chose him” as a career. Currently Scott is the Executive Director of and sings bass with the Emerald Ensemble. He is a member of the famed Compline Choir of St. Mark’s Cathedral, Seattle, and is active in the other choirs there, where his voice is often heard as a soloist at special services. He teaches voice in a thriving studio and is the Administrator of Seattle’s own Medieval Women’s Choir. He is a founding member and Past President of the Greater Seattle Choral Consortium, where he also is co-chair of the Seattle Sings! Choral Festival. Kovacs served as bass section leader and General Manager of the Esoterics and appears on many of the ensemble’s most recordings. He also served as the Assistant Conductor of the Seattle Choral Company as well as Associate Conductor of Illumni Men’s Chorale, conducting on their CD release “Music of Russia” with renowned bass Glenn Miller. Recently he has joined the vocal faculty of Midsummer Musical Retreat in Walla Walla, Washington.

Prior to life in Seattle, Kovacs was heard for many years singing with the Phoenix Chorale (then the Phoenix Bach Choir) and was a prominent music educator in the Phoenix area, having taught the six choirs of Poston Junior High School in Mesa, Arizona. His musical studies began at Northern Arizona University in opera and organ, and later continued with choral music and music education at Arizona State University where he graduated with a Bachelor of Music.

## Faithful Love

J. Scott Kovacs, Jay C. Rozendaal

Handel’s opera *Berenice* is a tale of political intrigue thwarted by a complex lover’s triangle—well, more of a pentagon, really. Suffice it to say that Berenice, a young queen of ancient Egypt, wishes to marry Demetrio, but he is in love with her sister, Selene. Near the end of Act 2, Demetrio is dragged away to be tortured, but he proclaims his enduring love in the aria ‘Sì, tra i ceppi’. (The story, by the way, ends more happily-ever-after than you’d think.) Other than this aria, *Berenice* has suffered almost total neglect. Its first production, in May 1737, saw only four performances, the fewest of any of Handel’s operas, and he never revived it.

In selecting repertoire for the present concert, Scott approached his friend, composer Don Skirvin, for ideas. But Don did better than that: he dusted off an incomplete work from 1999, and finished it for Scott. This extended survey of Shakespearean texts about love receives its first performance at tonight’s concert.

### **Sì, tra i ceppi’**

from *Berenice, Regina d’Egitto* (1736–7)

George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

Sì, tra i ceppi e le ritorte  
la mia fé risplenderà.  
No, neppur la stessa morte  
io mio fuoco estinguerà.

*Yes, even in the stocks and ropes  
my faithfulness will shine.  
No, not even by death itself  
will my fire be extinguished.*

— Antonio Salvi (1664–1724)



### Through Love's Eyes

from *Love, Madness, and Mystery* (2017)

Donald M. Skirvin

*World premiere performance*

Ay me! for aught that I ever could read  
Could ever hear by tale or history  
The course of true love never did run smooth.

Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind;  
and therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.

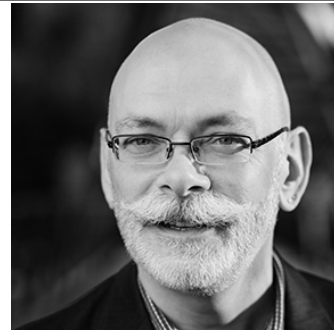
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit.

For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,  
In leaden contemplation have found out  
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes  
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;  
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:  
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible  
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;  
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:  
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,  
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?  
Subtle as Sphinx; and sweet and musical  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with hair:  
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;  
Being purged, a fire sparkling in a lover's eyes;  
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears:  
What is it else? a madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

— William Shakespeare (1564–1616),  
from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*,  
*The Merchant of Venice*, *Love's Labour Lost*,  
and *Romeo and Juliet*



**Jay C. Rozendaal, piano**

Jay C. Rozendaal is a member of the music staff of Seattle Opera, having served as Coach-Accompanist on dozens of productions since 1991, including three Ring cycles and the world premiere of Daron Hagen's *Amelia*. He has also worked on the staffs of Portland Opera, San Francisco Opera, Dallas Opera, Santa Fe Opera, Houston Grand Opera, and Central City Opera.

A member of the voice faculty at Western Washington University since 2006, he was music director for Western's Opera Studio until 2016, leading productions including *The Ballad of Baby Doe*, *Dido and Aeneas*, *Così fan tutte* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which won First Prize in the National Opera Association Opera Production Competition (Division III). In addition to his musical duties, as Interim Director of the Western Opera Studio he produced *Don Giovanni* and Massenet's *Cendrillon*. He has also held positions in the opera departments of the Cleveland Institute of Music and University of Akron. Rozendaal has appeared regularly around the Pacific Northwest as pianist in chamber, recital and concert engagements. Among his noteworthy recital appearances are performances with bass-baritone Eric Owens, countertenor Brian Asawa, mezzo-sopranos Denyce Graves and Mika Shigematsu, and sopranos Mary Elizabeth Williams and Hope Briggs. As a soloist he has performed with San Juan Chamber Music Festival, the Northwest Symphony Orchestra, and the Bellevue Philharmonic.

He holds a B.Mus. from Westminster Choir College and an M.M. from the Cleveland Institute of Music, where he studied with Vitya Vronsky Babin and Paul Schenly. He participated in the school's inaugural Art Song Festivals, studying with artists such as Elly Ameling, Håkan Hagegård, Dalton Baldwin, and Warren Jones.

He also holds two degrees in theology from the General Theological Seminary, and is an Episcopal priest.

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Maria Männistö, soprano

Finnish-American soprano Maria Männistö moves comfortably among a wide range of musical styles to international acclaim. An adventurous recitalist, she has performed as soloist in contemporary works by György Ligeti (*Mysteries of the Macabre*), Arnold Schönberg (*Pierrot lunaire*), Luciano Berio (*Circles*), Morton Feldman (*Rothko Chapel*), Michel van der Aa (*In Circles*), Giacinto Scelsi (*Khoom*), George Crumb (*Madrigals*), and Pierre Boulez (*Le marteau sans maître*), and has premiered works by Wayne Horvitz (*Smokestack Arias*), Garrett Fisher (*Kocho and Kakitsubata*), William O. Smith (*Space in the Heart*), and Tom Baker (*Hunger: The Journey of Tamsen Donner*). She has appeared frequently as soloist with the Seattle Symphony, Pacific Northwest Ballet, Seattle Metropolitan Chamber Orchestra, Tacoma Symphony, EOS Kammeroper Köln, Seattle Modern Orchestra, and The Box is Empty. Ms. Männistö has performed over 30 solo recitals in the U.S., Canada, Finland, Belgium, and Germany, and has performed and recorded with The Tudor Choir, The Flemish Radio Choir, Opus 7, The Byrd Ensemble, and Solaris. A dedicated member of the Seattle-area Finnish community, she serves as the primary organist at the Finnish Lutheran Church and performs regularly at Nordic festivals and events.

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## Love and Dreams

Maria Männistö, Christina Siemens

Franz Liszt. Pianist rock-star of the nineteenth century, the Hungarian Wunderkind in Paris. Composer who expanded on innovations of Beethoven and Berlioz. He who penned the first atonal music. Father-in-law to Wagner, holding court in Bayreuth as the leading composer in Germany. Famous lover and priest. Despite all this, Liszt's solo songs are mostly forgotten, other than *Oh! quand je dors*, which amazingly encapsulates this unquenchable soul: pianist, composer, innovator, and lover.

Arguably history's two greatest Scandinavian composers are Edvard Grieg of Norway and the Finn Jean Sibelius. Grieg's *En drøm*—better known in its German version, as that was a more lucrative market—bears the composer's hallmark lyricism and unconventional harmony. Sibelius—the patriotic Finn with French first name, Latin last name, and Swedish as his first language—is remembered mostly for his orchestral music, but he captured the voice unerringly. The Swedish *Var det en dröm* conveys all the drama and passion of his symphonies.

### Oh! quand je dors (1842)

Franz Liszt (1811–1886)

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!

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!

Puis sur la 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!

— Victor Hugo (1802–1885), published 1840

*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!*

*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!*

*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!*



**En drøm**, opus 48 no.6 (1884–8)  
Edvard Grieg (1843–1907)

Jag saa en Gang i Drømmesyn  
en dejlig Mø saa fin og skær.  
Vi sad i Skovens lyse Bryn  
imellem Vaarens unge Trær.

Og Knoppen brast og Elven sprang.  
Den fjerne landsbys Larm og Lyd  
indtil os i vor Løvsal klang,  
hvor vi sad gemt i salig Fryd.

Men meget mer end Drømmesyn  
blev Livet selv en dejlig Dag.  
Det var i Skovens lyse Bryn  
og under Vaarens letta Tag.

Og Elven sprang og Knoppen brast  
og alt var fjærnt, kun du var nær.  
Og ved min barm jeg holdt dig fast.  
Nu slipper jeg dig aldrig mer!

O Mødestund i Skovens Bryn,  
med Vaarens lyse lette Tag!  
Der blev min Dag et Drømmesyn.  
Der blev min Drøm en dejlig Dag!

— Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt (1819–1892),  
as translated by Johan Nordahl Brun Rolfsen (1848–1928)

**Var det en dröm?**, opus 37 no.3 (1902)  
Jean Sibelius (1865–1957)

Var det en dröm, att ljuvt en gång  
jag var ditt hjärtas vän?  
Jag minns det som en tystnad sång,  
då strängen darrar än.

Jag minns en törnros av dig skänkt,  
en blick så blyg och öm;  
jag minns en avskedstår, som blänkt.  
Var allt, var allt en dröm?

En dröm lik sippans liv så kort  
uti en vårgön ängd,  
vars fågring hastigt vissnar bort  
för nya blommors mängd.

Men mången natt jag hör en röst  
vid bittra tårars ström:  
göm djupt dess minne i ditt bröst,  
det var din bästa dröm!

— Josef Julius Wecksell (1838–1907)

*I once had a beautiful dream:  
I was in love with a fair-haired young woman.  
We were in a green forest glade;  
it was warm spring weather.*

*The buds were sprouting, the brook was running strong.  
The sounds of the distant village could be heard;  
we were full of joy,  
immersed in bliss.*

*And even more beautiful than the dream  
was what occurred in reality.  
It was in a green forest glade;  
it was warm spring weather.*

*The buds were sprouting, the brook was running strong,  
the sounds of the distant village reached our ears.  
I held you tight, I held you long,  
and now will never again let you go!*

*On the spring-green glade  
is alive in me for all time!  
That is where reality became a dream,  
and the dream became reality!*

*Was it a dream that long ago  
I was your soulmate?  
I remember it like a song that is over  
though the string still vibrates.*

*I remember a rose you gave me,  
a glance so shy and tender,  
a tear that glistened at parting—  
was all this just a dream?*

*A dream as brief as an anemone's life  
in a green spring meadow,  
whose beauty quickly fades  
before the wealth of new flowers.*

*But many a night I hear a voice  
over a flood of bitter tears:  
hide this memory deep in your breast—  
it was the best dream you ever had!*

## Neue Liebeslieder Walzer, op.65 (1869–74)

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

In the above note about the first set of *Liebeslieder* waltzes, you can read about the summer of 1869, when Brahms wrote those eighteen optimistic miniatures fueled by his secret love for Julie Schumann, Robert and Clara's daughter. That July, with ink still wet on the paper, as it were, Brahms received terrible news: Julie became engaged to a young Italian nobleman. Clara Schumann's diary indicates how deeply Brahms was stricken. He immediately composed his *Alto Rhapsody* as a wedding gift, his "bridal song". It is, however, no love-song, but rather a metaphysical prayer that comfort be given to one in the wilderness. As it happens, Julie died tragically of tuberculosis just three years later, while pregnant with her third child. Meanwhile, Brahms had settled into life as a determined bachelor.

Over the six years since the publication of the *Liebeslieder*, Brahms composed at least forty-one more songs and a set of three vocal quartets, one of which included text from Daumer's *Polydora*. In 1875, Brahms collected other *Polydora* settings for vocal quartet and piano four-hands, sending them to his publisher in May. He called them the *Neue Liebeslieder*: "New Love-Songs". The sources of these poems were further flung than the first volume: some are still eastern European (Latvian, Polish, Russian, Serbian), but others are Sicilian, Spanish, Turkish, Persian, and even Malayan.

These were expected to sell as well as the original set, but they were more severe and serious in mood, written not by one hopeful of requited love, but one embittered by loss.

Special mention must be made of the final song. Among both sets of *Liebeslieder*, it is unique in several ways. Firstly, its meter is not 3/4, but rather a more expansive 9/4. Also, its text comes not from Daumer's folksongs, but from the conclusion of a formal poem by Goethe. The counterpoint is more studied, closer to Brahms's *Requiem* than to a *Hausmusik* waltz-song. The piano texture is at its most sparse: one player is silent for nearly half the piece. Here is found the only example of the voices singing unaccompanied, poignantly at "die Amor geschlange" ("wounded by Love"). Also, the music bears a specific link to the dour *Alto Rhapsody*. The six-note repeated pattern in the bass was, in the earlier work, sung by the alto soloist to the words "ist auf deine Psalter" ("it is from your prayer-book"), as the music shifts from C minor to a hopeful C major. Brahms ends his *Liebeslieder* cycles with a prayer of resigned calm: only the Muses can console him of his lost opportunity for love.

1.

Verzicht, o Herz, auf Rettung,  
Dich wagend in der Liebe Meer!  
Denn tausend Nachen schwimmen  
Zertrümmert am Gestad umher!

*Renounce, O heart, any rescue,  
as you dare into the sea of love!  
A thousand ships are floating,  
shattered on the shore!*

2.

Finstere Schatten der Nacht,  
Wogen und Wirbelgefahr!  
Sind wohl, die da gelind  
Rasten auf sicherem Lande,  
Euch zu begreifen im Stande?  
Das ist er nur allein,  
Welcher auf wilder See  
Stürmischer Öde treibt,  
Meilen entfernt vom Strande.

*Dark shadows of night,  
waves and dangerous whirlpool!  
Are they who gently  
remain in safe lands,  
can they understand your state?  
It is he alone,  
who on the savage sea  
the roaring emptiness does impel,  
miles off from shore.*

3.

An jeder Hand die Finger  
Hatt' ich bedeckt mit Ringen,  
Die mir geschenkt mein Bruder  
In seinem Lebessinn.  
Und einen nach dem andern  
Gab' ich dem schönen,  
Aber unwürdigen Jüngling hin.

*On each hand, my fingers  
were covered with rings  
given to me by my brother  
in his sense of life.  
And one after the other  
I gave them, to beautiful  
but unworthy young men.*

4.  
 Ihr schwarzen Augen,  
 Ihr dürft nur winken—  
 Paläste fallen,  
 Und Städte sinken,

Wie sollte stehn  
 In solchem Strauß  
 Mein Herz, von Karten  
 Das schwache Haus?

5.  
 Wahre, wahre deinen Sohn,  
 Nachbarin, vor Wehe,  
 Weil ich ihn mit schwarzem Aug  
 Zu bezaubern gehe.

O wie brennt das Auge mir,  
 Das zu zünden fodert!  
 Flammet ihm die Seele nicht,  
 Deine Hütte lodert.

6.  
 Rosen steckt mir an die Mutter,  
 Weil ich gar so trübe bin.  
 Sie hat recht, die Rose sinket,  
 So, wie ich, entblättert hin.

7.  
 Vom Gebirge, Well' auf Well',  
 Kommen Regengüsse,  
 Und ich gäbe dir so gern  
 Hunderttausend Küsse.

8.  
 Weiche Gräser in Revier,  
 Schöne stille Plätzchen!  
 O wie linde ruht es hier  
 Sich mit einem Schätzchen!

9.  
 Nagen am Herzen  
 Fühl ich ein Gift mir,  
 Kann sich ein Mädchen,  
 Ohne zu frönen  
 Zärtlichem Hang,  
 Fassen ein ganzes  
 Wonneberaubtes  
 Leben entlang?

10.  
 Ich kose süß mit der und der  
 Und werde still und kranke,  
 Denn ewig, ewig kehrt zu dir,  
 O Nonna, mein Gedanke!

11.  
 Alles, alles in den Wind  
 Sagst du mir, du Schmeichler!  
 Allesamt verloren sind  
 Deine Müh'n, du Heuchler!

*Her dark eyes  
 she need but wink—  
 palaces fall  
 and cities sink.*

*How should stay standing  
 in such turmoil  
 my heart,  
 a weak house of cards?*

*Guard, guard your son  
 from woe, my neighbor,  
 for I, with my dark eyes,  
 will entrance him.*

*O how my eyes blaze  
 so as to invite him!  
 If it enflames not his soul,  
 your hut will catch fire.*

*My mother pins roses on me  
 because I am so gloomy.  
 She is right: the rose withers,  
 like me, its leaves fallen.*

*From the mountains, wave upon wave,  
 come the torrential rains,  
 and I would give you gladly  
 a hundred thousand kisses.*

*Soft grasses in the region,  
 beautiful, quiet little places!  
 O how gently one rests here  
 with a sweetheart!*

*Gnawing at the heart,  
 I feel a poison in me.  
 Can a maiden,  
 without indulging  
 in a tender addiction,  
 bear the thought of being  
 robbed of bliss  
 her whole life?*

*I cuddle sweetly with this girl and that,  
 and become quiet and ailing,  
 for always, always do return to you,  
 O Nonna, my thoughts!*

*Everything, everything in the wind  
 you tell me, you flatterer!  
 Wasted are all  
 your efforts, you hypocrite!*

Einem andern Fang zulieb  
Stelle deine Falle!  
Denn du bist ein loser Dieb,  
Denn du buhlst um alle!

*To capture another, for your sake,  
re-position your traps!  
For you are a wanton thief,  
for you woo everyone!*

12.  
Schwarzer Wald, dein Schatten ist so düster!  
Armes Herz, dein Leiden ist so drückend!  
Was dir einzig wert, es steht vor Augen,  
Ewig untersagt ist Huldvereinung.

*Dark forest, your shadows are so grim!  
Poor heart, your suffering is so oppressive!  
The one thing you value is before your eyes,  
Forever forbidden is a happy union.*

13.  
Nein, Geliebter, setze dich  
Mir so nahe nicht!  
Starre nicht so brünstiglich  
Mir ins Angesicht.

*No, my beloved, sit yourself  
not so near me!  
Gaze not so lustily  
into my face.*

Wie es auch im Busen brennt,  
Dämpfe deinen Trieb,  
Daß es nicht die Welt erkennt,  
Wie wir uns so lieb!

*Though in the bosom it burns,  
dampen your impulse,  
that the world will not know  
how we are so in love!*

14.  
Flammenauge, dunkles Haar,  
Knabe wonnig und verwogen.  
Kummer ist durch dich hinein  
In mein armes Herz gezogen.

*Eyes of flame, dark hair,  
lovely and daring young man.  
Because of you, grief  
has damaged my poor heart.*

Kann in Eis der Sonne Brand,  
Sich in Nacht der Tag verkehren?  
Kann die heiße Menschenbrust  
Atmen ohne Glutbegehren?

*Can the sun's fire turn to ice;  
can night turn to day?  
Can the ardent human breast  
breathe without desirous embers?*

Ist die Flur so voller Licht,  
Daß die Blum' im Dunkel stehe?  
Ist die Welt so voller Lust,  
Daß das Herz in Qual vergehe?

*Is the meadow so full of light  
so that the flower may stand in the dark?  
Is the world so full of desire  
so that the heart may die away in agony?*

15. *Zum Schluß*  
Nun ihr Musen, genug!  
Vergebens strebt ihr zu schildern,  
Wie sich Jammer und Glück  
wechseln in liebender Brust.  
Heilen könnet die Wunden  
ihr nicht, die Amor geschlagen;  
Aber Linderung kommt  
einzig, ihr Güten, von euch.

*In Conclusion*  
*Now, you Muses, enough!*  
*Vainly do you strive to depict*  
*how sorrow and luck*  
*alternate in a loving heart.*  
*You cannot heal the wounds*  
*inflicted by Love,*  
*but relief may come*  
*only, kind ones, from you.*

— Nos. 1–14: Assorted folk songs, as translated by Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800–1875)  
in *Polydora: Ein Weltpoetisches Liederbuch* [A World-Poet's Songbook] (1855)  
No. 15: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832), from *Alexis und Dora* (1795)





## FINLANDIA

*Celebrating the choral heritage of Finland*

**Saturday, May 19, 2018, at 8:00 pm**  
**Vashon Methodist Church, Vashon**

**Sunday, May 20, 2018, at 4:30 pm**  
**Nordic Heritage Museum, Seattle**

The Nordic Heritage Museum presents the Emerald Ensemble in the inauguration of their new concert hall! Our concert takes its name from Jean Sibelius' eponymous hymn composed in 1899.

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### About the Emerald Ensemble

#### Our Mission:

*The Emerald Ensemble enlightens the mind, uplifts the heart, and enriches the soul through great choral music presented with passion and skill. We envision a world made better through great choral music.*

#### Leadership:

Jo Ann Bardeen, *Board Secretary*  
Gary D. Cannon, *Artistic Director*  
Jennifer Carter, *Board President*  
J. Scott Kovacs, *Executive Director*  
Michael Monnikendam, *Board Member*  
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