Pastiche – Program – October 2020

Three Duets

Il Bacio
Vincenzo Righini (1756 - 1812)

Bei Männern welche Liebe fühlen
Wolfgang A. Mozart (1756 - 1791)

La Speranze
Vincenzo Righini

Marcie Givens, soprano
Axel Theimer, baritone
Jeny Trubnikava, piano

Il Bacio (The Kiss)

On the bank of the river, onto the lips of Nerina my lips launched a daring kiss at last;

aroused to anger and to indignation, whatever did she not say to me?!

But the kiss that I stole, yes, I still got that kiss!

Bei Männern welche Liebe fühlen (from the Magic Flute)

She: The man who feels sweet love’s emotion will always have a kindly heart.
He: Each maid must share his deep devotion and from this duty never part.
Both: The joys of love shall be our own. We live by love, by love alone.
She: To love’s sweet might yields every creature. It offers everlasting joy.
He: Its blessings are the gift of nature which no one ever can destroy.
Both: Its noble aim shows clear in life: No greater good than man and wife, than wife and man.

La Speranze (Disappointed Hope)

Those lips have told me – and tell me – to hope; but, speak!
How long will I have to live, hoping for my Nice?
Ah, think, reflect that if nothing is obtained disappointed hope becomes anger;
nor will he keep constancy who has hoped in vain.
Those lips have told me – and tell me still – to hope; but speak! How long will I have to have to hope?

5 Songs Without Words
Felix Mendelssohn (1809 – 1847)

Amy Grinsteiner and Jenya Trubnikava, piano

Op. 30 #2 Allegro di molto
Op. 19 #4 Moderato
Op. 30 #4 Agitato e con fuoco
Op. 19 #2 Andante espressivo
Op. 19 #3 Molto allegro e vivace

Vocalise, Op 34, no 14
Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

Lindsay Schlemmer, cello
Amy Grinsteiner, piano

Selections from Die Winterreise
Franz Schubert (1797 – 1828)

(poems by Wilhelm Müller)

Erstarrung (Numbness)
Vainly I search in the snow
for the footprint she left
when arm in arm with me she
rambled over the green meadow.
I want to kiss the ground,
pierce through ice and snow
with my hot tears
until I see the soil beneath.

Where shall I find a blossom,
where find green grass?
The flowers are dead,
the grass looks so wan.

Can there be no keepsake, then,
to carry away with me?
When my sorrows fall silent,
what shall tell me of her?

My heart is as good as frozen;
within it her image gazes coldly.
If ever my heart thaws again,
her image too will melt away.

Der Lindenbaum (The Linden Tree)
By the well at the town gate
there stands a lime tree;
in its shadow I have dreamed
full many a sweet dream.

On its bark I have carved
full many a loving word.
In joy and sorrow it drew
me to it again and again.

Just now my journey took me
past it at dead of night,
and even in the darkness
I had to close my eyes.

And its branches rustled
as if they were calling to me:
“Come here to me, lad,
here you will find your rest”!

The chill winds blew
straight in my face:
my hat flew off my head.
I did not turn back.

Now I am many hours
distant from that place;
yet still I hear the rustling:
“There you would have found rest”.

Frühlingstraum (A Dream of Spring)
I dreamed of bright flowers
such as blossom in May;
I dreamed of green meadows
and the calling of birds.

And when the cocks crew,
my eyes opened;
it was cold and dark,
on the roof the ravens croaked.
But on the window panes
who had been painting leaves?
Well may you laugh at the dreamer
who saw flowers in winter.

I dreamed of love for love,
of a fair maiden,
of hearts and kisses,
of bliss and ecstasy.

And when the cocks crew
my heart opened:
now all alone I sit here
and ponder my dream.

I close my eyes again:
my heart still beats as warmly.
When will you leaves at the window be green?
When will I hold my darling in my arms?

Der stürmische Morgen (The Stormy Morning)
How the storm has torn
the grey mantle of heaven!
The wisps of cloud flutter
about, jostling feebly.
And tongues of red fire
flicker among them.
I reckon this a morning
to match my frame of mind!
My heart sees in the sky
its own painted portrait.
It is nothing but winter,
winter chill and savage.

Der Leiermann (The Hurdy-Gurdy Man)
Just beyond the village
stands a hurdy-gurdy man,
and with numb fingers
he plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice
he totters to and fro,
and his little plate
has no reward to show.

No-one wants to listen,
no-one takes a scan,
and the dogs all growl
around the aged man.

And he lets it happen,
as it always will,
grinds his hurdy-gurdy;
it is never still.

Curious old fellow,
shall I go with you?
When I sing my songs,
will you play your hurdy-gurdy too?

Axel Theimer, baritone
Edward Turley, piano
Selected Songs

Frühlingsglaube (Faith in Spring)
(Poem by Ludwig Uhland)

The gentle breezes are awakened,
they rustle and blow
day and night,
they work in all directions.
Oh, fresh scent, oh new sound!
Now poor heart be not afraid!
Now must everything change.

The world grows more beautiful
with each day.
One knows not,
what still may happen.
The flowering will not end, it will not end;
it blooms in the most distant, deepest valley:
Now, poor heart, forget the agony!
Now must everything change.

Ganymed
In Greek mythology was a beautiful youth who was brought to Olympus by Zeus, to serve as a cupbearer. In Goethe’s poem he symbolizes “the mystical experience of ecstasy or direct union with the Deity”. [Mackworth-Young, 100 Schubert Songs, International Music Co.]
(Poem by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

How in the morning light you glow around me,
beloved Spring!
With love’s thousand-fold bliss,
to my heart presses the eternal warmth of sacred feelings and endless beauty!
Would that I could clasp you in these arms!
Ah, at your breast I lie and languish,
and your flowers and your grass press themselves to my heart.
You cool the burning thirst of my breast, lovely morning wind!

The nightingale calls lovingly to me from the misty vale.
I am coming, I am coming! but whither? To where?
Upwards I strive, upwards!
The clouds float downwards, the clouds bow down to yearning love.
To me! To me! In your lap upwards!
Embracing, embraced!
Upwards to your bosom, All-loving Father!

Marcie Givens, soprano
Jenya Trubnikawa, piano

Dream With Me from Peter Pan
Leonard Bernstein (1918 – 1990)
Leonard Bernstein is one of America’s most well-known conductors and composers. His most well-known compositions include West Side Story, Candide, Wonderful Town and On the Town. “Dream with Me” comes from his less known musical adaption of J.M. Barrie’s play Peter Pan or the Boy Who Never Grew Up, first produced in 1950. Due to limitations of that first production, the musical languished in obscurity. “Dream With Me” was first heard by the public in 2005 when a recording of the fully restored score was released. In this piece you will hear the character Wendy imploring Peter to come dream with her.

Marcie Givens, soprano
Lindsay Schlemmer, cello
Edward Turley, piano

I Got Rhythm: Impromptu Variations
George (1898 – 1937) and Ira Gershwin (1896 – 1983)
Transcribed by Gregory Stone

Amy Grinsteiner and Edward Turley, piano