



Arizona State University

School of Music

GUEST ARTIST CONCERT SERIES

**KAREN LOUISE
HENDRICKS**

SOPRANO

WILLIAM REBER

PIANO

KATZIN CONCERT HALL
Sunday, November 7, 1999 • 7:30 p.m.



PROGRAM

Schäfers Klagelied (Goethe) Franz Schubert
Am See (Bruchmann) 1797-1828
Auf dem Wasser zu singen (Stollberg)

Du bist wie eine Blume (Heine) Robert Schumann
Die Lotosblume (Heine) 1810-1856
Widmung (Rückert)

Sure on this shining night (Agee) Samuel Barber
With rue my heart is laden (Housman) 1910-1981
Nuvoletta (Joyce)
Nocturne (Prokosch)

Così fan Tutte (Da Ponte) Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Come scoglio 1756-1791

****There will be a 10-minute intermission****

Sieben frühe Lieder Alban Berg
Nacht (Hauptmann) 1885-1935
Schilflied (Lenau)
Die Nachtigall (Storm)
Traumgekrönt (Rilke)
Im Zimmer (Schlaf)
Liebesode (Hartleben)
Sommertage (Hohenberg)

The Salley Gardens (Yeats, Irish tune) Benjamin Britten
The Ash Grove (Welsh tune) 1912-1976

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms (Moore, old Irish melody) Roger Quilter 1877-1953
Barbara Allen (traditional, old English melody)

Hérodiade (Milliet and Gremont) Jules Massenet
Il est doux, il est bon 1842-1912

Trois Valses (Willemetz and Marchand) Oscar Straus
Je t'aime 1870-1954

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Karen Louise Hendricks

Soprano

William Reber

Piano

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····Program····

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Schäfers Klage

*Da droben auf jenem Berge,
Da steh ich tausendmal,
An meinem Stabe hingebogen
Und schaue hinab in das Tal.*

*Dann folg ich der weidenden Herde,
Mein Hündchen bewahret mir sie.
Ich bin herunter gekommen
Und weiß doch selber nicht wie.*

*Da stehet von schönen Blumen
Die ganze Wiese so voll.
Ich breche sie, ohne zu wissen,
Wem ich sie geben soll.*

*Und Regen, Sturm und Gewitter
Verpass ich unter dem Baum.
Die Türe dort bleibt verschlossen;
Doch alles ist leider ein Traum.*

*Es stehet ein Regenbogen
Wohl über jenem Haus!
Sie aber ist fortgezogen,
Und weit in das Land hinaus.*

*Hinaus in das Land und weiter,
Vielleicht gar über die See.
Vorüber, ihr Schafe, nur vorüber!
Dem Schäfer ist gar so weh.*

-Johann Wolfgang Goethe

Shepherd's Lament

High upon that mountain,
I've stood a thousand times,
bowed over my staff
and gazing down into the valley.

I follow my grazing flock,
my hound standing guard for me.
I have come down somehow
and I do not myself know how.

Full of lovely flowers stands
the whole meadow.
I pick them without knowing
whom I should give them to.

And rain, storm and thunder -
I miss it all under the tree.
The door there remains closed,
for all is unfortunately a dream.

There stands a rainbow
arching over that house!
But she has gone,
and far away to distant reaches.

To distant reaches and further,
perhaps even across the sea.
Pass, you sheep, just pass!
The shepherd is so sorrowful.

Am See

In des Sees Wogenspiele
Fallen durch den Sonnenschein
Sterne, ach, gar viele, viele,
Flammend leuchtend stets hinein.

Wenn der Mensch zum See geworden,
In der Seele Wogenspiele
Fallen aus des Himmels Pforten
Sterne, ach, gar viele, viele.

-Franz Seraph Ritter von Bruchmann

Auf dem Wasser zu singen

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn:
Ach, auf der Freude sanftschimmernden Wellen
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen
Tanzet das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines
Winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein;
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines
Säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines
Atmet die Seel im errötenden Schein.

Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit;
Morgen entschwinde mit schimmerndem Flügel
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,
Bis ich auf höherem strahlendem Flügel
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.

-Friedrich Leopold

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Du bist wie eine Blume
Du bist wie eine Blume
so hold und schön und rein;
ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
betend, daß Gott dich erhalte
so rein und schön und hold.

-Heinrich Heine

By the Lake

In the lake's fluctuating play
Drops through the sunshine.
Stars, ah, so many,
Sparkle brightly, always ceaselessly.

When the man the lake becomes,
In the soul's fluctuating play
Have fallen from the heavens' gates
Stars, ah, so many.

To be Sung Upon the Water

In the middle of the shimmer of the reflecting waves
Glides, as swans do, the wavering boat;
Ah, on joy's soft shimmering waves
Glides the soul along like the boat;
Then from Heaven down onto the waves
Dances the sunset all around the boat.

Over the treetops of the western grove
Waves, in a friendly way, the reddish gleam;
Under the branches of the eastern grove
Murmur the reeds in the reddish light;
Joy of Heaven and the peace of the grove
Is breathed by the soul in the reddening light.

Ah, time vanishes on dewy wing
for me, on the rocking waves;
Tomorrow, time will vanish with shimmering wings
Again, as yesterday and today,
Until I, on higher more radiant wing,
Myself vanish to the changing time.

Thou Art So Like a Flower

Thou art so like a flower,
So pure, and fair and kind;
I gaze on thee, and sorrow
Then in my heart I find.

It seems as though I must lay then
My hand upon thy brow,
Praying that God may preserve thee,
As pure and fair as now.

Die Lotusblume

Die Lotusblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleierte sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht,

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
Und starret stumm in die Höh';
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

-Heinrich Heine

Widmung

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab.

Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Daß du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bessres Ich!

-Friederich Rückert

SAMUEL BARBER

Sure on This Shining Night

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
wandering far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

-James Agee

The Lotus Flower

The lotus flower is anxious
In the Sun's radiance,
And with hanging head
Waits, dreaming, for Night.

The moon, who is her lover,
Awakens her with his light,
And for him she smilingly unveils
Her innocent flower-face.

She blooms and glows and gleams
And gazes silently upwards;
She sends forth fragrance, and weeps and trembles,
With love and love's torment.

Dedication

You my soul, you my heart,
you my bliss, o you my pain,
you the world in which I live;
you my heaven, in which I float,
o you my grave, into which
I eternally cast my grief.

You are rest, you are peace,
you are bestowed upon me from heaven.
That you love me makes me worthy of you;
your gaze transfigures me before you;
you raise me lovingly above myself,
my good spirit, my better self!

With Rue my Heart is Laden

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

-A. E. Housman

Nuvoletta

Nuvoletta in her light dress,
spunn of sisteen shimmers,
was looking down on them,
leaning over the bannistars
and list'ning all she childishly could...
She was alone.
All her nubied companions
were asleeping with the squir'ls...
She tried all the winsome wonsome ways
her four winds had taught her.
She tossed her sfumastelliacious hair
like *la princesse de la Petite Bretagne*
and she rounded her mignons arms
like Missis Cornwallis-West
and she smiled over herself
like the image of the pose
of the daughter of the Emperour of Irelande
and she sighed after herself as were she born
to bride with Tristis Tristior ristissimus.
But, sweet madonnine, she might fair as well
have carried her daisy's worth to Florida...
Oh, how it was duusk. From Vallee Maraia to Grasyaplaina,
dormimust echo! Ah dew! Ah dew!
It was so duusk that the tears of night began to fall,
first by ones and twos, then by threes and fours,
at last by fives and sixes of sevens,
for the tired ones were wecking;
as we weep now with them. O! O! *Par la pluie...*
Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time
in her little long life
and she made up all her myriads of drifting minds in one.
She cancelled all her engauzements.
She climbed over the bannistars;
she gave a chilyd cloudy cry:
Nuée! Nuée!
A light dress fluttered.
She was gone.

-James Joyce

Nocturne

Close my darling both your eyes,
Let your arms lie still at last.
Calm the lake of falsehood lies
And the wind of lust has passed,

Waves across these hopeless sands
Fill my heart and end my day,
Underneath your moving hands
All my aching flows away.

Even the human pyramids
Blaze with such a longing now:
Close, my love, your trembling lids,
Let the midnight heal your brow.

Northward flames Orion's horn,
Westward th'Egyptian light.
None to watch us, None to warn
But the blind eternal night.

-Frederic Prokosch

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

From Così fan tutte

*Temerari, sortite fuori di questo loco!
E non profani
l'alito infausto de gli infami
detti nostro cor, nostro orecchio,
e nostri affetti!
Invan per voi,
Per gl'altri invan si cerca le nostre alme sedur;
l'intata fede che per noi già
 si diede ai cari amanti
 sa prem loro serbar
 infino a morte,
a dispetto del mondo e della sorte.*

*Come scoglio immoto resta
Contra i venti, e la tempesta,
Così ognor quest'alma è forte
Nella fede, e nell'amor.
Con noi nacque quella face
Che ci piace, e ci consola,
E potrà la morte sola
Far che cangi affetto il cor.*

*Rispettate, anime ingrante,
Questo esempio di costanza,
E una barbara speranza
Non vi renda audaci ancor.*

-Lorenzo Da Ponte

You audacious person, leave this place!
You cannot profane,
with these infamous words,
our hearts, our ears
and our affections.
It is useless for you
to seek to seduce our souls;
our faithfulness is intact
 and is pledged to our lovers
 until death,

in the face of misfortune, everlasting.

Like a rock, we stand immobile
against the wind and storm,
and are always strong
in trust and love.
From us is born the light
that gives us pleasure and comfort,
and the power of death alone
can change the affections of our hearts.

Respect, ungrateful spirit.
We are examples of loyalty
against your primitive hopes,
and do not make you bold.

····*Intermission*····

ALBAN BERG

Sieben Frühe Lieder

Nacht

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal,
Nebel schweben, Wasser rauschen sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einemmal:
O gib Acht! Gib Acht!
Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan.
Silbern ragen Berge, traumhaft groß,
Stille Pfade silberlicht talan
Aus verborg'nem Schoß;
Und die hebre Welt so traumhaft rein.
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht
Schattenschwarz, ein Hauch vom fernen Hain
Einsam leise weht.
Und aus tiefen Grundes Dusterheit
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele! Trinke Einsamkeit!
O gib Acht! Gib Acht!

-Carl Hauptmann

Schilflied

Auf geheimem Waldespfade
Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein
An das öde Schilfgestade,
Mädchen, und gedenke dein!

Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert,
Rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll,
Und es klaget und es flüstert,
Daß ich weinen, weinen soll.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,
Und im Weiber untergehen
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

-Nikolaus Lenau

Die Nachtigall

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.
Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.

-Theodor Storm

Night

Clouds gather over night and valley,
Mists hover, waters ripple softly;
now all at once the veil is lifted:
Oh look! Look!
A broad wonderland is opened up:
silver mountains loom fancifully large
with, between them, silent paths
shining silver from earth's secret womb;
and the noble world, so pure in dream.
By the path a beech-tree stands mute,
drifts gently from a distant grove.
And from the gloom of the low ground
Twinkle lights in the silent night.
Oh drink up solitude, my soul!
Oh look! Look!

Song Amid the Reeds

By secret forest paths
I like to steal in the evening light
to the deserted reedy bank,
Dear girl, and think of you.

When the thicket grows dark,
the reeds rustle secretly,
and there is whispered lament
That I have to weep and weep.

And I seem to hear the sound
of your voice softly wafted,
and your sweet song
Sinking into the pond.

The Nightingale

It happens because the nightingale
has sung the whole night through:
from its sweet notes
echoing and re-echoing
The roses have burgeoned.
She was once a madcap;
now she walks deep in thought,
holding her sunhat in her hand,
quietly endures the sun's glow
And knows not what to begin.

Traumgekrönt

Das war der Tag der weißen Chrysanthemem,
Mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht...
Und dann, dann kamst du mir die Seele nehmen
Tief in der Nacht.
Mir war so bang,
und du kamst lieb und leise,
Ich hatte grad im Traum an dich gedacht.
Du kamst, und leis' wie eine Märchenweise
Erklang die Nacht.

-Rainer Maria Rilke

Im Zimmer

Herbstsonnenschein.
Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.
Ein Feuerlein rot
Knistert im Ofenloch und lobt.
So, mein Kopf auf deinen Knien,
So ist mir gut.
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht,
Wie leise die Minuten zuehn.

-Johannes Schlaf

Liebesode

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein,
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,
Und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden trug
er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht.
Und aus dem Garten tastete zägend sich
ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,
Träume des Rausches, so reich an Sehnsucht.

-Otto Erich Hartleben

Sommertage

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,
Gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,
Im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit.
Nun windet nächtens der Herr
Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand
Über Wander- und Wunderland.
O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen
Dein hellstes Wanderlied denn sagen
Von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:
Im Wiesensang verstummt die Brust,
Nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild um Bild
Zu dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.

-Paul Hohenberg

Crowned in Dreams

That was the day of the white chrysanthemums,
I was almost intimidated by its glory...
And then, then you came to take my soul
deep in the night.
I was so worried,
and you came so lovingly and quietly,
I had just thought of you in a dream.
You came, and softly the night resounded
like a fairy tale song.

Indoors

Autumn sunshine.
The pleasant evening looks in quietly.
A small red fire
Crackles and blazes in the stove.
So! My head on your knee,
I am happy;
when my eyes dwell on yours,
How gently the minutes pass.

Ode to Love

In the arms of love we blissfully fell asleep.
The summer breeze listened at the open window
and carried our peaceful breathing
Out into the bright moonlit night.
And from the garden a scent of roses timidly
felt its way to our bed of love
and brought us wondrous dreams,
Dreams of ecstasy, rich in longing.

Summer Days

Now days sent from blue eternity
stretch over the world;
Time drifts by on the summer wind.
Now at night the Lord weaves
wreaths of stars with His blessed hand
Over the magic land we travel.
O heart, what in these days
can your gayest rambler's song
express of your deep, deep delight?
Before the meadows' song the heart falls silent:
words fail, where image upon image
Greets you and inspires you.

ARRANGED BY BENJAMIN BRITTEN

Salley Gardens

Down by the Salley Gardens
My love and I did meet;
She passed the Salley Gardens
With little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy,
As the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish,
With her would not agree.

In a field by the river
My love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder
She laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy,
As the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish,
And now am full of tears.

-William Butler Yeats

ARRANGED BY ROGER QUILTER

Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou would'st still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear:
No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflow'r turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

-Thomas Moore

The Ashgrove

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
When twilight is fading, I pensively rove,
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ashgrove.
'Twas there while the blackbird was joyfully singing,
I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart;
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing.
Ah! Then little thought I how soon we should part.

Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley & mountain
Still warbles the blackbird his note from the tree;
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,
But what are the beauties of nature to me.
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden
All day I go mourning in search of my love.
Ye echoes, O tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ashgrove.

-traditional

Barbara Allen

In Scarlet Town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made ev'ry youth cry "Well-a-day!"
Her name was Barb'ra Allen.

All in the merry month of May
When green buds they were swellin'
Young Jemmy Grove on his deathbed lay
For love of Barb'ra Allen.

Then slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said when there she came
"Young Man, I think you're dying."

As she was walking o'er the fields
She heard the deadbell knellin'
And ev'ry stroke the deadbell gave
Cried "Woe to Barb'ra Allen!"

When he was dead and laid in grave
Her heart was struck with sorrow.
"O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die tomorrow."

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barb'ra Allen."

-traditional

JULES MASSENET

From Hérodiade

*Celui dont la parole efface toutes peines,
Le Prophète est ici! c'est vers lui que je vais!*

*Il est doux, il est bon, sa parole est sereine:
Il parle... tout se tait...
Plus léger sur la plaine
L'air attentif passe sans bruit...
Il parle...
Ah! quand reviendra-t-il? quand pourrai-je l'entendre?
Je souffrais... j'étais seule et mon coeur s'est calmé
En écoutant sa voix mélodieuse et tendre,
Mon coeur s'est calmé!
Prophète bien aimé, puis-je vivre sans toi!*

*C'est là! dans ce désert où la foule étonnée
Avait suivi ses pas,
Qu'il m'accueillit un jour, enfant abandonnée!
Et qu'il m'ouvrit ses bras!*

*Il est doux, il est bon . . .
-P. Milliet, H. Grémont & Zamadini*

He by whose might word is banished every sadness,
The great prophet is nigh! 'Tis o him that I fly!

He is kind, he is good, his words fill all with gladness
He speaketh, all is stilled;
Gently borne o'er the plain,
Silent the winds list to his strain;
He speaketh!
Ah! When will he return? When, shall I hear him!
I was afraid, and my heart found sweet peace
In listening to his voice, so melodious and tender,
My heart found sweet peace!
O Prophet loved o'er all! Can I live without thee?

"I was there! In yon wild waste where the throng
in a maze had followed for days,
He received me one morn, a child all forsaken,
And ope'd to me his arms!

He is kind, he is good . . .

OSCAR STRAUS

From Trois Valses

*Je T'aime
Tu es très volage, n'est-ce pas ton âge?
Ton coeur trop léger aime le partage.
Et, l'âme un peu folle, papillon frivole,
Tu ne peux pas t'engager a ne plus voltiger!*

*Je t'aime, quand même,
Eprise, conquise, soumise,
Je viens à toi dès que je vois tes yeux
J'hésite, mais, vite, craintive, captive,
J'arrive si-tôt que ton regard me dit:
Je veux!*

*Je tente ma chance, c'est de la démanche!
Car j'en souffrirai, je le sais d'avance
Qu'importe! Je l'ose, Oui, je suis ta chose,
Et, sans penser aux regrets,
Aux chagrins que j'aurai . . .*

*J'taime, . . .
J'arrive, Car il n'est qu'un bonheur pour moi:
C'est toi!
-Albert Willemetz & Léopold Marchand*

I Love You

You are very fickle, is it not your age?
Your heart too light likes to share love among many.
And, your mind, a bit silly, frivolous butterfly
You cannot make yourself stop fluttering about!

I love you, all the same,
Smitten, conquered, subdued
I come to you as soon as I see your eyes
I hesitate, but, quickly, apprehensive, captive
I grasp right away what your glance tells me:
I want you!

I try my luck, it is insanity!
Because I will suffer for it, if know in advance
Who cares! I'll risk it, Yes, I am your property
And, without thinking of the regrets,
and sorrows I will have . . .

I love you, all the same . . .
I succeed, Because there is only one happiness for me:
It is you!