

CU ★ PRESENTS

2023-24 Season



College of Music

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO BOULDER

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CU ★ PRESENTS is the home of performing arts at the University of Colorado Boulder.



The mission of the **University of Colorado Boulder College of Music** is to inspire artistry and discovery, together.



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Faculty Tuesdays

Sehnsucht: Songs of Longing

Andrew Garland, baritone; Abigail Nims, mezzo soprano; David Korevaar, piano

7:30 p.m., Tuesday, March 5, 2024

Grusin Music Hall

Program

Флюгер (The Weathervane) from *Petersburg*

Georgy Sviridov (1915-1998)

Text by Alexander Blok (1880-1921)

Andrew Garland, baritone

David Korevaar, piano

Drei Lieder, Op. 20

Robert Owens (1925-2017)

Texts by Herman Hesse (1877-1962)

Fremde Stadt

Eine Geige in den Gärten

Im Nebel

Andrew Garland, baritone

David Korevaar, piano

Sonata in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2 (“Tempest”)

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

I. Largo–Allegro

David Korevaar, piano

Selected songs

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Unbewegte, laue Luft; text by Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800-1875)

Nachtigall; text by Christian Reinhold (1813-1856)

Sapphische Ode; text by Hans Schmidt (1854-1923)

O liebliche Wangen; text by Paul Fleming (1609-1640)

Abigail Nims, mezzo soprano

David Korevaar, piano

Sonata in D minor, op. 31, no. 2 (“Tempest”)

Ludwig van Beethoven

II. Adagio

David Korevaar, piano

Songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Texts compiled by Achim von Arnim (1781-1831)

and Clemens Brentano (1778-1842)

Nicht wiedersehen

Schildwache Nachtlied

Revelge

Wo die schönen Trompeten Blasen

Andrew Garland, baritone

Abigail Nims, mezzo soprano

David Korevaar, piano

Sonata in D minor, op. 31, no. 2 (“Tempest”)

Ludwig van Beethoven

III. Allegretto

David Korevaar, piano

Three Dream Songs, Op. 53

Lowell Liebermann (b.1961)

Texts by Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

Ardella

Dream

I Dream a World

Andrew Garland, baritone

David Korevaar, piano

Program notes

Флюгер (The Weathervane) from *Petersburg*

Georgy Sviridov (1915-1998)

Text by Alexander Blok (1880-1921)

Флюгер

Tikho. I budet fsjo tishe.
Flag bespoleznyj opushchen.
Tol'ko fljugarka na kryshe
Sladko pojot o grjadushchem.

Vetrom v polnebe raskinut,
Dymom i solntsem vzvolnovan,
Bednyj petukh ocharovan,
V sinjuju glub' oprokinut.

Smoly pakhuchije zharki,
Dali izvechno tumanny...
Sladki mne pesni fljugarki:
Poj, petushok olovjannyj!

The Weathervane

It's quiet. And everything will be more quiet.

The useless flag is lowered.
The weathercock, alone on the roof,
Sings sweetly of the future.

The wind in the half-sky will be stretched,
Smoke and the sun are excited,
The poor rooster is enchanted,
In a blue depth they are overturned.

The smells of pungent frying,
Distances are always foggy...
Sweet are the weathercock's songs:
Sing, tin rooster!

Translation: Cameron Pyke

Drei Lieder, Op. 20

Robert Owens (1925-2017)

Texts by Herman Hesse (1877-1962)

Fremde Stadt

Wie das so seltsam traurig macht:
Ein Gang durch eine fremde Stadt,
Die liegt und schläft in stiller Nacht
Und mondbeglänzte Dächer hat.

Und über Turm und Giebel reist
Der Wolken wunderliche Flucht
Still und gewaltig wie ein Geist,
Der heimatlos nach Heimat sucht.

Du aber, plötzlich übermannt,
Ergibst dem wehen Zauber dich
Und legst dein Bündel aus der Hand
Und weinst lang und bitterlich.

Unfamiliar City

How it makes one so strangely sad:
A walk through an unfamiliar city
That lies there sleeping in the quiet
night
And has rooftops glinting with
moonlight.

And above the turrets and gables
Travels the wondrous flight of clouds,
As still and vast as a spirit
That, homeless, seeks a home.

You, however, suddenly overcome,
Give yourself over to the painful
enchantment
And lay down the bundle from your
hand,
And weep long and bitterly.
Translation: Sharon Krebs

Eine Geige in den Gärten

Weit aus allen dunkeln Talen
Kommt der süße Amselschlag,
Und mein Herz in stummen Qualen
Lauscht und zittert bis zum Tag.

Lange, mondbeglänzte Stunden
Liegt mein Sehnen auf der Wacht,
Leidet an geheimen Wunden
Und verblutet in die Nacht.

Eine Geige in den Gärten
Klagt herauf mit weichem Strich,
Und ein tiefes Müdewerden
Kommt erlösend über mich.

Fremder Saitenspieler drunten,
Der so weich und dunkel klagt,
Wo hast du das Lied gefunden,
Das mein ganzes Sehnen sagt?

A Violin in the Gardens

Far from out of all dark valleys
Comes the sweet call of the blackbird,
And, in mute agonies, my heart
Listens and trembles until daybreak.

For long, moonlit hours
My yearning keeps watch,
Suffers from secret wounds,
And bleeds to death into the night.

A violin in the gardens
Rises lamentingly with a softly drawn
bow,
And a deep becoming-weary
Comes over me like a redemption.

Unknown string player down there,
Who laments so softly and darkly,
Where did you find the song
That speaks my whole yearning?

Translation: Sharon Krebs

Im Nebel

Seltsam, im Nebel zu wandern!
Einsam ist jeder Busch und Stein,
Kein Baum sieht den andern,
Jeder ist allein.

Voll Freunden war mir die Welt,
Als noch mein Leben licht war;
Nun, da der Nebel fällt,
Ist keiner mehr sichtbar.

Wahrlich, keiner ist weise,
Der nicht das Dunkel kennt,
Das unentrinnbar und leise
Von allen ihn trennt.

Seltsam, im Nebel zu wandern!
Leben ist Einsamsein.
Kein Mensch kennt den andern,
Jeder ist allein.

In the Mists

Wondrous to wander through mists!
Parted are bush and stone:
None to the other exists,
Each stands alone.

Many my friends came calling
then, when I lived in the light;
Now that the fogs are falling,
None is in sight.

Truly, only the sages
Fathom the darkness to fall,
Which, as silent as cages,
Separates all.

Strange to walk in the mists!
Life has to solitude grown.
None for the other exists:
Each is alone.

Translation: Walter A. Aue

Selected songs

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Unbewegte, laue Luft

Poetry by Georg Friedrich Daumer

Unbewegte laue Luft,
Tiefe Ruhe der Natur;
Durch die stille Gartennacht
Plätschert die Fontäne nur.
Aber im Gemüte schwillt
Heißere Begierde mir,
Aber in der Ader quillt
Leben und verlangt nach Leben.
Sollten nicht auch deine Brust
Sehnlichere Wünsche heben?
Sollte meiner Seele Ruf
Nicht die deine tief durchbeben?
Leise mit dem Ätherfuß
Säume nicht, daherzuschweben!
Komm, o komm, damit wir uns
Himmlische Genüge geben!

Nachtigall

Poetry by Christian Reinhold

O Nachtigall,
Dein süßer Schall,
Er dringet mir durch Mark und Bein.
Nein, trauter Vogel, nein!
Was in mir schafft so süße Pein,
Das ist nicht dein, —
Das ist von andern, himmelschönen,
Nun längst für mich verklungenen
Tönen,
In deinem Lied ein leiser Widerhall.

Motionless, tepid air

Motionless, tepid air,
Nature, deeply at rest;
Through the still garden-night
Only the fountain splashes.
But in my heart there surges
Hot desires,
And in my veins swells
Life, and a longing for life.
Should not also your breast
Be lifted by longing wishes?
Should not the cry of my soul
Reverberate deeply in yours?
Softly, with ethereal steps,
Do not tarry to float to me!
Come, oh come, so that we might
Give each other heavenly satisfaction!

Translation: Emily Ezust

Nightingale

O nightingale,
your sweet voice
pierces me to the marrow.
No, dear bird, no!
What causes me such sweet pain
is not your notes,
but others, of heavenly beauty,
long since vanished for me,
a gentle echo in your song.

Translation: Richard Stokes

Sapphische Ode

Poetry by Hans Schmidt

Rosen brach ich nachts mir am
dunklen Hage,
Süßer hauchten Duft sie, als je am
Tage;
Doch verstreuten reich die bewegten
Äste
Tau, der mich näßte.

Auch der Küsse Duft mich wie nie
berückte,
Die ich nachts vom Strauch deiner
Lippen pflückte;
Doch auch dir, bewegt im Gemüt
gleich jenen,
Tauten die Tränen.

Sapphic Ode

I gathered roses from the dark hedge
by night,
The fragrance they breathed was
sweeter than by day;
But when I moved the branches, they
showered
Me with dew.

And the fragrant kisses thrilled me as
never before,
When I gathered them from your rose-
bush lips by night;
But you too, moved in your heart like
those roses,
Shed the dew of tears.

Translation: Richard Stokes

O liebliche Wangen

Poetry by Paul Fleming

O liebliche Wangen,
Ihr macht mir Verlangen,
Dies rote, dies weiße
Zu schauen mit Fleiße.
Und dies nur alleine
Ist's nicht, das ich meine;
Zu schauen, zu grüssen,
Zu rühren, zu küssen!
Ihr macht mir Verlangen,
O liebliche Wangen!

O Sonne der Wonne!
O Wonne der Sonne!
O Augen, so saugen
Das Licht meiner Augen.
O englische Sinnen!
O himmlisch Beginnen!
O Himmel auf Erden,
Magst du mir nicht werden,
O Wonne der Sonne!
O Sonne der Wonne!

O Schönste der Schönen!
Benimm mir dies Sehnen,
Komm, eile, komm, komme,
Du süße, du fromme!
Ach, Schwester, ich sterbe,
Ich sterb', ich verderbe,
Komm, tröste, komm, heile,
Benimm mir dies Sehnen,
O Schönste der Schönen!

O Lovely Cheeks

O lovely cheeks,
You make me want to
Gaze diligently
On this red, this white.
And this alone
Is not what I mean;
To behold, to greet,
To touch, to kiss!
You make me desirous,
O lovely cheeks!

O sun of ecstasy!
O ecstasy of the sun!
O eyes, suck
The light of my eyes.
O angelic thoughts!
O heavenly beginnings!
O Heaven on earth,
May you not become for me,
O ecstasy of the sun!
O sun of ecstasy!

O fairest of the fair!
Take away from me this longing,
Come, hurry, come, come!
You sweet, innocent soul!
Ah, sister, I am dying,
I am dying, I am ruined,
Come, come, come, hurry.
Take away from me this longing,
O fairest of the fair!

Translation: Emily Ezust

Songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Texts compiled by Achim von Arnim (1781-1831)
and Clemens Brentano (1778-1842)

Nicht Wiedersehen

Nun ade, mein allerherzliebster
Schatz,
Jetzt muß ich wohl scheiden von dir,
Bis auf den andern Sommer,
Dann komm' ich wieder zu dir."

Und als der junge Knab heimkam,
Von seiner Liebsten fing er an:
"Wo ist meine Herzallerliebste,
Die ich verlassen hab'?"

Auf dem Kirchhof liegt sie begraben,
Heut ist's der dritte Tag,
Das Trauern und das Weinen
Hat sie zum Tod gebracht.

"Jetzt will ich auf den Kirchhof gehen,
Will suchen meiner Liebsten Grab,
Will ihr allweil rufen,
Bis daß sie mir Antwort gibt.

Ei, du mein allerherzliebster Schatz,
Mach' auf dein tiefes Grab,
Du hörst kein Glöcklein läuten,
Du hörst kein Vöglein pfeifen,
Du siehst weder Sonn' noch Mond!"

And now farewell

And now, farewell, my darling treasure,
For I must now leave you
Until next summer;
Then I shall return to you."

And when the youth returned home,
He started to think of his beloved:
"Where is my beloved,
Whom I left behind?"

In the churchyard she lies buried,
Today is the third day,
For her sorrow and tears
Delivered her to Death.

"Now I will go to the churchyard,
To search for my beloved's grave;
I will ever call out to her
Until she gives me an answer.

"O, my darling treasure,
Open up your deep grave,
[For] you hear no bells tolling,
You hear no birds singing,
[And] you see neither sun nor moon!"

Translation: Emily Ezust

Der Schildwache Nachtlied

Ich kann und mag nicht fröhlich sein;
Wenn alle Leute schlafen,
So muß ich wachen,
Muß traurig sein.”

“Ach Knabe, du sollst nicht traurig
sein,
Will deiner warten,
Im Rosengarten,
Im grünen Klee.”

“Zum grünen Klee, da komm ich nicht,
zum Waffengarten
Voll Helleparten
Bin ich gestellt.”

“Stehst du im Feld, so helf dir Gott,
An Gottes Segen
Ist alles gelegen,
Wer's glauben tut.”

“Wer's glauben tut, ist weit davon,
Er ist ein König,
Er ist ein Kaiser,
Er führt den Krieg.”

Halt! Wer da? Rund! Bleib' mir vom
Leib!
Wer sang es hier? Wer sang zur
Stund'?
Verlorne Feldwacht
Sang es um Mitternacht.
Mitternacht! Feldwacht!

The Sentinel's Nightsong

“I cannot and may not be merry;
when everyone is asleep,
I must keep watch,
and be mournful.”

“Ah, lad, you shouldn't be sad,
for I will wait for you
in the rosegarden,
in the green clover.”

“To the green clover, I do not come;
to the weapons garden,
full of halberds,
I have been posted.”

“If you are in the battlefield, may God
help you!
On God's blessing
is everything dependent,
he who believes it.”

“He who believes it is far away.
He is a king,
he is an emperor,
and he makes war.”

Halt! Who's there? Turn around! Stand
back!
Who sang here? Who was singing this
hour?
A solitary field sentinel
was singing at midnight.
Midnight! Field sentinel!
Translation: Emily Ezust

Revelge

Des Morgens zwischen drein und
vieren,
Da müssen wir Soldaten marschieren
Das Gäßlein auf und ab;
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala,
Mein Schätzel sieht herab.

“Ach Bruder jetzt bin ich geschossen,
Die Kugel hat mich schwer getroffen,
Trag mich in mein Quartier,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala,
Es ist nicht weit von hier.”

“Ach Bruder, ich kann dich nicht
tragen,
Die Feinde haben uns geschlagen,
Helf dir der liebe Gott;
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala,
Ich muß marschieren bis in Tod.”

“Ach, Brüder! ihr geht ja an mir
vorüber,
Als wär's mit mir vorbei,
Ihr Lumpenfeind seid da;
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala,
Ihr tretet mir zu nah.

Ich muß wohl meine Trommel rühren,
Sonst werde ich mich ganz verlieren;
Die Brüder dick gesät,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala,
Sie liegen wie gemäht.”

Reveille

In the morning between three and four,
we soldiers have to march,
the alley up and down;
tralali, tralalei, tralala,
My darling looks down.

“Oh brother, now I'm shot,
the bullet has hit me badly,
carry me to my quarters,
tralali, tralalei, tralala,
they are not far from here.”

“Oh brother, I cannot carry you,
the enemies have beaten us,
may god help you;
tralali, tralalei, tralala,
I have to march unto death.”

“Oh brothers, you pass by me,
as if it were all over with me!
The enemy, the scoundrel, is here
tralali, tralalei, tralala,
you offend me.

I will well play my drum
or else I will lose myself completely.
The brothers, plentiful sowed
tralali, tralalei, tralala,
they lie as if they've been mowed.”

Er schlägt die Trommel auf und nieder,
rührt
Er wecket seine stillen Brüder,
Sie schlagen ihren Feind,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala,
Ein Schrecken schlägt den Feind.

He plays the drum up and down,
he wakes his silent brothers,
they beat their enemy,
tralali, tralalei, tralala,
a terror beats the enemy.

Er schlägt die Trommel auf und nieder,
Da sind sie vor dem Nachtquartier
schon wieder,
Ins Gäßlein hell hinaus,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala,
Sie ziehn vor Schätzleins Haus.

He plays the drum up and down,
there they are in the night-quarters
again,
into the alley.
tralali, tralalei, tralala,
they march to darling's house.

Des Morgen stehen da die Gebeine
In Reih und Glied sie stehn wie
Leichensteine,
Die Trommel steht voran,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala,
Daß sie ihn sehen kann.

In the morning there stand the bones,
in rank and file like tombstones.
The drum stands in front
tralali, tralalei, tralala,
so that she can see him.
Translation: Emily Ezust

Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen

Wer ist denn draußen und wer klopft
an,

Der mich so leise, so leise wecken
kann?

Das ist der Herzallerliebste dein,
Steh auf und laß mich zu dir ein!

Was soll ich hier nun länger stehn?

Ich seh die Morgenröt aufgehn,
Die Morgenröt, zwei helle Stern,
Bei meinem Schatz, da wär ich gern,
bei meiner Herzallerliebsten.

Das Mädchen stand auf und ließ ihn
ein;

Sie heißt ihn auch willkommen sein.
Willkommen, lieber Knabe mein,
So lang hast du gestanden!

Sie reicht ihm auch die schneeweiße
Hand.

Von ferne sang die Nachtigall
Das Mädchen fing zu weinen an.

Ach weine nicht, du Liebste mein,
Aufs Jahr sollst du mein eigen sein.
Mein Eigen sollst du werden gewiß,
Wie's keine sonst auf Erden ist.
O Lieb auf grüner Erden.

Ich zieh in Krieg auf grüner Heid,
Die grüne Heide, die ist so weit.
Allwo dort die schönen Trompeten
blasen,
Da ist mein Haus, von grünem Rasen.

Where the beautiful trumpets blow

Who is then outside, and who is
knocking,

Who can so softly, softly waken me?
It is your darling,

Arise and let me come in to you!

Why should I stand here any longer?

I see the dawn arrive,
The dawn, two bright stars,
With my darling would I gladly be,
With my heart's most beloved!

The maiden arose and let him in;
She welcomed him as well:
Welcome, my beloved boy,
You have stood outside so long!

She reached to him her snow-white
hand.

From afar a nightingale sang;
The maiden began to weep.

Oh, do not cry, my darling,
Next year you shall be my own!
My own shall you certainly be,
As no one else on earth is.
O Love on the green earth!

I go to war on the green heath,
The green heath that is so broad!
It is there where the beautiful trumpets
blow,
There is my house of green grass!
Translation: Emily Ezust

Three Dream Songs, Op. 53

Lowell Liebermann (b.1961)

Texts by Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

Ardella

I would liken you
To a night without stars
Were it not for your eyes.
I would liken you
To a sleep without dreams
Were it not for your songs.

Dream

Last night I dreamt
This most strange dream,
And everywhere I saw
What did not seem could ever be:
You were not there with me!
Awake,
I turned
And touched you
Asleep,
Face to the wall.
I said
How dreams
Can lie!
But you were not there at all!

I Dream a World

I dream a world where man
No other man will scorn,
Where love will bless the earth
And peace its paths adorn
I dream a world where all
Will know sweet freedom's way,
Where greed no longer saps the soul
Nor avarice blights our day.
A world I dream where black or white,
Whatever race you be,
Will share the bounties of the earth
And every man is free,
Where wretchedness will hang its head
And joy, like a pearl,
Attends the needs of all mankind-
Of such I dream, my world!

Personnel

Text that is bold and underlined is a hyperlink; click or tap for more information.

Andrew Garland, baritone

Abigail Nims, mezzo soprano

David Korevaar, piano

Upcoming Events

Event details are subject to change, but the CU Presents website will always be up to date. Click or tap below to explore your options.



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