



Western  
Music

Don Wright Faculty of Music

**FACULTY CONCERT SERIES  
THE LAST PARTING KISS**

Sunday, January 20, 2019  
3 p.m., von Kuster Hall

Auf dem Strom, Op. posth. 119 – D 943 (1828)

F. Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Bethany Hörst, *soprano*; Ron George, *horn*; and Marianna Chibotar-Rutkevich, *piano*

I never saw another butterfly (1996)

Lori Laitman  
(b.1956)

Patricia Green, *mezzo-soprano*; and Bobbi Thomson, *alto saxophone*

**INTERMISSION**

Nocturnes: a cycle of five songs (1956)

Arnold Cooke  
(1903-2005)

Bethany Hörst, *soprano*; Ron George, *French horn*; and Marianna Chibotar-Rutkevich, *piano*

Minnelieder (1956)

Medieval German love songs

R. Murray Schafer  
(b. 1933)

Patricia Green, *mezzo-soprano*; Sharon Kahan, *flute*; Shelley Heron, *oboe*;  
Marie Johnson, *clarinet*; Derek Conrod, *French horn*;  
Alexandre von Wartenburg, *bassoon*

This concert series is sponsored by Western University's Office of the Provost and the Don Wright Faculty of Music's Dean's Office. For all upcoming faculty concerts, including individual faculty recitals, visit [music.uwo.ca/events/faculty-concert-series.html](http://music.uwo.ca/events/faculty-concert-series.html)

**Franz Schubert** composed more than 600 lieder for voice and piano; many are the most beloved of all songs and are sung world-wide. *Auf dem Strom* is one of four works Schubert composed for voice with chamber ensemble, and is unfortunately performed less frequently than the famous *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen*, written later the same year. The noted pianist and musicologist Graham Johnson writes that Schubert held his one and only public concert for a performance of *Auf dem Strom* to be held on the first anniversary of Beethoven's death, March 26, 1828, and while he does not name Beethoven, the inscription at the front of the score was "per festeggiare il Souvenire di un grand' Uomo". Within the music are other homages; one recognizable may be a quote from the *Funeral march* of the *Eroica* symphony at the beginning of the 2<sup>nd</sup> verse; 'und so trägt mich...'

Described by *Fanfare Magazine* as "one of the most talented and intriguing of living composers," **Lori Laitman** has already composed multiple operas, choral works, and over 250 songs, setting texts by classical and contemporary poets (including those who perished in the Holocaust). Laitman has received prestigious commissions from Opera America, Opera Colorado, Seattle Opera, Music of Remembrance and The Baltimore Symphony Orchestra. A magna cum laude Yale graduate, receiving her MM from The Yale School of Music; in May 2018, Laitman was the recipient of The Yale School of Music's Ian Mininberg Alumni Award for Distinguished Service. For more information, please visit [www.artsongs.com](http://www.artsongs.com). Patricia Green was deeply touched when she first heard "*I never saw another butterfly*", and quickly sought out the composer. This resulted in a long and beautiful collaboration and friendship. The poetry for this work was written by children imprisoned and murdered in the 'model' concentration camp in Theresienstadt (Terezin), 60 km from Prague. The children drew and wrote poetry in secret. Their works were compiled after World War II by Czech art historian Hana Volavková, a survivor of the Holocaust.

**Arnold Cooke** was born in West Yorkshire. His childhood instrument was the piano, taking up the cello in college. Notable composition studies include three years in Berlin with Paul Hindemith. Professional posts included Professor of Harmony, Counterpoint and Composition, Royal Manchester College of Music 1933-38 and Professor of Harmony, Counterpoint and Composition, Trinity College of Music, London 1947-78. His most well-known works are smaller chamber works such as the *Nocturnes* on today's concert. He also wrote a large number of works for the recorder. Other vocal works written include: *Three Songs of Innocence*, and *Country Songs* (5 Thomas Hardy poems).

**R. Murray Schafer** is Canada's most internationally renowned composer, for both his compositions and his writings on sound ecology and music education; the latter translated into more than 40 languages, and in practice around the world. He initiated soundscape studies at Simon Fraser University in the 1960s. He sang in choirs as a child, and had piano lessons. His original career path was graphic art, and his immense abilities in this area are evident in most of his scores. Almost all of his works for voice are chamber, orchestral and monumentally large operatic works. This wonderful sextet was written at the beginning of his career, while he was finding his way in Germany after being "invited to leave" U of T (from which he now holds an honorary doctorate). A prolific composer, his many choral and orchestral works, concertos and thirteen string quartets are performed across the world. He wrote 27 published books. The list of prizes he has received include: *Glenn Gould Prize*, his *String Quartet No. 8 -Classical Composition of the Year (Juno Awards)*, *Canada Council Walter Carsen Prize*, *Governor General's Performing Arts Award* and *Companion of the Order of Canada* and many honorary Doctorates. [www.patria.org](http://www.patria.org)

## THE PLAYERS

The performers on the stage this afternoon represent an immense treasure trove of professional experience, ability and recognition: the singers at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam and Musica Festival de Strasbourg, the Kennedy Centre, New York Oratorio Society, and orchestras, oratorio societies and new music organizations across Canada; the players with the Detroit Symphony, all major symphony orchestras and summer festivals across Canada, Stratford Festival Orchestra, London Symphonia, Talisker Players, Aradia, Conservatoire Populaire de Genève, the clarinet quartet ffourtissimo, Tafelmusik, New York's Lincoln Centre and Orchestra Hall in Chicago. Please read their full biographies on the Don Wright Faculty of Music and personal webpages. [music.uwo.ca/faculty](http://music.uwo.ca/faculty)

**Auf Dem Strom- Ludwig Rellstabb  
(1799-1860)**

Nimm die letzten Abschiedsküsse,  
Und die wehenden, die Grüße,  
Die ich noch ans Ufer sende  
Eh' Dein Fuß sich scheidend wende!  
Schon wird von des Stromes Wogen  
Rasch der Nachen fortgezogen,  
Doch den [thränendunklen]<sup>1</sup> Blick  
Zieht die Sehnsucht stets zurück!

Und so trägt mich denn die Welle  
Fort mit unerflehter Schnelle.  
Ach, schon ist die Flur verschwunden  
Wo ich selig Sie gefunden!  
Ewig hin, ihr Wonnetage!  
Hoffnungsleer verhallt die Klage  
Um das schöne Heimathland,  
Wo ich ihre Liebe fand.

Sieh, wie flieht der Strand vorüber,  
Und wie drängt es mich hinüber,  
Zieht mit unnennbaren Banden,  
An der Hütte dort zu landen,  
In der Laube dort zu weilen;  
Doch des Stromes Wellen eilen  
Weiter, ohne Rast und Ruh,  
Führen mich dem Weltmeer zu!

Ach, vor jener dunklen Wüste,  
Fern von jeder heitern Küste,  
Wo kein Eiland zu erschauen,  
O, wie faßt mich zitternd Grauen!  
Wehmuthsthränen sanft zu bringen,  
Kann kein Lied vom Ufer dringen;  
Nur der Sturm weht kalt daher  
Durch das grau gehob'ne Meer!

Kann des Auges sehndend Schweifen  
Keine Ufer mehr ergreifen,  
Nun so blick' ich zu den Sternen  
Dort in jenen heil'gen Fernen!  
Ach bei ihrem milden Scheine  
Nannt' ich sie zuerst die Meine;  
Dort vielleicht, o tröstend Glück

Take the last parting kiss,  
and the wavy greeting  
that I'm still sending ashore  
before you turn your feet and leave!  
Already the waves of the stream  
are pulling briskly at my boat,  
yet my tear-dimmed gaze  
keeps being tugged back by longing!

And so the waves bear me forward  
with unsympathetic speed.  
Ah, the fields have already disappeared  
where I once discovered her!  
Blissful days, you are eternally past!  
Hopelessly my lament echoes  
around my fair homeland,  
where I found her love.

See how the shore dashes past;  
yet how drawn I am to cross:  
I'm pulled by unnameable bonds  
to land there by that little hut  
and to linger there beneath the foliage;  
but the waves of the river  
hurry me onward without rest,  
leading me out to the sea!

Ah, before that dark wasteland  
far from every smiling coast,  
where no island can be seen -  
oh how I'm gripped with trembling horror!  
Gently bringing tears of grief,  
songs from the shore can no longer reach  
me;  
only a storm, blowing coldly from there,  
can cross the grey, heaving sea!

If my longing eyes, surveying the shore,  
can no longer glimpse it,  
then I will gaze upward to the stars  
into that sacred distance!  
Ah, beneath their placid light  
I once called her mine;  
there perhaps, o comforting future!  
there perhaps I shall meet her gaze.

I NEVER SAW ANOTHER BUTTERFLY:  
LAITMAN

**I Never Saw Another Butterfly:**  
**Pavel Friedman 1942**

The last, the very last,  
so richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.  
Perhaps if the sun's tears would sing  
against a white stone.

Such, such a yellow is carried lightly 'way up  
high.

It went away I'm sure because it wished  
to kiss the world goodbye.

For seven weeks I've lived in here,  
penned up inside this ghetto.  
But I have found what I love here.  
The dandelions call to me  
and the white chestnut branches in the court.  
Only I never saw another butterfly.

That butterfly was the last one.  
Butterflies don't live in here, in the ghetto.

**Yes, That's the Way Things Are: Koleba**  
In Terezin in the so-called park  
a queer old grand-dad sits  
Somewhere there in the so-called park.  
He wears a beard down to his lap and on his  
head, a little cap.

Hard crusts he crumbles in his gums,  
he's only got one single tooth  
My poor old man with working gums  
instead of soft rolls, lentil soup.  
My poor old gray beard.

**Birdsong: Anonymous 1941**  
He doesn't know the world at all  
who stays in his nest and doesn't go out.  
He doesn't know what birds know best  
nor what I want to sing about.  
The the world is full of loveliness.

When dewdrops sparkle in the grass  
and earth's aflood with morning light  
A blackbird sings upon a bush  
to greet the dawning after night.  
Then I know how fine it is to live.

Hey, try to open up your heart to beauty.  
Go to the woods some day and weave a  
wreath of memory there.  
Then if the tears obscure your way  
You'll know how wonderful it is  
To be alive.

**The Garden: Franta Bass**

A little garden, fragrant and full of roses,  
the path is narrow and a little boy walks along  
it.

A little boy, a sweet boy, like that growing  
blossom, when the blossom comes to bloom  
the little boy will be no more.

**Man Proposes, God Disposes:**  
**Koleba 1944**

Who was helpless back in Prague  
and who was rich before'  
he's a poor soul here in Terezin,  
his body's bruised and sore.

Who was toughened up before,  
he'll survive these days,  
but who was used to servants  
will sink into his grave.

**The Old House: Franta Bass**

Deserted, the old house  
stands in silence, asleep.  
The old house used to be so nice before,  
standing there, it was so nice.

Now it is deserted, rotting in silence  
What a waste of houses,  
What a waste of hours.

## NOCTURNES: COOKE

### **The Moon: P. B. Shelley**

And, like a dying lady, lean and pale,  
Who totters forth, wrapp'd in a gauzy veil,  
Out of her chamber, led by the insane  
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,  
The moon arose up in the murky East,  
A white and shapeless mass...

Art thou pale for weariness  
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,  
Wandering companionless  
Among the stars that have a different birth,  
Lo! heights of night ringing with unseen larks.  
Music showering on our upturned list'ning  
faces.

Death could drop from the dark  
As easily as song -- But song only dropped,  
Like a blind man's dreams on the sand

By dangerous tides, Like a girl's dark hair for  
she dreams no ruin lies there,  
Or her kisses where a serpent hides.

### **River Roses: D. H. Lawrence**

By the Isar, in the twilight  
We were wandering and singing,  
By the Isar, in the evening we climbed the  
Huntsman's ladder and sat swinging  
In the fir-tree overlooking the marshes,  
While river met with river, and the ringing  
Of their pale-green glacier water filled the  
evening.

By the Isar, in the twilight  
We found the dark wild roses  
Hanging red at the river; and simmering  
Frogs were singing, and over the river closes  
Was savour of ice and of roses; and  
glimmering  
Fear was abroad. We whispered: "No one  
knows us. Let it be as the snake disposes  
Here in this simmering marsh."  
And ever changing, like a joyless eye  
That finds no object worth its constancy?

### **Returning we hear the larks: I. Rosenberg**

Sombre the night is.  
And though we have our lives,  
we know what sinister threat lurks there.

Dragging these anguished limbs, we only  
know

This poison-blasted track opens on our camp  
-- On a little safe sleep.

But hark! joy-joy-strange joy.

### **The Owl: A. Tennyson**

When cats run home and light is come  
And dew is cold upon the ground,  
And the far-off stream is dumb,  
And the whirring sail goes round;  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,  
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,  
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch  
Twice or thrice his round-e-lay;  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

### **The Boat Song: J. Davidson**

The boat is chafing at our long delay,  
And we must leave too soon  
The spicy sea-pinks and the inborne spray,  
The tawny sands, the moon.

Keep us, O Thetis, in our western flight!  
Watch from thy pearly throne  
Our vessel, plunging deeper into night  
To reach a land unknown.

**Minnelieder: R. Murray Schafer**  
English Translation by the composer

1. Sommer Author Unknown – 11th C.  
Mich dunket niht so guotes noch sôlobesam  
sô diu liehte rôse und diu minne mînes man.  
diu kleinen vogelline diu singent in dem  
walde:  
dêst menegem herzen liep. mirn kome mîn  
holder geliebte, in hân der sümmerwunne  
neit.

2. Verlangen Der von Kûrenberg  
Ich stuont mir nehtint spâte an einer zinnen.  
dô hôrte ich einen ritter vil wol singen  
in Kurenberges wîse al ûz der menigîn:  
er múoz mir diu lânt rûmen ald ich genîetè  
mich sîn.

3. Ûf der Lindenwipfel Dietmar von Eist  
Ûf der lindenwipfel óbenè da sanc ein kleinez  
vogellîn.vor dem walde wart ez lût: dô huop  
sich aber daz herze mîn an eine stat dâ ez ê  
dâ was  
ich sach die rôsebluomen stân: die manent  
mich der gedanke vil díe ich hin zeiner  
frouwen hân.

4. Mahnung Heinrich von Veldeke  
Dî minne bidde ich ende mane, dî mich hevet  
verwunnen al, dat sî dî scône dâr tû spane  
dat sî mêre mîn geval. want geschît mich also  
den swanen dê singet alser sterven sal,  
si verlûset te vele dâr ane.

5. Wîp unde Vederspil Der von Kûrenberg Wîp  
unde vederspil diu werdent lîhte zam:  
swer si ze rehte lucket, sô suochent si den  
man.  
als warb ein schoene ritter umb eine frouwen  
guot. als ich dar an gedenke, sô stêt wol hêhe  
mîn muot.

6. Frouwen Wonne Der von Kûrenberg  
Aller wîbe wünne diu gêt noch megetîn.  
als ich an sî gesende den lieben boten mîn,  
jo wurbe ichz gerne selbe, waere ez ir schade  
niet.  
ich enweiz wiez ir gevalle: mir wart nie wîp  
alsô liep.

1. Summer  
Nothing seems so good to me or  
praiseworthy As the Palest rose and truelove  
of my man. You, little forest bird  
Singing in the wood, carry off my heart.  
If my lover fails, these summer joys will all  
depart.

2. Longing  
I stood late at night in a tower;  
There I heard a knight sing sweetly.  
He sang the Kûrenberg song above the  
throng; He must leave this place or prove his  
love.

3. On the Linden Bough  
On the linden bough above sings a little bird.  
Clear throughout the forest, reminding my  
heart  
Of a place where I once lived. I saw the rose in  
bloom,  
And all my thoughts fled to a woman.

4. Warning  
I entreat and admonish the lovewhich has  
completely overpowered me,  
I beg it to bring my beloved and multiply my  
joys.  
Even though it fares me as the swan, who  
sings only before his death, losing everything  
thereby.

5. Woman and the Falcon  
Woman and the falcon have much in  
common,  
They will follow anyone who attracts them.  
A noble knight courts a good woman.  
As I think about this, the comparison seems  
perfect.

6. The Joys of Women  
All my joys in woman belong to one girl. To  
her  
I send my message of love. I would gladly  
court her openly were it not so dangerous. I  
know not if she loves me; I have never loved  
so deeply.

7. Verwirrung Heinrich von Morungen  
Ach, frouwe, wil du mich gern,  
sô sich mich ein vil lützel an.  
ich enmâc mich langer niht erwern,  
den lîp muoz ich verloren hân.  
ich bin siech, mîn herze ist wunt. frouwe,  
daz hânt mir getân  
mîn ougen und dîn roter munt.  
Ach, frouwe, mîne swêre sich,  
ê ich verliese mînen lîp.

8. Gefunden Meinloch von Sevenlingen  
Dô ich dich loben hôrte, dô hét ich dich gerne  
erkant.  
durch dîne tugende manige fuor ich ie  
helnde, unz ich dich vant. Daz ich dich nu  
gesehen hân, daz enwirret dir niet. Er ist vil  
wol getiuret,  
den du wilt, frouwe, haben liep.  
Du bist der besten eine, des muoz man dir  
von schulden jehen. Ein wort du sprêche  
wider mich: verkêre daz, du sêlic wîp! Nein!  
Ja! u.s.w.

9. Einsam Der von Kûrenberg  
Swenne ich stân aleine in mînem hemedē,  
und ich an dich gedenke, ritter edele,  
so erblûet sich mîn varwe als der rôse in  
touwe tuot, und gewinnet daz herze vil  
manigen trûrigen muot.

10. Herzenschlûzel Author unknown - 11th C.  
Dû bist mîn, ich bin dîn: des solt dû gewis sîn.  
dû bist beslozen  
in mînem herzen:  
verloren ist daz slûzzelîn: dû muost immer  
drinne sîn.

11. Der Falke Author unkown  
Ez stuont eine frouwen aleine und warte uber  
heide  
unde warte ire liebe,  
so gesach si valken fliegen. sô vol dir, valke  
daz du bist! du fliugest swar dir liep ist: du  
erkiusest dir in dem walde einen buom der  
dir gevalle. alsô hân ouch ich getân: ich  
erkôs mir selbe einen man,  
den erwelten mîniu ougen.  
daz nîdent schoene frouwen.  
ôwe, wan lânt si mir mîn liep?  
joch engerte ich ir dekeiner trûtes niet.

7. Confusion  
Ah, mistress, will you not save me?  
Have a little pity. I can no longer stand it.  
Must I forgo your love?  
I am pure; my heart is broken, Mistress, you  
have caused this with your eyes and your red  
mouth.  
Ah, mistress, the labour of love is heavy,  
I am sinking beneath it.  
One word you speak against me:  
Change it, o precious woman!  
No! Yes! etc.  
8. Found  
As soon as I heard you praised  
I wanted to know you.  
For the sake of your virtue  
I remained pure until I met you.  
Now that I have seen you,  
I find all this praise to be true  
Esteemed lady, in whose face one finds favour,  
You are one of the greatest, I must confess

9. Alone  
When I stand alone, in déshabillé  
And think of you noble knight,  
I blush like the rose among thorns,  
And my heart is filled with sadness.

10. Heart's Key  
Thou art mine, I am thine, You surely know  
that.  
You are locked within my heart,  
I have lost the little key,  
You must forever stay there.

11. The Falcon  
A woman stood alone waiting on the heath,  
Waiting for her love to return;  
She saw a falcon flying;  
"Oh falcon, how fortunate you are,  
You fly wherever you please, you may choose  
in the forest, any tree you wish.  
Thus did I also,  
I choose myself a man, the most handsome of  
all  
The envy of all other women.  
Alas, why won't they let me have him?  
I never stole anything from them."

12. Minne stets die Alte Heinrich von Veldeke  
Ich levede êre te ungemake  
seven jâr êre ich it sprâke  
weder heren wille einech wort.  
dat hevet sî vele wale gehôrt  
ende wele doch dat ich clage mêre: noch is dî  
minne also sî was wîlen ere.

13. Under der Linden: Walter von der  
Vogelweide  
Under der linden an der heide,  
dâ unser zweier bette was,  
dâ mugt ir vinden schône beide  
gebrochen bluomen unde gras. Tra la la la,  
Vor dem walde in einem tal, schône sanc diu  
nahtegal.  
Ich kam gegangen zuo der ouwe:  
dô was mîn friedel komen ê.  
Dâ wart ich empfangen hêre frouwe,  
daz ich bin sælic iemer mê. Kust er mich?  
Wol tûsentstunt : seht wie rôt mir ist der  
munt.  
Dô hete er gemachet alsô rîche  
von bluomen eine bettestat.  
Des wirt noch gelâchet inneclîche,  
kumt iemen an daz selbe pfat:  
Bî den rôsen er wol mac, merken wâ mir'z  
houbet lac.  
Daz er bî mir læge, wessez iemen  
(nu enwelle got!), so schamte ich mich.  
Wes er mit mir pflæge, niemer niemen  
bevinde daz, wan er und ich,  
und ein kleinez vogellîn:  
Tra la la la, daz mac wol getriuwe sîn.

12. Enduring Love  
I would sooner suffer  
Seven miserable years than  
Sing a single word against her.  
She perceives that very well,  
And wants me to go on lamenting.  
This love is just as it has always been.

13. Under the Linden  
Under the Linden in the meadow, that was  
our bed,  
There you could find us both amidst crushed  
flowers and grass, near the woods in the  
valley,  
Tra la la la, sweetly sang the nightingale.  
I came walking toward the field  
Where he used to come.  
He received me, lucky woman  
and I was forever blessed.  
Did he kiss me? A thousand times:  
See my lips, how red they are!  
And then he made a bed out of flowers.  
You would have laughed to yourself  
if you had passed by  
and saw the roses all pressed down,  
where my head was lying.  
If anyone knew that we lay together  
(God forbid!) I'd be so ashamed of all  
that we did there.  
But no one knows except him and me  
and a little bird Tra la la la  
who will not repeat a word

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