



University Music Class Room,
EDINBURGH.

FOUR HISTORICAL CONCERTS.

CONCERT III.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1915.

Orchestral and Vocal Concert,
illustrating Aria and Concerto Forms.

CONTRALTO:		MISS HELEN ANDERTON
PIANOFORTE:		MISS KATE FRISKIN
VIOLA:		
ORGAN:		DR MATTHEW SHIRLAW
ORCHESTRA:	MEMBERS OF THE SCOTTISH ORCHESTRA (By Permission of Messrs PATERSON & SONS)	
CONDUCTOR AND CONTINUO:		PROFESSOR TOVEY

Programme.

1. INTRODUCTION, PASTORALE, MINUET,
and MARCH *General Reid*

2. CANTATA for the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity,
"Geist und Seele wird verwirret," for Contralto,
Organ obligato, and Orchestra *J. S. Bach*

No. 1. *Sinfonia*.
No. 2. *Aria*, "Geist und Seele wird verwirret."
No. 3. *Recitative*, "Ich wundre mich."
No. 4. *Aria*, "Gott hat Alles wohl gemacht."
No. 5. *Sinfonia*.
No. 6. *Recitative*, "Ach, starker Gott."
No. 7. *Aria*, "Ich wünsche mir bei Gott zu leben."

Contralto—Miss HELEN ANDERTON.

Organ—Dr. MATTHEW SHIRLAW.

3. CONCERTO in G major, Op. 58, for Pianoforte
and Orchestra (with Cadenzas by Brahms) *Beethoven*

Allegro moderato.
Andante con moto: leading to
RONDO: Vivace.—Presto.

Pianoforte—Miss KATE FRISKIN.

4. TWO SONGS for Contralto with Viola obligato,
Op. 91 *Brahms*

1. Gestillte Sehnsucht.
2. Geistliches Wiegenlied.

Contralto—Miss HELEN ANDERTON.

Viola—Mr

5. INTRODUCTION and ALLEGRO APPASSIONATO
for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 92 *Schumann*

Pianoforte—Miss KATE FRISKIN.

Orchestra—Members of the SCOTTISH ORCHESTRA.

Conductor and Continuo—Professor TOVEY.

NOTES.

CANTATA for the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity,
 "Geist und Seele wird verwirret," for Contralto,
 Organ obligato, and Orchestra, - - - J. S. Bach

(Strings, two Oboes, Cor Anglais or "Trille," and Continuo, *i.e.*, figured bass, executed on the present occasion on a small pianoforte.)

THIS is one of the greatest as well as the most elaborate of Bach's solo cantatas. It lends itself especially well to performance in a room which possesses a fine organ, and yet is not too large for chamber-music and for Bach's rich ornamentation, which even in his most massive works so urgently demands many of the conditions of chamber-music. Moreover, though it was, like all Bach's Church-cantatas, written expressly for a certain church service, on a certain day of the church year, it happens to be in a form which does not absolutely demand the production of the service itself to justify it as a scheme with an artistic climax. Hauptmann, the first editor of the complete critical edition of Bach's works, expressed (privately) a naïve surprise at the scheme of most of Bach's cantatas, which begin with a splendid and elaborate chorus, proceed in a "luggage-train" of arias in a style which Hauptmann failed to appreciate, and conclude modestly with a plain chorale. And certainly such a scheme lacks climax when we have only the music in a concert-room, when no one knows where or how the words have any weight beyond what the often deplorable versifier has been able to give them, and when, even if the audience happened to know the tune of the final chorale, it would be quite out of the question for them to join in it. But the scheme assumes an altogether different aspect when we imagine it as part of a church service where every word sung had its bearing upon the Gospel, Epistle, and Lessons for the day,—where the sermon came in the middle of the cantata, and where the plain chorale carried the congregation with it.

In the present work there are no chorales, and the exquisite organ obligato (which dominates every number and makes this unique among Bach's vocal works) presents an opportunity which

our Class-Room was compelled, sooner or later, to take. The two instrumental movements, at the outset and (after the sermon) at the beginning of the second part, were destined some day to become the beginning and end of a Clavier concerto; and perhaps the first Aria would have become the slow movement. But the project was abandoned. We know of it only by the fact that Bach actually wrote a few bars of the first *Sinfonia* on the back page of another completed arrangement of a violin concerto for Clavier.

The miracle to which the words of the Cantata refer may be found in the English Prayer-book, in the Gospel and Epistle for the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity:—

"And they bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech . . . and looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him *Ephphatha*, that is, Be opened. And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain. And he charged them that they should tell no man: but the more he charged them, so much the more a great deal they published it; and were beyond measure astonished, saying, He hath done all things well; he maketh both the deaf to hear: and the dumb to speak."—*St Mark vii.*

No. 1. *Sinfonia.*No. 2. *Aria.*

Geist und Seele wird verwirret,
 Wenn sie dich, mein Gott, betracht;
 Denn die Wunder, so sie kennen—
 Und das Volk mit Jauchzen nennet
 Hat sie taub und stumm gemacht.
 (Geist und Seele, *Da Capo.*)

Aria.

Spirit and soul are bewildered when
 they contemplate thee, my God; for the
 marvels which they learn, and which the
 people report with rejoicing, have made
 them dumb.

No. 3. *Recitative.*

Ich wundre mich, denn Alles, was man
 sieht,
 Muss uns Verwund'ung geben.
 Betracht ich dich, du theurer Gottes-sohn,
 So flieht Vernunft, und auch Verstand
 davon.
 Du machst es eben,
 Dass sonst ein Wunderwerk vor dir was
 Schlechtes ist.
 Du bist dem Namen, Thun und Amte nach
 erst wunderreich,
 Dir ist kein Wunderding auf dieser Erde
 gleich.
 Den Tauben gibst du das Gehör,
 Den Stummen ihre Sprache wieder,
 Ja, was noch mehr, du öffnest auf ein Wort
 Die blinden Augenlieder.
 Dies, dies sind Wunderwerka,
 Und ihre Stärke
 Ist noch der Engel Chor nicht mächtig
 auszusprechen.

Recitative.

I am astonished, for all that we see
 must astonish us. When I contemplate
 thee, dear Son of God, my senses and
 understanding flee. For thou makest it
 so that the most wondrous work is as
 nought before thee. In name, deeds, and
 calling art thou wonderful, and there is no
 miracle on earth like unto thee. Thou
 restorest to the deaf their hearing, and
 to the dumb their speech; yea, more, with
 a word thou openest the eyes of the blind.
 These, these are wondrous works, and
 their power is more than the choir of angels
 can tell.

No. 4. *Aria.*

Gott hat Alles wohl gemacht.
Seine Liebe, seine Treu'
Wird uns alle Tage neu.
Wenn uns Angst und Kummer drücket,
Hat er reichen Trost geschicket ;
Weil ei täglich für ans wacht :
Gott hat Alles wohl gemacht !

SECONDA PARTE.

No. 5. *Sinfonia.*No. 6. *Recitativo.*

Ach, starkes Gott, lass mich doch dieses
stets bedenken,
So kann ich dich vergnügt in meine Seele
senken.
Lass mir dein süßes Hephata
Das ganz verstockte Herz erweichen ;
Ach ! lege nur den Gnadenfinger in die
Ohren,
Sonst bin ich gleich verloren.
Rühr' auch das Zungen-band,
Mit deiner starken Hand,
Damit ich diese Wunderzeichen in heil'ger
Andacht preise,
Und mich als Kind und Erb' erweise.

No. 7. *Aria.*

Ich wünsche mir bei Gott zu leben,
Ach wäre doch die Zeit schon da,
Ein fröhliches Halleluja
Mit allen Engeln anzuheben.
Mein liebster Jesu, löse doch
Das jammerreiche Schmerzensjoch,
Und lass mich bald in deinen Händen
Mein jammervolles Leben enden !

Aria.

God hath done all things well. His
love and his faith to us is new every day.
When anxiety and sorrow oppress us he
has sent us abundant comfort, for he
watches for us daily. God hath done all
things well !

Recitativo.

Ah, God of power, grant that I may ever
bear this in mind ; then can I be happy
and absorb thee in my soul. Let thy sweet
Ephphatha soften my all too hardened
heart ; oh, lay thy gracious finger on my
ears, else am I already lost. And stir with
thy strong hand the string of my tongue, so
that I may praise these miracles in holy
devotion, and shew myself thy child and
heir.

Aria.

My desire is to live with God ; oh,
would that it were already the time to
raise a joyful Hallelujah with all the
angels. Then loosen, oh dearest Jesu,
the grievous yoke of pain, and let me soon
in thy hands end my lamentable life !

TWO SONGS for Contralto, with Viola obligato, - - - *Brahms*

I. Gestillte Sensucht (Longing at rest).

In gold'nen Abenscheine touchet,
Wie feierlich die Wälder steh'n !
In leise Stimmen der Vög'lein hauchet
Des Abenwindes leises Wehn.
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein ?
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.

Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh' !
Du Sehnen, das die Brust bewaget,
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du ?
Beim Lispeln der Winde, der Vögelein,
Ihr sehnenden Wünsche, wann schlaft ihr
ein ?

In evening's golden twilight wreathed,
How grandly stand the woods aglow !
In softest voices birdling songs are breathed
Of evening winds that lightly blow.
What whisper the winds, the birds to-night ?
They whisper the world to slumber-light.

Ye wishes strong for ever raging,
Ye in my restless heart so deep !
Thou longing soul that naught assuageth,
When wilt thou rest, when wilt thou sleep ?
In whispering winds to birdling bright ;—
Say when—longing wishes—wilt slumber
light ?

Ach, wenn nicht mehr in goldnen Fernen
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen
Mit sehndem Blick mein Auge weilt ;
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.
Fr. Röchert.

Ah, when no more afar in dreaming
My soul on dream-wings lightly speeds,
No more the farthest starlet's gleaming
With longing, longing glances heeds ;
Then whisper, O wind, O birdling pray
With all my longing my life away,
Translation by Mrs John P. Morgan.

2. Geistliches Wiegenlied.

For the instrumental ritornello of this song Brahms uses the tune of an old carol.
He gives it to the viola, and writes its own words under it :

“Josef, lieber Josef mein
Hilf mir wieg'n mein Kindlein fein
Gott der wird dein Lohner sein
Im Himmelreich der Jungfrau Sohn,
Maria, Maria.”

CRADLE-SONG OF THE VIRGIN.

Die ihr schwebet um diese Palmen
In Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heil'gen Engel, stillet die Wipfel !
Es schlummert mein Kind.

You who o'er these palms are hov'ring,
In night-wind wild,
Ye holy angels, still their rocking !
He sleeps, my child.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem in Windes
brausen,
Wie mögt ihr heute so zornig sausen !
O rauscht nicht also,
Schweiget, nieget euch leis' und lind,
Stillet die Wipfel ! Es schlummert mein
Kind.

Ye high palms of Bethlehem in wild winds
dashing,
Why are ye, tell me, so rudely clashing !
O rock ye quiet,
Silent bending you lightly and mild,
Still, still your rocking ! He sleeps, my
child.

Der Himmelsknabe duldet Beschwerde ;
Ach, wie so müd' er ward vom Leid der
Erde.
Ach, nun im Schlaf, ihm, leise gesänftigt,
Die Gual zerrint,
Stillet die Wipfel ! Es schlummert mein
Kind.

This heav'nly boy hath borne pain and
anguish ;
Ah, so a weary in earth's toil to languish.
O, him sleep all gentle and soothing now
His grief is run.
Still, still their rocking ! He sleeps, my
son.

Grimmige Kälte sausen herneider,
Womit nur deck' ich des Kindleins Glieder !
O all' ihr Engel,
Die ihr geflügelt wandelt im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel ! Es schlummert mein
Kind.

Bitterest winds here round us are hovering,
With which I deck him, his only covering !
O all ye angels,
All ye abroad in night-wind so wild,
Still, still their rocking ! He sleeps, my
child.

Emanuel Geibel, after Lope da Vega.

FOURTH CONCERT, FEBRUARY 10TH, 1915.

String Quartets by Haydn and Beethoven, and Pianoforte Quartet
in G minor by Brahms.

Strings - THE VERBRUGGHEN QUARTET.

Pianoforte - - - Professor TOVEY.

On *Tuesday afternoon, February 9th*, at 4 o'clock, Professor TOVEY
will give a Lecture upon the music performed at these Concerts.

The Concert Tickets admit to the Lecture.