

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH
CHAMBER CONCERTS

SEASON 1969-70

Seventh Concert

A SCHUBERT EVENING

BRIAN HEAD *Tenor*

SIDNEY NEWMAN *Pianoforte*

THE EDINBURGH QUARTET

MILES BASTER

PHILIP CLARK

AUSTIN PATTERSON

DAVID EDWARDS

MARIE DARE *Double Bass*

REID SCHOOL OF MUSIC

THURSDAY, 22nd JANUARY, 1970

AT 7.30 P.M.

PROGRAMME TWO SHILLINGS

Programme

1. QUARTET IN A MINOR (Op. 29)

Allegro ma non troppo

Andante

Menuetto: Allegretto

Allegro moderato

Schubert dedicated this quartet—the only one that was published in his lifetime—to Ignaz Schuppanzigh, the leading quartet-player in Vienna since about 1795 and the founder of the Rasoumovsky Quartet in 1808. From 1815 until early in 1824 Schuppanzigh was away from Vienna touring Europe and Russia. Soon after his return he gave the first performances of Schubert's Octet (finished 1st March, 1824) and of this quartet of which he wrote (on the day of the performance—14th March) "It is very smooth and gentle, but has the kind of melody that one associates with songs—full of feeling and quite distinctive."

These qualities which pervade the whole, intimately blending the first three movements in remarkable organic unity, are apparent from the first in the utter tranquillity which calls to mind *Gretchen am Spinnrade*. As so often in Schubert's works, the emotional nexus is to be found in the conflict or antithesis of major and minor mode. Here the minor mode now yearns, now struggles, towards the radiance and ease of the major.

The serene Andante in C major is based upon a variant of a theme from *Rosamunde*, which is also familiar to us in the B flat major Impromptu for Pianoforte.

The Minuet pleads that same yearning quest which Schubert had experienced in his setting of the fragment from Schiller's *Gods of Greece* "Schöne Welt, wo bist du?" ("Beauteous world, where art thou?") Here, as in the song, the major key brings its vision of fulfilment (both momentarily in the Minuet and more sustainedly in the Trio) but the yearning quest remains. Some have thought that the Finale has a certain Hungarian spirit absorbed by Schubert in his recent visit to Zseliz but, though it has a confident optimism unattained in the foregoing movements, yet it treads its way in this sunlit scene with most gentle footfall, and even the most exuberant outbursts of rejoicing cannot rob it of its essential sensitivity.

LIEDER

DIE ROSE

Schlegel

The pleasant warmth enticed me to venture to the light,
But savage heat assails me—ah! this is my lament!
For long I might have blossomed in milder gentle days,
But now I soon must wither, my life already spent.

The rosy dawn this morning had banished all my fears
And so my bud was opened where all my treasures lay.
My honeyed scent had lasted, and I had worn my crown
Had not the sun then scorched me—that is my bitter plaint!

What if the evening's milder? is my sad question now.
For nothing can restore me again, nor heal the harm.
Soon, as the light is failing, I'll feel the bite of cold.
Now of my little life, so young, my dying tale is told.

DIE STERNE

Leitner

How brightly the stars do shine in the night; they often awaken
me out of my sleep. Yet I do not blame them—in silence they serve
in so many ways in the tasks they perform.

Far above with the angels they dwell, as they roam to lighten the
way for the pilgrim on earth. Lovers they serve as their messengers,
and carry their kisses far over the sea.

They look on the sufferer with comforting glance, and hold back his
tears with their silvery light; and in our last journey to heaven above
they faithfully guide us with fingers of gold.

So then, I salute you, you glimmering host. Long may you light
me yet on my way. And when love comes to me may our union
be blest, and your glittering light be the guide through our life.

SCHWANENGESANG

Senn

"My plaint—it is the feel of Death
That steals, dissolving, through each limb.
My song—the sense of a new Birth
Coming my spirit to redeem."

Thus he lamented, thus he sang,
Fearing annihilating Death,
Hopeful of immortality,
Until his breath of life was spent.

This is what the swan song means.

ROMANCE (FROM THE PLAY ROSAMUNDE)

Helmina von Chezy

The full moon shines upon the hills—Oh! how I have mourned
for you, my love. O dearest heart, lovely indeed is the true kiss of
loyalty. How little it counts that May is beautiful—you were
the glory of Spring for me. Light of my night, smile on me
once more in the hour of death.

The full moon shone—she passed within, and looking heavenward
spoke: "Parted in life, in death made one with thee!"—and softly
so passed heart to heart.

AUF DEM WASSER ZU SINGEN

von Stolberg

Amidst the shimmering mirror of waves
glides like a swan this rocking boat;
So too on shimmering waves of joy
the soul glides onwards like a boat;
And from the sky the sunset rays
dance on the waters all around.

Over the tree-tops in the west
the glow of evening beckons to us;
under the branches spread in the east
bathed in the glow are rustling reeds;
the soul breathes in this reddening glow
the joy of the heavens and calm of the woods.

Ah! Time has vanished on dewy wings
and left me here amidst rippling waves.
Then vanish tomorrow on shimmering wings
As you did yesterday, Time, and today!
Till I myself, on greater wings,
Escape from Time and all his change

LACHEN UND WEINEN

Rückert

Laughter and weeping at any hour of day,
Such is the turmoil when Love has its way.

At morn I laughed for joy,
Why then must I now weep
As evening spreads her light?
I simply cannot say!

Weeping and laughter at any hour of day,
Such is the turmoil when Love has its way.

Last evening I wept for pain.
How then the very morning after
Can it be you wake with laughter?
Come, tell me that, my heart!

FRAGMENT AUS "DIE GOTTER GRIECHENLANDS"

Schiller

Beauteous World, where art thou? Come again
 O perfect blossoming of Nature's prime.
 Only, alas in fairylands of song
 Lives now the print of all thy coloured hues,
 Died out upon the empty mourning plains.
 In vain I look to see the gods disclosed.
 Of all that pictured living warmth once seen
 Alas! 'tis only shadows that remain.

AN DIE TUREN WILL ICH SCHLEICHEN

Goethe

At the doorways I will loiter,
 Meek and silent I will stay,
 Take my food from hands of strangers,
 Then I'll go upon my way,
 Everyman betrays some gladness
 As my figure passes by;
 Then a tear will fall unbidden.
 Why he weeps, that know not I.

IM FRUHLING

Ernst Schulze

I sit here on the hill-side,
 the sky it is so clear,
 the breeze blows through the valley,
 where I was once so happy,
 yes, in that other Spring.
 Where I then walked beside her,
 so close and intimate,
 and in a spring of water saw
 the sky reflected blue and clear
 and her within that sky.

See how Spring in all her colours
 shows in every bud and blossom.
 —yet not all alike for me.
 I like best to pick the blossoms
 from the branch at which she picked.
 The flowers and fields are as they were,
 the sun itself shines just as bright,
 and just as friendly in that spring
 the blue reflected sky.

The will and whims of man, these change,
 and joy and strife come turn about,
 The happiness of love is lost,
 and love alone remains at last—
 love alone and sorrow.

Oh would that I were but a bird
 upon these meadows here!
 then I would perch upon this branch
 and sing the sweetest song of her
 the whole summer long.

IM ABENDROT

Carl Lappe

O how beautiful is thy world,
 Father, when it spreads in gold.
 Beneath the glory of thine eyes
 The very dust to light doth rise
 When the red glow of eventide
 Falls on my quiet window-side.

Could I for one moment murmur
 Word of sorrow, doubt or fear?
 No! my heart will e'er remember
 This thy Heaven already here.
 And my soul before its flight
 Drinks this glow, and feeds on light.

(translations by S.T.M.N.)

 INTERVAL

3. PIANOFORTE QUINTET IN A MAJOR (THE TROUT) Op. 114

Allegro vivace

Andante

Scherzo: Presto

Theme and Variations: Andantino—Allegretto

Finale: Allegro giusto

In 1819 Schubert went on a summer holiday into Upper Austria with his friend Vogl, the Court singer. This quintet was composed at the request of a friend of Vogl whom Schubert then met and who took special delight in Schubert's charming little song "The Trout," which provides the theme for variation in the fourth movement of this work.

Although one recurring passage in the F major Andante brings a touch of Schubertian melancholy, the dominant note of the whole work is that of sheer joy and exquisite delight. The addition of the Double Bass to the string ensemble frees the pianoforte to a very large extent from the basic duties of accompaniment and allows it to trace intricate and airy lines of octaves in the high skies to an extent quite unparalleled in any other work. Only in one respect does the finale seem to fail in its cheerful task. The lack of any coda makes the end appear to be unduly sudden and in fact a trifle inconsequential.

S.T.M.N.