



# Faculty Tuesdays Series

## William Primrose in Song

Erika Eckert, viola  
Margaret McDonald, piano  
Abigail Nims, mezzo soprano  
Erik Erlandson, orator

7:30 p.m., Tuesday, Jan. 15, 2019  
Grusin Music Hall  
Imig Music Building

# Program

**Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5** (1938)  
Ária (Cantilena)

Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)  
arr. William Primrose (1904-1982)

**Träume** (from *Wesendonck Lieder*, WWV 91) (1857)

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)  
arr. William Primrose

**Élégie** (from *Mémoires*, vol. I) (1872)

Jules Massenet (1842-1912)  
Viola part arr. William Primrose

**Litanei, D. 343** (1816)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)  
trans. William Primrose

**None But the Lonely Heart** (from *Six Romances, Op. 6*) (1869)

Piotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky  
(1840-1893)  
trans. William Primrose

**In the Silence of the Night, Op. 4, No. 3** (1844)

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)  
Viola part arr. William Primrose

**The Rosary** (1898)

Ethelbert Nevin (1862-1901)  
trans. Fritz Kreisler (1875-1962)  
Viola part arr. William Primrose

## Intermission

**Zwei Gesänge für eine Altstimme mit Bratsche und Klavier, Op. 91** (1884)

- I. *Gestillte Sehnsucht* (Adagio espressivo)
- II. *Geistliches Wiegenliede* (Andante con moto)

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

**Five Negro Spirituals** (1929)

- I. I'm a-trave'lin' to the grave
- II. March on
- III. Gwine to ride up in the chariot
- IV. I'll hear the trumpet sound
- V. Rise mourners

arr. Arthur Benjamin (1893-1960)  
trans. William Primrose

**Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair** (1854)

Stephen Foster (1826-1864)  
trans. Jascha Heifetz (1901-1987)  
Viola part arr. William Primrose

# Text and translations

## Bachianas Brasileiras No.5 Aria (Cantilena)

*Text: Ruth Valadares Corrêa (1904-ca. 1963)*

Tarde, uma nuvem rósea, lenta e transparente.  
sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!  
Surge no infinito a lua docemente,  
enfeitando a tarde, qual meiga donzela  
que se apresta e a linda sonhadoramente,  
em anseios d'alma para ficar bela  
grita ao céu e a terra, toda a Natureza!  
Cala a passurada aos seus tristes queixumes  
e reflete o mar toda a Sua riqueza ...  
Suave a luz da lua desperta agora  
a cruel saudade que ri e chora!  
Tarde, uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente  
sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!

## Träume

*Text: Mathilde Wesendonck (1828-1902)*

Sag, welch wunderbare Träume  
Halten meinen Sinn umfängen,  
Daß sie nicht wie leere Schäume  
Sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?

Träume, die in jeder Stunde,  
Jedem Tage schöner blühn,  
Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde  
Selig durchs Gemüte ziehn!

Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen  
In die Seele sich versenken,  
Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:  
Allvergessen, Eingedenken!

Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne  
Aus dem Schnee die Blüten küßt,  
Daß zu nie geahnter Wonne  
Sie der neue Tag begrüßt,

Daß sie wachsen, daß sie blühen,  
Träumend spenden ihren Duft,  
Sanft an deiner Brust verglühn,  
Und dann sinken in die Gruft.

## Élégie

*Text: Louis Gallet (1835-1898)*

Ô, doux printemps d'autre fois, vertes saisons,  
Vous avez fui pour toujours!  
Je ne vois plus le ciel bleu;  
Je n'entends plus les chants joyeux des oiseaux!  
En emportant mon bonheur, mon bonheur ...  
Ô bien-aimé, tu t'en es allé!

## Bachianas Brasileiras No.5 Aria (Chant)

*English translation: Mirna Rubim*

Evening, a rosy, slow and transparent cloud  
Over the space dreamy and beautiful  
The Moon sweetly appears in the horizon,  
Decorating the afternoon like a nice damsel  
Who rushes and dreamy adorns herself  
With an anxious soul to become beautiful  
Shout all Nature to the Sky and to the Earth!  
All birds become silent to the Moon's complains  
And the Sea reflects its great splendor.  
Softly, the shining Moon just awakes  
The cruel missing that laughs and cries.  
Evening, a rosy, slow and transparent cloud  
Over the space dreamy and beautiful ...

## Dreams

*English translation: Emily Ezust*

What wondrous dreams are these  
Holding my mind in thrall,  
That they, like insubstantial foam,  
Don't barren emptiness recall?

Dreams that flower with greater beauty  
With every hour of every day,  
And blissful intimations of heaven  
Throughout my inner self convey.

Dreams that like the rays of glory  
Run through me to the very core,  
Creating a picture there, effacing  
All but one, for evermore.

Dreams as when the spring-time sun  
Frees snowbound flowers with a kiss  
So that the new day welcomes them  
With unimagined bliss,

So they may grow and bloom,  
Dreaming exude their scent,  
Their glow gently fading on your breast  
Until their life is spent.

## Elegy

*English translation: Anne Evans*

O sweet springtimes of old verdant seasons  
You have fled forever  
I no longer see the blue sky  
I no longer hear the bird's joyful singing  
And, taking my happiness with you  
You have gone on your way my love!

Et c'est en vain que le printemps revient!  
Oui, sans retour,  
avec toi, le gai soleil,  
Les jours riants sont partis!  
Comme en mon coeur tout est sombre et glacé!  
Tout est flétri  
pour toujours!

### **Litanei**

*Text: Johann Georg Jacobi (1740-1814)*

Ruhn in Frieden alle Seelen,  
Die vollbracht ein banges Quälen,  
Die vollendet süßen Traum,  
Lebenssatt, geböhren kaum,  
Aus der Welt hinüber schieden;  
Alle Seelen ruhn im Frieden!

Liebevoller Mädchen Seelen,  
Deren Thränen nicht zu zählen,  
Die ein falscher Freund verließ,  
Und die blinde Welt verstieß;  
Alle, die von hinnen schieden,  
Alle Seelen ruhn im Frieden!

Und die nie der Sonne lachten,  
Unterm Mond auf Dornen wachten,  
Gott, im reinen Himmels-Licht,  
Einst zu sehn von Angesicht:  
Alle, die von hinnen schieden,  
Alle Seelen ruhn im Frieden!

### **Net, tol'ko tot, kto znal (Нет, только тот, кто знал)**

*Text: Lev Mei (1822-1862)*

Нет, только тот, кто знал  
Свиданья жажду,  
Поймёт, как я страдал  
И как я стражду.  
Гляжу я вдаль ... нет сил,  
Тускнеет око ...  
Ах, кто меня любил  
И знал, далёко!

Ах, только тот, кто знал ...  
Свиданья жажду,  
Поймёт, как я страдал  
И как я стражду.

Вся грудь горит ... кто знал ...  
Свиданья жажду,  
Поймёт, как я страдал  
И как я стражду.

In vain Spring returns  
Yes, never to return  
The bright sun has gone with you  
The days of happiness have fled  
The days of happiness have fled  
All is withered  
Forever

### **Litany**

*English translation: Emily Ezust*

All souls rest in peace  
who have had done with an anxious torment,  
who have had done with a sweet dream,  
who, sated with life, hardly born,  
have departed from this world:  
all souls rest in peace!

Maiden souls, full of love,  
whose tears cannot be counted,  
whom a false friend has abandoned,  
and the blind world has disowned;  
all who have parted from here,  
all souls rest in peace!

And those who never smiled at the sun,  
keeping watch on the thorns beneath the moon,  
to see God in the pure heavenly light  
and look him just once in the face:  
all who have parted from here,  
all souls rest in peace!

### **None but the lonely heart**

*English translation*

None but the lonely heart  
Can know my sadness  
Alone and parted  
Far from joy and gladness  
Heaven's boundless arch I see  
Spread out above me  
O(h) what a distance drear to one  
Who loves me  
None but the lonely heart  
Can know my sadness  
Alone and parted far  
From joy and gladness  
Alone and parted far  
From joy and gladness  
My senses fail  
A burning fire  
Devours me  
None but the lonely heart  
Can know my sadness

## **О, долго буду я, в молчаньи ночи тайной**

*Text by Afanasy Afans'yevich Fet (1820-1892)*

О, долго буду я, в молчаньи ночи тайной,  
Коварный лепет твой, улыбку, взор случайный,  
Перстам послушную волос густую прядь,  
Из мыслей изгонять, и снова призывать;  
Дыша порывисто, один, никем не зримый,  
Досады и стыда румянами палимый,  
Искать хотя одной загадочной черты  
В словах, которые произносила ты;  
Шептать и поправлять былые выраженья  
Речей моих с тобой, исполненных смущенья,  
И в опьянении, наперекор уму,  
Заветным именем будить ночную мглу.

## **The Rosary**

*Text: Robert Cameron Rogers (1862-1912)*

The hours I spent with thee, Dear Heart!  
Or, as a string of pearls to thee,  
I count them over, every one apart,  
My rosary, my rosary ...

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,  
To still a heart in absence wrung,  
I tell each bead unto the end,  
And there a cross is hung ...

## **Gestillte Sehnsucht**

*Text: Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)*

In gold'nen Abendschein getaucht,  
Wie feierlich die Wälder stehn!  
In leise Stimmen der Vöglein hauchet  
Des Abendwindes leises Weh'n.  
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 sehnenenden Wünsche, wann schläft ihr ein?

Was kommt gezogen auf Traumesflügeln?  
Was weht mich an so bang, so hold?  
Es kommt gezogen von fernen Hügeln,  
Es kommt auf bebendem Sonnengold.  
Wohl lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein,  
Das Sehnen, das Sehnen, es schläft nicht ein.

Ach, wenn nicht mehr in gold'ne 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.

## **In the Silence of the Night**

*English translation: Sergey Rybin*

Oh, for a long while, in the silence of the mysterious night,  
Your beguiling murmur, smile, fleeting glance,  
A luscious strand of your hair, obedient to my fingers,  
Will I banish from my thoughts - but then recall again;  
Breathing impulsively, alone, unseen by anyone,  
Blushing and burning with vexation and shame,  
I will search for secret messages  
In the words you uttered;  
Whisper and reconsider the phrases  
Of my embarrassed conversations with you,  
And, as if intoxicated, against all reason,  
With your cherished name awaken the nightly haze.

O' memories that bless and burn,  
O' barren gain and bitter loss,  
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn,  
To kiss the cross, Sweet Heart,  
To kiss the cross ...

I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn,  
To kiss the cross, Sweet Heart,  
To kiss the cross ... (to kiss the cross)

## **Stilled Longing**

*English translation: Emily Ezust*

Steeped in a golden evening glow,  
how solemnly the forests stand!  
In gentle voices the little birds breathe  
into the soft fluttering of evening breezes.  
What does the wind whisper, and the little birds?  
They whisper the world into slumber.

You, my desires, that stir  
in my heart without rest or peace!  
You longings that move my heart,  
When will you rest, when will you sleep?  
By the whispering of the wind, and of the little birds?  
You yearning desires, when will you fall asleep?

What will come of these dreamy flights?  
What stirs me so anxiously, so sweetly?  
It comes pulling me from far-off hills,  
It comes from the trembling gold of the sun.  
The wind whispers loudly, as do the little birds;  
The longing, the longing - it will not fall asleep.

Alas, when no longer into the golden distance  
does my spirit hurry on dream-wings,  
when no more on the eternally distant stars  
does my longing gaze rest;  
Then the wind and the little birds  
will whisper away my longing, along with my life.

## Geistliches Wiegenlied

*Text: Emanuel von Geibel (1815-1884)  
after Lope de Vega (1562-1635)*

Die ihr schwebet  
Um diese Palmen  
In Nacht und Wind,  
Ihr heiligen Engel,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem  
Im Windesbrausen,  
Wie mögt ihr heute  
So zornig sausen!  
O rauscht nicht also!  
Schweiget, neiget  
Euch leis und lind;  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Der Himmelsknabe  
Duldet Beschwerde,  
Ach, wie so müd er ward  
Vom Leid der Erde.  
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm  
Leise gesänftigt  
Die Qual zerrinnt,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.  
Grimmige Kälte  
Sauset hernieder,  
Womit nur deck ich  
Des Kindleins Glieder!  
O all ihr Engel,  
Die ihr geflügelt  
Wandelt im Wind,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

## Five Negro Spirituals

### I.

I'm a-trave'lin' to the grave,  
I'm a-travel'lin' to the grave,  
My Lord,  
I'm a-trav'lin' to the grave,  
For to lay my body down.  
My massa died a-shoutin'  
Singin' "Glory Hallelujah".  
The last words he said to me  
Were about Jerusalem.

### II.

Way over in the Egypt land,  
You shall gain the victory,  
Way over in the Egypt land,

## Sacred Cradle Song

*English translation: Lawrence Snyder/Rebecca Plack*

You who hover  
Around these palms  
In night and wind,  
You holy angels,  
Silence the treetops,  
My child is sleeping.

You palms of Bethlehem  
In the roaring wind,  
How can you today  
Bluster so angrily!  
O roar not so!  
Be still, bow  
Softly and gently;  
Silence the treetops!  
My child is sleeping.

The child of heaven  
Endures the discomfort,  
Oh, how tired he has become  
Of earthly sorrow.  
Oh, now in sleep,  
Gently softened,  
His pain fades,  
Silence the treetops!  
My child is sleeping.  
Fierce cold  
Comes rushing,  
How shall I cover  
The little child's limbs?  
O all you angels,  
You winged ones  
Wandering in the wind.  
Silence the treetops!  
My child is sleeping.

You shall gain the day.

March on!

And you shall gain the victory;

March on!

And you shall gain the day.

### III.

Gwine to ride up in the Chariot

Early in the mornin',

Ride up in the Chariot

Early in the mornin',

Ride up in the Chariot

Early in the mornin',

And I hope I'll join the band.

Oh! Lord have mercy on me,

Oh! Lord have mercy on me,  
Oh! Lord have mercy on me,  
And I hope I'll join the band.

#### IV.

You may bury me in the East,  
You may bury me in the West  
But I'll hear the trumpet sound in that morning  
In that morning, my Lord,  
How I long to be  
Where I'll hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

### **Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair**

*Text: Stephen Foster (1826-1864)*

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,  
Borne, like a vapor, on the summer air;  
I see her tripping where the bright streams play,  
Happy as the daisies that dance on her way.  
Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour.  
Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er:  
Oh! I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,  
Floating, like a vapor, on the soft summer air.

I long for Jeanie with the daydawn smile,  
Radiant in gladness, warm with winning guile;  
I hear her melodies, like joys gone by,  
Sighing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die:—  
Sighing like the night wind and sobbing like the rain,—

#### V.

Rise mourners,  
Rise mourners:  
Oh! Can't you rise and tell  
What the Lord has done for you?  
Yes He's taken my feet out of the miry clay  
And He's placed them on the right side of my Father.

Wailing for the lost one that comes not again:  
Oh! I long for Jeanie, and my heart bows low,  
Never more to find her where the bright waters flow.

I sigh for Jeanie, but her light form strayed  
Far from the fond hearts round her native glade;  
Her smiles have vanished and her sweet songs flown,  
Flitting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone.  
Now the nodding wild flowers may wither on the shore  
While her gentle fingers will cull them no more:  
Oh! I sigh for Jeanie with the light brown hair,  
Floating, like a vapor, on the soft summer air.

# Biographies

## **Erika Eckert, viola**

Erika Eckert is currently associate professor of viola and chair of strings at CU Boulder, and joined the faculty in 1994. She has also been a summer faculty member of the Brevard Music Center since 2011.

## **Margaret McDonald, piano**

Margaret McDonald is associate professor of collaborative piano at CU Boulder, and joined the faculty in 2004. She is a summer faculty member at the Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara, CA.

## **Abigail Nims, mezzo soprano**

Abigail Nims is assistant professor of voice at CU Boulder, and joined the faculty in 2013. Nims previously taught voice at the University of California, Berkeley and Yale University.

## **Erik Erlandson, orator**

Erik Erlandson is a baritone from Minnesota pursuing his doctoral studies in vocal pedagogy and performance at CU Boulder as a student of Professor Matthew Chellis. He was awarded a teaching assistantship and works under the tutelage of John Seesholtz, nurturing his teaching in the classroom and studio. In recent Eklund Opera Program productions he was In Re in Handel's *Ariodante*, Judge Turpin in *Sweeney Todd* and Cascada in *The Merry Widow*.

# Upcoming performances

🎫 Ticketed events   📺 Live broadcast at [cupresents.org](http://cupresents.org)

## Tuesday, Jan. 22

### Faculty Tuesdays:

#### 37 Preludes 📺

7:30 p.m., Grusin Music Hall

## Tuesday, Jan. 29

### Faculty Tuesdays:

#### Paul Erhard, double bass 📺

7:30 p.m., Grusin Music Hall

## Wednesday, Jan. 30

### Pendulum New Music Ensemble 📺

7:30 p.m., Grusin Music Hall

## Thursday, Jan. 31

### Artist Series

#### Silkroad Ensemble 🎫

7:30 p.m., Macky Auditorium

## Thursday, Feb. 7

### Wind Symphony and

#### Symphonic Band 📺

7:30 p.m., Macky Auditorium

## Tuesday, Feb. 12

### CU Symphony Orchestra 📺

7:30 p.m., Macky Auditorium

## Thursday, Feb. 14

### Anderson Competition Finals

7:30 p.m., Grusin Music Hall

### Concert Jazz Ensemble and Jazz Ensemble II 📺

7:30 p.m., Macky Auditorium

## Friday, Feb. 15

### Spring Festival of Choirs

7:30 p.m., Sacred Heart of Jesus Catholic Church, 1318 Mapleton Ave, Boulder

## Saturday, Feb. 16

### Artist Series

#### Kodo One Earth Tour 2019 🎫

7:30 p.m., Macky Auditorium

## Friday, Feb. 22

### Wind Symphony and

#### Symphonic Band 📺

7:30 p.m., Macky Auditorium

## Sunday, Feb. 24

### Honors Competition Finals

12:30 p.m., Grusin Music Hall

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