



Arizona State University

# School of Music

FACULTY ARTIST CONCERT SERIES

*ROBERT, CLARA, JOHANNES AND  
A FORTEPIANO FROM VIENNA*

**JUDY MAY**  
MEZZO SOPRANO

**WARREN HOFFER**  
TENOR

**PATRICIA COSAND**  
VIOLA

**ROBERT SPRING**  
CLARINET

**DIAN BAKER AND  
ECKART SELLHEIM**  
FORTEPIANO

KATZIN CONCERT HALL  
Tuesday, February 13, 2001 • 7:30 p.m.

Fortepiano by Johann Schrimpf, Vienna, ca. 1840,  
restored by Edwin Beunk,  
Enschede (The Netherlands), 1999/2000

PROGRAM

**Ballad in D Minor**, Opus 10,1 (1856) Johannes Brahms  
1833-1897

**Five Songs on texts by Friedrich Rückert** (1841/1843) Clara Schumann  
Er ist gekommen  
Warum willst du andre fragen  
O weh des Scheidens  
Liebst du um Schönheit  
Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage

**Papillons**, Opus 2 (1830) Robert Schumann

*\*\*There will be a 10-minute intermission\*\**

**March in E-flat Major for Piano four hands** (1876) Clara Schumann  
1819-1896

from **Liederkreis** [Joseph von Eichendorff], Robert Schumann  
Opus 39 (1840) 1810-1856  
In der Fremde  
Intermezzo  
Waldesgespräch  
Die Stille  
Mondnacht  
Schöne Fremde

**Märchenerzählungen for clarinet, viola and piano**, Opus 132 (1856) Robert Schumann  
Lebhaft, nicht zu schnell  
Lebhaft und sehr markiert  
Ruhiges Tempo, mit zartem Ausdruck  
Lebhaft, seht markiert

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In respect for the performers and those audience members around you, please turn all beepers, cell phones, watches to their silent mode. Thank you.

**Performance Events Staff Manager**

Paul W. Estes

**Assistant Performance Events Staff Manager**

Gary Quamme

Performance Events Staff-  
Andrey Astaiza, Jennifer Cook  
Erin Dow, Elizabeth Maben  
James Parkinson, Grant Striemer  
Jessica Wood



ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

**THE KATHERINE K. HERBERGER  
COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS  
School of Music**

Main Campus, P.O. Box 870405, Tempe, AZ 85287-0405  
480-965-3371 • <http://music.asu.edu>

**EVENTS INFORMATION  
CALL 480-965-TUNE (480-965-8863)**

**Clara Schumann**  
**Five Songs on Texts by Friedrich Rueckert**

**Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen (He came in storm and rain)**

He came in storm and rain; my heart beat anxiously towards him.  
How could I know that his path would be one with mine?  
He came in storm and rain, he daringly took my heart.  
Did he take mine? Did I take his?  
Both came towards each other.  
He came in storm and rain!  
Now spring's blessing is come.  
The friend moves on, I see it serenely,  
As he will be mine at every turn,

**Warum willst du andere fragen (Why do you ask other people)**

Why do you ask other people who are not faithful with you?  
Don't believe anything but what these two eyes tell you! Don't believe strangers,  
don't believe your own erroneous impression. You should also not interpret my actions,  
but rather look in my eyes! Stop these questions on your lips - or do they testify against  
me? Whatever my lips are saying, look at my eyes - I love you!

**Oh weh des Scheidens, das er tat (Woe, the parting that he made)**

Woe, the parting that he made, in which he left me in longing!  
Woe, how he offered entreaties, the flow of his tears!  
He said to me: Stop your weeping!  
Then himself he parted in sorrow.  
I was moistened by his tears, which cooled my heart.

**Liebst du um Schoenheit (If you love for beauty)**

If you love for beauty, o do not love me!  
Love the sun with its golden hair!  
If you love for youth, o do not love me!  
Love the spring - it is younger every year!  
If you love for riches, o do not love me!  
Love the mermaid, she has many fine pearls!  
If you love for love, o yes, then love me!  
I will love you forever!

**Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage (The good-night which I said to you)**

The good-night which I said to you, dear friend, hear me!  
An angel who carried the message went back and forth.  
He brought it to you and then went on to bring me the greeting:  
The song of friends also says to you good-night.

**Robert Schumann**  
**Liederkreis, Opus 39, 1 - 6**  
**Cycle of Songs on Texts by Joseph von Eichendorff**

**In der Fremde ( Far from home)**

The clouds are coming from my homeland behind the red lightning.  
But father and mother are long since dead, and I am forgotten there.  
How soon, oh how soon, the time of silence will come  
when I in turn shall sleep, under the sweet murmur of the lonely woods.  
forgotten here too.

**Intermezzo**

In the depth of my heart I keep a radiant image of you, looking at me all the time, fresh  
and smiling.  
And my heart sings softly to itself on old sweet song that wings into the air and swiftly  
flies to you.  
(In the depth of my heart I keep a radiant image of you, looking at me all the time, fresh  
and smiling.)

**Waldesgespraech (Overheard in the woods)**

"It is late, and growing cold; why are you lonely riding through the woods? The woods  
are wide, you are alone, let me lead you home, fair lady."  
"Great is the cunning and the deceit of men my heart is broken for lost love. I hear  
hunting horns faintly blowing here and there; flee, for you know not who I am."  
"So richly adorned are steed and woman, so exquisite the young body - now I know you,  
God shield me! - You are the which Lorelei!"  
"I am indeed. From the towering rock my castle looks silently down sheer on the Rhine.  
Yes, it is late, and growing cold; and you shall never stir out of these woods again?"

**Die Stille (Silence)**

No one knows or can guess how happy I am. If only he knew; no one else ever should.  
My thoughts are calmer than the snow outside, more silent than the stars above.  
Would I were a bird flying out over the sea and beyond, until I reached heaven.  
No one knows or can guess how happy I am. If only he knew; no one else ever should.

**Mondnacht (Moonlight)**

It was as if the sky had softly kissed the sleeping earth, so that she in her bright haze of  
blossom could now dream only of that kiss.  
The air moved through the field and the ears of corn swayed gently;  
the woods murmured softly, the night was so starry-clear.  
And my sole spread wide its wings and flew over the silent countryside  
as if it were flying home.

**Schoene Fremde (A lovely land far away)**

The branches stir and sigh as if the old gods had returned at this hour  
to troop around the half-ruined walls of their temples.  
Here under the myrtle trees in the strange splendor of deep twilight,  
what is it you are murmuring to me as if in a dream, fantastic night?  
All the stars look down on me with shining eyes full of love;  
the whole horizon cries out in ecstasy of some great joy in store.