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Recital: Liederabend with Guest Artist, David Lutz, collaborative pianist

David Lutz

Deborah Montgomery

Patrice Pastore

Ivy Walz

Carl Johengen

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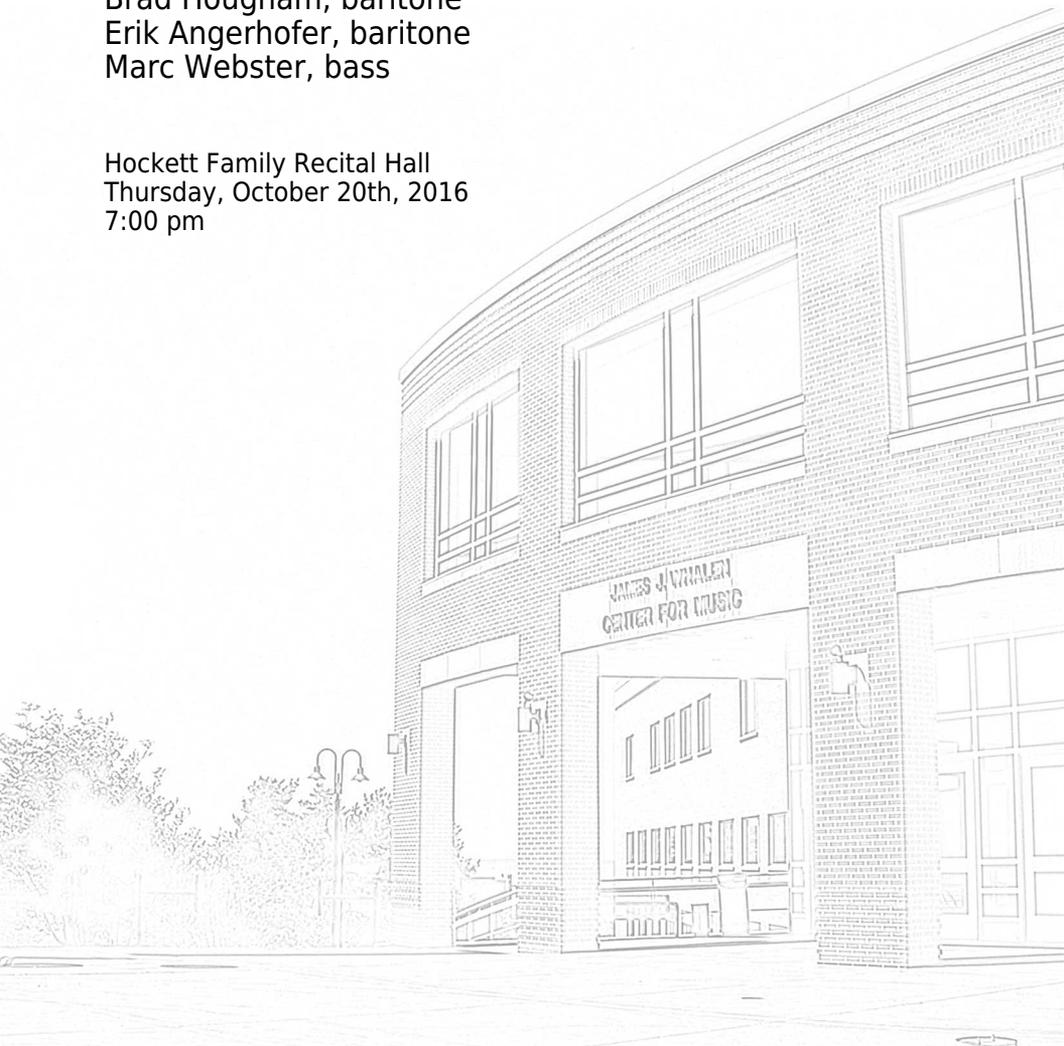
Authors

David Lutz, Deborah Montgomery, Patrice Pastore, Ivy Walz, Carl Johengen, Brad Hougham, Erik Angerhofer, and Marc Webster

Liederabend with Guest Artist, David Lutz, collaborative pianist:

Deborah Montgomery, soprano
Patrice Pastore, soprano
Ivy Walz, mezzo-soprano
Carl Johengen, tenor
Brad Hougham, baritone
Erik Angerhofer, baritone
Marc Webster, bass

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Thursday, October 20th, 2016
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Im Frühling
Frühlingsglaube
from op. 20, no. 2
Seligkeit

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Deborah Montgomery, soprano

Mit Myrthen und Rosen
from *Liederkreis*, op. 24, no. 9
Aus! Aus!
from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)
Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Erik Angerhofer, baritone

Drei Gedichten von Michelangelo
Wohl denk'ich oft
Alles endet, was entsteht
Fühlt meine Seele

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Marc Webster, bass

Wir wandelten
from op. 96, no. 2
Ist der Himmel darum im Lenz so blau
from op. 2, no. 2
Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm
from op. 2, no. 2

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)
Hans Pfitzner
(1868-1949)
Arnold Schoenberg
(1874-1951)

Carl Johengen, tenor

Drei Lieder für eine Singstimme mit Pianoforte

Hans Pfitzner
(1869-1949)

Warum sind deine Augen denn Nass
Herbstlied
Mein Herz ist wie die dunkle Nacht

Brad Hougham, baritone

Erwartung

from op. 2 no.1

Zwei Lieder

Schliessen mir die Augen beide 1900

Schliessen mir die Augen beide 1925

Patrice Pastore, soprano

Arnold Schoenberg

(1874-1951)

Alban Berg

(1885-1935)

Von ewiger Liebe

from op. 43, no.1

Wie Melodien zieht es

from op. 105, no.1

Vergebliches Ständchen

from op. 84, no. 4

Ivy Walz, mezzo-soprano

Johannes Brahms

(1833-1897)

Translations

Im Frühling by Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 - 1817)

Quietly I sit on the hill's slope. The sky is so clear; a breeze plays in the green valley where I was at Spring's first sunbeam once - ah, I was so happy; Where I walked at her side, So intimate and so close, and deep in the dark rocky spring was the beautiful sky, blue and bright; and I saw her in the sky. Look how colorful Spring already looks out from bud and blossom! Not every blossom is the same for me: I like best to pick from the branch from which she picked hers. For all is as it was back then: the flowers, the field; the sun does not shine less brightly, nor does the stream reflect any less charmingly the blue image of the sky. The only things that change are will and illusion: Joys and quarrels alternate, the happiness of love flies past and only the love remains - The love and, ah, the sorrow. Oh, if only I were a little bird, there on the meadow's slope -- then I would remain here on these branches and sing a sweet song about her the whole summer long.

Frühlingsglaube by Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787 - 1862)

Balmy breezes are awakened, They whisper and move day and night, And everywhere creative. O fresh scent, o new sound! Now, poor heart, don't be afraid. Now all, all must change. With each day the world grows fairer, One cannot know what is still to come, The flowering refuses to cease. Even the deepest, most distant valley is in flower. Now, poor heart, forget your torment. Now all, all must change.

Seligkeit by Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty (1748 - 1776)

Joys without number bloom in heaven's hall of angels and transfigured beings, just as our fathers taught us. O, there I would like to be and rejoice forever! Upon everyone dearly smiles a heavenly bride; harp and psalter resound, and everyone dances and sings. O, there I would like to be and rejoice forever! But I'd rather remain here if Laura would smile at me with one glance that said I should end my lamenting. Blissfully then with her, I would stay here forever!

Mit Myrthen und Rosen by Heinrich Heine (1797 - 1856)

With myrtle and roses, lovely and pretty, with fragrant cypresses and gold tinsel, I would decorate this book like a coffin and bury my songs inside it. O if only I could bury my love there as well! On the grave of Love grows the blossom of peace; it blooms and then is plucked, - yet it will bloom for me only when I am myself in the grave. Here now are the songs which, once so wild, like a stream of lava that flowed from Etna, burst from the depths of my heart, and spray glittering sparks everywhere! Now they lie mute and death-like, now they stare coldly, pale as mist, but the old glow will revive them afresh, when the spirit of love someday floats above them. And in my heart the thought grows loud: the spirit of love will someday thaw them; someday this book will arrive in your hands, you, my sweet love in a distant land. Then shall the songs' magic spell be broken, and the white letters shall gaze at you; they'll gaze beseechingly into your lovely eyes, and whisper with sadness and a breath of love.

Aus! Aus! by Gustav Mahler (1860 - 1911)

"Today we march! High-ho, in the green of May! Tomorrow we march To the high gate, To the high gate! Out!" "Have you already gone? Ever, ever! My dearest! Never to come home again? Hey! Hey! My dearest?" "Today we march, High-ho, in the green of May! Oh, you black-brown maids, Our love is not yet over, The love is not over yet, out! Drink a glass of wine To health - yours and mine! Do you see this bunch of flowers on the hat? Now it's called marching well! Take the cloth from the bag, Wash your tears with you! Today we march! High-ho, in the green of May! Tomorrow we march, High-ho, in the green of May! " "I will go into the monastery, Because my treasure leaves! Where are you going, honey? Are you going away today? And never come again? Oh! How sad it is Here in the little town! How soon you forget about me! Me! Poor girl! " "Tomorrow we march, High-ho, in the green of May! Comfort, my dear sweetheart, In May everything blooms! The love is not over yet! Out! Out! Out! Out!"

Wohl denk'ich oft: an adaptation of Italian text by Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475 - 1564)

It is quite often that I think of my past life, The way it was before my love for you; Then no one had paid any attention to me, Each and ever day was lost to me; I thought that I would dedicate my life to song, As well as flee from human throng. Today my name is raised in praise and criticism, And that I exist, - that is known by all.

Alles endet, was entsteht: an adaptation of Italian text by Michelangelo Buonarroti

Everything ends which comes to be. Everything everywhere passes away, for time moves on, and the Sun sees that everything around passes away, Thinking, speaking, pain, and joy; And those who had been our grand children Have vanished as shadows flee the day, As a breath of wind dispels the mist. Yes, we once were people too, Glad and sad, just like you, And now we are here lifeless, Are but earth, as you can see. Everything ends which comes to be. Everything everywhere passes away.

Fühlt meine Seele: an adaptation of Italian text by Michelangelo Buonarroti

Is my soul feeling the longed for light Of God who created it? Is it the gleam Of a different beauty from the valley of misery, reflecting in my heart and evoking memory? Is it a sound, a dream vision, That suddenly fills my eye and heart In incomprehensibly burning pain, That brings me to tears? I do not know. What I long for, the sense of what directs me, Is not within me: Tell me how do I acquire it? To me it reveals only another's grace and love; I have been their captive since I first saw you. I am driven by a yes and a no, a sweet and a bitter - That, mistress, is the doing of your eyes.

Wir wandelten by Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800 - 1875)

We wandered, we two together, I was so quiet and you so still, I would give much to know What you were thinking at that moment. What I was thinking,

unuttered let it remain! Only one thing will I say: So lovely was all that I thought - So heavenly bright was it all. In my head the thoughts Rang like little golden bells: So wondrously sweet and lovely That in the world there is no other sound.

Ist der Himmel darum im Lenz so blau by Richard Volkmann (1830 - 1889)

Is the sky in spring is so blue, because it looks over the flowering earth, or does the earth flower in spring because the rosy sky above becomes blue? Is that why I love you so, my child, because you are so lovely and charming, or are you so lovely, my child, because love has come into your heart?

Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm by Richard Fedor Leopold Dehmel (1863 - 1920)

Give me your golden comb; every morning shall remind you that you kissed my hair. Give me your silken sponge; every night I want to have an idea for whom you prepare yourself in the bath, O Mary! Give me everything you have; my soul is without vanity, I receive your blessing with pride. Give me your heaviest burden: don't you want to lay on my locks your heart, also your heart, Magdalen?

Warum sind deine Augen denn so Naß? by Friedrich Rückert (1788 - 1866)

Why are your eyes so wet? I have looked in my beloved's eyes for long that mine have become overwhelmed. Why are your cheeks so pale? There are the roses that I caused because of longing, which have wandered to her cheek.

Herbstlied by Friedrich von Sallet (1812 - 1843)

Through the forests I wander briskly, When the wind rattles the tree trunks And, with a colourful and merry rustling, Shakes down leaf upon leaf. For on such a walk one can dream so beautifully Of the breath of spring, Of the singing of nightingales And of the young green of the shrubs. Merrily I stride through the meadows, Where withered thistles are nodding; I think of the little roses of May, With their morning-fresh glances. I look so gladly at the sky When it is covered by black clouds; I think of the thousands of dear stars That are hiding behind the clouds.

Mein Herz ist wie die dunkle Nacht by Emanuel von Geibel (1815 - 1884)

My heart is like the dark night, when all the treetops rustle; There rises the moon in full splendour from among clouds softly, and behold, the forest grows silent in deep listening. The moon, the bright moon are you: In your abundance of love cast a glance to me full of heavenly peace, and behold, this unquiet heart becomes still.

Erwartung by Richard Fedor Leopold Dehmel (1863 - 1920)

Out of the sea green pond, near the red villa, under the dead oak, shines the moon. Where her dark image reaches through the water, a man stands and draws a ring from his hand. Three opals glimmer; red and green sparks swim through the pale stones and sink away. And he kisses them, and his eyes glow like the sea green depths: a window opens. Out of the red villa, near the dead oak, the pale hand of a woman beckons to him.

Schliessen mir die Augen beide by Theodor Storm (1817 - 1888)

Close both my eyes with your loving hands! Let all my suffering gain rest beneath your hand. And as gently as wave upon wave of pain lies in sleep, As the last blow (of pain) falls, you fill my whole heart.

Von ewiger Liebe by August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben (1798 - 1874)

Dark, how dark it is in the forest and field! Night has fallen; the world now is silent. Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke. Yes, now even the lark is silent. From yonder village there comes the young lad, Taking his beloved home. He leads her past the willow bushes, Talking so much, and of so many things: "If you suffer shame and if you grieve, If you suffer disgrace before others because of me, Then our love shall be ended ever so fast As fast as we once came together; It shall go with the rain and go with the wind, As fast as we once came together." Then says the maiden, the maiden says: "Our love shall never end! Steel is firm and iron is firm, Yet our love is firmer still. Iron and steel can be recast by the smith But who would transform our love? Iron and steel can melt; Our love, our love will have to last forever!"

Wie Melodien zieht es by Klaus Groth (1819 - 1899)

It moves like a melody, Gently through my mind; It blossoms like spring flowers And wafts away like fragrance. But when it is captured in words, And placed before my eyes, It turns pale like a gray mist And disappears like a breath. And yet, remaining in my rhymes There hides still a fragrance, Which mildly from the quiet bud My moist eyes call forth.

Vergebliches Standchen by Anton Wilhelm Florentin von Zuccalmaglio (1803 - 1869)

He: Good evening, my treasure, good evening, sweet girl! I come from love of you, Ah, open the door, open the door for me! **She:** My door is locked, and I won't let you in: My mother has advised me well! If you came in, It would all be over for me! **He:** The night is so cold, and the wind so icy that my heart will freeze, and my love will be extinguished! Open for me, sweet girl! **She:** If your love starts dying, then let it be extinguished! If it keeps dying, go home to bed, and rest! Good night, my boy!

Biographies

DAVID LUTZ Accompanist

Born in West Reading, PA. Graduated from the *University of Delaware* (*Bachelor of Arts*) and from *Boston University* (*Master of Music*).

From 1978 - 2001 professor at the Conservatory of the City of Vienna (Konservatorium der Stadt Wien) where he held classes in German Art Song and in Vocal Accompanying. Since 1994 Professor for Vocal Accompanying at the University for Music and Applied Arts in Vienna (Universität für Musik und darstellende Kunst Wien). Full professor since 2001; professor emeritus since 2016.

Concert tours as an accompanist for such singers as Lucia Popp, Thomas Hampson, Robert Holl, Hermann Prey, Nicolai Gedda, and others. Concerts in most of the countries of Europe, in the U.S.A., Canada, Israel, Syria, South Korea, Japan and Australia. Master classes in German art song in the United States, Canada, Australia, South Korea, Japan and Europe.

Festivals where he has accompanied include the Salzburg Festival, the Viennese Festival, the Schubertiade in Hohenems/Schwarzenberg, Hermann Prey-Schubertiade in Vienna, Styriarte Festival (Graz, Austria), Fest in Hellbrunn (Salzburg), Festival di Carpi (Italy), Maggio Musicale Fiorentino (Florence), Musica da camera Old Jaffa/Tel Aviv, the Dresden Music Festival, the Savonlinna Opera Festival (Finland), the Aberdeen Youth Music Festival (Scotland), etc.

Recordings for radio and television in Austria, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, England, Italy, Japan, U.S.A., and Canada.

Many recordings on Teldec and Preiser labels with such artists as Thomas Hampson (Mahler Lieder) and Robert Holl (Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Wolf, etc.) to name a few.

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