

# *GALATEA*

directed by  
**Susanne Peck**

***Winter, War and Flowers***  
*Paul Hindemith and his Influential Contemporaries*

**Sunday, June 16, 1996**  
Church of St. Boniface  
190 Duffield Street  
Brooklyn, NY  
3:00 P.M.

**Wednesday, June 19, 1996**  
Church of St. Luke in the Fields  
487 Hudson Street  
Manhattan, NY  
8:00 P.M.

**GALATEA**

**Artistic Director**  
Susanne Peck

**Sopranos**  
Judith Cobb  
Margaret O'Brien  
Lisa Rein  
Jeanette Rodriguez  
Debbie Schaeffner  
Sherry Zukof

**Altos**  
Ann Berkhausen  
Grace Check  
Kate Troast Kurz  
Maura May  
Ellen Schorr

**Tenors**  
Eric S. Brenner  
Charles Carman  
Michael M. Chamberlin  
David J. Deschamps  
Philip Gallo

**Basses**  
Peter Cobb  
Steve Friedman  
Shawn Hall  
Mark Johnson  
Seth S. Katz  
Robb Moss

## GALATEA

### Winter, War and Flowers

#### Six Chansons

Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)

- I. La Biche (The Doe)
- II. Un Cygne (A Swan)
- III. Puisque tout passe (Since all is passing)
- IV. Printemps (Springtime)
- V. En Hiver (In Winter)
- VI. Verger (Orchard)

#### Un Soir de Neige (Night of Snow)

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

- I. De grandes cuillers de neige...  
(As great drifts of snow are blowing...)
- II. La bonne neige... (Lovely snow...)
- III. Bois meurtri... (Wounded woods...)
- IV. La nuit le froid la solitude...  
(Nighttime of chill and desolation...)

#### Trois Chansons

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

1. Nicolette (Nicolet)
2. Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis  
(Three lovely birds from Paradise)
3. Ronde (Roundelay)

~ Intermission ~

#### Pater Noster Ave Maria

Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971)

#### Level az otthoniakhoz (Letter to those at home) Legénycsúfoló (Boys' Teasing Song) Mihálynappi Köszöntő (Greeting for St. Michael's Day)

Béla Bartók (1881-1945)

#### Vor den Türen (At the Doors) (from Drei Männerchöre)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

#### Five Songs on Old Texts

Paul Hindemith

- I. Wahre Liebe (True Love)
- II. Frauenklage (Lady's Lament)
- III. Vom Hausregiment (Of Household Rule)
- V. Art lässt nicht von Art (The Devil a monk would be!)
- IV. Landsknechtstrinkied (Troopers' Drinking Song)

Six Chansons (1936)

I. La Biche

O la Biche,  
quel bel intérieur d'anciennes forêts  
dans tes yeux abonde;  
combien de confiance ronde mêlée  
à combien de peur.  
Tout cela, porté par la vive gracilité  
de tes bonds.  
Mais jamais rien n'arrive  
rien n'arrive à cette impassive ignorance  
de ton front.

II. Un Cygne

Un cygne avance sur l'eau  
tout entouré de lui-même  
comme un glissant tableau.  
Ainsi à certains instants,  
un être que l'on aime  
est tout un espace mouvant.  
Il se rapproche doublé  
comme ce cygne qui nage  
sur notre âme troublée...  
qui à cet être ajoute  
la tremblante image  
de bonheur et de doute

III. Puisque tout passe

Puisque tout passe,  
faisons la mélodie passagère;  
celle qui nous désaltère  
aura de nous raison.  
Chantons ce qui nous quitte  
avec amour et art,  
soyons plus vite  
que le rapide départ.

The Doe

O thou doe,  
what vistas of secular forests appear  
in thine eyes reflected!  
What confidence serene affected by  
transient shades of fear,  
And it all is borne on thy bounding course,  
for so gracile art thou!  
Nor comes aught to astound  
the impassive profound unawareness  
of thy brow.

A Swan

A swan is breasting the flow  
All in himself enfolded  
Like a slow-moving tableau.  
And so, at some time or place,  
A loved one will be molded  
To seem like a migrating space;  
Will near us, floating redoubled  
As a swan on the river.  
Upon our soul so troubled,  
Which swells it by the addition  
Of a wraith aquirer  
With delight and suspicion.

Since all is passing

Since all is passing, retain  
The melodies that wander by us.  
That which assuages when nigh us  
Shall alone remain.  
Let us sing what will leave us  
With our love and art;  
Ere it can grieve us,  
let us the sooner depart.

#### IV. Printemps

O mélodie de la sève  
qui dans les instruments  
de tous ces arbres s'élève,  
accompagne le chant  
de notre voix trop brève.  
C'est pendant quelques mesures seulement  
que nous suivons les multiples figures  
de ton long abandon,  
ô abondante nature.  
Quand il faudra nous taire,  
d'autres continueront...  
Mais à présent comment faire  
pour te rendre mon grand cœur  
complémentaire?

#### V. En Hiver

En hiver, la mort meurtrière  
entre dans les maisons;  
elle cherche la soeur, le père,  
et leur joue du violon.  
Mais quand la terre remue,  
sous la bêche du printemps,  
la mort court dans les rues et salue les passants.

#### VI. Verger

Jamais la terre n'est plus réelle  
que dans tes branches, ô verger blond,  
Ni plus flottante que dans la dentelle  
que font les ombres sur le gazon.  
Là se rencontre ce qui nous reste,  
ce qui pèse et ce qui nourrit,  
avec le passage manifeste  
de la tendresse infinie.  
Mais à ton centre la calme fontaine,  
presque dormant en son ancien rond,  
de ce contraste parle à peine,  
tant en elle il se confond.

Rainer Maria Rilke

#### Springtime

O song that from the sap art pouring  
And through the sounding board  
of all this greenwood art soaring,  
Amplify our brief tone,  
the dying strain restoring.  
'Tis but few measures' duration  
That we share the fantasy,  
The endless variation of thy long ecstasy,  
O nature, fount of creation.  
After our song is ended,  
Others will assume the part,  
But meanwhile how can I tender  
Unto thee all my heart  
in full surrender?

#### In Winter

With the winter, Death, grisly guest  
through the doorway steals in  
both the young and the old to quest  
and he plays them his violin.  
But, when the Spring's spades are beating,  
Then death his way goes fleeting  
Lighly greeting passers-by.

#### Orchard

The earth is nowhere so real a presence  
As mid thy branches, O orchard blond,  
And nowhere so airy as here in the pleasance  
of lacy shadows on grassy pond.  
There we encounter that which we quested,  
That which sustains and nourishes life,  
And with it the passage manifested  
Of sweetest tenderness undying  
But at thy center the spring's limpid waters,  
Almost asleep in the fountain's heart,  
Of this strange contrast scarce have taught us,  
since of them it is so truly part.

Translations by Elaine de Sincay

I. De grandes cuillers de neige...

De grandes cuillers de neige  
Ramassent nos pieds glacés  
Et d'une dure parole  
Nous heurtons l'hiver têtue  
Chaque arbre a sa place en l'air  
Chaque roc son poids sur terre  
Chaque ruisseau son eau vive.  
Nous n'avons pas de feu.

II. La bonne neige...

La bonne neige le noir ciel  
Les branches mortes la détresse  
Honte à la bête pourchassée  
La fuite en flèche dans le coeur.  
Les traces d'une proie atroce  
Hardi au loup et c'est toujours  
Le plus beau loup et c'est toujours  
Le dernier vivant que menace  
La masse absolue de la mort.  
La bonne neige le noir ciel  
Les branches mortes la détresse  
De la forêt pleine de pièges  
Honte à la bête pourchassée  
La fuite en flèche dans le coeur.

III. Bois meurtri...

Bois meurtri bois perdu  
d'un voyage en hiver  
Navire où la neige prend pied  
Bois d'asile bois mort  
où sans espoir je rêve  
De la mer aux miroirs crevés  
Un grand moment d'eau froide a saisi  
les noyés  
La foule de mon corps en souffre  
je m'affaiblis  
je me disperse  
j'avoue ma vie  
j'avoue ma mort  
j'avoue autrui  
Bois meurtri bois perdu  
Bois d'asile bois mort.

IV. La nuit le froid la solitude...

La nuit le froid la solitude  
On m'enferma soigneusement  
Mais les branches cherchaient leur  
voie, dans la prison  
autour de moi l'herbe trouva le ciel  
On verrouilla le ciel  
ma prison s'écroula  
Le froid vivant le froid brûlant  
m'eut bien en main

Paul Eluard

As great drifts of snow are blowing...

As great drifts of snow are blowing.  
Our feet wander through the fields.  
With harsh and bitter lamenting  
Winter holds us in its grasp.  
Each tree has its special place.  
Ev'ry rock knows why it stands there  
Each stream knows where it is flowing  
We are cold and have no fire.

Lovely snow...

Lovely snow through skies of black  
The dying branches cry out in pain  
Here in the forest full of danger.  
Shame to the beasts which are pursuing  
Their flight like arrows pierce the heart.  
The tracks of all their helpless victims  
Excite the wolf.  
The wolf is beautiful and bold  
The wolf is always  
The last alive which is threatened  
by total and absolute death.  
The lovely snow through skies of black  
The dying branches all are crying  
Here in the forest full of danger  
Shame to the beasts which are pursuing  
Their flight like arrows pierce the heart.

Wounded woods...

Wounded woods wasted woods  
on winter's voyage go,  
A ship on which the snow takes hold  
Woods of shelter and death  
Where without hope I'm dreaming  
Of the sea with its broken glass  
One great moment in the water so cold,  
drowning there  
My shaken body cries in suffering  
my heart grows weak  
My strength is shattered  
My life is revealed  
Death is revealed  
The world revealed  
Wounded woods wasted woods  
woods of shelter and death.

Nighttime of chill and desolation...

Nighttime of chill and desolation  
I must be carefully enclosed  
To my prison the branches are seeking their way  
See how the grass is searching for the sky  
If one could bolt the sky,  
There my prison would fade  
Cold so alive cold so intense  
I can never escape.

## Trois Chansons

### I. Nicolette

Nicolette, à la vesprée,  
S'allait promener au pré,  
Cueillir la pâquerette, la jonquille et le muguet.  
Toute sautillante, toute guillerette,  
Lorgnant ci, là, de tous les côtés.

Rencontra vieux loup grognant  
Tout hérissé, l'oeil brillant:  
"Hé là! ma Nicolette,  
viens-tu pas chez Mère-Grand?"  
A perte d'haleine, s'enfuit Nicolette,  
Laissant là cornette et socques blancs.

Recontra page joli,  
Chausses bleues et pourpoint gris:  
"Hé là! ma Nicolette,  
veux-tu pas d'un doux ami?"  
Sage, s'en retourna, pauvre Nicolette,  
tres lentement, le coeur bien marri.

Recontra seigneur chenu,  
Tors, laid, puant et ventru:  
"Hé là! ma Nicolette,  
veux-tu pas tous ces écus?"  
Vite fut en ses bras,  
bonne Nicolette,  
Jamais au pré n'est plus revenue.

### Nicolet

Nicolet, at evening song, went a-roaming  
in the field  
To pick starry white daisies, bright jonquils  
and May lilies.  
Merrily was skipping, listlessly  
was tripping, Ah!  
Glancing here, there, and everywhere.

Growling old wolf came to pass  
Bristling-haired, sparkling-eyed:  
"Stay! Stay! My Nicolet,  
(To Grandmother wilt thou come?)  
Away till quite breathless,  
fled poor Nicolet, Ah!  
Letting fall mobcap and white clog shoes.

Gentle page came then hereby  
with blue hose and doublet grey:  
"Stay! Stay! Sweet Nicolet,  
Wilt thou have a lover true?"  
Wise, from him turned away.  
Ah! poor Nicolet, reluctantly, oh!  
so sore at heart.

Last met she grey-haired lord,  
Ugly, wry, vile, corpulent:  
"Stay! Stay! my Nicolet  
all this gold I give to thee?"  
Swiftly ran in his arms,  
our good Nicolet  
Back to the field no more has she come.

## II. Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis

Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis,  
(mon ami z-il est à la guerre)  
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis  
Ont passé par ici.

Le premier était plus bleu que ciel,  
(mon ami z-il est à la guerre)  
Le second était couleur de neige,  
Le troisième rouge vermeil.

"Beaux oiselets du Paradis,  
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)  
Beaux oiselets du Paradis,  
qu'apportez par ici?"

"J'apporte un regard couleur d'azur.  
(Ton ami z-il est à la guerre)"  
"Et moi, sur beau front couleur de neige,  
un baiser dois mettre, encor plus pur."

"Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,  
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)  
Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,  
que portez-vous ainsi?"

"Un joli coeur tout cramoisi  
(Ton ami z-il est à la guerre)"  
"Ah! je sens mon coeur qui froidit...  
Emportez-le aussi."

## Three lovely birds from Paradise

Three lovely birds from Paradise,  
(My belov'd is to the fighting gone)  
Three lovely birds from Paradise  
Have flown along this way.

The first was bluer than Heaven's blue,  
(My belov'd is to the fighting gone).  
The second white as fallen snow,  
The third was wrapped in bright red glow.

"Ye lovely birds from Paradise  
(My belov'd is to the fighting gone)  
Ye lovely birds from Paradise,  
What bring ye then this way?"

"I bring to thee a glance of azur  
(Thy belov'd is to the fighting gone)"  
"And I on fairest snow white brow,  
A fond kiss' must leave, yet purer still."

"Thou bright-red bird from Paradise,  
(My belov'd is to the fighting gone)  
Thou bright-red bird from Paradise,  
What bringest thou to me?"

"A faithful heart all crimson red  
(Thy belov'd is to the fighting gone)"  
"Ah! I feel my heart growing cold...  
Take it also with thee."



### III. Ronde

#### (Les Vieilles)

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde  
Jeunes filles  
N'allez pas au bois:  
Il y a plein de satyres,  
de centaures, de malins sorciers,  
Des farfadets et des incubes,  
Des ogres, des lutins,  
Des faunes, des follets, des lamies,  
Diables, diabolots, diabolins,  
Des chèvre-pieds, des gnomes, des démons,  
Des loups-garous, des elfes, des myrmidons,  
Des enchanteurs et des mages,  
des stryges, des sylphes,  
des moines-bourrus, des cyclopes,  
des djinns, gobelins  
korrigans, nécromans, kobolds...  
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde.

#### (Les Vieux)

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,  
Jeunes garçons,  
N'allez pas au bois:  
Il y a plein de faunesses  
de bacchantes et de males fées,  
Des satyresses, des ogresses,  
Et des babaïagas,  
Des centaures et des diablesse,  
Goules sortant du sabbat,  
Des farfadettes et des démons,  
Des larves, des nymphes, des myrmidones,  
Hamadryades, dryades, naiades,  
ménades, thyades,  
follettes, lémuures, gnomides,  
succubes, gorgones,  
gobelins...Ahl.  
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde.

### Roundelay

#### (Old Women)

Go not to the woods of Ormond,  
Maidens beware,  
Go not to the woods:  
They are full of grim satyres,  
and of centaurs, of cunning wizards,  
Of hobgoblins and of incubus,  
Imps and ogres there hide,  
Will o'the wisps and fauns, roguish lamies,  
Flying devils, devilkins  
Goat-footed folk and gnomes and demons,  
full of werewolves, elves, tiny myrmidons  
Of enchanters and of magicians,  
stryges and of sylphs, full of  
outcast monks, of cyclops  
and of djinns, goblins,  
korrigans, necromancers,  
kobolds...  
Go not to the woods of Ormond.

#### (Old Men)

Go not to the woods of Ormond,  
Young lads beware,  
Go not to the woods:  
They are hiding host of fauns,  
and of bacchantes and of fairy folks,  
Of satyresses and ogresses,  
and of babaïagas,  
Of centaures and of she-devils,  
Witches out from their sabbath,  
of she-hobgoblins, of female demons,  
Of larves and of nymphs, tiny myrmidons,  
Of hamadryads and dryads, of naiads,  
menades, thyades,  
will o'wisps, of lemurs, female gnomes,  
succubus, of gorgons and  
she-goblins...  
Go not to the woods of Ormond.

(Les Filles)

N'irons plus au bois d'Ormonde  
Il n'y a plus de satyres,  
Plus de farfadets, plus d'incubes,  
Plus d'ogres, de lutins,  
De faunes, de follets, de lamies  
Diables, diablots, diabolins,  
De chèvre-pieds, de gnomes,  
de démons  
De loups-garous ni d'elfes, de myrmidons,  
Plus d'enchanteurs ni de mages, de stryges,  
de sylphes, de moines-bourrus,  
de cyclopes, de djinns,  
de diabloleaux, d'éfrits, d'aegyptans, de sylvains,  
gobelins, korrigans, necromans,  
kobolds...  
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormandé,  
Les malavisé's vieilles,  
Les malavisé's vieux  
les ont effarouchés.

(Les Garçons)

Hélas! plus jamais n'irons au bois.  
plus de nymphes,  
ni de males fées.  
Plus d'ogresses, non.  
De satyresses, non.  
Plus de faunes's non.  
De centaures's, de naïad's, de thyad's,  
Ni de ménad's, d'hamadryades,  
dryades, follettes, lémures,  
gnomides, succubes,  
gorgones, gobelins.  
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormande,  
Les malavisé's vieilles,  
Les malavisé's vieux  
les ont effarouchés.

Maurice Ravel

(Maids)

We shall no more to the woods go,  
There are no more grim satyres,  
Gone the hobgoblins and incubus,  
Or ogres, no more imps, no.  
Fauns or will o' the wisps,  
no more furies,  
Flying devils, devillkins,  
Goat-footed folk, no more gnomes  
or demons,  
No more werewolves, elves, imps or myrmidons.  
No enchanters, or magicians, or stryges,  
no more sylphs or of outcast monks,  
no more cyclops or djinns,  
little devils, efrits, aegyptans, or sylphans,  
goblins, korrigans, necromancers,  
kobolds...  
Go not to the woods of Ormond,  
Ill-advised old women,  
Ill-advised old men  
frightened them all away.

(Lads)

Alas, never more shall we go there.  
...and no more nymphs,  
Fairy folk have fled.  
No more ogresses, no.  
no satyresses, no.  
No more fauns, no.  
No more centaurs or naiads or thyads,  
no more menads or hamadryads,  
dryads, will o' the wisps, lemurs,  
she-gnomes, succubus, no more  
gorgonas, female goblins  
Go not to the woods of Ormond,  
Ill-advised old women,  
Ill-advised old men  
frightened them all away.

Translations by  
Mme. Swayne Saint René Taillandier

**Отче Нашъ (1926)**

Отче нашъ, Иже еси на небесехъ!  
да святится имя Твое; да придетъ  
Царствіе Твое, да будетъ воля Твоя,  
яко на небеси, и на земли. Хлебъ нашъ  
насущный даждь намъ днесь, и остави  
намъ долги наша, якоже и мы оставляемъ  
должникомъ нашимъ, и не введи насъ во  
искушеніе, но избави насъ отъ лукаваго.

**Богородице Дево (1934)**

Богородице Дево, радуйся, Благодатная Маріа,  
Господь съ Тобою. Благословенна Ты  
въ женахъ и благословенъ плодъ чрева Твоего,  
яко Спаса родила еси душъ нашихъ.

**Pater Noster**

Pater noster qui es in coelis,  
sanctificetur nomen tuum:  
adveniat regnum tuum: fiat voluntas tua,  
sicut in coelo et in terra:  
panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie:  
et dimitte nobis debita nostra,  
sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nos tris:  
et ne nos inducās in tentationem:  
sed libera nos a malo.

**Ave Maria**

Ave Maria, gratia plena,  
Dominus tecum:  
benedicta tu in mulieribus,  
et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus.  
Sancta Maria, mater Dei,  
ora pro nobis peccatoribus,  
nunc et in hora mortis nostrae.

#### Level az otthoniakhoz

Áldást békességet kívánok házamnak,  
Kívánok házamnak, apámnak anyámnak,  
Emlékezetben hogy engemet tartsanak!

Mikor elhagytam a szüleik házat,  
Híres kis falumat, szép magyar hazámat,  
Akkor szállt szívemre, igen nagy búbánat.

Kívánom az Isten áldja meg kendteket,  
Szerencsétlenség től ójja mindenteket  
Szíveteket soha sohasem bánatba ne ejtse  
Nemzetemet soha semmi baj,  
Ne is érje soha semmi baj!

#### Legénysóúfoló

Hej, a leány drága  
Száz forint az ára  
Ej haj, ej haj,  
Száz forint az ára.

De a legény olcsó,  
Három marék ocsú,  
Az se búza-ocsú,  
Hanem csak zab-ocsú.

#### Mihálynappi Köszönte

Serkenj fel lantos,  
Pendítsd citerádat,  
Indítsd ékesen  
Viságos nótádat  
Mert ime felderült,  
Búbánat elkerült,  
Szent Mihály napra.

Íme ezekkel  
Mi is jelen vagyunk.  
Tisztelegtenni  
Már előállítottunk,  
Nem keserűséggel.  
Hanem víg örömmel  
Azért így szólunk:

Áldd meg, Uristen,  
E háznak gazdáját,  
Segítsd mindenben  
Ő igaz szándékát  
A magos mennyben,  
Mennyek országában  
Örökké, ámen!

#### Letter to those at home

I wish for my home blessing and peace,  
For my home, father and mother,  
May they keep me in their hearts.

When I left my birthplace,  
My famous village, my beautiful country  
A great sadness descended on my heart.

God bless all of you  
And save you from harm.  
May your hearts never be sad,  
My nation know no disaster.

#### Boys' Teasing Song

Hey, girls are expensive,  
They cost 100 Forints  
Hey-ho, Hey-ho  
100 Forints.

But the boys are cheap,  
Three handfuls of wheat-dust.  
Not even wheat-dust,  
Only oats-dust.

#### Greeting for St. Michael's Day

Strum on, flute player,  
Begin your happy song,  
Because St. Michael's Day  
Has begun, and all our sadness has gone.

With these words  
We too are here  
We pay homage  
Without sadness  
With happiness, we say:

May our God bless this host,  
Help him in all things  
In his noble purposes  
Raise him to high heaven  
For ever and ever. Amen.

Von den Türen (1935)  
(from Drei Männerchöre)

Ich habe geklopft an des Reichtums Haus;  
man reicht mir 'nen Pfennig zum Fenster heraus.  
Ich habe geklopft an der Liebe Tür;  
da standen schon fünfzehn andre dafür.  
Ich klopfte leis' an der Ehre Schloss;  
hier tut man nur auf dem Ritter zu Ross.  
Ich habe gesucht der Arbeit Dach;  
da hört ich drinnen nur Weh und Ach!  
Ich suchte das Haus der Zufriedenheit;  
es kannt' es niemand weit und breit.  
Nun weiss ich noch ein Häuslein still,  
wo ich zuletzt, anklopfen will.  
Zwar wohnt darin schon mancher Gast,  
doch ist für Viele im Grab noch Rast.

Friedrich Rückert

At the Doors

I knocked on the door of the house of wealth;  
I was handed a penny through a window.  
I knocked on the door of Love;  
fifteen others were already waiting.  
I knocked quietly at the castle of honor,  
it is only opened for the knight on horseback.  
I looked for the workhouse;  
from inside I heard only sighs and wails.  
I looked for the house of contentment;  
but nobody knew it, near or far.  
But I know yet a little house, a quiet house  
where I'll knock last.  
True, innumerable guests live there already,  
but in the grave there is rest yet for many.

## Five Songs On Old Texts (1936)

### I. Wahre Liebe

Tristan musste ohne Dank  
Treue wahr'n der Königin,  
Tristan, weil das Gift ihn dazu zwang,  
mehr als reiner Minne Sinn.  
Des sollst du mir, Gute, Dank wissen,  
dass ich niemals trank solchen Wein  
und bin dir treu mehr als er,  
wenn das mag sein,

Wunderfeine, Reine,  
Wunderfeine, Hold und Reinel  
Lass mich bleiben dein,  
und du bleibe mein!

Heinrich von Veldeke

### II. Frauenklage

Nun heissen sie mich meiden  
einen Ritter, den ich mag.  
Wenn trauernd ich dran denke,  
wie ich so traulich lag  
in seinem Armgelenke,  
ich mich darob sehr kranke.  
Von ihm unsanft zu scheiden,  
dies Scheiden bricht mir das Herz.

Burggraf zu Regensburg

### III. Vom Hausregiment

Es ist gewiss ein frommer Mann,  
der sich um ein Weib nimmet an.  
Es ist gewiss ein frommes Weib,  
wo sie bei einem Manne bleib.

Ein Ehemann soll geduldig sein,  
sein Weib nicht halten wie ein Schwein  
Ein Hausfrau soll vernünftig sein,  
des Mannes Weise lernen fein.

Da wird Gott Gnade geben zu,  
dass ihn die Eh' gar sanfte tu,  
und wird dem Teufel wehren wohl,  
dass er sein List nicht enden soll.

Martin Luther

### True Love

Tristan must without requite  
Love the Queen in constancy,  
Tristan, forced by love-draft's poisoned might,  
More than honest gallantry.  
Then must thou my love requite,  
No wine hath driveth me,  
Yet true faith to thee I plight,  
More than he

Wondrous fair one, rare one,  
Pure and rare one!  
Let me e'er be thine,  
Be thou mine!

English version by Arthur Mendel

### Lady's Lament

They say I must be parted  
From the knight who is my joy.  
When sadly now I mind me,  
How I so trusting lay  
The while his arms entwined me,  
With tears my grief doth blind me.  
From him to part unsoftly,  
Such parting doth break my heart.

English version by W. Strunk, Jr.

### Of Household Rule

A man he is of pious life,  
Who unto himself takes a wife.  
A wife she is of pious ways,  
Who to her husband faithful stays.

A husband still must patient be,  
Nor treat his helpmate swinishly.  
A housewife needs the wit to know  
The way her husband wants to go.

Then will God grant them from on high,  
That on them wedlock gently lie,  
And will the devil so restrain,  
That all his wiles will be in vain.

English version by W. Strunk, Jr.

#### V. Art lässt nicht von Art

Ein Wolf, den Sündenangst bewog,  
zurück sich in ein Kloster zog.  
Ihm dünkt ein geistlich Leben gut.  
Da ändert' er sein Wesen  
Er biss die Schaf' und Schweine tot  
und sprach,  
des Pfaffen Hund sei es gewesen.

Spervogel

#### IV. Landsknechtstrinklied

Tummel dich, tummel dich, guts Weinlein.  
Frisch auf, gut Gsell, lass rummer gahn,  
das Gläslein soll nicht stille stahn.  
Tummel dich, guts Weinlein  
Er setzt das Gläslein an den Münd,  
Er trunk's heraus bis auf den Grund.  
Tummel dich, guts Weinlein.  
Er hat sein Sachen recht getan,  
Das Gläslein soll herummer gahn.  
Tummel dich, guts Weinlein.

Anonymous

#### The Devil a monk would be!

A wolf, by conscience pangs distressed,  
From sin in cloister sought to rest;  
He liked monastic life right well.  
To change he was quite willing.  
He bit the sheep and swine to death  
and said,  
The parson's dog had done the killing.

English version by W. Strunk, Jr.

#### Troopers' Drinking Song

Move along, move along, more wine herel  
Pass round, good wine, we'll drink our fill.  
The wine must not be standing still.  
Move along, more wine herel  
He lifts his glass and does not stop,  
Until he's tossed off every drop.  
Move along, more wine herel  
He's done his duty with a will.  
Pass round, good wine, we'll drink our fill.  
Move along, more wine herel

English version by W. Strunk, Jr.

### Notes on the Program

The political upheavals of the twentieth century have greatly affected the careers of a number of important European composers, very much to the enrichment of musical life in the United States. Like his illustrious contemporaries Stravinsky and Schoenberg, Paul Hindemith (1895-1963) spent a significant period of time in this country. The Six Chansons on texts by Rainer Maria Rilke date from the beginning of this period, and the obvious internationalism of the project (a German composer in America setting a German mystical writer's subtle nature-poems written in French) already suggests why he was driven by the Nazi government into exile. In their gentle and moving expressiveness the songs reflect Hindemith's radical streamlining of his musical language: though he had first come to attention with a number of rebellious expressionist scores, his concern with the growing gap between composers and the broader musical public led to his definitive rejection of atonality and "emancipated" dissonance. The Six Chansons were among his first compositions following the publication of Unterweisung im Tonsatz. In this treatise he established the theoretical basis for the expanded tonality he was to employ for the rest of his life, transcending the traditional major-minor polarity but maintaining a vital link with tradition by a careful observance of gradations of tension and release.

If nature is, in the Rilke poems set by Hindemith, an intimation of divine transcendence, in the four winter-related poems by the French surrealist poet Paul Eluard set to music by Francis Poulenc (1899-1963) as the "chamber cantata" Un Soir de Neige it is rather a metaphor for human anguish and despair (it is hardly accidental that these pieces date from the German occupation of France). In these songs, too, we have a case of remarkable about-face in musical attitude over the course of a lengthy career. Poulenc's youthful compositions are marked by his association with Jean Cocteau and "Les Six", and are marked by musical ideal of sophisticated, irreverent entertainment open to popular influences such as music-hall, the circus, and jazz. In his maturity, however, he gave freer reign to his more sombre side, devoting much of his later life to the composition of sacred music. Though all four of these pieces are setting in a free-floating tonality with rich sonorities, the first three may be described very loosely as being in minor, while the last, with its expressed hope for deliverance, is in equally free major.

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937) is known above all for his brilliant orchestral writing and his extensive body of pieces for piano, on which he was a performer of the first order. His slender output of choral works, on the other hand, deserves to be better known, as they evince consummate mastery in writing for vocal ensemble. The Trois Chansons (on Ravel's own texts) exist in two different versions, the original one for mixed chorus and a transcription for solo voice and piano--a natural enough arrangement given the more or less consistent predominance of the texture by the soprano cantilena. Both versions date from 1915, shortly before Ravel began military service in World War I, though the vague allusions to the sadness of war in the



The Pater Noster (1926) and Ave Maria (1934) of Igor Stravinsky (1885-1971) are both products of that lengthy portion of his compositional career during which (at risk of generalizing overmuch) the composer deliberately abandoned both the colorful folklorist character of his early popular ballets such as Petrouchka and the astringent expressionist style which succeeded (The Rite of Spring, Three pieces for String Quartet) for a more "objective" style drawing on various historical models ranging from medieval polyphony through Tchaikovsky.

The deep inspiration drawn by Béla Bartók (1881-1945) from the folk-music culture of Hungary is well known. In 1928, during a visit to America, he gave a lecture entitled "The Folksongs of Hungary" in which he described his first efforts at collecting, transcribing and recording the songs of the Hungarian peasantry, efforts which revealed "rich and hitherto entirely unknown material... Those days which I spent in the villages among the peasants were the happiest days of my life." Alongside a large number of arrangements of actual folk-songs, Bartók also composed a number of original works directly modeled on their character. The three Bartók pieces heard on this program, all from 1935, are drawn from a large collection of simple two and three-part choruses for children's or female choir and school orchestra (which, if present, merely doubled the vocal parts, and, if absent, yielded straight a-cappella settings). The twenty-seven choruses in this collection were written to provide material for the burgeoning choral movement in Hungary spearheaded by Bartók's lifelong colleague and friend Zoltan Kodaly, and form a marked contrast to the strikingly innovative instrumental works he produced during the same period.

The Drei Männerchöre of Richard Strauss (1864-1949), written in 1935 and dedicated to the Men's Choral Association of Cologne, date from that curious twilight period of Strauss's career, when he had long outlived the outstanding fame of what made his international reputation, his early orchestral "tone-poems" of the 1880s and '90s and the series of highly successful operas early in the twentieth century. The choruses thus belong to a venerable German tradition of bürgische music-making, and even the choice of poet (Friedrich Rückert, beloved of Schubert, Schumann and Mahler) seems nostalgic. As is the case with all of his late works, the choruses are firmly tonal, a surprising closure for a career marked by the dense, dissonant chromaticism of an opera like Elektra.

The program closes as it opened, with choral works by Paul Hindemith, the Five Songs on Old Texts, all for five-part mixed chorus. Here the composer enters into the spirit, rather than (through a condescending imitation of traditional folk-songs) the letter of the medieval German texts. The music, in keeping with the poems, spans a wide emotional range, from the touchingly naive to the slyly humorous. On listening to these songs it seems unbelievable that Hindemith was condemned by the Third Reich for being insufficiently German. On the contrary, he represents a skillful blend of the finest and most humane elements within both the popular and the cultivated traditions of German music.

Jesse Rosenberg

GALATEA is a new ensemble of some of New York City's finest amateur and semi-professional choral singers. Director Susanne Peck is dedicated to the pursuit of beauty in vocal lyricism, balance of timbre and texture, and to the awesome, dramatic journey into the interpretation of music. Ms. Peck brings with her a solid technical understanding of singing and years of solo and ensemble performance in repertoire ranging from Medieval to contemporary. Having made its debut earlier this spring, Galatea is a work in progress, still unfolding its identity and direction. Currently, the group is drawn to a *cappella* composition from the Romantic period to the present.

Soprano SUSANNE PECK, highly acclaimed as a soloist, chamber singer and voice teacher in the New York area as well as throughout much of this country and abroad, has now stepped onto the conductor's podium.

Ms. Peck founded the vocal chamber ensemble Charis in Westchester County, New York, in 1993. This group has been engaged by the chamber orchestra Philharmonia Virtuosi and appears regularly in Dobbs Ferry, Mt. Kisco and Somers, New York. Charis was featured in the spring of 1995 in the Soclair Music Festival in New Jersey and spent a week on tour in Italy last summer.

Ms. Peck was chosen in the summers of 1994 and 1995 to participate in Chorus America's conducting workshop at Saranac Lake, where she studied with Margaret Hillis, Gregg Smith and Dennis Keene, among others. She has been assistant to Dennis Keene, director of Ascension Music at Church of the Ascension, and to Kyler Brown at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, home of the Virgin Consort, in New York City. Ms. Peck also assists Johannes Somary in his direction of the Taconic Chorale in Peekskill, New York.

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