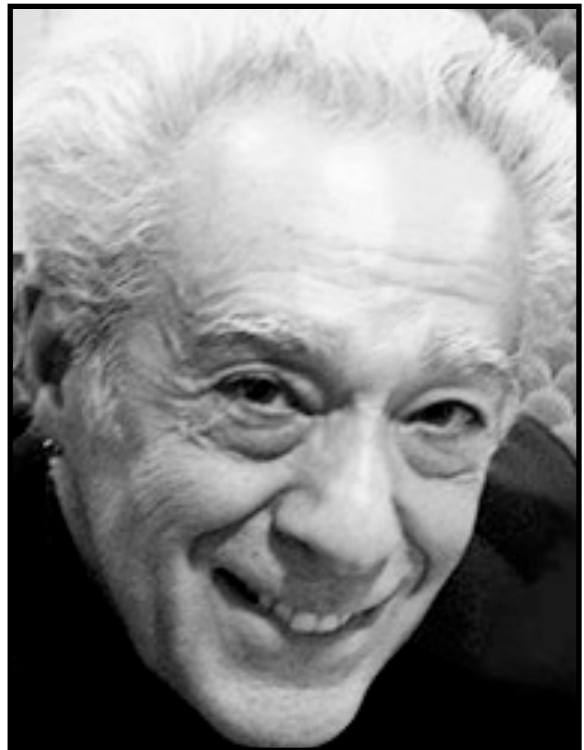


LIEDER ALIVE!

SPRING LIEDERABEND SERIES 2012



Kindra Scharich, mezzo-soprano

John Boyajy, piano

The Music Salon at *Salle Pianos*

Saturday, May 19, 2012 at 7:30 p.m.

LIEDER ALIVE!

MASTER WORKSHOP AND CONCERT SERIES

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An accomplished musician, **mezzo-soprano KINDRA SCHARICH**, has been praised for her rich, lyric voice and agile, expressive acting. Kindra sings in a broad range of styles, and is equally at home on the operatic or concert stage. Past season operatic engagements include Countess Lydia in Opera San Jose's west coast premiere of David Carlson's *Anna Karenina*, Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* with Opera San Luis Obispo and LA Opera's *Saturday mornings at the Opera* series. Further highlights include Handel's *Messiah* with the Napa Valley Symphony, conducted by Ragnar Bolin, and a spring recital presented by Lieder Alive! in San Francisco.

She has also sung Purcell's *Dido* with San Francisco Urban Opera, *Suzuki* with Westbay Opera, *Cenerentola* with San Francisco's Pocket Opera and *Cherubino* with Mission City Opera. As a dedicated recitalist, her season also comprised of a guest artist

recital presented by the American Composers Forum in Los Angeles, as well as a Schumann and Brahms *Liederabend* and a Mahler and Wolf sesquicentennial celebration, presented by Lieder Alive!

Enthusiastic about working with living composers, Kindra is currently collaborating with California-based composer Janis Mattox on a Spanish chamber opera, underwritten by the Guggenheim Foundation and based on a Bolivian legend.

Kindra studied voice and piano at University of Michigan and Eastman School of Music, and completed her post-graduate degree at San Francisco Conservatory of Music. Her longtime voice teacher is Jane Randolph, and she currently coaches and collaborates with pianist John Parr.

Pianist JOHN BOYAJY received Bachelor's and Master's degrees from the Juilliard School of Music. His most influential teachers were Rosina Lhévinne, Mieczylaw Münz and Herbert Stessin.

He has appeared at Avery Fisher Hall in Lincoln Center; on the Concerts Grand and Dance Palace piano series in Marin County; and on the Old First Concerts series in San Francisco. Mr. Boyajy has performed the Beethoven Fourth Piano Concerto and Choral Fantasy with the Bay Area Classical Harmonies ("B.A.C.H.") orchestra and chorus, and will be playing the Schumann Piano Concerto with B.A.C.H. in Mill Valley and San Francisco this coming June.

In addition to his public appearances, Mr. Boyajy performs extensively at private homes, and has co-produced and performed in many fund-raisers throughout the Bay Area. He has often been tapped as a judge in competitions, including the United States Open Music Competition, the Etude Competition and the Pacific Musical Society Competition. John has extensive experience as a collaborative pianist and vocal coach, and is a member of the music ministry team at All Saints Lutheran Church in Novato. He teaches piano and works with vocalists at his San Marin studio.



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ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810–1856)

From: *Liederkreis* Op. 39 (Joseph von Eichendorff)

In der Fremde I

Intermezzo

Die Stille

Mondnacht

In der Fremde II

Wehmut

Zwielicht

Frühlingsnacht

INTERMISSION

JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833–1897)

Immer leise wird mein Schummer (Hermann von Lingg)

Auf dem Kirchhofe (Detlev von Lilliencron)

Die Mainacht (Ludwig Hölty)

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht (Heinrich Heine)

Heimweh II. O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück (Klaus Groth)

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864–1949)

From: **Acht gedichte aus *Letzte Blätte*** Op.10 (Hermann von Gilm)

Die Nacht

Allerseelen

Zueignung

MAXINE BERNSTEIN, director

LiederAlive.org

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PROGRAM NOTES

Robert Schumann *Liederkreis* Op. 39

Eight selections from the twelve-song cycle, set to poetry from **Joseph von Eichendorff's** *Intermezzo*



Born in Zwickau in modern southeastern Germany, **Robert Schumann** (1810-1856), was pushed by his father to study law, but abandoned a lawyer's life to pursue a creative career as a composer, pianist and music critic. Schumann's earliest compositions were piano pieces that sought to incorporate literary ideas into the musical construction. As early as 1831 his writings show a split personality with two distinct and self-nominated dueling halves: Florestan, the representation of the active and passionate, and Eusebius, who was dreamy and contemplative.

Schumann fell in love with Clara Wieck, the pianist prodigy daughter of his piano teacher Friedrich Wieck. Wieck objected to Schumann as a potential son-in-law, and this dilemma coupled with the profound joy of this great love led Schumann to turn to poetry and song in the extraordinary "song-year" of 1840. During this momentous year, Schumann wrote over a third of all the songs he wrote in his lifetime, including our featured song cycle—*Liederkreis Op. 39*. Alternating joy and pain, reflecting Schumann's soul in that troubled year of 1840, and yet unified by a certain all-embracing mood and atmosphere, this cycle does not however suggest a continuous story and therefore lends itself well to being excerpted.

Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff (1788-1857) was born to an aristocratic family in Upper Silesia. Like Schumann, he also studied law early in life in his native Germany, and then proceeded to Vienna where he made the acquaintance of several leading poets who inspired him to become one of the most important German Romantics. His works have sustained high popularity in Germany from conception to the present day. His guiding poetic theme was comparing the essence of human experience with the beauties and changing moods of nature, and in blending this theme with the soul of Biedermeier Germany. The lyricism of Eichendorff's poetry is well suited to being set to music, his poems having been embraced by many other composers including Schubert, Brahms, Hugo Wolf and Richard Strauss.



Opening with the melancholy **In der Fremde I** the cycle establishes an atmosphere of uneasiness and troubled past reflections. The second song, **Intermezzo**, dispels the sadness with an outpouring that clearly embodies Schumann's yearning for Clara ("Sing it as if it were a love letter" advised Lotte Lehmann!) In **Die Stille**, Schumann omits one of Eichendorff's four verses seemingly in the interest of creating a compact reverie that leads naturally into **Mondnacht**, one of his greatest songs. The poetic image of the embracing earth and sky in the moonlit night is matched in music of timeless serenity. **In der Fremde II** dances mysteriously to its almost surprisingly tragic ending. The next two songs, **Wehmut** and **Zwielicht** reveal Schumann's underlying pain, beneath his joy of having found true love. The melancholy feelings of the first are intensified by the rich piano writing, while the second, with its eerie chromaticism, supports the poet's distrustful, even cynical message. The ecstatic tone of **Frühlingsnacht**, with its triumphantly emphatic piano postlude, suggests that all the troubling visions have at least for the moment disappeared, and the composer can at last abandon himself to as happy a state as his own nature will allow.

LIEDER ALIVE!

MASTER WORKSHOP AND CONCERT SERIES

Johannes Brahms Selected Lieder

For **Johannes Brahms** (1833-1897), the German composer and virtuoso pianist and one of the leading musicians of the Romantic period, composing lieder was anything but a sideline. Born in Hamburg, he spent much of his professional life in Vienna, Austria. As well as his illustrious symphonic, choral, chamber and piano works, he published more than two hundred solo songs with piano accompaniment, not to mention numerous vocal duets, quartets and folksong arrangements.

Brahms' lieder act as a constant counterweight to his instrumental music and serve as a model for the songlike character of many of his slow movements. This is evident in the close resemblance

between the cello's theme in the Andante of Brahms' Piano Concerto No 2 Op. 83 and the masterfully simple melody of **Immer leise wird mein Schlummer**, imbuing Hermann von Lingg's (1820-1905) poem with wondrous new heights.



The powerful **Auf dem Kirchhofe**, set to poetry of Detlev von Liliencron (1844-1909), has almost operatic overtones. It contrasts recitative and aria elements in a way that is unusually explicit for its late date—about 1888—the latter actually derived from a chorale from the Bach St Matthew's Passion.



In the justly famous **Die Mainacht** Ludwig Höly's (1748-1776) sweetness, truth of sentiment and musical purity of form seemed able to inspire one of Brahms's finest vocal melodies.



In the almost nostalgic ode to death, **Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht**, Brahms' setting follows every nuance of Heinrich Heine's (1797-1856) verses, culminating in a palpable nobility of spirit.



Heimweh II. O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück. In Klaus Groth's (1819-1899) nostalgic poem, spun through this lilting melody, homesickness is expressed as a tender yearning to return to the simpler golden days of childhood.



LIEDER ALIVE!

MASTER WORKSHOP AND CONCERT SERIES

Richard Strauss, Selected Lieder from Opus 10



One of Germany's long line of musical giants, **Richard Strauss** (1864-1949) brought to a culmination the development of the nineteenth-century symphonic poem, and was a leading composer of romantic opera in the early twentieth century. Like his friend and contemporary, Gustav Mahler, he was equally renowned and influential as a conductor. Strongly influenced by Richard Wagner, he became famous for operas that at the time were considered quite daring. They provide superb singing roles, particularly for women's voices of which, through his inspiration from and marriage to renowned German soprano, Pauline de Ahna, he had a profound understanding.



All his life **Richard Strauss** produced Lieder, again with abundant inspiration from his wife. Much revered by both audiences and performers, he wrote over two hundred songs, publishing them in groups. The first of these to appear in print, composed when Strauss was barely twenty-one years old, were the Opus 10 of 1885, **Acht Gedichte aus *Letzte Blätter***. In this remarkable octet of songs, drawn from the *Last Pages* of the

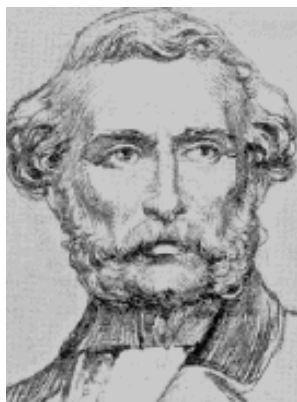
Innsbruck poet **Hermann von Gilm** (1812–1864), an Austrian civil servant who wrote poetry in secret, are three of the composer's best-loved songs: **Die Nacht**, **Allerseelen** and **Zueignung**.

Die Nacht (Opus 10. no. 3), though set to an almost stereotypical German romantic poem, became a supreme example of Strauss' art. Encapsulating his fondness for night and the woods, it is a song of trembling and yearning, tinged with fear that the night, which takes away the shapes of daylight objects, will somehow also steal the beloved. Through the opening powerful yet gentle rhythmic beat, Strauss manages to convey the manner in which the all-embracing power of night steals mercilessly over everything.

Allerseelen (Opus 10. no. 8) takes its inspiration from von Gilm's ode to All Soul's Day—November 2nd. The song that transpired, passionately embracing this celebration of the faithful departed, brings memories of a treasured maytime love affair to the fore. The net result is somehow redolent of the dark crimson wallpaper, heavy curtains, chenille tablecloths amid the peaceful silence of that age.

The voluptuously melodic dedication, **Zueignung** (Opus 10. no. 1) remains rightly the virtual signature song of all Strauss Lieder, and it was providentially the first of his published songs.

Program notes compiled by Kristen Brown and Maxine Bernstein.



LIEDER ALIVE!

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810-1856)

Liederkreis Op. 39 (excerpts)

Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

In der Fremde No. 1

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig
Hab ich im Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder Stund.

Mein Herz still in sich singet
Ein altes schönes Lied,
Das in die Luft sich schwinget
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

Die Stille

Es weiss und rät es doch keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!
Ach, wüsst es nur einer, nur einer,
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen soll.

So still ist's nicht draussen im Schnee,
So stumm und verschwiegen sind
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh,
Als meine Gedanken sind.

Ich wünscht, ich wär ein Vöglein
Und zöge über das Meer,
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,
Bis dass ich im Himmel wär!

In a Distant Land No. 1

From my homeland beyond the red flashes,
That's where the clouds come from,
But my father and mother are long dead,
And no one knows me there now.

How soon, oh, how soon the quiet time will come,
Then I will rest, too, and over me
Will murmur the lovely forest solitude,
And no one here will know me either.

Intermezzo

Your wondrous lovely image
I keep in the depths of my heart,
It gazes so fresh and cheerfully
At me always.

My heart sings to itself quietly
A familiar fair song,
That rises into the air
And flies quickly to you.

Silence

No one knows or can guess
How good I feel, how good!
Oh, if only one knew it, just one,
No other person need know.

It's not so quiet outside in the snow,
Nor so silent and secret
Are the stars in the sky
As my thoughts are.

I wish I were a little bird
And could fly over the sea
Right over the sea and further
Until I was in heaven!

Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt der Himmel
Die Erde still geküsst,
Dass sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nun träumen müsst.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

In der Fremde No 8

Ich hör' die Bächlein rauschen
Im Walde her und hin.
Im Walde, in dem Rauschen,
Ich weiß nicht, wo ich bin.

Die Nachtigallen schlagen
Hier in der Einsamkeit,
Als wollten sie was sagen
Von der alten, schönen Zeit.

Die Mondesschimmer fliegen,
Als säh ich unter mir
Das Schloß im Tale liegen,
Und ist doch so weit von hier!

Als müßte in dem Garten,
Voll Rosen weiß und rot,
Meine Liebste auf mich warten,
Und ist doch so lange tot.

Wehmut

Ich kann wohl manchmal singen,
Als ob ich fröhlich sei,
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,
Da wird das Herz mir frei.

Es lassen Nachtigallen,
Spielt draussen Frühlingsluft,
Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen
Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.

Moonlit Night

It was as if the sky
Had silently kissed the earth,
So that she, in the blossoms' radiance,
Must now only dream of him.

The breeze passed through the fields,
The grain swayed gently
The woods murmured quietly,
The night was so starry clear.

And my soul spread
Its wings out widely,
Flew through the silent lands
As if it flew toward home.

In a Distant Land No. 8

I hear the brooklets rushing
here and there in the wood.
In the wood, amidst the rushing,
I know not where I am.

The nightingales sing
here in the solitude,
as if they wanted to speak
of fine old times.

The moonbeams dart
and I seem to see below me
a castle lying in the valley –
yet it is so far from here!

It seems as if, in the garden
full of roses white and red,
my sweetheart were waiting for me –
yet she is long since dead.

Melancholy

I can still sing sometimes
As if I were happy,
But secretly tears well up
And I begin to weep.

Nightingales pour forth,
When spring breezes play outside,
Their echoing song of longing,
From the depths of their prisons.

Da lauschen alle Herzen,
Und alles ist erfreut,
Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen,
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

Zwielicht

Dämmerung will die Flügel spreiten,
Schaurig rühren sich die Bäume,
Wolken ziehn wie schwere Träume –
Was will dieses Graun bedeuten?

Hast ein Reh du lieb vor andern,
Lass es nicht alleine grasen,
Jäger ziehn im Wald und blasen,
Stimmen hin und wieder wandern.

Hast du einen Freund hieneiden,
Trau ihm nicht zu dieser Stunde,
Freundlich wohl mit Aug' und Munde,
Sinnt er Krieg im tück'schen Frieden.

Was heut gehet müde unter,
Hebt sich morgen neu geboren.
Manches geht in Nacht verloren –
Hüte dich, sei wach und munter!

Frühlingsnacht

Über Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört ich Wandervögel ziehn,
Was bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blüh'n.

Jauchzen möcht ich, möchte weinen,
Und mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain,
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
Sie ist deine, sie ist dein!

Then all hearts listen,
And all are delighted,
But no one feels the pains,
The deep sorrow in the song.

Twilight

Darkness is spreading its wings,
The trees murmur ominously,
Clouds gather like oppressive dreams –
What does this dread mean?

If you have a favorite roe-deer,
Don't let it graze alone,
Hunters ride in the forest and blow,
Sounding their horns and passing on.

If you have a friend on earth,
Don't trust him at this hour,
Friendly perhaps in glance and voice,
He's planning war in deceptive peace.

What perishes today in weariness,
will arise tomorrow newly born.
Things go astray in the night –
Be careful, stay alert and watchful!

Spring Night

Over the garden in the air
I heard migrating birds passing,
That means spring is in the air below,
it has already started to bloom.

I'd like to rejoice, I'd like to weep,
And it seems it couldn't be true!
Old wonders appear again
Out in the moonlight.

And the moon, the stars say it,
And the grove murmurs it in dreams,
And the nightingales sing it:
She is yours, she is yours!

JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833–1897)

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

op. 105 (*Fünf Lieder*) no. 2

Hermann von Lingg (1820–1905)

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer
Zitternd über mir.
Oft im Traume hör ich dich
Rufen drauß vor [meiner]! Tür,
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,
Ich erwach und weine bitterlich.

Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.
Eh die Maienlüfte [wehen,]²
Eh die Drossel singt im Wald:
Willst du mich noch einmal [sehen,]³
Komm, o komme bald!

Auf dem Kirchhofe

op. 105 (*Fünf Lieder*) no. 4

Detlev von Liliencron (1844-1909)

Der Tag ging regenschwer und sturmbewegt,
Ich war an manch vergeßnem Grab gewesen,
Verwittert Stein und Kreuz, die Kränze alt,
Die Namen überwachsen, kaum zu lesen.

Der Tag ging sturmbewegt und regenschwer,
Auf allen Gräbern fror das Wort: Gewesen.
Wie sturместot die Särge schlummerten,
Auf allen Gräbern taute still: Genesen.

Die Mainacht

op. 43 (*Vier Gesänge*) no. 2

Ludwig Hölty (1748-1776)

Wenn der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllet von Laub girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

My slumber grows ever more peaceful

My slumber grows ever more peaceful;
and only like a thin veil now does my anxiety
lie trembling upon me.
Often in my dreams I hear you
calling outside my door;
no one is awake to let you in,
and I wake up and weep bitterly.

Yes, I will have to die;
another will you kiss,
when I am pale and cold.
Before the May breezes blow,
before the thrush sings in the forest:
if you wish to see me once more,
come, o come soon!

In the churchyard

The day was heavy with rain and disturbed by storms;
I was walking among many forgotten graves,
with weathered stones and crosses, the wreaths old,
the names washed away, hardly to be read.

The day was disturbed by storms and heavy with rain;
on every grave froze the words "deceased."
The coffins slumbered calmly like the eye of a storm,
and on every grave melted quietly: "released ."

The May Night

When the silvery moon beams through the shrubs
And over the lawn scatters its slumbering light,
And the nightingale sings,
I walk sadly through the woods.

Shrouded by foliage, a pair of doves
Coo their delight to me;
But I turn away seeking darker shadows,
And a lonely tear flows.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab!

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht

op. 96 (*Vier Lieder*) no. 1
Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht
Das Leben ist der schwüle Tag.
Es dunkelt schon, mich schläfert,
Der Tag hat mich müd gemacht.

Über mein Bett erhebt sich ein Baum,
D'rin singt die junge Nachtigall;
Sie singt von lauter Liebe –
Ich hör es sogar im Traum.

Heimweh II

op. 63 (*Neun Lieder und Gesänge*) no. 8
Klaus Groth (1819-1899)

O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
O warum sucht' ich nach dem Glück
Und ließ der Mutter Hand?

O wie mich sehnet auszuruhen,
Von keinem Streben aufgeweckt,
Die müden Augen zuzutun,
Von Liebe sanft bedeckt!

Und nichts zu forschen, nichts zu spähn,
Und nur zu träumen leicht und lind;
Der Zeiten Wandel nicht zu sehn,
Zum zweiten Mal ein Kind!

O zeig mir doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
Vergebens such ich nach dem Glück,
Ringsum ist öder Strand!

When, o smiling image that like dawn
Shines through my soul, shall I find you on earth?
And the lonely tear flows trembling,
Burning, down my cheek.

Death is cool night

Death is cool night.
life is sultry day.
It is already dark; I'm sleepy,
the day has made me tired.

Above my bed rises a tree,
in it the young nightingale sings,
she sings of sheer love –
I hear it even in my dreams.

Homesickness II

Oh, if I only knew the road back,
The dear road to childhood's land!
Oh, why did I search for happiness
And leave my mother's hand?

Oh, how I long to be at rest,
Not to be awakened by anything,
To shut my weary eyes,
With love gently surrounding!

And nothing to search for, nothing to beware of,
Only dreams, sweet and mild;
Not to notice the changes of time,
To be once more a child!

Oh, do show me the road back,
The dear road to childhood's land!
In vain I search for happiness,
Around me naught but deserted beach and sand!

LIEDER ALIVE!

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864–1949)

Acht Gedichte aus *Letzte Blätter* op. 10 (excerpts)
Hermann von Gilm (1812–1864)

Die Nacht (no. 3)

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um im weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Allerseelen (no. 8)

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten A stern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Zueignung (no. 1)

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig ans Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

Eight poems from Herman von Gilm's *Last Pages*

Night

Night steps out of the woods,
And sneaks softly out of the trees,
Looks about in a wide circle,
Now beware.

All the lights of this earth,
All flowers, all colors
It extinguishes, and steals the sheaves
From the field.

It takes everything that is dear,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes away, from the cathedral's copper roof,
The gold.

The shrubs stand plundered,
Draw nearer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear the night will also steal
You from me.

All souls' day

Place on the table the fragrant mignonette blooms,
Bring inside the last red asters,
and let us speak again of love,
as once we did in May.

Give me your hand, so that I can press it secretly;
and if someone sees us, it's all the same to me.
Just give me your sweet gaze,
as once you did in May.

Flowers adorn today each grave, sending off their fragrances;
one day in the year are the dead free.
Come close to my heart, so that I can have you again,
as once I did in May.

Dedication

Yes, you know it, dearest soul,
How I suffer far from you,
Love makes the heart sick,
Have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom,
Held high the amethyst beaker,
And you blessed the drink,
Have thanks.

And you exorcised the evils in it,
Until I, as I had never been before,
Blessed, blessed sank upon your heart,
Have thanks.

LIEDER ALIVE!

MASTER WORKSHOP AND CONCERT SERIES



From left: KATHARINE TIER, JOHN PARR, KIRK EICHELBERGER, KINDRA SCHARICH, JOHN BOYAJY

SPRING LIEDERABEND SERIES 2012

The Music Salon at *Salle Pianos*

Katharine Tier, mezzo-soprano

John Parr, piano

MAHLER – Kindertotenlieder, STRAUSS, WAGNER

Friday, March 9 at 7:30 p.m. doors open at 7 p.m.

Kirk Eichelberger, bass

John Boyajy, piano

SCHUBERT, BRAHMS – Vier ernste Gesänge

Saturday, April 14 at 7:30 p.m. doors open at 7 p.m.

Kindra Scharich, mezzo-soprano

John Boyajy, piano

SCHUMANN, BRAHMS, STRAUSS

Saturday, May 19 at 7:30 p.m. doors open at 7 p.m.

Coming soon, our next
Master Teacher



Håkan Hagegård

Five-day intensive:
September 4 – 8
See back page for details

Salle Pianos

1632C Market Street, San Francisco (between Franklin and Gough)

The entrance is on Rose Street opposite Zuni Café main entrance.

R.S.V.P.

reservations@LiederAlive.org or 415.561.0100

\$30 donation (including wine reception and delectables)

MAXINE BERNSTEIN, director

LiederAlive.org

LIEDER ALIVE!

MASTER WORKSHOP AND CONCERT SERIES

MASTER ARTISTS

Thomas Hampson 2008

Marilyn Horne 2009

June Anderson 2011

Håkan Hagegård 2012

AFFILIATED MASTER ARTIST

Christa Ludwig

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

Heidi Melton, soprano

Ji Young Yang, soprano

Kindra Scharich, mezzo-soprano

Katherine Tier, mezzo-soprano

Eleazar Rodriguez, tenor

Kirk Eichelberger, bass

ADVISORY BOARD

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director

14 IMPERIAL AVENUE
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Mrs. Barbro Osher and The Pro Suecia Foundation

Nancy Quinn, Tom Driscoll and Quinn Associates

Salle Pianos and the Music Salon team

Cathie Anderson Lighting

Our invaluable Master Artists, Contributing Artists and Advisory Board

About LIEDER ALIVE!

LIEDER ALIVE! was founded in 2007 by Maxine Bernstein to re-invigorate the teaching and performance of German Lieder, songs mainly from the Romantic Era of music composed for a solo singer and piano, and frequently set to great poetry.

Our “graduate level” program brings outstanding master artists together with highly accomplished emerging and established professionals. The program takes place at the state-of-the-art San Francisco Conservatory of Music in the heart of San Francisco’s cultural district. Master Workshops range from two to ten days, and are open to the public. Thomas Hampson inaugurated the program in October 2008 with a *Mostly Mahler* intensive Master Workshop; as Janos Gereben wrote in San Francisco Classical Voice, this event “went beyond all expectations.” The following year, LIEDER ALIVE! welcomed mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne to San Francisco for a three-day program teaching *Romantic German Lieder*. Soprano June Anderson was LIEDER ALIVE!’s third guest master artist; her concert and her master class series will be followed in September 2012 by the great Swedish baritone Håkan Hagegård, who will bring us a workshop that he has developed entitled *The Singer’s Studio*.

Master workshop participants and contributing artists represent some of the most exciting young professional singers working today; they include sopranos Heidi Melton and Ji Young Yang, mezzo-sopranos Kindra Scharich and Katherine Tier, tenor Eleazar Rodriguez and bass Kirk Eichelberger, and others are being added every year. In addition to our Master Workshop series, LIEDER ALIVE! also presents an ongoing *Liederabend* concert series in San Francisco using the beautifully restored antique Bösendorfers, Bechsteins, and Blüthners in the elegant Music Salon at Salle Pianos.

Such a program, devoted exclusively to this important artistic genre, is unique in America. All of our extraordinary master artists, and our supremely gifted workshop participants, are aiding in our purpose of keeping Lieder where it belongs—alive!

Please support LIEDER ALIVE!

Contributions may be made to LIEDER ALIVE! either online at www.LiederAlive.org or by check. Please make checks payable to LIEDER ALIVE! and mail to:
LIEDER ALIVE! 14 Imperial Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94123

Thanks in advance for your generous support of LIEDER ALIVE!

LIEDER ALIVE

SAVE THE DATE!

LIEDER ALIVE! to host Swedish Baritone **Håkan Hagegård** in a Public Master Class on September 8, 2012

This fall, LIEDER ALIVE! is honored to have the opportunity to continue its unique Master Workshop program with the presentation of renowned Swedish baritone **Håkan Hagegård** in a series of master classes based on “Singers Studio Sweden,” an intensive vocal training program that Mr. Hagegård created and directs in Stockholm. The public master class will take place onstage at the Concert Hall at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, and will feature Mr. Hagegård coaching some of the most outstanding young professional singers from the Bay Area and around the world. In the days leading up to this public event, the artist will coach these and other emerging young singers in a series of private master classes at the Music Salon at Salle Pianos.

Mr. Hagegård founded **Singers Studio Sweden** in 2010 as a creative platform for artists to hone their skills and art. The activities of Singers Studio Sweden include master classes, individual lessons, lectures, concerts, as well as The Singers Studio, in which participants test their material before fellow singers and a moderator. All voice types are welcome to participate: opera singers, concert singers, ensembles, singing actors and other artists who sing.

LIEDER ALIVE! has presented Master Workshops by some of the world’s greatest singers since 2008. Outstanding professional and pre-professional singers from the Bay Area and beyond are coached by a master artist on the stage, in front of an audience. This form of teaching gives the audience an opportunity to witness the process of artistic development, and the interaction between master artist and student. Baritone **Thomas Hampson** inaugurated LIEDER ALIVE!’s Master Workshop program with a “Mostly Mahler” intensive; as Janos Gereben wrote in San Francisco Classical Voice, this event “went beyond all expectations.” In 2009, mezzo-soprano **Marilyn Horne** offered a three-day program on Romantic German Lieder, and last year, soprano **June Anderson** presented “The Art of Singing” Master Workshop, along with private master classes and a rare U.S. concert appearance.



Save the date! You won’t want to miss **Håkan Hagegård** and a group of truly exemplary young singers in “The Singer’s Studio” Master Workshop in San Francisco on September 8, 2012!

We’ll have fun trying to get insight into the
best profession in the world.

- **Håkan Hagegård**

Jerusalem Post, July 16, 2007

SIGN UP NOW FOR LIEDER ALIVE!’S EMAIL ALERTS!

We’ve got lots of great musical events planned in the coming months, including the great **Håkan Hagegård’s Master Workshop**, an All Souls’ Day celebration called “**Three Ladies Who Strauss**,” our Second Annual **Liederabend Series**, plus some surprise collaborations! You won’t want to miss a thing, so get on our email list by going to www.LiederAlive.org click on “Contact” tab, and type your email address into the box. Hit “Join” and you’re done! You’ll be glad you did! And thanks for helping us keep **LIEDER ALIVE!**