

The Story of the Birds in the Trees – Faure and Schumann

Performers: William McElwee (baritone) & Heather Easting (piano)

Wednesday Lunchtime Concerts *providing lunchtime music in the heart of the city since 1974*
St Andrew's on The Terrace WELLINGTON



Welcome

It is wonderful that you have come. Thank you.

We want your experience today to be the best that it can be and would appreciate you taking a moment to read the following before the concert commences.

Keep safe by locating the exit nearest to your seat.

In the event of an earthquake, our recommendation is to **Drop, Cover and Hold**.

Bon appetit! You are welcome to have your lunch during the performance. Switching your cell phone to **silent** is important to the performers and other members of the audience.

Your support by way of a **donation** and telling others about the concerts would be fantastic and very much appreciated. It does make a difference.

If you wish to photograph or video today's concert, please ask for permission from the performer(s) before the concert begins. This is important.

We invite you now to sit back, relax and **enjoy** the concert.

Our Mission is to create a lively, open Christian faith community, to act for a just and peaceful world, and to be catalysts for discovery, compassion and celebration in the capital.

These lunchtime concerts are **advertised** through Radio New Zealand Concert's Live Diary at around 8.10 am on the day of the concert, and listed on St Andrew's website.

To be placed on the email **circulation list** for concert information, please email Marjan on marjan@marjan.co.nz. Also join our facebook group Friends of St Andrew's on The Terrace Lunchtime Concerts, <https://www.facebook.com/groups/315497448862287/>.

Check out the noticeboards in the foyer each time you come.

Programme

Gabriel Faure (1845-1924)

‘Dans les ruines d’une abbaye’ Op. 2, no. 1 (c. 1865)

Victor Hugo (1802-1885)

Two spring-time newlyweds are singing and kissing in a decrepit abbey. Their passion is compared to the prayerful solemnity which existed before. They are birds.

‘Les berceaux’ Op 23. No.1 (1881)

Sully Prudhomme (1839-1907)

The great ships are rocked by the sea, just as the cradles by the mothers, whose men are leaving them for their adventures. When they leave, the ships feel the cradles’ souls pulling them back.

‘Clair de lune’ Op. 46, No. 2 (1888)

Your soul is a dream landscape, full of sad-sweet masqueraders singing and dancing. Their songs mix with the moonlight, which puts birds to sleep, and makes fountains sob with ecstasy.

Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

Walter de la Mare (1873-1956)

‘King David’ (1923)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Dichterliebe op. 48 (1840)

from ‘Lyrisches Intermezzo’ (1822-23)

1. ‘Im wunderschönen Monat Mai’ (In beautiful May, when the buds sprang, love sprang up in my heart: in beautiful May, when the birds all sang, I told you my desire and longing.)
2. ‘Aus meinen Tränen sprießen’ (Many flowers spring up from my tears, and a nightingale choir from my sighs: If you love me, I’ll pick them all for you, and the nightingale will sing at your window.)
3. ‘Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne’ (I used to love the rose, lily, dove and sun, joyfully: now I love only the little, the fine, the pure, the One: you yourself are the source of them all.)
4. ‘Wenn ich in deine Augen seh’ (When I look in your eyes all my pain and woe fades: when I kiss your mouth I become whole: when I recline on your breast I am filled with heavenly joy: and when you say, ‘I love you’, I weep bitterly.)
5. ‘Ich will meine Seele tauchen’ (I want to bathe my soul in the chalice of the lily, and the lily, ringing, will breathe a song of my beloved. The song will tremble and quiver, like the kiss of her mouth which in a wondrous moment she gave me.)
6. ‘Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome’ (In the Rhine, in the sacred stream, great holy Cologne with its great cathedral is reflected. In it there is a face painted on golden leather, which has shone into the confusion of my life. Flowers and cherubs float about Our Lady: the eyes, lips and cheeks are just like those of my beloved.)
7. ‘Ich grolle nicht’ (I do not chide you, though my heart breaks, love ever lost to me! Though you shine in a field of diamonds, no ray falls into your heart’s darkness. I have long known it: I saw the night in your heart, I saw the serpent that devours it: I saw, my love, how empty you are.)

8. 'Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen' (If the little flowers only knew how deeply my heart is wounded, they would weep with me to heal my suffering, and the nightingales would sing to cheer me, and even the starlets would drop from the sky to speak consolation to me: but they can't know, for only One knows, and it is she that has torn my heart asunder.)
9. 'Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen' (There is a blaring of flutes and violins and trumpets, for they are dancing the wedding-dance of my best-beloved. There is a thunder and booming of kettle-drums and shawms. In between, you can hear the good cupids sobbing and moaning.)
10. 'Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen' (When I hear that song which my love once sang, my breast bursts with wild affliction. Dark longing drives me to the forest hills, where my too-great woe pours out in tears.)
11. 'Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen' (A youth loved a maiden who chose another: the other loved another girl, and married her. The maiden married, from spite, the first and best man that she met with: the youth was sickened at it. It's the old story, and it's always new: and the one whom she turns aside, she breaks his heart in two.)
12. 'Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen' (On a sunny summer morning I went out into the garden: the flowers were talking and whispering, but I was silent. They looked at me with pity, and said, 'Don't be cruel to our sister, you sad, death-pale man.')
13. 'Ich hab' im Traum geweinet' (I wept in my dream, for I dreamt you were in your grave: I woke, and tears ran down my cheeks. I wept in my dreams, thinking you had abandoned me: I woke, and cried long and bitterly. I wept in my dream, dreaming you were still good to me: I woke, and even then my floods of tears poured forth.)
14. 'Allnächtlich im Traume' (I see you every night in dreams, and see you greet me friendly, and crying out loudly I throw myself at your sweet feet. You look at me sorrowfully and shake your fair head: from your eyes trickle the pearly tear-drops. You say a gentle word to me and give me a sprig of cypress: I awake, and there is no sprig, and I have forgotten what the word was.)
15. 'Aus alten Märchen winkt es' (The old fairy tales tell of a magic land where great flowers shine in the golden evening light, where trees speak and sing like a choir, and springs make music to dance to, and songs of love are sung such as you have never heard, till wondrous sweet longing infatuates you! Oh, could I only go there, and free my heart, and let go of all pain, and be blessed! Ah! I often see that land of joys in dreams: then comes the morning sun, and it vanishes like smoke.)
16. 'Die alten, bösen Lieder' (The old bad songs, and angry, bitter dreams, let us now bury them, bring a large coffin. I shall put much therein, I shall not yet say what: the coffin must be bigger than the 'Tun' at Heidelberg. Bring a bier of stout, thick planks, they must be longer than the Bridge at Mainz. And bring me too twelve giants, who must be mightier than the Saint Christopher in the cathedral at Cologne. They must carry the coffin and throw it in the sea, because a coffin that large needs a large grave to put it in. Do you know why the coffin must be so big and heavy? Because I will put my love and my suffering into it.)

Biography:

William McElwee, baritone

William has appeared with most choral and operatic institutions in the Wellington region. Recent engagements include Haydn's The Creation with Festival Singers, Handel's Messiah and Bach's St Matthew Passion with the Wairarapa Singers, and The Marriage of Figaro (Figaro) with Eternity Opera. In 2018, he has been Acting Director of Music at St James Church, Lower Hutt, and accompanist for Northern Chorale.

Heather Easting, piano

Heather pursues a wide variety of musical passions as a freelance organist, choral conductor, accompanist, and teacher. Recent engagements include The Creation with Festival Singers, and Handel's Messiah and Bach's St Matthew Passion with the Wairarapa Singers. She is currently Sub Organist at Wellington Cathedral of St Paul, organist for St Mark's Church School, accompanist for the Local Vocals, and also runs a private teaching studio. In 2016-2017 she was of Director of Music at St James Church, Lower Hutt.

Contact us



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Coming Up

July

- 4th Music for Solo Guitar – Jane Curry
- 11th Tom McGrath (piano) and Goeknil Biner (soprano)
- 18th Music for cello and piano – Jonathan and Samuel Berkahn

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Use it to find out what's coming up in classical music performance through the website's

Coming Events listings