

Mira Zakai

Contralto

Mikael Eliassen

Piano

Sunday, November 28th, 1982
Arts Club Theatre
Granville Island

3rd Season 1982 — 1983



vancouver
Recital
Society

Old Love (Alte Liebe)

The dark swallow returns
 From the far away country,
 The devout storks return
 And bring new happiness.
 On this morning of spring,
 So drearily overcast and warm,
 I feel as if I found again
 My old pain of love.
 It seems as if someone
 Softly had tapped me on my shoulder
 As if I heard a whispering
 Like the winging of a dove.
 I hear a knocking at my door,
 Yet no one is outside;
 I breathe the fragrance of jasmine,
 Yet I have no bouquet.
 Someone calls to me from far away,
 And eyes are looking at me,
 A dream of old takes hold of me,
 And leads me on its way.

Karl Candidus

Despair (Verzagen)

I sit by the shore of the rushing sea
 And there I search for peace;
 I look at the drifting waves
 With a dull resignation.
 The waves are rushing to the shore,
 They foam and vanish again;
 The clouds, the winds above,
 They come and blow away.
 You, violent heart, be still
 And be resigned in peace.
 Let the waves and winds console you;
 Why do you weep, why do you weep?

Carl Lemcke

On the Heath (Über die Heide)

Hollow my steps resound on the heath;
 Hollow the earth makes echo beneath.
 Autumn is on us, far-off the spring,
 Can there have been so blessed a thing?
 Brooding grey mists like spectres float by,
 Dark is the heather, and empty the sky,
 Blackened the heather and empty the sky.
 Ah, would that I had not walked here
 in May
 Here life and love now have flown all away.

Theodor Storm

I Woke in the Cool of the Night (Wie rafft 'ich mich auf in der Nacht)

I woke in the cool of the night, in the night,
 and far out I wandered, and onward, yet
 onward
 far out I wandered and onward.
 I passed through the lanes where the
 watchman patrolled,
 and wandering on through the night,
 in the night
 I came to the old Gothic archway.
 The millrace roared through its rocky canal;
 I stood on the bridge and looked over,
 and far down below saw the waves gliding by
 they glided so smooth (in the night)
 (not one of them ever returning.)
 Above me the stars in their numberless flight,
 in magical melody moving,
 And with them the moon in its calm,
 splendid light,
 they sparkled so bright (in the night)

then downward below me where glided
 the water,
 its shimmer but faintly discerning.
 Alas, ah, alas you have squandered the day,
 the God-given hours have idled away,
 and seek you the light (in the night)?
 for time runneth on, nor returneth.

August v. Platen

My Love is Green (Meine Liebe ist Grün)

My love is green as the lilac bush,
 and my love is beautiful as the sun;
 the sun shines down on the lilac bush
 and fills it with fragrance and delight.
 My soul has wings of the nightingale,
 and sways through the lilac blossom,
 and exults and sings, drunk with the scent,
 many songs heady with love.

Felix Schumann

Your Blue Eyes (Dein Blaues Auge)

Your blue eyes are still and serene,
 I gaze into their depths.
 You ask me what I wish to see?
 I see myself well again.
 I was burned by a fiery pair,
 I still can feel the pain.
 Your eyes are like a lake so clear,
 And like a lake so cool.

Klaus Groth

On the Way To My Sweetheart (Der Gang Zum Liebchen)

The moon is shining,
 I should go again
 To my sweetheart;
 How does she fare?
 Oh woe, she despairs,
 And laments, and laments,
 That she will never
 See me again!
 The moon went down,
 I hurried along,
 And hastened, that no one
 Might carry off my sweet.
 You little doves, oh coo,
 You breezes, oh stir,
 That my sweetheart by no one
 May be carried away!

Bohemian Song

Serenade (Ständchen)

The moon shines over the mountain
 Just right for people in love;
 In the garden ripples a fountain,
 Elsewhere silence, far and wide,
 Beside the wall in the shadow.
 Three students are standing
 With flute and violin and zither,
 And they play, and sing while playing.
 The strains are stealing gently
 Into the fairest maiden's dream;
 She sees her blond beloved
 And whispers: "Forget me not!"

Franz Kugler

Four Serious Songs (Vier Ernste Gesänge)

For that which befalleth the sons of man befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them, as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast; for all is vanity.

All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.

Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?

Ecclesiastes III: 19-22

II

So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter.

Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive.

Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun.

Ecclesiastes IV: 1-3

III

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things: yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat!

O death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy, and unto him whose strength faileth, that is now in the last age, and is vexed with all things, and to him that despaireth, and hath lost patience!

Ecclesiasticus XLI: 1-4

IV

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

I Corinthians XIII: 1-3, 12, 13

Liederkreis

Abroad (In der Fremde)

From my homeland, in the wake of red lightning the clouds are drifting here, but my father and mother are long dead, no one knows me there any more. How soon, oh how soon will the quietude come, when I too will rest, when I too will rest, and above me rustles the lovely solitude of the woods, and no one knows me here any more . . .

Intermezzo

Your image wondrously lovely I carry deep in my heart, it looks so fresh and cheerful upon me all the time. My heart sings silently within itself an old, beautiful tune that soars into the air and hurriedly flies to you.

The Nymph of the Forest (Waldesgespräch)

"It is already late, it is already cold, why do you ride lonely through the woods? The wood is large, you are alone, you lovely bride! I'll guide you home." "Great is men's cunning and deceit, with sorrow my heart has been broken, the hunter's horn sounds here and yon, oh flee! Oh flee! you know not who I am." "So richly adorned are steed and woman, so wondrously fair, so wondrously fair the young body; I know you now, may God help me! You are the sorceress Lorelei!" "You know me well, from the rock on high my castle looks silently into the Rhine. It is already late, it is already cold, nevermore will you leave this wood."

Stillness (Die Stille)

No one knows and no one divines it, how happy, how happy I am! Oh if but one, but one knew it, none other should ever know! It is not as still out in the snow, as silent and as hushed are not the stars on high, as the secret thought of mine. I wish I were a little bird flying over the sea, over the sea and further on, till in Heaven I would be!

Moonlight (Mondnacht)

It seemed as if the sky had silently kissed the earth, that she in the shimmer of blossoms could only dream of him. The breeze blew over the fields, the grain stalks gently surged, the forests rustled softly, so starbright was the night. And my soul unfolded its pinions so wide, flew over the silent lands, as if it were flying home.

Far Away (Schöne Fremde)

The tree-tops rustle and shiver, as if at this time now, by the half buried walls, the old gods were making the round. Here behind the myrtle bushes, in hidden dusky splendor, what do you say, confused as in dreams, to me, fantastic night? The stars all sparkle on me with a burning glance of love, intoxicatedly the distance speaks, as if speaking of future great happiness!

In a Castle (Auf einer Burg)

Gone to sleep while keeping watch sits up there the ancient knight; over yonder rain is falling, and the wood rustles through the trellis. Inward grown his beard and hair, turned to stone his breast and ruffle, he sits many hundred years aloft in the silent cell. Outside it is still and peaceful, everyone has moved to the valley, little woodbirds lonely sing in the empty window arches. Down

below a wedding party sails in the sunshine on the Rhine; the musicians play so gaily, and the lovely bride is weeping.

Abroad (In der Fremde)

I hear the brooklets rushing in the forest here and yon, in the forest, midst the rushing, I know not where I am. The nightingales are singing here in the solitude, as if they wanted to tell about the beautiful old days. The moon's shimmering light is moving, as if I could see below the castle lying in the valley, yet it is so far away! As if there might in the garden filled with roses white and red, my sweetheart be waiting for me, yet she has been so long dead . . .

Melancholy (Wehmut)

Sometimes I may be singing as if I were full of joy, but secretly tears are flowing, and then my heart feels free. The nightingales will sing, when spring breezes play outside, their melody of yearning out of their prison's tomb. Then all the hearts are listening, and everyone is glad, but none can feel the sorrows, the bitter grief in the song.

Twilight (Zwielicht)

Twilight starts to spread its pinions, fearfully the trees are moving, clouds drift by like heavy dreams, what does all this dreading

mean? If you dearly love a doe, do not let it graze alone, hunters roam in the woods, and blow their horns, voices wander here and yon. If you have a friend on earth, do not trust him at this hour, friendly with his eye and lips, he plots war in treacherous peace. What today goes down so tired, rises newly born tomorrow. Many things are lost at night-time, be on guard, alert and watchful.

In the Wood (Im Walde)

Along the mountain a wedding party moved, I heard the singing of birds, many riders flashed by, the bugle called, that was a merry hunt! And ere I knew, it had all faded, night covers the land around, from the mountains only the forest still rustles, and I shiver in the depth of my heart . . .

Spring Night (Frühlingsnacht)

Above the garden through the breezes I heard birds of passage fly. That means scents of spring are coming, on the grounds the blossoms start. I would like to shout for you, to weep, it seems to me it cannot be! Ancient miracles shine again with the moonlight in my room. And the moon, the stars proclaim it, and the woods rustle in a dream, and the nightingales are singing! "She is yours, she is your own!"

Josef v. Eichendorff



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Thank you . . .

The Vancouver Recital Society is greatly appreciative of the continued support of those who have renewed their subscriptions for this third season and is delighted to welcome a large number of new subscribers. The VRS is a non-profit society. The real costs of these recitals is not reflected in ticket prices and is only partially met by box office income. We welcome additional support, whether by way of tax deductible contributions or volunteer assistance.

Programme

- Alte Liebe, Op. 72 No. 1
Verzagen, Op. 72 No. 4
Über die Heide, Op. 86 No. 4
Wie rafft ich mich auf, Op. 32 No. 1
- Johannes Brahms
(1833—1897)
- Meine Liebe ist grün, Op. 63 No. 5
Dein blaues Auge, Op. 59 No. 8
Der Gang zum Liebchen, Op. 48 No. 1
Ständchen, Op. 106 No. 1
- Brahms
- Vier ernste Gesänge, Op. 121
Denn es gehet dem Menschen
Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle
O Tod, o Tod, wie bitter bist du
Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit
Engelszungen redete
- Brahms

Intermission

- Liederkreis, Op. 39
In der Fremde
Intermezzo
Waldesgespräch
Die Stille
Mondnacht
Schöne Fremde
Auf einer Burg
In der Fremde
Wehmut
Zwielicht
Im Walde
Frühlingsnacht
- Robert Schumann
(1810—1856)

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Meet the Artists

Mira Zakai, Contralto

Internationally acclaimed as one of the most brilliant contraltos appearing today, Mira Zakai has performed with virtually every major conductor, including Sir Georg Solti, Carlo Maria Giulini, Zubin Mehta, Claudio Abbado, Riccardo Muti, Rafael Kubelik, Erich Leinsdorf, Michael Tilson Thomas, Andrew Davis and Christoph Eschenbach. The orchestras with which she has appeared include the Chicago Symphony, National Symphony, Berlin Philharmonic, Israel Philharmonic, Toronto Symphony, Detroit Symphony, L'Orchestre de Paris, and Denver Symphony. Miss Zakai will make her New York Philharmonic debut under the baton of Maestro Leinsdorf in the Bach B Minor mass during the 1982/83 season. Other 1982/83 orchestral appearances include the Mahler Eighth Symphony with the Toronto Symphony and the Mahler Second and Third Symphonies with L'Orchestre de Paris. Miss Zakai will also be heard with Radio France at the Flanders Festival, and in Bordeaux and Antwerp.

An active recitalist, Mira Zakai has been heard throughout the major cities of Europe, and in Great Britain she has recorded several special BBC recitals. During the 1982/83 season she will make her Paris and New York (Lincoln Center) recital debuts.

Miss Zakai made her European debut in 1976 singing Mahler's "Rückert Lieder" with the Vienna Radio Orchestra under Gary Bertini. Her London debut immediately followed with Muti and the New Philharmonia at the Royal Festival Hall. She later made her debut with the Berlin Philharmonic under Claudio Abbado and was quickly re-engaged by Solti for the Mahler Third Symphony. Other European engagements included the Orange Festival in

France, singing Mozart's "Requiem" and the Mahler Third with Tilson Thomas, Stravinsky's "Les Noces" and Berlioz' "Nuits d'Ete" with the Israel Philharmonic under Zubin Mehta, and Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" in Amsterdam.

Making her Chicago Symphony debut in 1979/80 under Kubelik in the Mozart "Coronation" Mass, Miss Zakai returned the following season on the invitation of Maestro Solti for the opening of the Orchestra's 90th season. Her recent recording of the Mahler Second Symphony, the "Resurrection", on London Records with Solti and the Chicago, has been highly praised.

On the opera stage, Mira Zakai made her international debut with the Scottish Opera when called upon to replace Dame Janet Baker as Orfeo in Gluck's "Orfeo et Euridice". She is scheduled to make her Bayreuth debut as Erda in Wagner's "Ring" cycle.

Mira Zakai has also been heard in contemporary music in Israel.

Tonight's performance not only marks Mira Zakai's Vancouver debut but also her recital debut in North America.

Mikael Eliassen, Piano

Many of the world's finest singers have found in pianist Mikael Eliassen the ideal accompanist: Tom Krause, Robert Merrill, Theodor Uppman, Sheila Armstrong, Bernadette Greevy, Joan Patenaude-Yarnell, Marvallee Cariaga, Betty Allen, Judith Raskin and the late Bruce Yarnell. Mr. Eliassen has also performed with cellist Lynn Harrell. The 1982/83 season will mark his second season of appearances with contralto Mira Zakai.

Mikael Eliassen has toured extensively throughout Europe, Great Britain, Russia, Australia, the Orient, Israel and North America. In the United States alone, he has been heard in over 450 concerts. Mr. Eliassen has recorded numerous times for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Danish State Radio, Hong Kong Radio & Television, Irish Radio & Television, Hilversum Radio (Holland) and the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

He received his early training in his native Denmark; later studying with Charles Reiner in Montreal and Dieter Weber in Vienna. Mr. Eliassen has served on the juries of the Gina Bachauer International Piano Competition and has been invited by many of our major universities and colleges for master-classes on accompanying and vocal literature.

Mr. Eliassen has been assistant conductor at one of America's major summer music festivals, Wolf Trap, as well as the National Arts Centre in Ottawa and the Opera Company of Philadelphia.

Mikael Eliassen records for London Records and Musical Heritage Society. He presently lives in New York City.

Next Concert

Panayis Lyras

Silver Medal Winner at the 1981 Van Cliburn
International Piano Competition

Sunday, February 13th, 1983 at 8 p.m.

Sonata in G Major, K. 427	Domenico Scarlatti
Sonata in D Major, K. 32	Domenico Scarlatti
Sonata in F Major, K. 17	Domenico Scarlatti
Six Variations on an Original Theme in F Major, Op. 34....	Beethoven
Sonata in E flat minor, Op. 26	Samuel Barber
Pictures at an Exhibition	Mussorgsky