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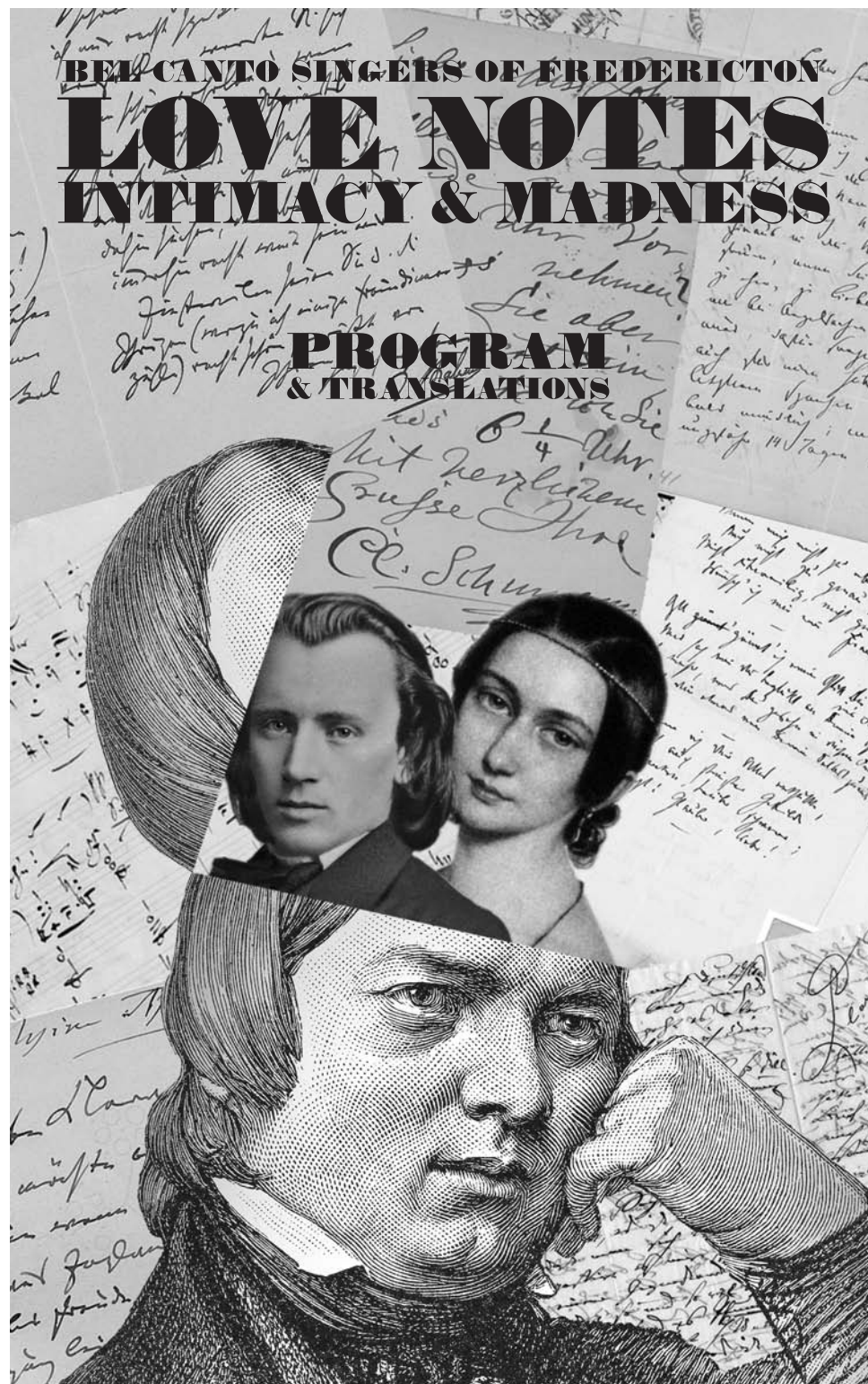
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**Soprano I**  
Valerie Jackson  
Kate Rogers

**Soprano II**  
Sarah Craig  
Rachel Savidge  
\*Olivia Spahn-Vieira  
Lindsay Underhill



**Artistic Director**  
Kathrin Welte

**Accompanist**  
Thomas Gonder

**Collaborative Pianists**  
(Liebeslieder Waltzes)  
Thomas Gonder • Heather Fyffe

**Alto I**  
Anne Hunt  
\*Sabina Horton  
Taylor MacDonald  
Ruth Savidge  
Beth Snow

**Alto II**  
Lisa Mitchell  
Illyana Vermeersch  
Debbie West

**Tenor I**  
\*Kyle Rostad  
Vince Zelazny

**Tenor II**  
Leo Macneil  
Roger Smith

**Bass I**  
John Ball  
Anthony Brown  
Michael Francis  
Kit Hunt

**Bass II**  
Jonathan Henkelman  
Joe Horton  
\*Luke MacLean

**\*Soloist tonight**

*Special thanks to:*  
Tyler Shang Guest Pianist

## Acknowledgements

*As always, we are grateful to  
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for their beautiful, welcoming space*

*Bel Canto would also like to thank our  
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## Program

**Träumerei**  
Robert Schumann

**Set I: Clara Schumann**  
Drei Gemischte Chöre

1. Abendfeyer in Venedig
2. Vorwärts
3. Gondoliera

**Set II: Robert Schumann**  
Romanzen und Balladen, Op. 67

1. Der König von Thule
2. Schön-Rohtraut
3. Heidenröslein
4. Ungewitter
5. John Anderson

### INTERMISSION

**Set III: Johannes Brahms**  
Liebeslieder Waltzes, Op. 52

- |                                 |  |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 1. Rede, Mädchen                | 11. Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen     |
| 2. Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut | 12. Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser |
| 3. O die Frauen                 | 13. Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft     |
| 4. Wie des Abends schöne Röte   | 14. Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar       |
| 5. Die grüne Hopfenranke        | 15. Nachtigall, sie singt so schön     |
| 6. Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel  | 16. Ein dunkler Schacht ist Liebe      |
| 7. Wohl schön bewandt war es    | 17. Nicht wandle, mein Licht           |
| 8. Wenn so lind dein Auge mir   | 18. Es bebet das Gesträuche            |
| 9. Am Donaustrande              |  |
| 10. O wie sanft die Quelle      |  |



## Love Notes: Intimacy and Madness

### *The Story Behind The Concert*

**What's Love Got To Do With It?** If you're truly interested, and wish to look around for yourself, we advise caution when approaching the spewing, lurching firehose that awaits if you Google "Schumann Brahms Love Triangle." After falling down scores of bloggish, citationless rabbit holes ourselves, we've decided to paint a broad scene for you, and decorate it with as much primary resource material as we can without coming off as pedants. To this end, we present, with a modicum of intentional ambiguity and dropped details, some of the music and bits of the history of three inextricably intertwined German Romantic composers, by presenting works they produced as a result, in the context, and through the poetry of love. But first:

**Der Elefant im Raum: German Romantic Music is Boring.** Get over it. The only thing both the Schumanns, and especially Brahms, can be criticised for is superlative, flawless craftsmanship. In the analogous historical parlance of, let's say, a surly, disenfranchised high-school kid from the early nineteen-eighties wearing a *Hüscher Dü* T-Shirt, perhaps "over-produced." Y'know; thoughtfully, methodically and painstakingly composed, edited, assembled, and presented. Like *Pink Floyd*. Or *Queen*. Boring stuff like that with no emotion, or imagination. No *individualism*, man.

But get this: They called it the "Romantic" period because of a *self-proclaimed emphasis* on emotion, imagination, and individualism. And the ironic part about the Romantic zeitgeist, is that it fanned the flames of polarized factions in popular music (Google "War of the Romantics"). Brahms and the Schumanns were firmly on the "conservative" side of things, along with other greats like Mendelssohn, who thought they were reviving an idealized notion of mediaeval chivalry by employing something they called "form moving in sound." Self-proclaimed "progressives" like Wagner and Liszt were all about "new wine requires new bottles" (the motto of one of their clubs) and tried to emphasize the more narrative and pictorial side of composition. But *all* of them are labelled "Romantics", and *all* of them were railing against the formalist music of a waning Enlightenment era based in reason and logic. Or, as our disgruntled teenager in the early nineteen-eighties would describe it: "Disco."

Furthermore, public and critical interest in the minds (and bedrooms) of musicians got its start in the 19th Century, and it bred canonization. Essentially, rock stars were *invented* by the European Romantics (Google "Lisztomania"). For some perfect storm of sociocultural reasons that put audiences, music critics, psychoanalysts and paparazzi in the same clown car, the idea that you can "understand" or "appreciate" an artist's work better by figuring out what is wrong with their head began just about the same time Robert Schumann had his first nervous breakdown. Ever since, we've been evaluating music as some kind of psychological utterance, or biographical confession. Y'know; like Kurt Cobain. Or Billie Holiday. So thank you, Romantics. We think.

At any rate, whatever it is, it isn't boring, so *stop* that.

## Meet The Protagonists

So into a disturbingly familiar scene of political upheaval, culturally materialistic division and socially obsessive idolatry, we place our cast: Robert Schumann, the brooding, depressed, rapidly declining and misunderstood dreamer; his wife Clara, the child prodigy from a broken and abusive home turned mega-star piano virtuoso, and Johannes Brahms, the talented, slightly damaged blue-eyed young man from a poor Northern family who dreams of fame, and comes knocking on the door of the Schumann's Düsseldorf home in the fall of 1853 to play some of his compositions for them. But let's back up a bit.

### Robert and Clara

*This Kind of Stuff Wins Academy Awards*

Robert was eighteen when he first saw eight-and-a-half-year-old Clara Weick, as she was making her professional debut as a concert pianist. So impressed by her playing, he began taking lessons from her father, and soon abandoned his legal studies to pursue music. Eventually, and it seems inevitably, he fell in love with her – for undocumented, but fairly obvious reasons – just after she turned sixteen. Clara, whose life up to this point had been mostly composed of being carted around to music halls, Colonel Tom Parker-style, by her emotionally and financially abusive father, was smitten as well, and she and Robert began a relationship of long walks, musical conversation and impassioned love letters that would have made the Brontë sisters pass out. Robert proposed in 1837.

Clara's father Friedrich was having none of it, though, largely because he was making a mint off of Clara's performance career, so he sent her out on tour, forbade the relationship, and threatened to shoot Robert if he ever set foot in the house again. In the subsequent court cases that Clara and Robert brought against Wieck in an effort to be married, he either didn't show up, or when he did, famously accused Robert of being an egotistic, mindless, stupid, unstable alcoholic with no talent or business sense. Eventually, Robert managed to successfully sue Wieck for slander, and the courts finally granted him and Clara the permission to marry, which they did, in 1840.

*Relevant side note: 1840 is celebrated as Schumann's explosively productive "year of song" when he threw himself uncharacteristically into writing music for voices. Coincidence? We think not.*

### Robert's Inevitable Decline

So let's take stock here. Robert, a highly sensitive, bi-polar and latently syphilitic composer with an increasing string of lows as a critical success, is now, after a protracted court battle with her father in which he was publicly smeared, married to the unconditional love of his life; a gifted and wildly successful concert pianist, and nine years his junior. You can kind of feel it coming: four years into the marriage, after accompanying Clara on a tour of Russia as celebrity spouse, Robert had a nervous breakdown.

The next ten years, brightened briefly by an appointment as Director of Music in Düsseldorf in 1850 (during which time he composed the wonderful *Romanzen und Balladen*, Op. 67 which we are singing tonight) were a long slide into literal madness, and by 1853 he had trouble speaking, was hallucinating and prone to seizures, and was fired from his position at the demand of the Düsseldorf Musical Association. During a street carnival in late February 1854, Robert threw himself off a bridge into the Rhine river. Plucked out by fishermen, he self- admitted to an insane asylum near Bonn, where he was deemed dangerous to, and denied visitation by, Clara until two days before his death, in July of 1856.

Tragic, but on the whole, not *entirely* unexpected. But here's the part of the story we're interested in, and the bit that even the most cynical have no explanation for: the depth, irrefutability and immovable mass of Clara's love for Robert.

### *Clara Schumann: Candidate for The Marvel Universe*

Let's get this out of the way: Starting at age eleven, Clara Schumann toured as a concert pianist steadily for forty-seven years. Impressive, but not unheard of. However, from the time she married Robert in 1840, until he threw himself off the bridge in 1854, she did it while pretty much *continuously pregnant*. Fourteen years of constant touring. Ten pregnancies. Eight kids. Even if you factor in some of the historical context, this is *herculean*.

Clara was by far the principal bread winner, as well. And what did she do in her spare time? She dedicated herself to Robert's works, performing extensively, as well as editing and publishing them after his death. Passionate companion; vital collaborator; selfless provider; staunch defender; ceaseless promoter; dedicated caregiver – Clara survived Robert by four decades, and never remarried. Ours is not to even *attempt* to understand this kind of love. Would we even be *talking* about Robert Schumann had it not been for Clara? Arguable. And as you'll see, the same can be suggested for Johannes Brahms, but we're getting ahead of ourselves.

### **Can We Get To The Part About The “Love Triangle” Please?**

*Just The Facts, Ma'am*

As we've said (and you probably already know) the Internet is a bit of a cesspool. Even as actual music pundits and people like us try to be, in their case, scholarly, and in ours, at least nonpartisan, it's hard not to start thinking along generally insinuating, and specifically oedipal lines when relating at least the first part of this story. But here we go anyway.

When Johannes Brahms knocked on Clara and Robert's door in October of 1853, he was twenty years old, thin, pink and introverted, with longish hair, bright blue eyes, and a high-pitched voice. Nothing like the portly, bearded, late middle-age man with a cigar we usually see gazing stoically off into the distance in photocopied concert programs.

But *man*, could he play the piano.

*Relevant side note: It's impossible not to mention somewhere in here that Brahms, as a teen, helped to support his financially struggling family by playing piano in waterfront brothels. And while there isn't a lot of empirical evidence, there is plenty of speculation about how it may have influenced everything from his fondness for referencing folk songs in his compositions, to his lifelong bachelorhood, and his questionable behaviour around women in general. To quote the man himself, writing to Clara in later years: “I saw things and received impressions that left a deep shadow on my mind.”*

Robert listened as Johannes performed his *1st Piano Sonata in C Major* (which, for buffs and pedants, referenced Beethoven's *Hammerklavier* and *Waldstein*) and ran to get Clara to come and listen. Almost immediately, Robert set about writing a celebrated article hailing him as heir to Beethoven's legacy. Brahms spent two weeks living with, and playing for the Schumanns, and needless to say, the three formed both a productive musical relationship, and a strong, if motivationally questionable bond.

But as we know, not only was Robert a complete wreck by this point, but Clara, as is clear from her diary entries, was worried about her own career. And in February of 1854 – while Clara was pregnant with child number eight, btw – Robert jumped off a bridge. Johannes immediately rushed to the Schumann house to render aid, and stayed until Robert's death in asylum, two and a half years later.

### **Johannes and Clara**

So here's where things get fuzzy, and therefore grist for the tabloid mill. We have concrete dates for a number of events, and letters (oh, we have letters) but there is wildly varying speculation about what exactly was going on. So let's take stock again, and let you make of it what you will:

Robert is in an insane asylum, and barred from visits from his wife. Clara, now thirty-seven years old and pregnant for the tenth time, is not only faced with the complete responsibility of family and finances, but is starting to doubt the sustainability of her career. Johannes Brahms, the up-and-coming young rock star, has taken up residence in the Schumann house to “help out.” Be honest: even considering the conservative realities of nineteenth century Germany, what do you *think* is going to happen?

The truth is, it's complicated. It was love though, indubitably, and a forty-plus year relationship that saw that love – as is its wont – change, adapt, and mature. From the stammering boy with a crush on his high school English teacher we hear in Johannes's early letters:

*“...just a friendly greeting to say that you are keeping well and that you will be back in 14, 13, 12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2 days!...” (1855)*

And Clara's telling diary entries:

*"I cannot say what a pleasure I find it to enjoy all this with Johannes. He draws in great breaths of nature, and one grows young with him. It is true that I am often sad and that distresses him, but it is only natural that the more inspiring our surroundings, the heavier my heart should grow at the thought that my beloved husband is alone and forsaken whilst I am free to enjoy the glories of nature and the society of the best of friends..." (1855)*

To the much later correspondence of a more mature, but still endearingly smitten and awkward Brahms:

*"How fortunate you are, or, I should say, how beautiful, how good, how right! I mean that you bear your heart as a conscious possession, securely; whereas we are obliged every minute to conceal ours. You see everything so warmly, with such beautiful serenity, just like a reflection of yourself; and then with the same serenity you give unto each his due. All this sounds so stupid, and I cannot say what I think; although it would be even more stupid to speak of lilies and angels, and then to come back to you and your sweet nature." (1872)*

And Clara's increasingly maternal affections:

*"Just received your letter, so I can thank you for it at once. The joy it has given me may well compensate you for the pains it cost you to write. What I like more particularly is that you frankly acknowledge the pleasure which such recognition must give you. It cannot be otherwise; an artist's heart must feel warmer for it. And I must say that to witness your growing fame constitutes the happiest experience that the latter years of my life could bring." (1874)*

## So, Did They Or Didn't They?

In short, who cares.

There can be no doubt that the music we are singing tonight is inextricably connected to all of this. Clara's affectionate and specifically crafted motivational birthday present to a declining and sentimental husband; Robert's inspiration from, and collaboration with, the love of his life to produce *Romanzen und Balladen*, and, even if cynicism paints the *Liebeslieder* as a populist cash grab, they are still love songs, and for Johannes, Clara was as demonstrably key to his amorous motivations, as she was an incontrovertible part of his success.

As for "Intimacy and Madness," it's pretty clear that the story of the composers, the texts chosen by them in the works you will hear tonight, and arguably the handling of the music itself, all contribute to the timeless struggle to define love, as it straddles the misty border between the two.

*Kit Hunt (1st Bass Section)*

# Translations

## Set I: Clara Schumann *Drei Gemischte Chöre* Text: Emmanuel Geibl

### 1. Abendfeier in Venedig (Evening Celebration In Venice)

---

Ave Maria! Sea and heaven are resting,  
From every tower echoes the sound of bells,  
Ave Maria! Leave off your earthly endeavours,  
Pray to the Virgin, to the Virgin's son,  
The hosts of Heaven themselves are now  
kneeling with staves of lilies before  
the Father's throne,

And through the rosy clouds the songs  
Of the blessed spirits waft solemnly  
downwards.

Oh holy devotion, which marvelously penetrates  
Every heart with a quiet shiver!  
Oh holy faith that soars toward heaven  
On the white wings of prayer!  
There pain dissolves into mild tears,  
While the rejoicing of happiness rings out  
more gently.

Ave Maria! When the bell sounds,  
Earth and heaven seem to be unite lovingly.

### 3. Gondoliera (Gondola Song)

---

Oh come to me, when the legion of stars  
wanders through the night!  
Then, in the glory of moonlight, the gondola  
will gently float with us over the sea.  
The air is as soft as love's teasing,  
the golden glow is playing gently,  
The zither sounds and draws your heart  
along with it into joy.  
Oh come to me, when the legion of stars  
wanders through the night,  
Then, in the glory of moonlight, the gondola will  
gently float with us over the sea.

### 2. Vorwärts (Onward)

---

Leave off dreaming, leave off hesitating.  
Wander on tirelessly!  
When your strength is nearly failing,  
'Onward' is the right word.

You must not tarry when the hour  
Brings you roses;  
When from the depths of the sea  
The siren tempts you.

Onward, onward! In song  
Wrestle with the pain of the world,  
Until upon your burning cheek  
Falls a golden beam from above.

Until the wreath, thick with leaves,  
Weaves about and shadows your brow.  
Until your head is transfigured  
By the flame of the spirit hovering above it.

Onward then through the foe's battlements,  
Onward through the pain of death,  
Those who wish to win [entrance to] Heaven,  
Must be true warriors!

This is the blessed hour of love,  
My darling, oh come and see,  
The heavenly vault is glowing so peacefully,  
the blueness of the sea is sleeping.  
And as it sleeps, our glances speak  
what our lips never dare to say.  
Our eyes do not retreat,  
our souls do not shrink back.  
Oh come to me, when the legion of stars  
wanders through the night!  
Then, in the glory of moonlight, the gondola will  
gently float with us over the sea!

# Translations

## Set II: Robert Schumann

### *Romanzen und Balladen, Op. 67*

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, Eduard Mörike,  
Adelbert von Chamisso, Robert Burns

#### 1. Der König in Thule (*The King In Thule*)

---

There was a King of Thule,  
faithful to the grave,  
to whom his dying beloved  
gave a golden goblet.

Nothing was more valuable to him:  
he drained it in every feast;  
and his eyes would overflow  
whenever he drank from it.

And when he neared death,  
he counted the cities of his realm  
and left everything gladly to his heir –  
except for the goblet.

He sat at his kingly feast,  
his knights about him,  
in the lofty hall of ancestors,  
there in the castle by the sea.

There, the old wine-lover stood,  
took a last draught of life's fire,  
and hurled the sacred goblet  
down into the waters.

He watched it plunge, fill up,  
and sink deep into the sea.  
His eyes then sank closed  
and he drank not one drop more.



#### 2. Schön-Rohtraut (*Pretty Rohtraut*)

---

What is King Ringang's daughter called?  
Rohtraut, pretty Rohtraut.  
What does she do the whole day long,  
since she probably doesn't spin or sew?  
She hunts and fishes.  
O that I were her hunter!  
I love hunting and fishing.  
Be silent, my heart!

And after a little while,  
Rohtraut, pretty Rohtraut,  
so serves the boy in Ringang's castle  
in hunter's clothes and with a horse,  
to go hunting with Rohtraut:  
O that I were the King's son!  
Rohtraut, pretty Rohtraut, I love so much.  
Be silent, my heart!

At first they rest by the oak tree,  
Rohtraut, pretty Rohtraut:  
Why do you look at me so wonderingly?  
If you have a heart, kiss me!  
Oh! the boy was startled!  
But he thought, I'm permitted,  
an kissed pretty Rohtraut on the lips.  
Be silent, my heart!

After that they rode home in silence,  
Rohtraut, pretty Rohtraut;  
the boy rejoiced to himself;  
And if you became Empress today,  
I'd not grieve  
Thousands of your leaves in the forest know,  
I've kissed pretty Rohtraut's lips!  
Be silent, my heart!

#### 3. Heidenröslein (*Little Rose On The Heath*)

---

Passing lad a rose blossom spied,  
Blossom on the heath growing,  
'Twas so fair and of youthful pride,  
Raced he fast to be near its side,  
Saw it with joy o'erflowing.  
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,  
Blossom on the heath growing.

Said the lad: I shall pick thee,  
Blossom on the heath growing!  
Blossom spoke: Then I'll prick thee,  
That thou shalt ever think of me,  
And I'll not be allowing.  
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,  
Blossom on the heath growing.

And the lusty lad did pick  
The blossom on the heath growing;  
Blossom, in defense, did prick,  
'Twas, alas, but a harmless nick,  
Had to be allowing.  
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,  
Blossom on the heath growing.

#### 4. Ungewitter (*Tempest*)

---

Upon the high battlements of the castle  
The old king stood,  
And sombrely gazed upon  
The drearily cloud-covered land.

The tempest drew nigh  
With fearsome force.  
He braced his right hand  
Upon the pommel of his sword.

His left hand, from which already  
The golden sceptre had fallen,  
Still supported upon his glowering brow  
The heavy golden crown.



His mistress tugged gently  
At the hem of his robe:  
You loved me once,  
[I presume] you hardly love me anymore?

What is love and passion and courtly love?  
Leave off, you sweet woman!  
A tempest draws nigh  
With fearsome force.

Upon the castle battlements I am  
No longer king with sword and crown,  
I am the powerless, anxious son  
Of the turbulent times.

What is love and passion and courtly love?  
Leave off, you sweet woman!  
A tempest draws nigh  
With fearsome force.

#### 5. John Anderson

---

John Anderson, my love!  
We have seen each other,  
How raven-black your hair,  
Your brow smooth and handsome:  
Now neither smoothness nor curl,  
Has remained to your handsome brow:  
But may God bless your snowy head,  
John Anderson, my love!

John Anderson, my love!  
We climbed happily uphill,  
And many a bright day,  
We greeted upon our journey.  
Now downhill hand in hand,  
As joyfully as we strove uphill,  
And at the foot of the hill, blessed sleep,  
John Anderson, my love!



# Translations

Johannes Brahms

*Liebeslieder Waltzes, Op. 52* Text: Georg Friedrich Daumer

## 1. Rede, Mädchen

*(Tell Me, My Sweetest Girl)*

Tell me, my sweetest girl,  
who with your glances  
have kindled in my cool breast  
these wild, passionate feelings!  
Will you not relent, will you,  
with an excess of virtue,  
live without love's rapture,  
or do you wish me to come to you?  
To live without love's rapture,  
is a bitter fate I would not suffer.  
Come, then, with your dark eyes,  
come, when the stars beckon!

## 2. Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut

*(The Wildly Lashed Waves)*

The wildly lashed waves  
dash against the rocks;  
whoever has not learnt to sigh  
will learn it when he loves.

## 3. O die Frauen (*O Women, O Women*)

O women, o women,  
how they delight the heart!  
I should have long since turned monk,  
were it not for women!

## 4. Wie des Abends schöne Röte

*(Like A Lovely Sunset)*

Like a lovely sunset  
I, a humble girl, would glow,  
and find favour with one alone,  
radiating endless rapture.

## 5. Die grüne Hopfenranke

*(The Green Tendrils Of The Vine)*

The green tendrils of the vine  
creep low along the ground.  
How gloomy, too,  
the lovely young girl looks!  
Why, green tendrils!  
Why do you not stretch up to the sky?  
Why, lovely girl!  
Why is your heart so heavy?  
How can the vine grow tall  
without support?  
How can the girl be joyful,  
when her lover's far away?

## 6. Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel

*(A Pretty Little Bird)*

A pretty little bird flew off  
into a garden full of fruit.  
Were I a pretty little bird,  
I'd not hesitate, I'd do the same.  
But treacherous lime-twigs lay in wait;  
the poor bird could not fly away.  
Were I a pretty little bird,  
I'd hesitate, not do the same.  
The bird alighted on a fair hand,  
the lucky thing wanted nothing more.  
Were I pretty little bird,  
I'd not hesitate, I'd do the same.



## 7. Wohl schön bewandt war es

*(All Seemed Rosy)*

All seemed rosy  
at one time  
with my life,  
with my love!  
Through a wall,  
through ten walls,  
my lover's gaze  
would reach me.  
But now, alas,  
I stand in front  
of his cool gaze,  
neither his eyes,  
nor his heart,  
takes note of me.

## 8. Wenn so lind dein Auge mir

*(When You Gaze At Me So Tenderly)*

When you gaze at me so tenderly  
and so full of love –  
all the gloom that assails me  
fades away.  
Oh, do not let this love's  
sweet ardour vanish!  
No one will love you  
as truly as I.

## 9. Am Donaustrande

*(On The Danube's Shore)*

On the Danube's shore there stands a house,  
from its windows a rosy girl looks out.  
The girl is excellently guarded,  
ten bolts are fixed to her door.  
Ten bolts of iron – a mere trifle!  
I'll break them down,  
as though they were glass.



## 10. O wie sanft die Quelle

*(Ah, How Gently The Stream)*

Ah, how gently the stream  
meanders through the meadow!

## 11. Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen

*(No, It Is Not Possible)*

No, it is not possible  
to put up with these people;  
they interpret everything  
so spitefully.  
If I'm happy, they say  
I harbour lewd desires;  
if I'm quiet, they say  
I'm madly in love.

## 12. Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser

*(Locksmith, Come, Make Me Padlocks)*

Locksmith, come, make me padlocks,  
padlocks without number!  
So that once and for all I can shut  
their malicious mouths.

13. Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft  
*(A Little Bird Flies Through The Skies)*

A little bird flies through the skies,  
searching for a branch;  
thus does one heart seek another,  
where it might rest in bliss.

14. Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar  
*(See How Clear The Waves Are)*

See how clear the waves are,  
when the moon shines down!  
You, my dearest love,  
love me in return.

15. Nachtigall, sie singt so schön  
*(The Nightingale Sings So Sweetly)*

The nightingale sings so sweetly,  
when the stars are sparkling –  
Love me, dear heart,  
kiss me in the dark!

16. Ein dunkler Schacht ist Liebe  
*(Love Is A Dark Pit)*

Love is a dark pit,  
an all too dangerous well;  
I tumbled in, alas,  
can neither hear nor see,  
can only recall my rapture,  
and only bemoan my grief.

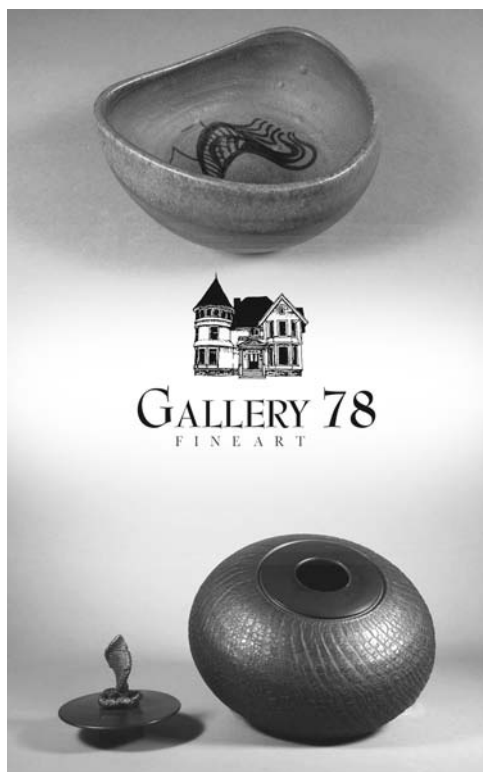


17. Nicht wandle, mein Licht  
*(Do Not Wander, My Love)*

Do not wander, my love, out there  
in the fields!  
The ground would be too wet  
for your tender feet.  
The paths and tracks  
are all flooded out there,  
so abundantly have my eyes  
been weeping.

18. Es bebet das Gesträuche  
*(The Foliage Trembles)*

The foliage trembles,  
where a bird in flight  
has brushed against it.  
And so my soul  
trembles too, shuddering  
with love, desire and pain,  
whenever it thinks of you.



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