

A CONCERT

To Dedicate The
New Steinway Piano
In Greenwall

Thursday
May 5, 1977

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Barbara Mallow, ' cello
Richard Frisch, Baritone
Lionel Nowak, piano

Praeludium

Lionel Nowak

Eight Etudes

Frederic Chopin

C major, Opus 10, No. 1
f minor, Opus 10, No. 9
A flat major, Opus 25, No. 1
c sharp minor, Opus 25, No. 7
g sharp minor, Opus 25, No. 6
f minor, Opus 25, No. 2
F major, Opus 25, No. 3
F major, Opus 10, No. 8

Fünf Lieder nach Goethe

Ferruccio Busoni

Lied des Brander
Lied des Mephistopheles
Lied des Unmuts
Schlechter Trost
Zigeunerlied

- I n t e r m i s s i o n -

The White Peacock
Five Bagatelles
Pastorale
Whirligig

Charles T. Griffes
Alison Nowak
Beryl Rubinstein
Beryl Rubinstein

Second Sonata for 'Cello and Piano

Lionel Nowak

Recitation
Dance
Aria
Finale

FIVE GOETHE LIEDER

1. Lied des Brander
Brander's Song: from Faust, part 1

There was a rat in a cellar nest
who lived only on lard and butter.
It gave itself a tidy paunch just like Dr. Luther.
The cook put poison down for it.
And then the world became so oppressive to it,
As if it had love-pangs in the belly.
As if it had love-pangs in the belly.

It ran around. It ran about and drank at every puddle.
It gnawed and scratched up the whole house,
but nothing could relieve its frenzy.
It made many desperate leaps, and soon the poor beast was
exhausted, as if it had love-pangs in the belly.
As if it had love-pangs in the belly.

Out of fear, in broad daylight, it ran out to the kitchen,
Fell on the hearth, twitched and lay and miserably panted.
The poisoning cook just laughed : Ha! It's at its last gasp,
As if it had love-pangs in the belly.
As if it had love-pangs in the belly.

2. Flohlied des Mephisto
Mephistopheles' Song of the Flea : from Faust, part 1

A king there was once,
who had a great flea,
whom he loved not a little:
as he might his own son.
He called to him his tailor,
the tailor running came:
'Measure garments for this noble,
and for breeches do the same.'

In silk and in velvet
he was now attired,
sashes he had about his coat,
and wore a cross there too,
became forthwith a minister
and had a mighty star.
His brothers and his sisters
were also grand at court.

And courtly lords and ladies
were tormented very sore,
the queen, her maid-in-waiting
were bitten and were gnawed,
but they could not nip them,
nor scratch and make them go-
Yet we nip and choke them
as soon as any bite!

3. Lied des Unmuts
Song of Displeasure : from West-östlicher Divan, 'Book of Displeasure'

Not a rhymer will one find
who doesn't think he's best,
nor fiddler who'd not rather
play melodies of his own.

Nor could I blame them;
for in honouring others
ourselves we under-honour;
do we have life when others live?

And so have I lately found,
in certain ante-chambers,
where no one could distinguish
mouse's mess from coriander.

The has-beens tried to hate
such vigorous new brooms,
who in turn allowed no value
to who formerly were brooms.

And where groups divide
in mutually held contempt,
neither faction will admit
it's the same they strive for.

And this vulgar self-esteem
has been most condemned by those
who are slowest to recover
when other folk are of account.

4. Schlechter Trost
Poor Comfort : from West-östlicher Divan, 'Book of Love'

At midnight I wept, I sobbed,
being without you.
Then came night ghosts
and I was ashamed.
'Night ghosts,' I said,
'sobbing and weeping
you discover me, whom once you
passed by and left sleeping.
Great possessions I miss.
Think not worse of me
whom once you did call wise,
great ill afflicts him!' -
And the night ghosts,
long faced,
passed by,
whether wise I was, or foolish,
concerned them not at all.

5. Zigeunerlied
Gipsy Song

In misty drizzle, in deep snow,
in the wild wood, of a winter's night,
I heard the ravening howl of wolves,
I heard the shrieking of the owl.
Wahooa, wow, wow, wow!
Wahooa, whoo, whoo, whoo!
Tuwhit tuwhoo!

I shot a cat once, at the fence,
Annie the witch's her dear black cat.
By night seven werewolves came to me,
seven, seven she-wolves from the village.
Wahooa, wow, wow, wow!
Wahooa, whoo, whoo, whoo!
Tuwhit tuwhoo!

I knew them all, I knew them well,
Annie, Ursie, Cath,
Lizzie, Barby, Eva, Beth,
howling at me in a ring.
Wahooa, wow, wow, wow!
Wahooa, whoo, whoo, whoo!
Tuwhit tuwhoo!

Loud I named them all by name:
What would you, Annie? What would
you, Beth?
They gave a jerk, they gave a
shake,
and howling, made away.
Wahooa, wow, wow, wow!
Wahooa, whoo, whoo, whoo!
Tuwhit tuwhoo!