

***It's No Go (Louis MacNeice)* [1985]**

Peixin LEE, Sopran (student of Joseph Breinl)

Bona HUR, Klavier (student of Joseph Breinl)

*It's no go the merrygoround, it's no go the rickshaw,
All we want is a limousine and a ticket for the peepshow.
Their knickers are made of crêpe-de-chine, their shoes are made of python,
Their halls are lined with tiger rugs and their walls with heads of bison.*

*It's no go the Yogi-Man, it's no go Blavatsky,
All we want is a bank balance and a bit of skirt in a taxi.
It's no go the gossip column, it's no go the ceilidh,
All we want is a mother's help and a sugar-stick, a sugar-stick for the baby.*

*It's no go the Herring Board, it's no go the Bible,
All we want is a packet of fags when our hands are idle.
Sit on your arse for fifty years and hang your hat on a pension.*

*It's no go my honey love, it's no go my poppet;
Work your hands from day to day, the winds will blow the profit.
The glass is falling hour by hour, the glass will fall for ever,
But if you break the bloody glass you won't hold up the weather.*



Zentrum für Genderforschung (ZfG)
Institut 14 - Musikästhetik



Chamber Music and Songs by Elizabeth Maconchy



Date: Friday, 24 October 2014
Time: 18:30 - 19:30
Location: Florentinersaal, Palais Meran
(Leonhardstraße 15, 8010 Graz)

Organization: PDⁱⁿ Dr.ⁱⁿ Christa Brüstle
Univ.Prof. Dr.phil. Andreas Dorschel MA

We sincerely thank our supporters



Mariann Steegmann Foundation



Das Land Steiermark -
Wissenschaft und Forschung

Morning, Noon and Night for Harp Solo [1976]

Elke PATERNUSCH, Harfe (student of Han-An Liu)

Narration for Solo Cello [1985]

Momoko SAKAI, Violoncello (student of Kerstin Feltz)

Divertimento for Violoncello and Piano [1954]

Lana BERAKOVIC, Violoncello (student of Kerstin Feltz)

Maija KARLINA, Klavier (student of Otto Niederdorfer and Chia Chou)

Colloquy for Flute and Piano [1979]

Katarina CIVRE, Querflöte (student of Nils Thilo Krämer)

Marton KISS, Klavier (student of Ayami Ikeba)

Ophelia's Song (William Shakespeare) [1930]

Anna-Maria GIERON, Sopran (student of Joseph Breinl)

Vadym PALII, Klavier (student of Joseph Breinl)

*How should I your truelove know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon,
And his sandal shoon.*

*He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone,
At his heels a stone.*

*White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers:
Which bewept to the grave did go
With truelove showers,
With truelove showers.*

*He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone,
At his heels a stone.*

**In Memory of William Butler Yeats I & II
(Wystan Hugh Auden)** [1985]

Peixin LEE, Sopran (student of Joseph Breinl)

Bona HUR, Klavier (student of Joseph Breinl)

I

*Earth, receive an honoured guest:
William Yeats is laid to rest.
Let the Irish vessel lie
Emptied of its poetry.*

*With the farming of a verse
Make a vineyard of the curse,
Sing of human unsuccess
In a rapture of distress;*

*In the nightmare of the dark
All the dogs of Europe bark,
And the living nations wait,
Each sequestered in its hate;*

*In the deserts of the heart
Let the healing fountain start,
In the prison of his days
Teach the free man how to praise*

*Intellectual disgrace
Stares from every human face,
And the seas of pity lie
Locked and frozen in each eye.*

*.Earth, receive an honoured guest:
William Yeats is laid to rest.*

*Follow, poet, follow right
To the bottom of the night,
With your unconstraining voice
Still persuade us to rejoice;*

II

*He disappeared in the dead of winter:
The brooks were frozen, the airports almost deserted,
And snow disfigured the public statues;
The mercury sank in the mouth of the dying, dying day.
O all the instruments agree
The day of his death was a dark cold day.*

*But in the importance and noise of tomorrow
When the brokers are roaring like beasts on the floor of the Bourse,
And the poor have the sufferings to which they are fairly accustomed,
And each in the cell of himself is almost convinced of his freedom,
A few thousand will think of this day
As one thinks of a day when one did something slightly unusual.
O all the instruments agree
The day of his death was a dark cold day.*

3. The Sun Rising

*Busy old fool, busy old fool, unruly Sun,
Why dost thou thus
Through windows and through curtains call on us?
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?
Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide
Late school boys, and sour prentices,
Go tell Court huntsmen that the king will ride,
Call country ants to harvest offices:
Love, all alike, no season knows, nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.*

*Thy beams, so reverent and strong
Why shouldst thou think?
I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not lose her sight so long:
If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Look, and tomorrow, late, tell me, tell me,
Whether both the Indias of spice and mine
Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with me.
Ask for those kings whom thou sawest yesterday,
And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay.*

*She is all states, and all Princes, I
Nothing else is.
Princes do but play us; compared to this
All honour's mimic; All wealth alchemy.
Thou Sun art half as happy as we,
In that the world's contracted thus;
Thine age asks ease and since thy duties be
To warm the world, That's done in warming us.
Shine here on us, and thou art everywhere;
This bed thy center is, these walls, thy sphere.*

Four Shakespeare Songs [1956/65]

Anna-Maria GIERON, Sopran (student of Joseph Breinl)

Vadym PALII, Klavier (student of Joseph Breinl)

1. Come away, death

*Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it.
My part of death no-one so true
Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
on my black coffin Let there be strown
Not a friend, not a friend greet
my poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave
to weep there.*

2. The wind and the rain

*When that I was and a little, little little tiny boy
With hey, ho, hey, ho, the wind and the rain
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth, raineth, raineth, raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate
With hey, ho, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate
For the rain it raineth, raineth, raineth, raineth every day.*

*But when I come, alas, alas, alas! I come alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, hey, ho, the wind and the rain
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth, raineth, raineth, raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my beds
With hey, ho, hey, ho the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads
For the rain it raineth, raineth, raineth, raineth every day.*

*A great while ago, ago, ago, ago, ago the world begun
with hey, ho, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you, please you, please you, please you every day.*

3. Take, o take those lips away

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And these eyes, the breake of day.
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, Sealed in vain.

4. King Stephen

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor loon.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou, thou, thou art but of low degree,
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
Then take, take, take thine old cloak about thee.

Three Donne Songs [1964]

Svetlana SPEIL, Soprano (student of Joseph Breinl)

Marie Sophie Gross, Klavier (student of Joseph Breinl)

1. A Hymn to God the Father

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which is my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive those sins, through which I run,
And do run still: though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin by which I've won
Others to sin? and made my sin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two: but wallowed in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread I shall perish on the shore:
Swear by thyself, that at my death thy Sun
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore.
And having done that, Thou hast done,
I fear no more.

2. A Hymn to Christ

In what torn ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be my emblem of thy Ark;
What sea soever swallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood.
Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face, yet through that mark I know those eyes
Which, though they turn away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto thee
And all whom I love there, and who loved me;
When I have put our seas 'twixt them and me,
Put thou thy sea betwixt my sins and thee.
As the trees' sap doth seek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go,
Where none but thee, th' Eternal root
Of true love I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion dost control
The amorousness of an harmonious soul.
But thou wouldst have that love thyself. As thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now,
Thou lov'st not, till from loving more thou free
My soul: Who ever gives, takes liberty:
O, if thou car'st not whom I love,
Alas, thou lov'st not me.

Seal thou this bill of my divorce from all
On whom those fainter beams of love did fall.
Marry those loves which, in youth scattered be
On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
Churches are best for prayer that have least light:
To see God only I go out of sight,
And to scape stormy days I choose
An everlasting night.