



MADELINE MISKIE-JAEGER, SOPRANO

FRANK ZIEGINSON, PIANIST

# SONGSCAPE DUO



**YAMAHA PIANO  
SHOWCASE**

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**CONCERT PROGRAM**

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**OCTOBER 5TH, 2024**

**CONCERT 7PM**

LYNN VALLEY UNITED CHURCH  
3201 MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY

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**GANYMED**  
**FRANZ SCHUBERT**

How in the radiance of morning

You glow all around me,

Spring, Beloved!

With a thousandfold feeling

of love's delight,

Your eternal warmth, sacred feeling,  
And unending beauty  
crowds into my heart!  
If only I could take you  
In my arms!

Ah, at your chest

I lie and languish

And your flowers, your grassy meadows

Overwhelm my heart.

You cool the burning

Thirst of my heart,

Dear morning breeze!

The nightingale calls

Lovingly after me from out of the misty  
valley. I come! I come!

To where? Ah, where are we going?

Upward! Striving upwards.  
The clouds float downwards,  
the clouds  
Bow down with yearning love

To me! To me!

In your lap!

Downwards!

Surrounding surrounded!

Down to your chest

All-loving father!



**SULEIKA**  
**FRANZ SCHUBERT**

Why is the wind stirring?

Does the east wind bring me happy news?

Its breezes stir new emotions

And cool the deep wounds of the heart.

With invisible fingers it plays with the dust  
Lifting it up into soft little clouds  
Safely drifting it to the grape arbor  
To a happy crowd of insects.

It gently soothes the glowing sun  
And cools my hot cheeks  
Kisses the grapevines in its flight  
That shine in the field and hillside.

And brings to me its gentle whispers  
A thousand greetings from my beloved  
Ah, before these hills grow dusky  
I will be greeted with a thousand kisses.

And thus you can further pass along  
Serve other friends and those who are  
unhappy. There where high walls glow  
There I will soon find my dear beloved.

Ah, the true champion of my heart  
Breath of love, renewed life  
Comes to me only out of his lips  
Can only be given to me by his breath.

**DANS LA FORET DE  
SEPTEMBRE  
GABRIEL FAURE**



Foliage of softened rustling,  
Resonant trunks hollowed by the passage  
of time, the ancient, sorrowful forest  
Attunes itself to our melancholy.

Oh fir trees clinging to the cragged  
mountain side, Abandoned nests  
on broken branches, flowers without dew,  
You know well how one suffers.

And when the pale-faced man passing by  
    Cries alone in the woods,  
The mysterious moans from the shadows  
    welcome him likewise in weeping.

Good forest! Open promise  
Of the exile that life implodes,  
I come again with a watchful step  
Into your depths still green.

But on the end of thin silver birch on the  
path, one leaf, a bit red, brushes  
My head and trembles on my shoulder;  
Thus the forest ages,

Knowing that winter, where all is dormant  
Already draws near me, as it does to the  
forest, and offers me a brotherly alms  
Of its first fallen leaf.

**CHANSON DE LA MARIEE**  
**MAURICE RAVEL**

Wake up, wake up,  
Pretty partridge,  
Open your wings to the morning.  
Three touches of beauty,  
My heart is burning!



See the ribbon of gold I brought you,

To tie around your hair.

If you wish, my beauty, come and let's  
marry! Our two families will be united!

**CHANSON TRISTE**  
**HENRI DUPARC**

Within your heart sleeps the moonlight  
A sweet moonbeam of summertime  
And to escape the weariness of life,  
I will drown myself in your light.

I will forget the sorrows of the past,  
My love, when you cradle  
My sad heart and my hopes  
In the loving calmness of your arms.

You will take my weary head,  
Oh! Sometimes on your knees  
And recite a ballad  
That seems to speak of us;

And in your eyes, full of sadness

In your eyes, I will drink

Of so many kisses and so much tenderness

that perhaps, I will be healed.

**MORGAN!**  
**RICHARD STRAUSS**

And tomorrow the sun will

Shine once again

And along the path

Where I will go

We will, lucky ones, be reunited

In the middle of this sun-breathing Earth...



And at the seaside we will slowly climb  
down the sand dunes until we reach the  
wide, blue waves

Wordlessly we will look  
into each other's eyes

And upon us will fall a blissful,  
Wordless silence

**ZUEIGNUNG**  
**RICHARD STRAUSS**

Yes, you know it, dear soul,

That I feel tormented when we are apart,

Because of my love for you, I am heartsick,

and yet I am grateful.

Once, as one who reveled in their freedom, I  
raised high the amethyst chalice, and you  
blessed the cup,  
And yet I am grateful to you.

And you banished my inner demons  
Until I became who I never was – utterly  
transformed;  
Holy, holy you have sunk to the depths of  
my heart – I am so grateful for you!

**DIE NACHT**  
**RICHARD STRAUSS**

The night tiptoes out of the forest,  
Quietly creeping out of the trees  
Looking all around across the horizon,  
Now take heed!

The night extinguishes  
All the lights in the world  
All flowers, all colors and even steals the  
wheat sheaves from the field.



The night takes everything that is dear;  
Takes the silver shimmer from the river  
Removes the copper roof from the  
cathedral – the golden gleam is gone.

Even the bushes stand bare:  
So draw close to me; soul to soul.  
Oh I fear that the night will also steal you  
away from me.

**ALLERSEELEN**  
**RICHARD STRAUSS**

Put the fragrant mignonettes (flowers)

On the table.

Bring over some of the last red asters,

And let's speak of love again,

As we did once in May.

Give me your hand

So that I can secretly hold it again,

And if someone sees, it doesn't matter,

Give me just one of your sweet glances

As you did once in May.

Today the fragrant flowers bloom over  
every grave,  
One day every year, the dead are free,  
Come to my heart,  
So that I can have you again  
As I did once in May.

**CACILIE**  
**RICHARD STRAUSS**

If you knew

What it was like to dream

Of burning kisses

Of both wandering and being at rest

With a beloved eye to eye



And caressing and talking together

If you knew,

You would surrender your heart!

If you knew,  
What it is like to tremble  
Alone for many nights  
Surrounded by the storm

With nobody  
No comforting voice  
To ease a strife-weary soul -  
If you knew,  
You would come to me.

If you knew  
What it is like to live  
Within the breath of Godliness  
World-creating wind,

To float aloft  
Carrying light  
To blissful heights,  
If you knew,  
You would live with me.

**INTERMISSION**

**IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE**  
**HENRY PURCELL**

If music be the food of love,  
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;  
For then my list'ning soul you move  
To pleasures that can never cloy.  
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare  
That you are music ev'rywhere.



Pleasures invade both eye and ear,  
So fierce the transports are, they wound,  
And all my senses feasted are,  
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,  
Sure I must perish by your charms,  
Unless you save me in your arms.

**THE SINGER**  
**MICHAEL HEAD**

I met a singer on the hill  
He wore a tattered cloak;  
His cap was torn  
His shoes were worn  
And dreamily he spoke  
Fa la la la la la ...

A wrinkled face, a cheery smile  
And a nobby stick had he;  
His eyes were grey and far away  
And changeful as the sea

I offered him a piece of gold  
And hoped that he would stay  
No word he spoke, but shook his head  
And smiled and went his way  
Fa la la la la la ...

I watched the singer down the hill

My eyes went following after

I thought I heard a fairy flute

And the sound of fairy laughter

Fa la la la la la...

**LINDEN LEA**

**RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS**

Within the woodlands, flow'ry gladed

By the oak trees' mossy moot

The shining grass blades, timber shaded

Now do quiver underfoot



And birds do whistle overhead  
And water's bubbling in its bed  
And there for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea

When leaves, that lately were a-springing

Now do fade within the copse

And painted birds do hush their singing

Up upon the timber tops

And brown leaved fruit's a-turning red  
In cloudless sunshine overhead  
With fruit for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea

Let other folk make money faster  
In the air of dark-room'd towns  
I don't dread a peevish master  
Though no man may heed my frowns

I be free to go abroad  
Or take again my homeward road  
To where, for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea

**SILENT NOON**

**RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS**

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, -

The finger-points look through

like rosy blooms:

Your eyes smile peace.

The pasture gleams and glooms

'Neath billowing skies

that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,  
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge  
Where the cow-parsley skirts  
the hawthorn hedge.  
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.



Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragon-fly  
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: -

So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.  
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,  
This close-companioned inarticulate hour  
When twofold silence was the song of love.

**ON THE HILLSIDE**  
**PATRICK VU**

You lay so still in the sunshine,  
So still in that hot sweet hour—  
That the timid things of the forest land  
Came close; a butterfly lit on your hand,  
Mistaking it for a flower.

You scarcely breathed in your slumber,

So dreamless it was, so deep—

While the warm air stirred in my veins like wine,

The air that had blown through a jasmine vine,

But you slept – and I let you sleep.

**GOODNIGHT MOON**  
**ERIC WHITACRE**

In the great green room

There was a telephone

And a red balloon

And a picture of the cow

jumping over the moon

And there were three little bears

Sitting on chairs

And two little kittens

And a pair of mittens

And a little toy house

And a young mouse

And a comb and a brush

And a bowl full of mush



And a quiet old lady  
who was whispering "hush"

Goodnight room

Goodnight moon

Goodnight cow jumping

Over the moon

Goodnight light  
And the red balloon  
Goodnight bears  
Goodnight chairs

Goodnight kittens  
Goodnight mittens  
Goodnight clocks  
And goodnight socks

Goodnight little house

Goodnight mouse

Goodnight comb

And goodnight brush

Goodnight nobody

Goodnight mush

And goodnight to the  
old lady whispering "hush"

Goodnight stars

Goodnight air

Goodnight noises

Everywhere

Goodnight

Goodnight

Goodnight noises  
Everywhere



**THANK YOU FOR LISTENING!**

**ENCORE**

**STOP  
GEORGIA STITT**