

ETHEREAL SYNTHESIS

Stephanie Pfundt, soprano

Kimly Wang, piano

Recital presented by the Petersburg Arts Council

Thursday, May 19, 2022 at 7 pm

Petersburg Lutheran Church

PROGRAM

“Popoli di Tessaglia! . . . io non chiedo, eterni Dei” K. 316W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Selections from Op. 17 and Op. 68Richard Struass (1864-1948)

Ständchen Op. 17 No. 2

Ich wollt' ein Sträusslein binden Op. 68 No. 2

Säusle, liebe Myrthe! Op. 68 No. 3

Selections from Op. 25 and Op. 48Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

En Svane Op. 25 No. 2

Zur Rosenzeit Op. 48 No. 5

Ein Traum Op. 48 No. 6

INTERMISSION

***Ocean Airs*Stephanie Pfundt (b. 1995)**

I. Salmon Hymn

II. Ocean Ode

III. Kelp Chant

Selections from *Clairières dans le ciel*Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

I. Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie

II. Elle est gravement gaie

IX. Les lilas qui avaient fleuri

Selections from *Six Romances Op. 38*Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

I. At Night in My Garden

III. Daisies

V. A Dream

You are welcome to stay for an audience Q&A following the recital performance.

A special thank you to the Petersburg Lutheran Church for use of their facilities this evening.

This recital is sponsored in part by the Petersburg Rotary Club.

Air travel sponsored by FireLight Gallery & Framing.

[Full Program Guide](#)



TRANSLATIONS

“Popoli di Tessaglia! . . . io non chiedo, eterni Dei” K. 316

W. A. Mozart

Alceste:

People of Thessaly!

Ah, never more justified was your weeping.

Admente is no less your father than the father of these innocent boys.

I lose a beloved spouse and you a beloved king.

Cruel fate steals from us our only hope, our only love.

In the face of such serious misfortune, I know not what first

I may find reason to bemoan.

For the kingdom, for myself, or for my children.

For us there only remains to implore and obtain the mercy of the gods.

I shall be your companion in your prayers and sacrifices.

Thus, I shall present before the altar a miserable mother,

Two unhappy children, and a weeping people.

Perhaps with this sad spectacle,

A kingdom may make known its sorrowful feelings and prayers.

And indignant heaven will be appeased at last.

I do not ask, eternal gods,

For all the heavens to be calm for me,

But that my sorrow at least may be consoled

By a ray of pity.

One cannot comprehend my woes,

Nor the terror that fills my heart,

Who does not have the vivid affection of a wife,

Or the heart of a mother.

Ständchen Op. 17 No. 2

Richard Strauss

Text by Adolf Friedrich

Open up, open up, but quietly my child,
So as no one from slumber to wake.
Hardly murmurs the brook,
hardly trembles in the wind
A leaf on the bushes and hedges.
Therefore softly, my maiden, that nothing itself stirs,
Just quietly the hand on the door latch laid.
With steps, like steps of the elves so gently,
To hop over the flowers,
Fly lightly out into the moonlit night,
And slip out into the garden to me.
All around slumber the flowers by the rippling brook,
Spreading their fragrance in their sleep, only love is awake.
Sit down, here it-grows-dark mysteriously
Under the linden trees,
The nightingale over our heads shall
Dream of our kisses.
And the rose, when it in the morning awakens,
Brightly shall glow from the joyous trembling of this night.

Ich wollt ein Sträusslein binden Op. 68 No. 2

Richard Strauss

Text by Clemens Maria Wenzeslaus von Brentano

I wanted a bouquet to make,
Then came the dark night
No little flower was to be found,
Or would I have brought it to you.

Then flowed down the cheeks
My tears onto the clover,
A little flower sprouted up
I now in the garden see,

I wanted to pick it for you
There in the dark clover,
But began it then to speak:
“Ah, do me no harm!

Be friendly in your heart,
Consider your own grief,
And let me in agony
Not die before my time.”

And if it had not so spoken,
In the garden all alone,
So would have I for you it picked,
Now though it may not be.

My dearest has remained away,
I am so completely alone.
In love dwells sadness,
And it cannot otherwise be.

Säusle, liebe Myrte! Op. 68 No. 3

Richard Strauss

Text by Clemens Maria Wenzeslaus von Brentano

Rustle, dear myrtle!
How quiet it is in the world,
The moon, the shepherd of the stars
In the bright field of heaven
Is driving already the sheep clouds
To the spring of the light forth.
Sleep, my friend, oh sleep,
Until I again with you am!

Sausle, liebe Myrte!
And dream in the starlight.
The turtledove has cooed also
Her brood already to sleep,
Quietly move the sheep clouds
To the spring of the light towards.
Sleep, my friend, oh sleep,
Until I again with you am!

Do hear you, how the fountains gushes?
Do hear you, how the cricket chirps?
Quiet, quiet, let us listen.
Happy he-who in dreams dies!
Happy, whom the clouds cradle
When the moon a lullaby sings.
Oh, how blissfully can he fly,
For whom in dream the wings swings,
So that on the blue roof of heaven
Stars he like flowers may pick:
Sleep, dream, fly, I will-awaken
Soon you up and I am blest!
Rustle, dear myrtle! I am blest!

En Svane Op. 25 No. 2

Edvard Grieg

Text by Henrik Ibsen

My white swan,
You mut, you quiet,
Neither warble nor trill
Let a singing voice be heard.

Fearfully protecting
The elf who sleeps,
Always listening,
You glided away.

But the last meeting
when oaths and eyes
Were secret lies,
Yes then, then it sounded!

In music's birth
You ended your life.
You sang in death.
You were still a swan!

Zur Rosenzeit Op. 48 No. 5

Edvard Greig

Text by Jahann Wolfgang von Goethe

You are wilting, sweet roses,
My love could not sustain you.
Bloom, ah! For the one without hope,
For him whose heart breaks from
grief.

Of those days think I sadly,
When I, angel, was joined with you,
For the first little bud lying in wait
Early into my garden I went.

All-the blossoms, all the fruit
Even to your feet I carried
And standing before you,
Hope in the heartbeat.
He who for the first little bud lies in
wait,
Early into his garden went.
Ah of those days I think I sadly,
When I, angel, on you hung.

Ein Traum Op. 48 No. 6

Edvard Grieg

Text by Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt

I dreamed once a beautiful dream:

I loved a blond maiden.

It was in a green forest glen,

It was in the warm springtime.

The buds were sprouting, the wood brook ran strong,

From afar out of the village rang out bells –

We were completely joy filled,

Immersed totally in bliss.

And more-beautiful still than once the dream

Was what occurred in reality

It was in a green forest glen

It was in the warm springtime,

The brook ran strong,

The buds were sprouting,

Bells rang out from the village hither –

I held you tightly, I held you for a long time,

And would never again release you!

Oh, spring green woodland glen!

You live within me though all time –

There became the reality to a dream

There the dream became reality!

Salmon Hymn

Poetry and music by Stephanie Pfundt

My sister lounges in the wheelhouse...
On her stomach, legs in the air,
reading about God.

The windows all breath out
and the late sun shines in.

Up above the world, I wonder
how serene, sweeping sky and sea,
with salmon jumping in an anchored silence -
can yield a universe so small.

Ocean Airs

I awaken.
Sweating in my bunk it's eleven pm.
Transfixed, I listen.
Hydraulic moans in gentle swells

Against the boat, water laps
In buzzing silence.

I rise.
Outside, the sun recently gone
does not regret me or my story.
The fading horizon that encircles me
does not fall silent to my cry.

I weep.
A gull shrieks back
In the distance a small island
Protecting her own children with curve and crevice...
Breathes free.

Now she listens,
Gazing with the grief of the virgin into my father's face.
With her rocks and single tree root
Alerts her all seducing ocean mother
Whose currents and waves come to my aid.

Kelp Chant

Pink
Pink and orange and red
Blue and pink and orange and red
dissolves into lapping, pulsing water.

In the corner of my eye
the moon casts hazily down - her reflection swimming,
at kelp
riding gentle rolls.

The fiery vapor
- scraped across the sky -
Obscures the dim silver
Singing of power unspent
Untested.

Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie

Lili Boulanger

Text by Francis Jammes

She had gone down to the bottom of the meadow,
and because the meadow was full of flowers
that like to grow in the water,
I had gathered the drowned plants.
Soon, because she was wet, she came back to the top
of that flowery meadow.
She laughed and moved with the lanky grace
of girls who are too tall.
She looked the way lavender flowers do.

Elle est gravement gaie

She is solemnly gay. Sometimes she looked up
as if to see what I was thinking.
She was as soft as the yellow and blue velvet
of a lane of pansies late at night.

Les lilas qui avaient fleuri

The lilacs which bloomed last year
will flower again in their sad beds.
Already the frail peach tree has bedecked the blue sky
with its roses, like a child on the feast of Corpus Christi.
My heart should die amid all these things,
for it was among white and pink orchards
that I had hoped for I don't know what from you.
My soul sleeps soundly in your lap.
Don't push it away. Don't awaken it,
for fear that when it leaves
it will see how you are weak and troubled in its arms.

At Night in My Garden

Sergei Rachmaninoff

Text by Aleksandr Alesandrovich Blok

At night in my garden
the weeping willow weeps,
and she is inconsolable,
This dear Willow, mournful willow tree.

Early morning flashes;
The gentle maiden Dawn
From dear Willow, weeping bitterly,
Wipes away the tears with her curls.

Daisies

Text by Igor Vasil'yevich Lotaryov

Oh, see how many daisies,
Here and there,
They blossom; they are plentiful; they are abundant.
They blossom.

Their petals are three-edged, like wings,
Like white silk;
[You are the summer's might! You are abundant joy,
You are radiant multitude!]

Earth prepares to flower with the dew's draught,
Giving sap to the stalks.
Oh maidens, Oh daisy stars,
I love you!

A Dream

Text by Fyodo Kuzmych Teternikov

There is nothing
more desirable
In the world than the dream.
It has magic stillness.
It has on its lips
No sadness, no laughter
And bottomless eyes,
and many hidden pleasures.

It has two immense wings,
as light as
the shadow of midnight.
It's unfathomable
how it carries them,
and where and on what;
It will not beat its wings,
And it will not move its shoulder.