



Songs from a Distance

Nathan Krueger, baritone
Maggie Rebers, piano

Saturday, August 26, 3PM
Grace Lutheran Church, Milwaukee

PROGRAM

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée Chanson romanesque Chanson épique Chanson à boire	Maurice Ravel (1875–1937)
Blue Mountain Ballads Heavenly Grass Lonesome Man Cabin Sugar in the Cane	Paul Bowles (1910-1999)
Sea Fever	John Ireland (1879-1962)
Money, O!	Michael Head (1900-1976)
Wanderers Nachtlied, Op. 96, No. 3 Das Wandern (from Die schöne müllerin, Op. 25) Der Wanderer, Op. 4 No. 1	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

-- Brief Pause --

Songs of Travel The Vagabond Let Beauty Awake The Roadside Fire Youth and Love In Dreams The Infinite Shining Heavens Whither Must I Wander Bright Is the Ring of Words I have trod the upward and the downward slope	Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
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ABOUT THE PERFORMERS

Nathan Krueger, baritone, is Associate Professor of Music at the University of Wisconsin Oshkosh. He holds degrees from the University of New Mexico (MM), the University of Arizona (DMA), as well as UW Oshkosh (BM). He has appeared in concert and recital across North America singing a wide variety of repertoire. Last spring included performances of electro-acoustic music in recital and at Electronic Music Midwest, and as featured soloist in the Oshkosh Chamber Singers performance of Haydn's *Creation*. He has appeared as concert soloist at the Milwaukee Fringe Festival, the Green Lake Music Festival, the Peninsula Music Festival, and at the Token Creek Music Festival. He has also performed with the Milwaukee Florentine Opera, Madison Choral Project, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Santa Fe Opera, Madison Bach Musicians, Milwaukee Opera Theatre, Arizona Opera, the Santa Fe Desert Chorale, and Opera Southwest.

Pianist **Maggie Rebers** is a collaborative recitalist and chamber musician. She specializes in classical art song and instrumental character pieces that feature or include piano. She prefers to present classical concerts in a less formal setting, where the inexperienced concert-goer can feel comfortable and entertained alongside the connoisseur. Maggie has performed in productions with Brew City Opera, Skylight Music Theatre, Milwaukee Opera Theatre, and Acacia Theatre. She has performed on both the Cabaret and Salon Recital Series at Skylight, as well as other local recital series. She enjoys playing background music for special events and has a small private piano studio.

Colla Voce is a professional recital series created by pianist Maggie Rebers with the goal of cultivating a wider audience and a deeper appreciation for the art of chamber music and the vast treasure of repertoire it encompasses, with an emphasis on art song. *Colla Voce* is an Italian phrase often found in vocal scores meaning "with the voice". It is an apt allusion to the collaborative effort required of chamber musicians, and the power which live performances have to create spontaneous moments of beauty shared between audience and performers.

Upcoming COLLA VOCE concerts:

"Songs from a Distance" -- Nathan Krueger, baritone
Saturday, September 16, 3PM, UW-Oshkosh -- ticket info @ uwosh.edu/music

"Only In A Dream" -- music of Lili Boulanger -- Saira Frank, soprano
Saturday, October 21, 3PM, Wisconsin Conservatory of Music

To make an electronic donation through Venmo:

Nathan Krueger
@ Kruegern

TRANSLATIONS:

Chanson romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
À tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing.
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blêmirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.
Ô Dulcinée

Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.
D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté: Ma Dame.

(Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel! Amen.

Romanesque Song

If you were to tell me that the earth
in its endless turning, offends you,
I would quickly send Sancho Panza:
You would see it fixed and silent.

If you were to tell me that you're bored
By too many flowery stars in the sky,
I would tear the heavens apart,
Erase the night in one fell swoop.

If you were to tell me that space,
Now empty, doesn't please you,
As a god-like knight, spear in hand,
I would sow stars in the passing breeze.

But if you were to say that my blood
Is more my own than yours, my lady,
I would grow pale under the reproach
And I would die, blessing you.
O Dulcinea.

Epic Song

Good Saint Michael who gives me leisure
to see my lady and to hear her,
Good St. Michael who deigns to choose me
to be pleasing to her and to protect her
Good St. Michael, will you please descend
with St. George before the altar
of the Madonna in the blue mantle?
May a ray from Heaven bless my sword
and its equal in purity
and its equal in piety
as in modesty and chastity: My Lady.

(Oh great St. George and St. Michael)
the angel who guards my watching
over my sweet lady who is like you,
Madonna in the blue mantle! Amen.

Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon coeur, mon âme!

Je bois À la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit... lorsque j'ai bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geind, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

Je bois À la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...lorsque j'ai bu!

Wanderers Nachtlied

Über allen Gipfel
Ist Ruh',
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

Das Wandern

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust, Das Wandern!
Das muß ein schlechter Müller sein,
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein, Das Wandern.

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt, Vom Wasser!
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht, Das Wasser.

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab, Den Rädern!
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde drehn, Die Räder.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind, Die Steine!
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein, Die Steine.

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust, O Wandern!
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
Lasst mich in Frieden weiter ziehn Und wandern.

Drinking Song

Fie on the bastard, illustrious lady,
who, because I lose your sweet favor,
says that love and old wine
bring my heart and soul to grief!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the only goal which I pursue...
when I drink!

Fie on the jealous fool, dark mistress,
who whines, who weeps and makes oaths,
always being the pale lover,
tears watering down his drunkenness!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the only goal which I pursue...
when I drink!

Wanderer's Night Song

Over all the peaks
it is peaceful,
in all the treetops
you feel
hardly a breath of wind;
the little birds are silent in the forest...
only wait - soon
you will rest as well.

Wandering

Wandering is the miller's joy, Wandering!
He must be a miserable miller,
Who never likes to wander. Wandering!

We've learned this from the water, From the water!
It does not rest by day or night,
It's always thinking of its journey, The water.

We see this also with the wheels, With the wheels!
They don't like to stand still,
And turn all day without tiring. With the wheels.

The stones themselves, heavy as they are, the stones!
They join in the merry dance
and seek to move still faster, the stones.

O wandering, my delight, O wandering!
Master and mistress,
let me go my way in peace, and wander.

Der Wanderer

Ich komme vom Gebirge her,
Es dampft das Thal, es braust das Meer,
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer: wo?

Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,
Die Blüte welk, das Leben alt,
Und was sie reden, leerer Schall,
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.

Wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land?
Gesucht, geahnt und nie gekannt!
Das Land, das Land so hoffnungsgrün,
Das Land, wo meine Rosen blühn,

Wo meine Freunde wandelnd gehn,
Wo meine Toten auferstehn;
Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,
O Land, wo bist du?

Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer: wo?
Im Geister hauch tönt's mir zurück:
"Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück!"

The Wanderer

I come down from the mountains,
The valley dims, the sea roars.
I wander silently and am somewhat unhappy,
And my sighs always ask "Where?"

The sun seems so cold to me here,
The flowers faded, the life old,
And what they say has an empty sound;
I am a stranger everywhere.

Where are you, my dear land?
Sought and brought to mind, yet never known,
That land, so hopefully green,
That land, where my roses bloom,

Where my friends wander
Where my dead ones rise from the dead,
That land where they speak my language,
Oh land, where are you?

I wander silently and am somewhat unhappy,
And my sighs always ask "Where?"
In a ghostly breath it calls back to me,
"There, where you are not, there is your happiness."

*German translations by Emily Ezust
Lieder.net*