

GRADUATE RECITALS

by

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B.Mus., University of British Columbia, 1997

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF

THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF

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(PIANO)

in

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(School of Music)

We accept this thesis as conforming
to the required standard

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

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Department of Music

The University of British Columbia
Vancouver, Canada

Date 25 April 2000

Master's Degree Recital

Erika Switzer

piano

Friday, March 10th, 2000, 8:00 p.m.
University of British Columbia
Music Building, Recital Hall

PROGRAMME *

Sonata, Hob. XVI: 34 (1784)

Presto

Adagio

Vivace molto

Joseph Haydn
(1732-1809)

Fantasia in C Major, "Wanderer Fantasy" D760 (1822) Franz Schubert

Allegro con fuoco ma non troppo

Adagio

Presto

Allegro

(1797-1828)

INTERMISSION

Les jeux d'eau à la Villa d'Este

From *Third Year of "Années de pèlerinage"* (1867-77)

Jeux D'eau (1901)

River god laughing as the water tickles him... H. Régnier

Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Aufenthalt (1840)

Wohin? (1846)

Der Wanderer (1838)

Auf dem Wasser zu singen (1838)

Schubert-Liszt

Reception to follow in the Lobby.

**in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master's Degree of Music in Piano.*

Aufenthalt "Resting Place" from *Schwanengesang*
Ludwig Rellstab (1827).

Rushing stream, raging forest, unyielding rock – these are my resting place.
As wave follows wave, so do the tears flow ever anew
As the high tree-tops bend and stir,
so does my heart beat ceaselessly.
Like the age-old rock in the earth, my pain stays ever the same.
Rushing stream, raging forest, unyielding rock – these are my resting place.

Wohin? "Where to?" from *Die Schöne Müllerin*,
Wilhelm Müller (1823)

I heard a little stream babbling down to the valley from its source among the
rocks, so clear and strangely bright. I don't know what came over me,
or who put the idea into my head; but I too had to head down the valley
with my wanderer's staff.
Always on and down, and always following the stream, which babbled on,
ever more clear and bright.
Is this my way then? Streamlet, tell me, where are we going? You have quite
fuddled my wits with your murmuring. But why am I talking about murmuring?
That cannot be the murmur of the stream. It is the water-nymphs singing,
as they dance in a round down below.
Let them sing, wanderer; let the brook murmur on, and follow it cheerfully.
Mill-wheels turn beside every clear stream.

Der Wanderer "The Wanderer"
Georg PS von Lübeck (1816)

Down from the mountains have I come. The valley steams, the ocean roars. I wander on silent and unhappy, and, sighing, ask myself constantly: Where?

The sun seems so cold to me here, the flower is faded, and life is old; and what men say has an empty ring, I am a stranger everywhere.

Where you are, my beloved land, sought after, dreamed of, yet never known. The land, the land, so green with promise, the land where all my roses bloom.

Where all my friends together roam, and where my dead friends rise again; the land which speaks in my own tongue, O land, where are you?

I wander on silent and unhappy, and, sighing, ask myself constantly: Where? In a ghostly whisper comes the answer: 'Théré, where you are not, there is happiness!'

Auf dem Wasser zu singen "To be sung on the water"
Friedrich L Graf zu Stolberg (1823)

'Mid the glimmer of sparkling waves the swaying boat glides like a swan; ah, the soul glides onward like the boat, on gently gleaming waves of joy. For the sunset glow; shining down from heaven upon the waves, dances round the boat.

The rosy light beckon us above the treetops of the western wood; beneath the branches of the eastern wood the reeds whisper in the rosy light; in the reddening glow the soul breathes the joy of heaven, the peace of the grove.

For me, alas, time itself vanishes on dewy wings in the cradle of the waves. Tomorrow time will fly onward on glistening wings, as it did yesterday and today, until I myself escape from time's inconstancy on loftier, more glorious wing.

*There are so many people that have helped me in so many ways,
that I hardly know where to start:*

*My parents, Laurie and Keith Switzer, have done countless errands for me
And made sure that I was eating. Thank you for the reception that you
put together and for all your extra time.*

*To friends here and abroad, the Duncan family, and my brother Mark,
I want to say thank you for all the well wishes and encouragement that you
have offered over the last few weeks especially, but also over the past 7 years.*

*A special thank you to Robyn "Bob" Driedger-Klassen, Colin Balzer, and
Tyler "Muffin" Duncan for their beautiful singing.
Working with such great singers has made the last few years so much fun,
and has saved me from piano boredom on many occasions.*

Thanks also to Sandra Stringer for stepping in at the last minute.

*(p.s. Tyler has done a lot more than sing beautifully.
Thanks for all that other stuff.)*

*Karen Lee-Morlang has done so much for me: a beautiful dress, great
programs, and basically making sure I didn't melt down. Thank you Karen!*

*I have been lucky enough to have two really wonderful teachers throughout
this degree at UBC: Jane Coop and Rena Sharon. I have now been staring
at the computer screen for 15 minutes trying to think of the right words to
honour all their hard work with, but I'm at a loss. They have believed
in me from the beginning and have always been there to give pep talks, extra
lessons, and advice. I once tried to thank Rena for everything that she has
done for me, and she responded, "You can thank me by practicing".*

So I will.

Jane, thank you for showing me what REALLY HARD WORK is.

*Since I'm now crying in front of the computer,
I know it's time to finish this off.*

*I'm honoured that you are all here today.
Thank you for making this evening special for me.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Recital Hall
Sunday, March 7, 1999
8:00 p.m.

MASTER'S CHAMBER RECITAL*

ERIKA SWITZER, Piano

Canticle II: Abraham and Isaac, Op. 51 (1952)
text: Chester Miracle Play

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Colin Balzer, *tenor*
Dana Luccock, *mezzo-soprano*

Trio in a minor, Op. 114 (1891)

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

- I. Allegro
- II. Adagio
- III. Andantino grazioso
- IV. Allegro

Martina Smazal, *viola*
Alasdair Money, *cello*

- INTERMISSION -

Sonata for Violin and Piano (1923-27)

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

- I. Allegretto
- II. Blues
- III. Perpetuum mobile

Alycia Au, *violin*

Song of Black Max [as told by the de Kooning Boys]
Waitin
Amor
George

William Bolcom
(b. 1938)

from *Twelve Cabaret Songs (1977-83)*
text: Arnold Weinstein

Tyler Duncan, *baritone*

* In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree with a major in Piano.

Reception to follow . . . thanks Mom for all the food!

TEXT

CANTICLE II: Abraham and Isaac

God speaketh

Abraham! My servant Abraham,
Take Isaac, thy son by name,
That thou lovest the best of all,
And in sacrifice offer him to me
Upon that hill there besides thee
Abraham, I will tat so it be,
For aught that may befall.

Abraham riseth and saith:

My Lord, to Thee is mine intent
Ever to be obedient.
That son that Thou to me hast sent
Offer I will to Thee
Thy bidding done shall be.

Here Abraham, turning to his son Isaac, saith:

Make thee ready, my dear darling,
For we must do a little thing.

Here Isaac speaketh to his father, and taketh a bundle of sticks and beareth after his father.

Father, I am all ready
This woode do on thy back it bring,
We may no longer abide.

Father I am all ready.

A sword and fire that I will take,
For sacrifice behoves me to make;
God's bidding will I not forsake,
But ever obedient be.

Father, I am all ready

To do your bidding mostmeekely,
And to bear this wood full bayn am I,
As you commanded me.

Here they go both to the place to do sacrifice

Now Isaac son, go we our way
My dear father I will essay, I will essay
To yonder mount if that we may.
To follow, follow you full fain.

Abraham being minded to slay his son Isaac, Lifts up his hands, and saith the following:

O! My heart will break in three,
To hear thy words I have pitey;
As Thou wilt, Lord, so must it be,
To Thee I will be bayn.

Lay down thy faggot, my own son dear.

All ready father, lo, it is here.
But why make you such heavy cheer?
Are you anything adread?

Ah! Dear God! That me is woe!

Father if it be your will,
Where is the beast that we shall kill?

Therof, son, is none upon this hill.

Father, I am full sore affeared
To see you bear that drawne sword.

Isaac, son, peace, I pray thee,

Thou breakest my heart even in three.
I pray you, father, layn nothing form me,
But tell me what you think.

Ah! Isaac, Isaac, I must thee kill!

Alas! Father, is that your will,
Your owne child for to spill
Upon this Hilles brink?
If I have trespassed in any degree,
With a yard you may beat me;
Put up your sword, if your will be,
For I am but a child, for I am but a child.

O Isaac, son, to thee I say
Would God my mother were here with me!

God hath commanded me today
She would kneel down upon her knee,
Sacrifice, this is no nay,

Praying you, father, if it may be,

To make of thy bodye, to make of thy bodye,
For to save my life, for to save my life,
This is no nay.

To save my life.

Is it God's will I shall be slain?

Yea, son, it is not for to layn.

Here Isaac asketh his father's blessing on his knees, and saith:

Father, seeing you muste needs do so,
Let it pass lightly and overgo;
Kneeling on my knees two,
Your blessing on me spread.

My blessing, dear son, give I thee
And thy mother's with heart free;

The blessing of the Trinity,
My dear son, on thee light.

Hence Isaac riseth and cometh to his father, and he taketh him, and bindeth and layeth him on the altar to sacrifice him, and saith:

Father, do with me as you will,
I must obey, and that is skill,
Godes commandment to fulfil,
For needs so it must be.

Isaac, Isaac, blessed must thou be.

Father, greet well my brethrenying,
And pray my mother of her blessing,
I come no more, no more under her wing,
Farewell forever and aye.

Farewell, farewell, my sweete son of grace!

Here Abraham doth kiss his son Isaac, and binds a kerchief about his head.

I pray you, father, turn down my face,
For I am sore adread.

Lord, full loth were I him to kill!

Ah, mercy, father, why tarry you so?

Jesu! On me have pity,

That I have most in mind.

Now, father, I see that I shall die:

Almighty God in majesty!

My soul I offer unto thee!

To do this deed I am sorrye...
**Here let Abraham make a sign as though he
would cut off his son Isaac's head with his
sword; then God speaketh.**

Abraham! my servant dear, Abraham!
Lay not thy sword in no manner
On Isaac, thy dear darling.
For thou darest me, well wot I,
That of thy son has no mercy,
To fulfil my bidding.

Abraham riseth and saith:

Ah, Lord of Heav'n and King of bliss,
Thy bidding shal be done, iwiss!
A horned wether here I see,
Among the briars tied is he,
To thee offered shall he be
Anon right in this place.

Then let Abraham take the lamb and kill him.

Sacrifice here sent me is,
And all, Lord, through Thy grace.

Envoi

Such obedience grant us, O Lord!
Ever to thy most holy word.
That in the same we may accord
As this Abraham was bayn;
And then altogether shall we
That worthy king in Heaven see,
And dwell with him in great glorye
For ever and ever,
Amen.