

InterNational Styles Recital



Sebastian Grube - Voice
David Lesser - Piano

German, Ukrainian, French & Russian Songs from the 19th & early 20th Century

Program

Johannes Brahms (1833-1879)

Sonntag

O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück

Vergebliches Ständchen

Wie Melodien zieht es mir

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Hébé

Le colibri

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Chanson d'amour

Mandoline

La Fée aux Chansons

Carl Loewe (1796-1869)

Der Pilgrim vor St. Just

Prinz Eugen

Die nächtliche Heerschau

INTERVAL (10 minutes)

Modest Mussorgsky (1839-1881)

Songs from Детская

С няней

С куклой

На сон грядущий

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Die Lotosblume

Der Husar, trara!

Ich grolle nicht

Mykola Lysenko (1842-1912)

Та не дай Господи нікому

Учітеся, брати мої

Реве та стогне Дніпр широкий

Sebastian Grube

Sebastian Grube is a graduating senior from New York University Abu Dhabi where he studied Music and Theater. His previous performances include *Die Winterreise* in two parts (2016) and the Holiday Concert (December 2017) at NYU Abu Dhabi. He has also performed in his home town in Germany to raise money for “Lebenshilfe Zeulenroda e.V.”, an organization that provides people who have different cognitive abilities with housing and life support. Sebastian has studied voice with Clare Lesser, Stewart Emerson, Claudia Zohm, Volker Böge and Judy DeForest. He is very grateful to all of his teachers, who have pushed him to become a better artist. Sebastian would like to extend his gratitude especially to Clare Lesser, who has accompanied him over the last four years and has generously shared her knowledge and experience, and David Lesser who has accompanied Sebastian on the piano for a number of occasions. This recital is Sebastian’s first full-length recital which he is proud to share with the audience.

David Lesser

David Lesser studied at The Royal College of Music, London, and the University of Huddersfield. He was Senior Teaching Fellow in Music at the University of Warwick, UK, and since moving to the UAE, he has taught extensively at the American Universities of Dubai and Sharjah and at New York University, Abu Dhabi where he currently teaches piano and composition.

His music has been widely performed in Britain and Europe and is published by Edition Tre Fontane, Münster. He specializes in the performance of twentieth century and contemporary music and accompanying choral and solo vocal repertoire, and has given a number of world premieres. He performs regularly at NYUAD, and throughout the UK and Europe. He is recorded by Metier and Divine Art.

Clare Lesser

Clare Lesser studied at The Guildhall School of Music and Drama, London, the University of Birmingham, Birmingham Conservatoire and the University of Sussex. She specializes in the performance of twentieth century and contemporary music, and her work in this field has been nominated for a Royal Philharmonic Society award. She regularly collaborates with composers on new works, giving over fifty world premieres to date. She has made critically acclaimed recordings of the music of Wolfgang Rihm, Michael Finnissy, Richard Emsley, Hans Werner Henze, Giacinto Scelsi and many other contemporary composers on the Metier and Divine Art labels. She has performed throughout Europe, including at the Edinburgh, Gaudeamus and Avignon International Festivals, and has also appeared regularly on radio and television. She is currently Professor of Voice at New York University, Abu Dhabi.

Johannes Brahms (1833-1879)

Sonntag | Sunday

Anonymous Folksong Text

Though I haven't for the whole week long
Seen my pretty sweetheart.
I saw her on a Sunday
Standing at the door.
The thousand-fold beautiful maiden,
The thousand-fold beautiful darling –
Would to God I were with her today!

So, for the whole week long,
My joy will not cease;
I saw her on a Sunday
Going to church.
The thousand-fold beautiful maiden,
The thousand-fold beautiful darling –
Would to God I were with her today!

O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück | Oh, if only I knew the way back

Klaus Johann Groth (1819-1899)

Oh, if only I knew the way back,
The delightful way to the land of childhood!
Oh, why did I seek after fortune
And let go my mother's hand?

Oh, how I long to rest
Undisturbed by any aspiration –
To close my tired eyes,
Gently sheltered by love!

Oh, do show me the way back,
The delightful way to the land of childhood!
In vain do I seek after fortune...
All around is a desolate shore!

And to seek nothing, to look for nothing,
And only to dream, lightly and softly –
Not to notice the change of seasons...
For the second time, to be a child!

Vergebliches Ständchen | Futile Serenade

Anton Wilhelm Florentin von Zuccalmaglio (1803-1869)

(He)

Good evening, my darling,
Good evening, my dear!
I'm here out of love for you;
Ah, open the door for me!

(She)

My door is locked;
I will not let you in.
Mother counseled me wisely
That if you were permitted to come in
It would be all over for me!

(He)

So cold is the night,
So icy the wind,
That my heart is freezing;
My love will be extinguished.
Open for me, my dear!

(She)

If your love is being extinguished,
Just let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
Go home to bed, to sleep!
Good night, my lad!

Wie Melodien zieht es mir | Like melodies it pervades

Klaus Johann Groth (1819-1899)

Like melodies it pervades
My senses softly,
Like spring flowers it blooms
And drifts along like fragrance.

But when a word comes and grasps it
And brings it before the eye,
Like gray mist it fades
And vanishes like a breath.

And yet there remains in the rhyme
A certain hidden fragrance,
Which gently, from the dormant bud,
A tearful eye evokes.

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Hébé

Louise Ackermann (1813-1890)

The eyes lowered, blushing and ingenuous,
When Hébé drew near their banquet
The enchanted Gods held out their empty cups,
And the child refilled them with nectar.

All we too, when youth has passed.
Hold out our cup to her with longing.
What is the wine the Goddess pours there?
We do not know; it intoxicates and delights.

Having smiled in her immortal grace,
Hébé goes on her way; we call her back in vain.
On the eternal path, for a long time still
Our tearful eyes follow the divine cup-bearer.

Le colibri | The Hummingbird

Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle (1818-1894)

The green hummingbird, the king of the hills,
Seeing the dew and the bright sunlight
Shining in his nest woven from fine grasses
Like a fresh ray, escapes into the air.

He hurries and flies to the nearby springs
Where bamboos make a sound like the sea
Where the divinely perfumed red hibiscus
Unfolds the dewy brilliance of its heart.

To the gilded flower he descends, he hovers
And drinks so much love from the red cup
That he dies, not knowing if he has drained it!

On your pure lips, o my beloved
My souls would also have wished to die
Of the first kiss which perfumed it!

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Chanson d'amour | Love Song

Armand Silvestre (1838-1901)

I love your eyes, I love your forehead,
O my rebel, o my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.

I love your voice, I love the strange
Grace of all you say,
O my rebel, o my darling angel,
My hell and my paradise!

I love everything that makes you beautiful,
From your feet to your hair,
O you towards whom all my desires fly,
O my wild one, o my rebel!

Mandoline | Mandolin

Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

The serenaders
And their lovely listeners,
Exchange trivial banter,
Under the singing boughs.

It is Tircis and Aminte,
And the tiresome Clitandre,
And Damis, who for many a
Cruel woman writes many a tender verse.

Their short silken jackets,
Their long dresses with trains
Their elegance, their merriment,
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl wildly in the rapture
Of a pink and gray moon
And the mandolin chatters on
Amid the shivering breeze.

La Fée aux Chansons | The Fairy of the Songs

Armand Silvestre (1838-1901)

It is said that a fairy,
With a wreath gay and airy,
Runs the forest in spring,

Yet never can be captured
As enraptured,
She teaches the birds how to sing.

If a jay or a linnet
Is careless for a minute,
The fault is quickly heard,

And then, her rule upholding,
She proceeds with a scolding
For each bad little bird.

She controls all her classes
With a blade of the grasses,
Gathered down by the spring;

And stimulates their ardor,
Driving them harder
As she beats the time on a wing.

But on a day appalling,
When the leaves all are falling,
She finds the forest bare:

Her friends, chilly hearted,
With the swallows, departed,
Far away through the air.

All winter long, weary,
With her wreath dead and dreary.
Too mournful to sing,

Gazing at bleak expanses,
She works on new romances
Waiting the call of Spring!

Carl Loewe (1796-1869)

Der Pilgrim vor St. Just | The Pilgrim at St. Just
August Grafen von Platen (1796-1835)

It is night and the storm is howling on and on;
Spanish monks, open the door for me!

Let me rest here until the sound of bells awakens me
and sends me startled into the church to pray!

Prepare me in whatever way your house can manage:
a robe of the order and a sarcophagus!

Bestow upon me a small cell, initiate me;
more than half of this world was once mine.

The head that now submits to the shears
was once crowned with many a diadem.

The shoulders that are now beneath the cowl
once were adorned with imperial ermine.

Now I am like a corpse standing before Death,
fallen into ruin like the old empire.

Prinz Eugen | Prince Eugene
Ferdinand Freiligrath (1810-1876)

Tents, guards and sentry-calls!
A merry night along the shore of the Danube!
Horses stand around in circles
tethered to pegs;
On the narrow saddle-tree
hang heavy carbines.

Around the fire on the ground,
at the hoofs of the horses,
lies the Austrian squad.
Upon his mantle each man lies;
feathers wave from their shakos:
the lieutenant and the cornet are playing at dice.

By his weary dappled steed,
upon a woolen blanket, rests
the trumpeter, all alone:
«Leave the dice, leave the cards!
The imperial battle-standards
should be celebrated with a cavalry song!

«Our battle of eight days ago
I have, for the use of the entire army,
put into fitting rhyme;
I have also set it myself to music;
therefore, whites and reds -
mark me and give me your ears!»

And he sings the new song
softly: once, twice, thrice,
to the men of the cavalry;
and when for the last time
he sings the ending, there erupts
a full, mighty chorus:

«Prince Eugene, noble knight!»
hey! that resounds like thunder
far and wide, even into the Turkish camp.
The trumpeter strokes his mustache,
steps aside, and creeps off
to the peddler woman.

Die nächtliche Heerschau | The Night-Time Review

Joseph Christian von Zedlitz (1790-1862)

At night, the twelfth hour,
The drummer leaves his tomb,
Sounds a roll with his drum,
Goes whirling up and down

With his fleshless arms
He moves the sticks together
Beats out a real whirlwind
Calls Reveille and the Tattoo.

The drum sounds strange,
Has really a striking tone,
The old dead soldiers
Are woken from their graves by it.

Both those in the far north
Frozen in snow and ice,
And those lying in Italy,
Where the earth is too hot;

And those whom Nile's mud covers,
And the Arabian sand,
They climb from their graves
And take their guns in hand.

Over there come on airy steeds
The dead cavalymen,
The old bloody squadrons
With many a weapon.

And at the twelfth hour
The Commander leaves his tomb,
Comes slowly riding here
Surrounded by his staff;

He wears a small hat,
He wears simple clothes,
And a small sword
He wears at his side.

The moon with yellow light
Brightens the wide plain,
The man in the small hat
Reviews his troops.

The ranks present
And shoulder arms,
Then with drum loud playing
The whole host marches past.

The Marshals and Generals
Close ranks in a circle
The Commander speaks to the nearest
A quiet word in his ear.

The word goes round,
Sounds again far and near,
«France» is the watchword,
The reply «St Helena».

That is the great parade
In the Elysian Fields
Which, at the twelfth hour,
The dead Caesar holds.

Modest Mussorgsky (1839-1881) ***Songs from Детская | The Nursery***

СНЯНЕЙ | With the Nanny

Tell me, Nanny, tell me, dear,
About that terrible wolf:
How that wolf wandered in the woods,
How that wolf carried children into the woods
And how he gnawed on their white bones,
And how the children screamed, cried!
Nanny! So, those children the wolf ate,
They offended their old nurses,
Not listening to their Papa and Mama?
So he ate them, Nanny?

Or this: Tell me instead about the Tsar and Tsarina,
Who lived by the sea in a fine palace.
The same Tsar who walked with a limp,
How he stumbled, a mushroom would spring up,
About the Tsarina who had such a runny nose
That she sneezed the window glass into smithereens!
You know, Nanny:
Don't tell me any more about the wolf! God bless him, with the wolf!
Tell me, nurse, something funny!

Скуклой | With a Doll

Тыара, bye, bye, Тыара, bye, bye,
Calm yourself down! Тыара! You need to sleep!
Тыара, sleep, sleep, Тыара, or the boogeyman will come
a big wolf will come, and carry you into the dark forest.
Тыара, sleep, go to sleep!
What you see in your dreams, tell me about it:
About a wonderful island, where you don't need to reap nor sow,
Where pear trees bloom and ripen,
Day and night golden birds sing!
Bye, bye, hushabye, bye, bye, Тыара!

На сон грядущий | Evening Prayer

«Dear Lord, bless Daddy and Mommy
watch and bless them, Lord!
Lord, bless brother Vasinka
and sister Mishenka.
Lord bless dear Grandma, too.
Give her a good long life and health.
Grandma is so good
Grandma is so old, Lord!
And bless, dear God, Aunt Kate,
Aunt Natasha, Aunt Masha, Aunt Parasha
Aunts Libby, Varry, and Sasha,
and Olga, and Tanya, and Nadia,
Uncle Peter and Kolya, Uncle Valody,
and Grisha, and Sasha,
and Lord bless and protect them all,
and Fili, and Vani, and Miti, and Peti
and Dasha, Pasha, Sonja, Dunyushka...
Nana, oh Nana. What else, Nana?»

«Oh you careless thing, you!
How often do I need to tell you:
Lord, watch over and protect me too!»

«Lord, watch over and protect me too.
Like that, dear Nana?»

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Die Lotosblume | The Lotus Flower

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

The lotus flower is afraid
Of the sun's splendor,
And with bowed head,
Dreaming, she awaits the night.

The moon, he is her lover;
He wakes her with his light,
And to him she happily unveils
Her innocent flower face.

She blooms and glows and gleams,
And gazes silently upward;
She sends forth her fragrance and weeps and trembles
With love and love's pain.

Der Husar, trara! | The Husar, trara!

Nikolaus Lenau (1802-1850)

The hussar,
Trara!
What is danger to him?
His dearest love!
She just waves, he takes a leap
And volunteers, trara!

The hussar!
Trara!
What is danger to him?
His wine; hurry! hurry!
Sabre shine! Sabre drink!
Drink blood! Trara!

The hussar!
Trara!
What is danger to him?
His most cherished melody,
His favourite song,
His lullaby, trara!

Ich grolle nicht | I Bear No Grudge

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break
Eternally lost love, I bear no grudge
However, you may shine in the splendor of your diamonds,
No ray falls into the night of your heart.
I knew that long ago.

I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break.
I saw you in a dream,
And saw the night within your heart,
And saw the serpent which is eating your heart,
I saw, my love, how utterly wretched you are.

Mykola Lysenko (1842-1912)

Та не дай Господи нікому | May My Spirit Run Free
Taras Shevchenko (1814-1861)

God, don't let anyone just like old me
Rot in captivity and waste my years.
I will go through steps and valleys
And will get rid of my sadness

“Don't go,” they say, “from this house
Don't allow me to take a walk,
Don't allow me to take a walk.”

Учітєся, брати мої | My Plea
Taras Shevchenko (1814-1861)

Study well my brothers,
Study, read and learn about the foreign,
But don't forsake your own
Because those who forget their mother
That person is punished by God

Strangers will keep away from you
And won't allow you into their house,
And your children will be like strangers.
There is no happy home for evil on all the endless earth.

Embrace my brothers,
The youngest brother
May the mother smile,
the crying mother.

May she bless her children with her strong and steady hands
And may she kiss her blessed children with her free lips.
And the old shameful hour will be forgotten,
And the great glory of Ukraine will revive.

And new, bright light, not evening light, will shine
Embrace, my bothers,
I beg you!
I beg you!

Ревет та стогне Дніпр широкий | The Dnieper River Rages
Taras Shevchenko (1814-1861)

The Dnipro roars and groans so wide,
An angry wind there does blow,
The tall willows bend down so low,
Waves are lifted up like mountains.

And the pale moon, at that moment
among the clouds here and there peaks out
As like a boat upon the blue sea rises and falls.
Yet the third roosters have not yet crowed,
And no one nowhere has made a sound,
The owls in the glen have called to each other
And the ash tree creaked.

I would like to extend my deepest gratitude and thanks to everyone who has been part of my four-year journey at NYU Abu Dhabi. I would like to especially thank Clare and David Lesser, Roman Kohut, my family, Dean Robert Young, Prof. Gwyneth Bravo, Matthew Quayle, Sue Ann Lau, Arianna Stucki, Carlos Guedes, Omar Shoukri, Matteo Marciano. and all my friends who continuously keep supporting me in my artistic endeavours.

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