

SONG / & SYMPHONY

SEPTEMBER 23, 2023, 7:00 PM

SIMON CONCERT HALL

OMAHA CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

7023 CASS STREET, OMAHA, NE

Program:

Two Songs Without Words / Florence Price

I. The Old Boatman

II. Adoration

SONGS OF A WAYFARER / Gustav Mahler

Soloist / Wendy Eaton

SYMPHONY No. 1, mvt. I / Gustav Mahler



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Piccolo

Heidi Korsmo

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Harp

Melissa Schuerman

Music Director

Dr. Kenneth Meints

*section Principal



MEET OUR FEATURED ARTIST WENDY EATON!



Wendy Eaton, mezzo-soprano, is known for her “warm and colorful voice which she uses very skillfully... Her rich musical background gives her a very clear understanding of a wide variety of musical styles in vocal music.” -Victor Yampolsky, music director Emeritus of the Omaha Symphony.

Wendy Eaton has been an active performer and teacher in the Omaha area for over 30 years, including over 25 years of teaching at the collegiate level. Her love of classical song has been a driving force in her performing and teaching careers. Eaton has been a featured guest artist with many local organizations including the Omaha Symphony Chamber Orchestra, Opera Omaha, Omaha Chamber Music Society, Orchestra Omaha, Omaha Symphonic Chorus, the River City Mixed Chorus, and the Nebraska Choral Arts Society. She has also performed in concert and recital throughout the state as a member of the Nebraska Arts Council Touring program. Equally at home on stage, Eaton's opera and musical theatre credits include Dido in Purcell's Dido and Aeneas, Mother in Amahl and the Night Visitors, Genevieve in The Long Christmas Dinner, Desiree, in A Little Night Music, Lady Thiang in The King and I, and Gertrude McFuzz in Suessical, the Musical. Eaton has also performed throughout the country, in concert and on stage.

Ms. Eaton currently teaches in the Creighton University music department. She also teaches at the Rose Theater's Broadway at the Rose, a conservatory program for children studying performing arts. Eaton also maintains a private studio teaching students of a wide variety of backgrounds and ages.

please enjoy our **PROGRAM NOTES:**

“ADORATION” & “THE OLD BOATMAN”

Florence Price (1887-1953)

Florence Beatrice Price was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, where her mother was her first music teacher. At age 16, she headed to Boston's New England Conservatory to study composition, organ, and piano, and also took private lessons with the distinguished American composer, George Whitefield Chadwick. Price then taught piano and organ for some years back in Little Rock, as well as in Atlanta. She married, had two daughters, and, shaken by lynchings in the Jim Crow South, moved to Chicago in 1927. After leaving a tumultuous and abusive marriage, she continued her composition studies and saw her career begin to blossom as a result. She gained national recognition in 1933 when the Chicago Symphony Orchestra premiered her Symphony No. 1 as part of the Century of Progress International Exposition in June 1933. It was the first symphony ever written by an African-American woman to be performed by a prominent orchestra. Price composed a wide range of works, including some popular and commercial ones that she released under a pseudonym. Her arrangements of African American spirituals and art songs were championed by celebrated singers, particularly American contralto Marian Anderson (1897-1993). Many of Price's works remained unpublished until 2009, when a number of manuscripts were discovered at her previous summer home in St. Anne, Illinois. "Adoration" and "The Old Boatman" were works Price originally composed for organ and piano respectively, but have since been arranged for string orchestra.

SONGS OF A WAYFARER

Gustav Mahler (1860 - 1911)

In 1883, a singer named Johanna Richter made a guest appearance in the court theater at Cassel, Germany, where Gustav Mahler was the conductor. As a result of this engagement she entered into a regular contract at the theater, and Mahler soon fell deeply in love with her. The affair was not successful, though, and by the end of the year it was all over. Mahler eased his disappointment by composing a cycle of four songs on unrequited love. In a letter written shortly after the cycle's completion, he told his friend Friedrich Löhr, "... the paltry words cannot even convey a small part of [my love]. The songs are planned as a whole in such a way that it is if a fated traveling journeyman now sets out into the world and wanders solitary." Mahler never forgot the songs that had cost him so much pain, for material from each appears in his early symphonies. The Symphony No. 1 uses melodies and orchestrations taken almost directly from the second and final movements of the cycle, while the Second and Fourth Symphonies show more subtle influences from the others. Like most rejected young lovers, Mahler eventually recovered from his depression, leaving only his music as a testament to how painful it must have been to have been jilted on Christmas Day.

SYMPHONY No. 1, Mvt 1

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Gustav Mahler was born in Kalište, Germany, the second of twelve children. He was admitted to the Vienna Conservatory in 1875 where he studied piano under Julius Epstein, harmony with Robert Fuchs, and composition with Franz Krenn. In 1880, Mahler began his career as a conductor at the Bad Hall near Vienna, for their summer operetta season. From this humble beginning, his reputation grew and led to successive appointments at opera houses in Olmütz, Kassel, Vienna, Prague, Leipzig, Budapest, and Hamburg. Mahler composed whenever he found time; usually during his summer holidays, and at a breathtaking rate. His first important works were songs and song-cycles, notably *Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen* (Songs of a Wayfarer).

Mahler began composing his Symphony No. 1 around 1885; prior to that, he attempted several symphonic works which he ultimately destroyed. His first symphony itself went through a significant metamorphosis before reaching its final form. In November 1889, Mahler conducted the premiere of the Symphony, but he referred to it as, "Symphonic poem in two parts." The original symphony consisted of five movements, but it did not meet with great success. A few years later in 1893, Mahler conducted a substantially reworked version titled, "Titan, a tone poem in symphonic form." The name Titan refers to the novel by Jean Paul Richter (1763-1825), which conveys the image of a passionate young man moving between extremes of hope and despair. However, in 1896, Mahler revised the Symphony No. 1 again to its published form, dropping the name Titan and reducing it down to four movements.

Mahler himself said that the first movement of the symphony represents, "Nature's awakening from its long winter sleep." It begins with an eerie introduction, the first two notes of which later morph into a cuckoo bird call, as well as the first two notes of the main theme. It is punctuated by a distant fanfare and a wailing oboe cry. The Allegro section begins in the cellos with the second Wayfarer song, "Ging heut morgen Übers Feld," (I Walked this Morning over the Field), which is the heart and soul of this movement. The material introduction reappears in the development section; Mahler's genius, however, was his ability to integrate all of his thematic material simultaneously, a feat brilliantly achieved in the coda.

please enjoy our **PROGRAM NOTES:**

SONGS OF A WAYFARER - LYRICS

Gustav Mahler (1860 - 1911)

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen (Songs of a Wayfarer)

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(www.lieder.net)

I. Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,
Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,
Hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!
Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,
Dunkles Kämmerlein,
Weine, wein' um meinen Schatz,
Um meinen lieben Schatz!
Blümlein blau! Verdorre nicht!
Vöglein süß!
Du singst auf grüner Heide.
Ach, wie ist die Welt so schön!
Ziküth! Ziküth!
Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!
Lenz ist ja vorbei!
Alles Singen ist nun aus!
Des Abends, wenn ich schlafen geh',
Denk'ich an mein Leide!
An mein Leide!

I. On my love's wedding day

When my darling has her wedding-day
Her joyous wedding day
I will have my day of mourning!
I will go to my little room,
my dark little room,
and weep, weep for my darling,
for my dear darling!
Blue flower! Do not wither!
Sweet little bird
You sing on the green heath!
Alas, how can the world be so fair?
Chirp! Chirp!
Do not sing; do not bloom!
Spring is over
All singing must now be done.
At night when I go to sleep,
I think of my sorrow,
Of my sorrow!

II. Ging heut' Morgen übers Feld

Ging heut morgen übers Feld,
Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:
"Ei du! Gelt? Guten Morgen! Ei gelt?
Du! Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Zink! Zink! Schön und flink!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!"
Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld
Hat mir lustig, guter Ding',
Mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling,
Ihren Morgengruß geschellt:
"Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Kling, kling! Schönes Ding!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt! Heia!"
Und da fing im Sonnenschein
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;
Alles Ton und Farbe gewann
Im Sonnenschein!
Blum' und Vogel, groß und Klein!
"Guten Tag, ist's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Ei du, gelt? Schöne Welt!"
Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?
Nein, nein, das ich mein',
Mir nimmer blühen kann!

II. Through the field I made my way

I walked across the fields this morning;
dew still hung on every blade of grass.
The merry finch spoke to me:
"Hey! Isn't it? Good morning! Isn't it?
You! Isn't it becoming a fine world?
Chirp! Chirp! Fair and sharp!
How the world delights me!"
Also, the bluebells in the field
merrily with good spirits
toll'd out to me with bells (ding, ding)
their morning greeting:
"Isn't it becoming a fine world?
Ding, ding! Fair thing!
How the world delights me!"
And then, in the sunshine,
the world suddenly began to glitter;
everything gained sound and color
in the sunshine!
Flower and bird, great and small!
"Good day, is it not a fine world?
Hey, isn't it? A fair world?"
Now will my happiness also begin?
No, no - the happiness I mean
can never bloom!

please enjoy our **PROGRAM NOTES:**

SONGS OF A WAYFARER - LYRICS

Gustav Mahler (1860 - 1911)

III. Ich hab' ein glühend messer

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer,
Ein Messer in meiner Brust,
O weh! Das schneid't so tief
in jede Freud' und jede Lust.
Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast!
Nimmer hält er Ruh',
nimmer hält er Rast,
Nicht bei Tag, noch bei Nacht,
wenn ich schlief! O weh!
Wenn ich den Himmel seh',
Seh' ich zwei blaue Augenstehn!
O weh! Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh',
Seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar
Im Winde weh'n! O weh!
Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'
Und höre klingen ihr silbern Lachen,
O weh! Ich wollt', ich lag
auf der Schwarzen Bahr',
Könn't nimmer die Augen aufmachen!

III. There is a glowing dagger

I have a red-hot knife,
a knife in my breast.
O woe! It cuts so deeply
Into every joy and delight.
Alas, what an evil guest it is!
Never does it rest,
Never does it relax,
not by day or by night,
when I would sleep. O woe!
When I gaze up into the sky
I see two blue eyes there!
O woe! When I walk in the yellow field
I see from afar her blond hair
waving in the wind. O woe!
When I start from a dream
and hear the tinkle of her silvery laugh,
O woe! Would that I lay
on my black bier, would that I could
never again open my eyes!

IV. Die zwei blauen Augen

Die zwei blauen Augen
von meinem Schatz,
Die haben mich in die
weite Welt geschickt.
Da muß ich Abschied nehmen
vom allerliebsten Platz!
O Augen blau,
warum habt ihr mich angeblickt?
Nun hab' ich ewig Leid und Grämen!
Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht
wohl über die dunkle Heide.
Hat mir niemand Ade gesagt,
Ade! Mein Gesell' war Lieb und Leide!
Auf der Straße stand ein Lindenbaum,
Da hab' ich zum ersten Mal
im Schlaf geruht!
Unter dem Lindenbaum,
Der hat seine Blüten über mich geschneit,
Da wußt' ich nicht, wie das Leben tut,
War alles, alles wieder gut!
Alles! Alles, Lieb und Leid
Und Welt und Traum!

IV. Your Sweet Blue Eyes

The two blue eyes
of my darling
they sent me into the
wide world.
I had to take my leave of
this most-beloved place!
O blue eyes,
why did you gaze on me?
Now I have eternal sorrow and grief.
I went out into the quiet night
well across the dark heath.
To me no one bade farewell. Farewell!
My companions are love and sorrow!
By the road stood a linden tree,
Where, for the first time,
I found rest in sleep!
Under the linden tree
that snowed its blossoms over me,
I did not know how life went on,
and all was well again!
All! All, love and sorrow
and world and dream!