

The Edvard Grieg Society of the Dakotas and the Fargo-Moorhead Opera  
present  
“The Voice of the Century”  
Kirsten Flagstad 125<sup>th</sup> Jubilee  
Virtual Commemoration Concert  
July 12, 2020

*A welcome by Dr. Marla Fogderud, President of the Edvard Grieg Society of the Dakotas*

“Abscheulicher! Wo eilst du hin?...Komm, Hoffnung” from *Fidelio* Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)  
Elizabeth Lewis, Dramatic soprano (Australia)  
Freelance Artist, FM Opera Gate City Bank Young Artist 2017  
[www.elizabethlewis.com.au](http://www.elizabethlewis.com.au)  
Pedro Yanez - Coach, Conductor and Pianist  
Lyric Opera of Chicago  
Recorded live, Unity Lutheran Church, Chicago IL

Med en Vandlilje Op. 25, no. 4  
Våren Op. 33, no. 2

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

Lisa Daehlin, Soprano (New York City)  
Tor Morten Kjøsnes, piano (New York City)  
Recorded live, Sjømannskirke (Norwegian Seaman’s Church), New York City

“When I Am Laid in Earth” from *Dido and Aeneas* Henry Purcell (1659-1695)  
“Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht” from *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Rebecca Sacks, Mezzo-soprano (Philadelphia)  
Independent Artist, FM Opera Gate City Bank Young Artist Program 2020  
<http://rebeccasacksmezzo.com/>  
Recorded with accompaniment track

From *Wesendonck Lieder* WWV 91  
II. Stehe still!  
V. Traüme

Richard Wagner (1813-1833)

Kelly Glyptis, Soprano (Washington, D.C.)  
Freelance Artist, FM Opera Gate City Young Artist Program 2018  
[www.kellyglyptis.com](http://www.kellyglyptis.com)  
Kirill Kuzman, Piano  
Assistant Conductor, Houston Grand Opera  
Recorded asynchronously in Washington, D.C. and Houston, TX

Efteraarsstormen Op. 18, no. 4  
Sea Moods

Edvard Grieg  
Mildred Lund Tyson (1895-1989)

Dr. Paul Hindemith, Baritone  
Coordinator of Voice, Missouri Western State University (St. Joseph)  
FM Opera Artist 2009-2014  
Dr. Nathanael May, Piano  
Chair, School of Fine Arts, Missouri Western State University  
Recorded live, Ashland United Methodist Church, St. Joseph

Allerseelen Op. 10, no. 8  
Von ewiger Liebe Op. 43, no. 1

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)  
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Kara Covey, Soprano (San Antonio, Texas)  
Independent Artist, FM Opera Gate City Bank Young Artist Program 2020  
[www.KaraCovey.com](http://www.KaraCovey.com)  
Dr. N. Seth Nelson, Piano  
Collaborative Pianist, Trinity University, San Antonio  
Recorded live, Ruth Taylor Recital Hall, Trinity University

From *Haugtussa* Op. 67  
I. Det syng  
IV. Møde  
VI. Killingdans

Edvard Grieg

Dr. Holly Janz, Mezzo-Soprano  
Professor of Music, Concordia College-Moorhead, MN  
Stephen Sulich, Piano  
Asst. Professor of Music: Accompanying, Coaching, Opera Workshop—Concordia College  
Recorded live, Christiansen Recital Hall, Concordia College, Moorhead, MN

Meine Rose Op. 90, no. 2  
Liebeslied Op. 51, no. 5

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Dr. Darci Bultema, Soprano  
Professor of Music (Voice and Opera) Northern State University  
Dr. Philip Everingham, Piano  
Director of Music, First Presbyterian Church, Granville, Ohio  
Recorded live, Krikac Auditorium, Northern State University, Aberdeen, SD

Var det en Dröm? Op. 37, no. 4  
Ein Traum Op. 48, no. 6

Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)  
Edvard Grieg

Colin Levin, Baritone (New York City)  
Independent Artist, FM Opera Gate City Bank Young Artist Program 2014, 2015  
Voice Faculty, Rowan University and the Boston University Tanglewood Institute  
<http://colinlevinbaritone.com> (Recorded with accompaniment track)

Jeg giver mit digt til våren Op. 21, no. 3  
Sne  
“Du bist der Lenz” from *Die Walküre*

Edvard Grieg  
Sigurd Lie (1871-1904)  
Richard Wagner

Dr. Marla Fogderud, Soprano  
Asst. Professor of Music (Voice and Opera), Northern State University  
Founder and President, Edvard Grieg Society of the Dakotas  
Stephen Sulich, Piano  
Asst. Professor of Music: Accompanying, Coaching, Opera Workshop—Concordia College  
Recorded live, Christiansen Recital Hall, Concordia College, Moorhead, MN

*Presented online under the auspices of the Edvard Grieg Society of the Dakotas.*

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<https://www.dakotagriegsociety.org/>  
<https://www.facebook.com/Griegdakotas/>

**Abscheulicher!...**

Monster!  
Where are you going?  
What wild fury have you planned in your mind?  
Compassion's call, humanity's voice,  
Will nothing move your Tiger mind?  
Like the ocean rages  
Your soul is full of wrath and fury  
In my soul shines a rainbow  
That brightly rests upon the dark clouds  
It looks calm, so peaceful  
It mirrors the old times again.  
A new calm runs through my veins.

Come, Hope, allow the last star  
From the tired sky not to fade!  
Illuminate my goal, although it's far away,  
The love it will attain.

I follow my inner drive, I will not waver,  
The duty of marital-love strengthens me

O you, for whom I have endured everything  
Could I find the place  
Where evil has shackled you  
And bring you sweet comfort!

**Med en Vandlilje  
(With a Waterlily)**

See, Maria, what I bring—  
A flower with white wings.

Borne on the silent stream  
It swam dream-heavy in the spring.

If you will carry it home,  
Fasten it to your breast, Maria;  
Behind its petals will be hiding  
A deep and silent wave.

Watch yourself, child, by the pond's stream.  
Dangerous, dangerous there to dream!  
The nixie pretends to sleep;  
Lilies play above.

Child, your bosom is the pond's current.  
Dangerous, dangerous there to dream;  
Lilies play above;  
The Nixie pretends to sleep.  
See, Maria, what I bring...

*Henrik Ibsen*

**Våren  
(The Spring)**

Once more I was granted to see that winter  
fled before the spring  
Once more I saw the bird-cherry tree in bloom.  
Once again I was granted to see the ice  
floating out from the land,  
The snow melting, and the falls in the river  
gushing and breaking.  
The grass so green I was once again granted to see  
along with its flowers blooming,

Once again I heard the spring bird singing  
to the sun and to summer.

Once more I am in the playful vapor of spring,  
which satisfies my gaze,  
Once more I will find a home there and bathe in  
it.  
All this, which spring has carried to me,  
and the flowers I pluck,  
I thought it the spirits of my forebears,  
which dance and sigh.  
Therefore among birches and evergreens this  
spring  
I found a secret;  
Therefore the sound of the flute I had carved  
brings me to tears.  
*Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson*

### **Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht**

When my sweetheart has her wedding day,  
Has her happy wedding day,  
I will have my day of mourning!  
I will go into my little room,  
My dark little room!  
I will weep and weep for my sweetheart,  
For my dear sweetheart!

Blue blossom! Blue blossom!  
Wilt not! Wilt not!  
Sweet little bird! Sweet little bird!  
You sing over the green heath!  
"Oh! How beautiful the world is!  
Tweet tweet! Tweet tweet!"

Do not sing! Do not bloom!  
Spring is already over!  
All of your singing is for nothing!  
In the evening, when I lay down to sleep,  
I think about my pain!  
About my pain!

*Gustav Mahler*

### **Stehe still!**

#### **(Be Still!)**

Hurrying, scurrying wheel of time  
Marking out eternity;  
Glowing spheres in distant space  
Circling us with gravity;  
All sempiternal generation, cease!  
Enough of that - let me know peace!

Desist, now, creative powers;  
The Word creating without end.  
Hold back your breath, calm your desires,  
Be silent just one moment's length.  
Throbbing pulse, restrain your beat  
To end desire's endless day!  
So I, in sweet oblivion,  
May take full measure of my joy;

See bliss within another's eyes,  
Immerse my soul within another's,  
Another's being that mirrors mine;  
An intimation that hope's goal is near.  
Then are lips hushed in wondrous silence,  
The drive for newer hopes is stilled,  
We see Eternity in Nature,  
The search for answers is fulfilled.

### **Träume**

#### **(Dreams)**

What wondrous dreams are these  
Holding my mind in thrall,  
That they, like insubstantial foam,  
Don't barren emptiness recall?

Dreams that flower with greater beauty  
With every hour of every day,  
And blissful intimations of heaven  
Throughout my inner self convey.

Dreams that like the rays of glory  
Run through me to the very core,  
Creating a picture there, effacing  
All but one, for evermore.

Dreams as when the spring-time sun  
Frees snowbound flowers with a kiss  
So that the new day welcomes them  
With unimaginable bliss,

So they may grow and bloom,  
Dreaming exude their scent,  
Their glow gently fading on your breast  
Until their life is spent.

*Mathilde Wesendonck*

### **Efteraarsstormen**

#### **(The Autumn Storm)**

This summer the forest was so green  
And the songbird was so cozy in secret.  
Then the storm blasted its mighty horn;

It shuddered in the tightest wall of leaves.  
The second time he took the horn thus,  
Then faded the forest's green hat.  
But the third time, then each leaf sank  
And flew in sleet and dust!

All was plundered one autumn night.  
Now winter makes its entry suddenly.  
Everything is so cold, so empty and ruined,  
Many a beech will be condemned to death.  
What became of you, gently Sun?  
The storm has taken your throne.  
Each rose blossom is faded;  
Summer is over.

But poor folk prize the storm's spoils;  
A little fuel they gather for household use.  
And the winter, so fierce and hard,  
It lays the beaten wounds itself.  
It casts its coat, white and soft,  
On each wound that the storm caused.  
Let the winter just be fierce and hard,  
There comes one day so light a Spring.

This every single little seed knows:  
"To rightly live, one first must die!"  
This every little sprout knows:  
One day the sun shouts "Spring out!"  
Let the winter just be fierce and hard,  
There comes one day so light a Spring.  
Indeed, how sweet it will be to see  
The first blossom in the last snow!

*Christian Richart*

**Allerseelen**  
**(All Soul's Day)**

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,  
Bring in the last of the red asters,  
And let us speak of love again  
As once in May.

Give me your hand that I may secretly press it,  
And if people see, I do not mind,  
Give me just one of your sweet glances  
As once in May.

It is blooming and fragrant on every grave,  
One day each year the dead are set free;  
Come to my heart so I may have you again,  
As once in May.

*Hermann von Gilm*

**Von ewiger Liebe**  
**(Of Eternal Love)**

Dark, how dark in forest and field!  
It is already evening and the world is silent.  
Nowhere is light and nowhere is smoke,  
Yes, and even the lark is now silent also.  
The young lad comes out of the village,  
Accompanying his beloved home,  
He leads her past the willow bushes,  
Talking so much and about so many things:  
"If you are grieving and suffering shame,  
If others are shaming you because of me,  
Then let our love be ended as quickly,  
As quickly as we were once united.  
Depart with the rain, depart with the wind,  
As quickly as we were once united."  
The maiden speaks, the maiden says:  
"Our love cannot be separated!  
Steel is firm, and iron even more so;  
Our love is even stronger still.  
Iron and steel can be reforged,  
But our love - who can change it?  
Iron and steel can rust away,  
But our love must forever endure!"

*A. H. Hoffmann von Fallersleben*

**Det syng\***  
**(The singing)**

Oh, if you know the dream,  
and you know the song,  
then you will treasure the melody;  
and as it seduced you so many times,  
You can absolutely never forget it.  
Oh you bewitching one!  
With me you shall dwell;  
in the Blue-hill you shall  
turn your silver spinning wheel.

You mustn't fear the velvet night;  
when the dream spreads its wings  
in gentler light than the day has enjoyed  
and tones from softer strings.  
It sways round the lea,  
it draws away strife,  
and the day doesn't know that blissful time.

You mustn't fear that wild love,  
that sins then weeps then forgets;  
its embrace is passionate and its soul is gentle,  
and it reins in the angry bear.

Oh you bewitching one!  
With me you shall dwell;  
in the Blue-hill you shall  
    turn your silver spinning wheel.

*Arne Garborg*

**Møde\***  
**(Meeting)**

She sits one Sunday, longing, on the hillside;  
these sweet thoughts stream in,  
and her heart beats full and heavy in her bosom,  
and the dream awakens, trembling and tender.  
Then it appears, like a vision, over the peak;  
she flushes hot; — here comes that pretty boy.

In a sudden daze, she wants to hide away,  
but she stops, bewitched,  
    and her eyes turn toward him;  
they grasp each other with warm hands,  
and they stand there not knowing what to do.  
Then she exclaims with these marveling words:  
“Oh, you sweet thing... you are so tall!”

And as day draws towards cool evening,  
they seek each other even more and more;  
suddenly, they wrap their arms around one  
another,  
and dazed and trembling, their lips touch.  
Everything fades away. And there in the warm  
evening  
in fervent bliss, she falls asleep in his arms.

*Arne Garborg*

**Killingdans\***  
**(Kidling dance)**

Oh hip and hop,  
and tip on top  
on this fine day;  
oh nip and tug  
and trip and tramp  
at such a party.  
And there is cuddling in the sun,  
and there is playing in the sun,  
and there is twittering on the hillside,  
and there is glittering on the hillside,  
and there is merrymaking  
and lazing about  
on a sunny day.

A tug on your neck  
And plunge down the hill,

on tippy toe;  
We'll form a circle,  
and fly around the bend,  
and hop in the hay.  
And we will bake in the sun,  
and we will play in the sun,  
and there's a gleam on the lea,  
and there's a crowd on the lea,  
and there's chirping  
and a glittering brook  
around the bend.

Oh stamp and sing,  
and here's a head-butt  
that you shal have.  
A snip on the tail,  
and a kiss on the snout,  
you get that, too.  
And there's a dancing ring,  
and there's a lilting tune,  
and we're light on our feet,  
and springy on our toes,  
and there are greetings,  
and joyful leaping,  
and tra-la-la.

*Arne Garborg*

**Meine Rose**  
**(My Rose)**

To the lovely jewel of spring,  
To the rose, to my joy,  
That is already bent down and pale  
From the hot rays of the sun,  
I offer a cup of water from a  
Dark deep well.

You rose of my heart!  
From the silent rays of pain  
You are bent down and pale;  
As the water to the flower,  
I would like to be at your feet  
Silently pouring out my soul.  
Even if I could not see you joyfully revive!

*Nikolaus Lenau*

**Liebeslied**  
**(Love Song)**

My heart requires me to open my heart to you,  
It requires of me to hear from yours!  
How the world gazes on me so sorrowfully!

My only thoughts are of my friend,  
And no one else and no trace of an enemy.  
The resolution dawned on me!

I will dedicate my life from this day forward  
To the business of his love.  
I think of him, and my heart bleeds.  
I have no strength other than to love him.

*Marianne von Willemer*

**Var det en Dröm?  
(Was it a dream?)**

Was it a dream that once I was  
your heart's friend?  
I remember it as a silent song  
whose strings still vibrate.  
I remember a rose you gave,  
A glance so shy and tender;  
I remember a parting tear that glistened.  
Was all, was all a dream?  
A dream like the windflower's life  
So short out in the spring green meadow,  
Whose coloring quickly fades away  
Before the abundance of new flowers.  
But many nights I hear a voice,  
Through a bitter stream of tears:  
Hide this memory deeply in your breast,  
It was your best dream!

*Josef Julius Wecksell*

**Ein Traum  
(A dream)**

I once dreamed a beautiful dream:  
I loved a blond maiden,  
It was in a green forest glade,  
It was in the warm springtime:  
The buds burst, the forest brook swelled,  
Far away were the sounds of the village  
We were quite in wonder,  
Quite surrounded with bliss.  
And more beautiful yet than the dream  
Was that it became reality:  
It was in the green forest glade,  
It was in the warm springtime;  
The forest brook swelled,  
The buds burst,  
The sounds of the village were heard:  
I held you tightly, I held you long  
And nevermore to let you go!  
Nevermore! Nevermore!  
O spring-green forest glade,

You live within me forever!  
There was reality as a dream,  
There was the dream a reality!

*F. M. Bodenstedt*

**Jeg giver mit digt til våren**

I give my poem to spring,  
although it is not yet born,  
I give my poem to spring  
adding longing to longing.  
So the two will make a pact:  
to lure the sun with cunning,  
so winter would suffer privation,  
to let loose a choir of brooks,  
so the song would frighten him away,  
to flush him out of the air  
with incessant flower perfume,  
I give my poem to spring!

*Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson*

**Sne  
(Snow)**

There is nothing in the world so silent as snow,  
When it slowly floats through the air,  
Cushions your step,  
Hushes, hushes the voices which speak too loudly.

There is nothing in the world with a purity like  
snow,  
Swan's down from heaven's white wings,  
Upon your hand a flake is like dewy tears.  
White thoughts silently swing themselves in dance.

There is nothing in the world which can soften  
like snow,  
Hush, you listen to the silent chiming.  
Oh, so fine a resonance,  
Silver bell chimes innermost in your heart are ringing.

*Helge Rode*

**Du bist der Lenz**

You are the spring for which I longed  
In the frosty winter's bounds.  
My heart greeted you with holy terror  
When first your glance lit upon me.  
I had only ever seen strangers;  
My surroundings were friendless.  
As if I had never known  
It was everything that befell me.  
But you I recognized plain and clear;  
When my eyes saw you, you belonged to me.  
What I hid in my heart, what I am,  
Bright as the day it came to me,

Like a resounding echo it fell upon my ear,

When in frosty, barren unknown I saw my  
friend.

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