

KOREY BARRETT AND FRIENDS  
FACULTY CHAMBER RECITAL

# PROGRAM

Sonata for violin and piano, op. 82 ..... Edward Elgar (1857-1934)  
I. Allegro  
II. Romance: Andante  
III. Allegro, non troppo

Nash Ryder, violin  
Korey Barrett, piano

Act III, prelude and scene I from *Siegfried* ..... Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

Wanderer: John Hines, bass  
Erda: Suzanne Hendrix-Case, mezzo-soprano  
Korey Barrett, piano

*High on a mountain pass, the Wanderer summons Erda, goddess of the Earth, to learn the gods' fate. She evades his questions, and he resigns himself to the impending end of the gods' reign.*

*Pièce en forme d'aria et bergerie* ..... Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

*Élégie* ..... Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

*Capriccio (d'après Le bal masque)* ..... Poulenc

Sean Botkin and Korey Barrett, pianos

## ABOUT THE ARTISTS

[Korey Barrett](#)

[Nash Ryder](#)

[John Hines](#)

[Suzanne Hendrix-Case](#)

[Sean Botkin](#)

# TRANSLATIONS

## **WANDERER:**

*(strides to a vault-like cavernous opening in the foreground and stands there, while he calls the following towards the mouth of the cave)*

Waken, Wala! Wala! Awake!  
From lasting sleep rise and appear at my  
call. I call you again: Arise! Arise!  
From earth's hidden caves,  
imprisoned in darkness, arise!  
Erda! Erda! Woman all-wise!  
From silence and darkness  
rise to the world!  
With spells I rouse you,  
rise up and answer;  
your slumbering wisdom  
I would awake. All-knowing one!  
Wisdom's guardian!  
Erda! Erda! Woman all-wise!  
Waken, awaken, O Wala! Awaken!

*(The cavern begins to glow with a bluish light, in which Erda is seen rising very slowly from the depths. She appears to be covered by hoar-frost: her hair and garments give out a glimmering shine.)*

## **ERDA:**

Strong is your call,  
mighty spells have roused me.  
From wisdom's dreams,  
I rise at your call. Who drives my slumber  
hence?

## **WANDERER:**

The Wanderer wakes you;  
I need your wisdom;  
my spells have called you  
from caverns far below.  
On earth I've wandered,  
far I have roamed;  
I searched for wisdom,  
strove day and night to achieve it.  
No one on earth is wiser than you;  
you know what's hid  
in the caves of night,  
what hill and dale, air and water do

hold.

Where life is found, Erda is stirring;  
where brains are brooding,  
you stir their thoughts.  
All things, all things, all you must know.  
Seeking your wisdom and counsel,  
I arouse you from sleep!

## **ERDA:**

My sleep is dreaming;  
my dreaming, brooding,  
my brooding brings all my wisdom.  
But while I sleep the Norns are waking,  
and winding their cord,  
and weaving all that I know:  
the Norns can give your answer.

## **WANDERER:**

They weave for the world,  
spin what you tell them,  
but cannot change that world with their  
weaving. But you are wiser, you can  
advise me if the cruel wheel of fate can  
be stopped?

## **ERDA:**

Deeds of men have beclouded all my  
thoughts; my wisdom itself  
once felt a conqueror's force.  
A brave daughter I bore to Wotan:  
at his command she chose heroes for  
Valhalla. She's valiant and wise as well:  
so why wake me?  
You'll learn your answer  
from Erda's and Wotan's child.

## **WANDERER:**

My Valkyrie daughter,  
Brünnhilde the maid?  
She disobeyed the lord of the tempest  
when he'd controlled the storm in his  
breast: When my son was in need  
I longed to help him, yet I renounced him  
and doomed him to death.  
She knew my will, yet she defied me  
and dared to break my commandment  
Brünnhilde herself in her pride.  
I had to deal with the maid;  
so I closed her eyelids in sleep;  
on that rock asleep she lies.

Our holy maid can be awakened alone  
roused by some man who makes her his  
bride. What can I learn from the maid?

**ERDA** (*is lost in dreams*):

My waking leaves me confused:  
wild and strange seems the world.  
The Valkyrie, the Wala's child,  
lay in fetters of sleep, while her all-  
knowing mother slept?  
How can pride's teacher punish pride?  
He who urged the doing,  
punish the deed? He who rules by right,  
to whom truth is sacred,  
scorn what is right, rule by falsehood?  
I'll return to the dark,  
seal in slumber my wisdom!

**WANDERER:**

O woman, you may not leave:  
You are bound by my sorcerer's might.  
All-wise one, you drove a thorn  
of cares and sorrows  
in Wotan's fearless heart:  
with fear of ruin, shameful downfall  
you filled my spirit  
with words of warning and doom.  
If you are the world's wisest of women,  
say to me now:  
how a god can master his care?

**ERDA:**

You are not what you declare!  
Why come here, stubborn and wild one  
to trouble the Wala's sleep?

**WANDERER:**

You are not what you have dreamed.  
Wisdom of ages finds its ending:  
your wisdom grows weak before my  
wishes. Know you what Wotan wills?

You unwise one, learn what I will,  
then carefree you may sleep in peace!  
That the gods will die soon  
gives me no anguish;  
I have willed that end!  
What in an hour of fiercest anguish

despairing once I resolved,  
freely and gladly  
I shall now bring to pass.  
Once I declared in my loathing  
the Niblung might claim all the world;  
today to the Wälsung  
I have bequeathed my realm.  
One who has never known me,  
though chosen by me,  
a youth of dauntless daring,  
unhelped by Wotan,  
has gained the Nibelung's ring.  
Free from hate, joyful and loving,  
that youth is not harmed  
by Alberich's curse,  
for he knows naught of fear.  
She whom you once bore,  
Brünnhilde, wakes to that hero's kiss.  
Then your wisdom's child will achieve  
that deed that will free our world.  
So back to your dreams;  
dream on in darkness;  
dream of the gods' destruction.  
Whatever may happen  
the god will gladly  
yield his role to the young!  
Return then, Erda!  
Mother of dread!  
World-sorrow!  
Return! Return to endless sleep!