

## ABOUT DOLCI

We joined our lives early in 2010 and started playing music together, calling our duo *Dolci* (Italian for “sweets”). We have now performed much of the published repertoire for oboe and piano. To further expand our repertoire we have adapted pieces written for other instruments or voice, and have commissioned new compositions. Many fine teachers and coaches have guided us. The Emmy-winning pianist Gloria Cheng in particular has inspired us to give meticulous attention to the technical details and emotional sense of every composition we attempt.

Our venues in the course of over 100 concerts have included the First Unitarian Church and Chapel, the San Francisco Senior Center at Aquatic Park, Music at Saint Andrew’s, Old First Concerts, Trinity Chamber Concerts, Song Tree Concerts, and the Santa Barbara Music Club concert series.

We are both lifelong musicians, though we made our livings in other professions. Viva was six and living in rural Arkansas when she heard a piano on the radio and declared that she must play one. Her grandmother bought her a piano and lessons, and her early proficiency made possible her college education. She studied piano performance with Stefan Bardas at the University of North Texas and since has studied privately with Marina Young and Betty Oberacker. She has given solo recitals in New York and California.

Ted sang with his parents from early childhood and learned to play several instruments by ear. On entering fifth grade in Williamstown, Massachusetts, he was told that the only vacant chair in the school orchestra was for an oboe, so he learned to play it. He has played it ever since in community orchestras, choruses and chamber ensembles. His main teacher was Raymond Dusté.

For Dolci’s current repertoire, concert videos and performance schedule, please visit our website: [dolciduo.us](http://dolciduo.us).

Ted Rust, oboe

Viva Knight, piano

## Dolci in the Chapel



### Music of Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

**The Pretty Miller-Maid (1823)**

**Impromptu No. 2 in Eb Major (1827)**

**The Pigeon Mail (1828)**

**First Unitarian Chapel, San Francisco  
3:00 pm Sunday, May 28, 2017**

## PROGRAM NOTES

### Die Schöne Müllerin (“The Pretty Miller-Maid”)

When Franz Schubert (Austrian, 1797-1828) composed this song cycle he was chronically ill, frustrated in love, and knew he would soon be dead. He was fascinated, however, by Goethe's belief that experiencing the beauty of nature would purify his soul. This cycle of 20 songs is drawn from a long narrative poem by Schubert's German contemporary Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827).

In the story, an eager young miller completes his apprenticeship and sets off to find new work (“Wandering”). The water's lively sound, which flows and burbles in the piano part through most of the songs, urges the youth to follow the stream (“Where To?”). He comes to a mill (“Halt!”) and is hired by its owner, who has a pretty daughter. The young man falls in love at first sight, and works hard to impress her (“After the Day's Work”). He sings to the brook, but not to her, of flowers, stars and dewdrops. She sits trustingly with him by the brook (“Rain of Tears”) and he imagines she shares his love (“Mine!”). But before he can find the courage to declare his love to her, a horn blows, dogs yap in chromatic cacophony, and a bragging, noisy hunter gallops down to the mill (all described in the text and echoed in the piano part (“The Hunter”). The miller's response, “Jealousy and Pride” is a hissy fit worthy of grand opera. The poor fellow nonetheless loses the miller maid to his noisy rival (“Withered Flowers”). After a long dialogue in which the brook tries but fails to reassure him that better times will come to him in the springtime (“The Miller and the Brook”), he throws himself into the millpond, and the brook rocks him gently into endless sleep.

Excerpts from Michèle Lester's translations of the songs follow.

#### 1. Wandering

To wander is a miller's pleasure,

To wander!

Good master and good mistress mine,

Let me go on my way in peace,

And wander.

### Die Taubenpost (“The Pigeon Mail”)

Schubert's last song ends this program in a whimsical mood. The piano part describes a pigeon in flight, while the text tells its message of unfulfilled longing.

*Poem by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856); translation by Emily Ezust*

In my pay I have a carrier pigeon  
Who is utterly loyal and true.  
She never stops too short of her goal,  
Nor ever flies too far.

A thousand times I send her out  
To gather everyday information,  
Past many of my favorite places  
To my beloved's house.

There she peeps in secretly at the window,  
Eavesdropping on every look and step;  
Banteringly she conveys my greetings  
And brings my beloved's back to me.

I don't even need to write a note any longer;  
Tears alone I give her.  
Oh, she hardly tolerates those,  
So fervently does she serve me.

By day, by night, awake or in a dream,  
It is all the same to her:  
Only when she is in flight, and can be in flight,  
Then she is happy!

She never grows tired, she never feels dull,  
The way always feels new to her;  
She needs no enticement, needs no reward,  
So true to me is this pigeon!

And so I cherish her so truly in my heart,  
Assured of the fairest prize;  
Her name is — Longing! Do you know her? —  
The messenger of a devoted heart.

### 18. Withered Flowers

You – all the flowers/That she gave me,  
You should all be laid/With me in my grave.  
And when she wanders/Past the hill,  
And ponders in her heart,/"He was faithful and true"  
Then you flowers all,/Come forth, come forth!  
May has come,/Winter is over.

### 19. The Miller and the Brook

*The Miller:*

When a faithful heart  
Dies of love,  
Then the lilies wither  
In every flowerbed.

*The Brook:*

And when love has  
Overcome the pain,  
A small new star  
Shines in the sky.

### 20. The Brook's Lullaby

Good night, good night!  
Sleep away your joy, sleep away your sorrow!  
The full moon is rising,  
The mist dispersing,  
And the sky above, how boundless it is!

## **Impromptu No. 2 in Eb Major (1827) Opus 90 No. 2**

Schubert's eight *Impromptus* are exquisitely crafted one-movement pieces for solo piano and certainly were not improvisations. His publisher gave them the title *Impromptus* after Schubert's death.

Impromptu No. 2 is a high-spirited, energetic and lyrical piece, but its moods and harmonic progressions are complex. The three sections, plus a coda, alternate between major and minor modes. The A sections are in flowing waltz rhythm, and the B section is a proudly arrogant Polonaise, which returns later as the coda.

### 2. Where to?

Downward and ever onward,  
Always following the brook,  
As it rushed on more brightly,  
More dazzling was its way.

Is this, then, the road for me?  
Oh brook, tell me where it leads.  
With your rushing babble  
You have quite befuddled my mind.

### 3. Halt!

I see a mill gleaming  
From among the alders:  
Through the gushing and singing  
Breaks the roar of the wheels.

### 4. Thanks to the Brook

Your singing, your murmuring:  
Was this what you meant?  
"To the maid of the mill!"  
That was the message.

Was it she that sent you,  
Or have you enchanted me?  
I would fain know that too,  
If it was she that sent you.

### 5. After the Day's Work

If only I could turn  
Every millstone!  
Then the fair maid of the mill  
Would notice my true heart.

### 6. Curiosity

I ask no flower,  
I ask no star,  
I will ask my little brook  
If my heart has lied to me.

### 7. Impatience

I'd like to train a young starling,  
Until it spoke the words, plain and clear,  
Until it spoke them with my own voice:  
"My heart is yours, and will be yours forever."

I'd like to breathe it into the morning breezes,  
Whisper it through the rustling groves.  
Oh, if only it shone from every starry flower!  
If every scent bore it to her from near and far!

#### 8. Morning Greeting

Good morning, fair maid of the mill!  
Why do you turn your head away,  
As if there was something wrong?

#### 9. The Miller's Flowers

When she opens the shutters early,  
Look up lovingly at her,  
Call to her when all is still  
"Forget, forget me not."

#### 10. Rain of Tears

So trustingly we watched together  
The brook flow by our feet.  
I gazed only at her reflection,  
Only at her eyes.

Then tears welled up in my eyes,  
The mirror became so blurred.  
She said: "Rain is on the way, / Goodbye, I'm going home".

#### 11. Mine

Let one rhyme alone ring out:  
The beloved maid of the mill is mine! Mine!

#### 12. Pause

I have hung my lute on the wall,  
And have wound a green ribbon around it –  
I cannot sing any more, my heart is too full,  
I do not know how to put it in verse.

— Brief intermission —

#### 13. With the Lute's Green Ribbon

"What a shame that the pretty green ribbon  
Should fade here on the wall:  
I am so fond of green!"  
That is what you said to me today, sweetheart.  
Green shall have its due, / And I'll be fond of it too  
Because our love is ever green,  
Because distant hopes bear green buds.

#### 14. The Huntsman

What is the huntsman doing here by the millstream?  
Keep to your own ground, you bold huntsman!  
There is no game for you here,  
Only a doe, a tame one, for me.

And if you wish to see the gentle doe,  
Then leave your rifle behind in the forest,  
And leave your yapping dogs at home,

Yet it would better if you stayed there in the forest, too,  
And left mills and millers in peace.  
What use are fish among green branches?  
What can a squirrel do in a blue pond?

#### 15. Jealousy and Pride

Whither so fast, so ruffled and wild, my dear brook?  
Are you hurrying in anger after that cheeky huntsman?  
Turn back, turn back, and first scold your miller's maid  
For her frivolous, wanton little flirtations.  
Run along, brook, and do not tell her  
Not a word, do you hear, of my sad looks.  
Tell her: "He has carved himself a pipe from a reed  
And is playing fine songs and dances for the children."

#### 16. The Beloved Color

I shall dress all in green,  
In green weeping willow,  
My love is so fond of green.  
I will look for a cypress grove,  
For a heath with green rosemary,  
My love is so fond of green.

#### 17. The Wicked Color

I would like to pick the green leaves  
From the twigs, each and every one,  
I would like to weep each blade  
Of green grass to a deathly pallor.

Oh, untie from your forehead  
The green, green ribbon,  
Farewell, farewell and give me  
Your hand in parting.