

THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING SERVICE
has pleasure in presenting



ALEXANDER KIPNIS
Basso

Pianist

- - - NOEL NEWSON

1938

Performance Dates:

WELLINGTON	Town Hall	-	Saturday, 25th June
			Tuesday, 28th June
DUNEDIN	Town Hall	-	Monday, 4th July
			Thursday, 7th July
CHRISTCHURCH	Civic Theatre	-	Monday, 11th July
			Wednesday, 13th July
AUCKLAND	Town Hall	-	Tuesday, 19th July
			Saturday, 23rd July

Romance surrounds the life of Alexander Kipnis. He was born in Zhitomir, Southern Russia, in 1895, and until he reached the age of sixteen had not even seen a piano. When twelve years old his father died, and Kipnis was forced to carry on his father's business (he was a merchant). However, the longing of music became stronger and took possession of him, and he decided to leave home and join a small Opera Company which travelled from one province to another. Kipnis first attracted attention as a boy soprano; then, when his voice broke, he devoted himself to the study of instrumental music, and graduated as a musical conductor at the Conservatorium in Warsaw.

When he realized that his voice had developed into a fine bass he determined to embark on a singing career. Undecided whether to go to Berlin or to Vienna to study for Grand Opera, he left the decision to fate, for he went to the railway-station at Warsaw with the intention of travelling on whichever train arrived in first. The young singer bought his ticket for Berlin, and he has never regretted having left the matter to chance.

Within the space of a few years Kipnis had completed a course of training at the Berlin Conservatorium, and had obtained his first engagement at the Hamburg State Opera. Later, he was engaged for the Wiesbaden Opera, where for five years he sang the chief basso roles and gained excellent experience for the Berlin State Opera, whither he next went as principal basso. Next came an invitation from the Chicago Opera, and then came numerous other offers of engagement at Covent Garden, the Paris Opera, the Teatro Colon (Buenos Aires), the Glyndebourne Opera, the Vienna State Opera, and the Bayreuth, Munich, and Salzburg Festivals.

Kipnis is just as great a favourite on the concert platform as on the operatic stage, and he is particularly noted in Europe and in America for his lieder singing. His repertoire includes much of the most beautiful of the international concert literature. According to the leading English and Continental critics, Kipnis is an ideal interpreter of Hugo Wolf and Brahms, and when the first volume of records was about to be issued by Brahms Song Society Kipnis was selected to sing the entire fourteen numbers for the volume.

During the past twelve months he sang in various operas at the Salzburg Festival with Lotte Lehman; he was in the Vienna Philharmonic performance "Missa Solemnis," under the conductorship of Toscanini, and also in Verdi's "Requiem" under Toscanini's baton at Salzburg; he toured the United States as bass soloist with the Wagnerian Festival Singers; he sang at orchestral concerts in Amsterdam and Antwerp; he gave recitals in which the programmes consisted entirely of Hugo Wolf compositions or of Schubert works; he recorded a big series of songs and gave numerous concerts, in which the offerings ranged from little-known Russian folk-songs to operatic arias by Verdi.

Mr. Kipnis has just completed a most successful tour of Australia.

PROGRAMME—No. 7

GOD SAVE THE KING

1

- (a) **Aria** (from "Ariodante") - - - - -
 (b) **Aria** (from "Berenice") - - - - - *Handel*
 - - - - - *Handel*

AL SEN TI STRINGO (ARIODANTE)

Al sen ti stringo e parto, ma ferma il core
 in me moto contratio al pie, mia figlia,
 addio!

Ti lascio, oh Dio! non so, se piu ti
 rivedro cor del cor mio.

Al sen ti stringo e parto, &c.

I press thee to my bosom, from thee I must
 depart,
 Strengthen my failing heart,
 Farewell then, my daughter.

The aid of God I implore,
 I may see thee no more,
 Heart of my heart, farewell.

I press thee to my bosom, &c.

SI TRA I CEPPI

Si tra i ceppi e le ritorte
 La mia fè risplenderà;
 Nò, ne pur l'istessa morte
 Il mio foco estinguerà.
From the Opera "Berenice."

Love that's true will live for ever,
 Nought on earth its course can stay,
 Cruel death our lives may sever,
 Love will still endure for aye.

2

- (a) **Stille Tränen** - - - - -
 (b) **Freisinn** - - - - - *Schumann*
 (c) **Lust der Sturmnacht** - - - - - *Schumann*
 (d) **Ständchen** - - - - - *Schumann*
 (e) **Wanderlied** - - - - - *Schumann*
 - - - - - *Schumann*

STILLE TRANEN (SILENT TEARS)

Du bist vom Schlaf erstanden
 Und wandelst durch die Au',
 Da liegt ob allen Landen
 Der Himmel wunderblau.

So lang du ohne Sorgen
 Geschlummert schmerzenlos,
 Der Himmel bis zum Morgen
 Viel Thränen niedergoss.

In stillen Nächten weinet
 Oft mancher aus den Schmerz,
 Und morgens dann ihr meinet,
 Stets fröhlich sei sein Herz.

When thou from sleep awakest,
 O'er flow'ry meads to roam;
 Where'er thy path thou takest
 Spreads heaven's cloudless dome.

While thou in peace hast slumber'd,
 Carefree till dawn of day,
 The heav'ns, with tears unnumber'd,
 Have wept the night away.

Thro' nights of pain and yearning
 How many weep alone,
 Whose hearts, ye think at morning,
 Never have sorrow known.

FREISINN

Lasst mich nur auf meinem Sattel gelten.
Bleibt in euren Hütten, euren Zelten,
Und ich reite froh in alle Ferne,
Über meiner Mütze nur die Sterne.

Er hat euch die Gestirne gesetzt
Als Leiter zu Land und See,
Damit ihr euch daran ergötzt,
Stets blickend in die Höh'.

Let me ride abroad in free enjoyment,
Ye, pursue at home your dull employment,
On my saddle far away I'm bounding,
Stars alone the open heath surrounding,
He set the constellations so bright as guides
over land and sea,
That ye therein may take delight, may
heav'nward gazers be.

LUST DER STURMNACHT

Wenn durch Berg' und Thale draussen
Regen schauert, Stürme brausen,
Schild und Fenster hell erklirren,
Und in Nacht die Wanderer irren.

Ruht es sich so süß hier innen,
Aufgelöst in sel'ges Minnen.
All der goldne Himmelsschimmer
Flieht herein ins stille Zimmer.

Reiches Leben! hab' Erbarmen!
Halt mich fest in Linden Armen!
Lenzesblumen aufwärts dringen,
Wölklein ziehen und Vögel singen.

Ende nie, du Sturmnacht wilde!
Klirrt, ihr Fenster! schwankt, ihr Schilde!
Bäumt euch, Wälder! braus', O Welle!
Mich umfängt des Himmels Helle.

J. Kerner.

When outside, in furious battle,
Rain and storm 'gainst windows rattle,
Through the dark, wild night in vain
Wanderers seek a port to gain.

Oh, within, how sweet the blessing,
Rest and peace 'midst love's caressing!
All the heaven's golden glow
Seems into the room to flow.

Bounteous life, so full of graces,
Hold me fast in soft embraces!
Vernal flow'rs are upward springing,
Clouds are floating, birds are singing.

Tempest wild, oh, have no ending,
With thy rage the heavens rending!
Winds and waves, make night infernal!
Round me plays the light supernal!

STÄNDCHEN

Komm' in die stille Nacht,
Liebchen, was zögerst du?
Sonne ging längst zur Ruh',
Welt schloss die Augen zu.
Rings nur einzig die Liebe wacht.

Liebchen, was zögerst du?
Schon sind die Sterne hell,
Schon ist der Mond zur Stell'.
Eilen so schnell, so schnell.
Liebchen, mein Liebchen, d'rum eil' auch
du!

Einzig die Liebe wacht,
Ruft dich allüberall.
Höre die Nachtigall,
Hör' meiner Stimme Schall,
Liebchen, O komm in die stille Nacht!

Page four

Come, while the night still sleeps;
Sweetheart, why linger yet?
Long since the sun has set!
World's caught in slumber's net.
Love all about us alone vigil keeps.

Why linger, O my sweet?
Now peeps each starry eye,
Now rides the moon on high;
Fleetly, so fleet they fly.
Sweetheart, my sweetheart, be thou as fleet!

Love alone vigil keeps,
Calling thee far and near;
Nightingale bids thee hear
This my song, rising clear—
Sweetheart, oh come whilst the night still
sleeps.

WANDERLIED

Wohlauf! noch getrunken den funkelnden
Wein!
Ade nun, ihr Lieben! geschieden muss sein.
Ade nun, ihr Berge, du väterlich Haus!
Es treibt in die Ferne mich mächtig hinaus.

Die Sonne sie bleibt am Himmel nicht
steh'n,
Es treibt sie, durch Länder und Meere zu
geh'n,
Die Woge nicht haftet am einsamen Strand,
Die stürme, sie brausen mit Macht durch
das Land.

Mit eilenden Wolken der Vogel dort zieht,
Und singt in der Ferne ein heimatlich Lied.
So treibt es den Burschen durch Wälder
und Feld,
Zu gleichen der Mutter, der wandernden
Welt.

Da grüssen ihn Vögel bekannt über'm Meer,
Sie flogen von Fluren der Heimat hieher;
Da duften die Blumen vertraulich um ihn,
Sie trieben vom Lande die Lüfte dahin.

Die Vögel, die kennen sein väterlich Haus,
Die Blumen, die pflanzt' er der Liebe zum
Strauss,
Und Liebe, die folgt ihm, sie geht ihm zur
Hand,
So wird ihm zur Heimat das ferneste Land.

Wohlauf! noch getrunken den funkelnden
Wein!
Ade nun, ihr Lieben! geschieden muss sein,
Ade nun, ihr Berge, du väterlich Haus!
Es treibt in die Ferne mich mächtig hinaus!

Kerner.

Come fill up your glasses before I depart!
Farewell then ye lov'd ones so dear to my
heart,
Farewell purple hills and farewell dear old
home;
I'm leaving you now through the wide
world to roam.

The sun in the heavens must move on his
way,
It rises and sets in the course of a day,
The waves do not tarry that break on the
sand,
And stormwinds are rushing o'er water
and land.

The birds in their passage are soaring along,
In lands o'er the water they'll sing their
sweet song,
The youth leaves his home and the scenes
of his birth,
Rejoicing in change like his dear mother
earth.

In lands o'er the ocean there greet him
once more,
The birds that he knew on his own native
shore,
The flow'rs that he finds there are equally
fair,
He knows well the perfume that fills all
the air.

The songsters remind him of home by their
lay,
The flow'rs for his lov'd one he gathered in
May.
So love is beside him on ev'ry hand,
It builds him a home in a strange distant
land.

Come fill up your glasses before I depart!
Farewell then ye lov'd ones so dear to my
heart.
Farewell purple hills and farewell dear old
home;
I'm leaving you now through the wide
world to roam!

INTERVAL

3 Pianoforte Soli—

Pastorale and Capriccio

Caprice Espagnol

Scarlatti

Moszkowski

4

(a) Wahnmonolog (from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg")

(b) The Song of the Evening Star (from "Tannhauser")

Wagner

Wagner

HANS SACH'S MONOLOGUE: "WAHN! WAHN!"

(Die Meistersinger)

Wahn! Wahn!
 Ueberall Wahn!
 Wohin ich forschend blick'
 In Stadt und Welt-Chronik,
 Den Grund mir aufzufinden,
 Warum gar bis auf's Blut
 Die Leut' sich quälen und schinden
 In unnütz toller Wuth!
 Hat keiner Lohn
 Noch Dank davon:
 In Flucht geschlagen
 Wähnt er zu jagen.
 Hört nicht sein eigen
 Schmerz-Gekreisch.
 Wenn er sich wühlt in's eig'ne Fleisch,
 Wähnt Lust sich zu erzeugen.
 Wer giebt den Namen an?
 S'ist halt der alte Wahn,
 Ohn' den nichts mag geschehen,
 'S mag gehen oder stehen!
 Steht's wo im Lauf,
 Er schläft nur meue Kraft sich an;
 Gleich wacht er auf.
 Dann schaut wer ihn bemeistern kann!
 Wie friedsam treuer-Sitten,
 Getrost in That und Werk,
 Liegt nicht in Deutschlands Mitten
 Mein liebes Nürnberg!
 Doch eines Abends spät.
 Ein Unglück zu verhüten
 Bei jugendheissen Gemüthen,
 Ein Mann weiss sich nicht Rath;
 Ein Schuster in seinem Laden
 Zieht an des Wahnes Faden:
 Wie bald auf Gassen und Strassen
 Fängt der da an zu rasen;
 Mann, Weib, Gesell' und Kind,
 Fällt sich an wie toll und blind;
 Und will's der Wahn gesegnen,
 Nun muss es Prügel regnen,
 Mit Hieben, Stess und Dreschen
 Den Wuthesbrand zu loschen.
 Gott weiss, wie das geschah?
 Ein Kobold half wohl da!
 Ein Glühwurm fand sein Weibchen nicht;
 Der hat den Schaden angericht'.
 Der Flieder war's—Johannis-Nacht—
 Nun aber kam Johannis-Tag:
 Jetzt schau'n wir, wie Hans Sachs es macht,
 Dass er den Wahn fein lenken mag,
 Ein edler Werk zu thun;
 Denn lässt er uns nicht ruh'n,
 Selbst hier in Nürnberg,
 So sei's um solche Werk'.
 Die selten vor gemeinen Dingen,
 Und nie ohn' ein'gen Wahn gelingen.

Mad! Mad!
 All the world's mad!
 Where'er inquiry dives—
 In town or world's archives—
 And seeks to learn the reason
 Why people strive and fight,
 Both in and out of season,
 In fruitless rage and spite,
 What do they gain
 For all their pain?
 Repulsed in fight,
 They feign joy in flight;
 Their pain-cries not minding, they joy
 pretend
 When their own flesh their fingers rend,
 And pleasure deem they're finding.
 What tongue the cause can phrase?
 'Tis just the same old craze!
 Nought haps without it ever,
 In spite of all endeavour;
 Pause doth it make,
 In sleep it but acquires new force;
 Soon it will wake,
 Then lo! who can control its course?
 Old ways and customs keeping,
 How peacefully I see
 My dear old Nuremberg sleeping
 In midst of Germany!
 But on one evening late,
 To hinder in some fashion
 The follies of youthful passion,
 A man worries his pate;
 A shoemaker, all unknowing,
 Sets the old madness going;
 How soon from highways and alleys
 A raging rabble sallies!
 Man, woman, youth, and child
 Blindly fall to as if gone wild;
 And ere the craze lose power,
 The cudgel blows must shower.
 They seek with fuss and pother
 The fires of wrath to smother.
 God knows how this befell!
 'Twas like some impish spell!
 Some glow-worm could not find his mate;
 'Twas he aroused this wrath and hate.
 The elder's charm—Midsummer eve—
 But now has dawned Midsummer-day;
 Let's see, then, what Hans Sachs can weave
 To turn the madness his own way,
 To serve for noble works;
 For if still here it lurks
 In Nuremberg the same,
 We'll use it to such aim
 As seldom by the mob's projected,
 And never without trick effected.

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O DU MEIN HOLDER ABENDSTERN (O STAR OF EVE) ("Tannhauser")

Wie Todesahnung, Dämm'ung deckt die
Lande,
Umhüllt das Thal mit schwärzlichem
Gewande.
Der Seele, die nach jenen Höh'n verlangt,
Vor ihrem Flug durch Nacht und Grausen
bangt.
Da scheinst du, O lieblichster der Sterne!
Dein sanftes Licht entsendest du der Ferne;
Die nächt'ge Dämm'ung theilt dein lieber
Strahl,
Und freundlich zeigst du den Weg aus dem
Thal.
O du mein holder Abendstern,
Wohl grüsst' ich immer dich so gern.
Vom Herzen das sie nie verrieth,
Grüsse sie wenn sie vorbei dir zieht;
Wenn sie entschwebt dem Thal der Erden,
Ein sel'ger Engel dort zu werden.

Like death's grim shadow darkness round
me hovers;
A misty shroud the sombre covers;
The spirit that would soar to yonder height
Doth shrink in dread before that awful flight,
There shinest thou, the fairest star in heaven,
Whose gentle beams to mortal eyes are given,
Before thy radiance night's dim terrors fail,
For thou dost paint me the way through
the vale.

O thou my tender star of eve,
Sweet is the comfort thou dost give!
This faithful heart's unheeded sigh
Bear to her when she shall pass thee by;
When, borne aloft on angel pinions
Her soul shall enter Heaven's dominions.

5

- | | | | | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----------------|
| (a) Freundliche Vision (Friendly Vision) | - | - | - | - | - | - | - |
| (b) Heimliche Aufforderung (The Lover's Pledge) | - | - | - | - | - | - | Richard Strauss |
| (c) Traum durch die Dämmerung (Dream in the Twilight) | - | - | - | - | - | - | Richard Strauss |
| (d) Zueignung (Devotion) | - | - | - | - | - | - | Richard Strauss |

FRIENDLY VISION

Nicht im Schlafe hab' ich das geträumt,
Hell am Tage sah ich's schön vor mir;
Eine Wiese voller Margeriten,
Tief ein weisses Haus in grünen Büschen;
Götterbilder leuchten aus dem Laube.
Und ich geh' mit Einer, die mich lieb hat.
Ruhigen Gemütes in die Kühle
Dieses weissen Hauses, in den Frieden,
Der voll Schönheit wartet, dass wir kommen.
Und ich geh' mit Einer, die mich lieb hat,
In den Frieden voll Schönheit.

O. J. Bierbaum.

Not in slumber did the dream arise,
But in day's broad light I saw it all:
Just a meadow full of budding daisies,
And a sunny house half hid in foliage.
Forms divine are lurking in the thicket,
And I walk with her whose love I cherish.
Tranquilly we enjoy the coolness
Of this sheltered cottage, full of beauty,
Full of peace that waiteth on our coming;
And I go with her whom I cherish
To the peace and the beauty.

Constance Bache.

THE LOVER'S PLEDGE

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale empor zum
Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle dein Herz
gesund.
Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke mir
heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich und dann trinke ich still
wie du.
Und still gleich mir betrachte um uns das
Heer
Der trunk'nen Schwätzer: verachte sie
nicht zu sehr.
Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale, gefüllt mit
Wein,
Und lass beim lärmenden Mahle sie glücklich
sein.

Up, lift now the sparkling gold cup to the
lip and drink!
And leave not a drop in the goblet, filled
full to the brink.
And as thou dost pledge me, let thine eyes
rest on me,
Then I will respond to thy smile and gaze
all silent on thee;
Then let thine eyes bright wander around
o'er the comrades gay.
And merry. Oh, do not despise them, love;
nay!
Lift up the sparkling gold goblet and join
the sway,
Let them rejoice and be happy this festive
day.

Doch hast du das Mahl genossen, den Durst
gestillt.
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen, fest-
freudiges Bild!
Und wandle hinaus in den Garten zum
Rosenstrauch,
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten, nach
altem Brauch;
Und will an die Brust dir sinken, eh' du's
gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie eh'mals oft,
Und flechten in deine Haare der Rose
Pracht:
O komm', du wunderbare, ersehnte Nacht!
J. H. Mackay.

But when thou hast drunk and eaten, no
longer stay;
Rise and turn thine eyes from the drinkers
and hasten away!
And wending thy steps to the garden, where
blush the roses fair,
Come to the sheltering arbour!—I'll meet
thee there;
And soft on thy bosom resting, let me adore
Thy beauty, drink thy kisses as oft before.
I'll twine around thy fair forehead the roses
white;
Oh come, thou wondrous bliss-bestowing
longed-for night!

John Bernhoff.

DREAM IN THE TWILIGHT

Weite Wiesen im Dämmergrau;
Die Sonne verglomm, die Sterne zieh'n:
Nun geh' ich hin zu der schönsten Frau,
Weit über Wiesen im Dämmergrau,
Tief in den Busch von Jasmin.

Spreading meads in the dusk of eve
The sun has gone down, the stars appear,
And I now go to the beauteous maid
Far o'er the meads, in the dusk of eve,
Deep in the sweet jasmin bow'r.

Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe Land;
Ich gehe nicht schnell, ich eile nicht;
Mich zieht ein weiches, sammtenes Band
Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe Land,
In ein mildes, blaues Licht.

Thro' shades of eve to the lovers' land
I speed not too fast, nor haste to leave.
I'm led by a soft and velvet band
At close of day, to the lovers' land,
In the twilight blue of eve.

Otto Julius Bierbaum.

John Bernhoff.

DEVOTION

Ja, du weisst es, teu're Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quäle;
Liebe macht die Herzen krank—
Habe Dank!

Ah! thou know'st sweet, all mine anguish,
In thine absence how I languish,
Love brings sorrow to the heart!
Thanks, sweetheart!

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank—
Habe Dank!

Once, when merry songs were ringing,
I to liberty was drinking,
Thou a blessing didst impart.
Thanks, sweetheart!

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank—
Habe Dank!

Thou didst lay those wanton spirits:
Comfort, peace, my soul inherits,
Joy, and bliss shall thy love impart.
Thanks, sweetheart!

Herm v. Gilm.

John Bernhoff.

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BY

ALEXANDER KIPNIS

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