

# University of Minnesota New Music Ensemble

Lawrence Weller, baritone  
Kristin Kenning, mezzo soprano  
Young-Nam Kim and Jerry Luckhardt, directors  
Sally Chisholm, viola, special guest in Madison

**Igor Stravinsky**  
(1882-1971)

Octet for Wind Instruments  
(1923 revised 1952)  
Sinfonia: Lento  
Tema con Variazioni: Andantino  
Finale: Tempo giusto

FLUTE: MADALYN ELLINGSON  
CLARINET: COREY MACKAY  
BASSOON: STACY KERN  
BASSOON: ANDREW MACHAMER  
TRUMPET: JONATHON KNUTSON  
TRUMPET: TODD WEDEKIND  
TROMBONE: ALEX WOLFF  
TROMBONE: ANDREW NEWBEGIN

**Arnold Schoenberg**  
(1874-1951)

Phantasy for Violin with piano accompaniment,  
Op. 47 (1949)  
VIOLIN: KAI-LI CHENG  
PIANO: CAMERON HOFMANN

**Steve Heitzeg**  
(b. 1959)

While We Breathe, We Hope (Fanfare for  
Obama) for narrator and chamber ensemble  
(2009)

BARITONE: LAWRENCE WELER  
VIOLIN: YOUNG NAM KIM  
VIOLIN: KAI-LI CHENG  
VIOLA: SALLY CHISHOLM  
CELLO: ROXANA MENDOZA  
BASS: BLAKE BONDE  
PIANO: CAMERON HOFMANN  
PERCUSSION: JENNIFER KLUKKEN

## Intermission

## TOUR PROGRAM

Fri, Apr 3, 2009, 8 pm  
Mills Hall,  
University of Wisconsin, Madison

Sat, Apr 4, 2009, 8 pm  
Macbride Hall,  
University of Iowa, Iowa City

## SCHOOL OF MUSIC

For information about attending the  
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Music ensembles, call (612) 624-5740  
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David E. Myers, director

## Camp Songs

### Czarny Boehm

Czy to w dzień czy to w noc,  
trupcy wędzą wesoł hoo!  
Puszczam czarny, czarny dym,  
bom ja czarny, czarny Böhm!

I kobiety i stąszki,  
i dzieciaki chciałbym też.  
sto kominów tu bym miał  
so genau jak Birkenau.

Hulaj dusza! Czort Katusza!  
Aber Judem sind nich da!  
Jejku bo w czterdzięci trzy  
i esma ny bydą szy!

Wtenczas zdrów i wtenczas hoc  
wędził będę w dzień i w noc.  
Tusty, tusty pójdzie dym,  
a z nimczarny, czarny Böhm.

### Tango Truonoszow

Ta psia jucha Germania  
cholerna mężczy czeka już czwarty rok.  
W krematorium truonoszów przypieka;  
tym to ciepło, miłutko bo...  
Bo przypieka tam człowiek  
człowieka ni topickarz ni rzeźnik to;  
więc do pieca, synalka, nie zwiekaj!  
Immer langsam und sicher und froh!

Po szturchańcu pierwszym jest ci lepiej,  
w morę leją a ty humor masz...  
i kopniaczek trzeci się przyłepi,  
a po czwartym... mokre portki, ach!...  
Pięciu drani w jedne kopie nery  
i wypluwaj, bracie, zębów szesć!  
Siódmy obeas skacze ci po brzuchu!...  
i dopiero wtedy fajno jest.

Kostusia śliczna, joj! okey!...  
biedula bez partnera a że  
do oczka wpadłes jej, więc oczkiem cię pozera...  
Do Leichen Keller prosisz ją,  
wyciągasz giryw nct  
nicdlugo pójdzie  
z ciebie swąd w czułym,  
trupim tete a tete...

Za minutkę bracie, jesteś w niebie,  
cieplutecznie pączkifygasz dwa...  
trzech aniołków w pupcie cie poskrobie  
i wykrzyknie: so ein hübscher arsch!...  
Czwarty anioł, toć miłunia Ania  
pięć kielichów wlewa w dumny pysk.  
Z aniołkami lulaj dziesięcioma...  
lulajw niebie, lulaj, c'est la vie!

Jestem sobie na wpół  
dziki scheissenPolus, cham. scheissenPolus, cham.  
und warum denn warum denn do Afryki?  
Tu kolonia mam!  
Kupili cię chłopie,  
Kupili z gna tami  
Krew ci z mordy kapie  
alles Scheiss ist egal.

Aj, Sachsenhausen  
Kolonja gwarna parna  
Germania richtig dzika  
Heil Sachsenhausen!

Giry tydzie jak bambusik,  
trupie lekki to kaktusy,  
Heil, heil, es lebe Kulturkampf!

Mädchen sobie zafundują  
Polaczyko ja...  
Gibt's denn so was? wy bestyje!  
śliczne oczka ma śliczne oczka ma  
A z tej Mädchen matki  
i z dumego tatki  
będą kindchen w kratki  
schwarz und weiss und rot...

## Paul Schoenfield

### Black Boehm (1942)

Whether it's by night or day,  
I burn corpses - jump for joy!  
I make a black black smoky smoke -  
'Cause I am black black Boehm!

I'd like to burn some chicks or hags,  
I'd like some kiddies, too.  
I wish I had a hundred chimneys,  
Like they have in Birkenau!

Oh, happy soul! Sending Ruskies to hell!  
Still, there aren't really quite enough Jews here;  
I could use more Jews in '43 -  
Else they might send some SS-guys to me!  
Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah!

Soon, healthy, happy and jumping for joy,  
We'll smoke by night and we'll smoke by day,  
We'll send up a real fat smoky smoke -  
We'll send up black black Boehm.  
Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah!

### The Corpse Carrier's Tango (1943)

Germany, that dog from hell,  
Has tortured us four years already.  
The crematorium corpse-carrier sweats,  
It's warm where he works, but very pleasant.  
After all, he's burning people in there -  
You can see he's no butcher or baker!  
So, dear boy, be off to the oven and don't delay!  
Ever slow, ever steady - and full of joy!

After the first poke, you'll feel better.  
A second punch in the face - but you're laughing still!  
The third kick you'll really remember -  
And after the fourth, you'll wet your pants!  
When five dirty dogs kick you in the kidneys,  
Brother, you'll spit out six broken teeth!  
A seventh dog digs his heels into your belly -  
That'll certainly make you feel great!

Oh, beautiful, lovely Lady Death! Okay! -  
Poor thing, she's looking for a partner, a daniel  
And you, dear fellow, are the guy that she's ogling -  
She'll eat you right up with her hungry eyes!  
You ask her to rendezvous at the corpse-cellar,  
And there you allow her to gaze at your festering wound,  
Soon its stink will give way  
To a tender, decadent, tete a tete!

One minute later, brother, you'll find yourself in heaven,  
With two warm doughnuts in your hand,  
Three little angels scrub your butt clean,  
And cry out in German, "Myl! What a lovely ass!"  
A fourth angel - darling little Anna -  
Pours five shots of whisky down her throat,  
While ten sweet angels lull you off to sleep:  
So, rest peacefully in heaven, now. C'est la vie!

### Heil, Sachsenhausen! (1941)

I'm a half-wild savage, you know,  
One dumb prisoner, an uncultured clod -  
Why then sail off to Africa?  
We have a colony right here!  
They bought you like a slave, man,  
Bought you - lock, stock and barrel.  
Blood drips from your mug, right here,  
'Cause everywhere, all crap's the same!

Heil, Sachsenhausen!  
Hot, stinking colony.  
Germany, it's the real thing!  
Heil, Sachsenhausen!

Our legs are thin as bamboo shoots,  
The corpses stink - whew! - they're naked, too!  
Heil! And long live Kulturkampf!

I'll buy myself a nice German girl,  
Poor Pole that I am.  
But what do you give me, you uniformed beasts?  
Well... she does have beautiful eyes.  
She, the sweet young girl and mommy,  
Me, the drooling, stupid daddy.  
Our kids will wear checkered clothing -  
Black and white and red.

Aj, Sachsenhausen!  
Błogosławiony raj! wszak  
wielbi ciebie ludzkość...  
Heil, Sachsenhausen.

A jak będę jutro zdychał,  
lewą nóżką zafikam:  
Heil, Heil, Es lebe Kulturkampf!

Heil, Sachsenhausen!  
Heavenly paradise you are,  
All humanity adores you -  
Heil, Sachsenhausen!

And if, tomorrow, I should die like a dog,  
Today, I'll kick up my feet and dancel  
Heil! And long live Kulturkampf!

#### Mister C (1940)

Roczek wtóry, mój ty Boże  
bryka sobie hakenkreuz...  
żadna siła go nie zmoże,  
bo inaczej to kniebeug!

Taki strasznie wielki Führer,  
taki z pendzlem rübergeij,  
we łbie pluszczą mu pomyje,  
blódes Volk mu ryczy Heil!

A mister C. cygaro pali,  
mister C. cygaro łmi,  
Europa się nam wali,  
a on gielde a on gielde ma i spleen.

Mister C. cygaro sili mi  
Adolfowi pianie w "Sieg",  
pogrzeb fundnie mu na Rugji  
może w dziewięćset czterdzięci trzy...

Może, ach, może ach, może oj,  
któż to wiedzieć może?  
Morze głębokie, nieboże,  
angielskie zwłaszcza morze, morze...

Jumpą tu, di di di jumpą...  
jumpą day di di di you!  
może może któż to wiedzieć może  
może wschodni wietrzyk mu pomoże?

It's the second year, dear God,  
And the swastika's still frolicking;  
There is no power that can exhaust it,  
So we'd all better get down on our knees!

Such a terrible, great, ferocious Fuehrer,  
Such a robber-goy - with paint brush, yell  
And his head's filled up with dirty dishwater,  
While his stupid people shriek out: "Heil!"

Meanwhile, Mister C puffs his big cigar,  
Mister C blows out some smoke;  
Europe crumbles all around us,  
And he's as cool as cool can be!

But, Mister C will snuff out his smoke,  
And he'll spit on Adolf's "Sieg";  
He'll pay for Adolf's funeral on the Isle of Rugia -  
Maybe as early as '43!

Maybe, oh, maybe, maybe we'll see -  
Maybe... but who can really know for sure?  
Maybe, poor devil, we'll see - the deep sea,  
Maybe, especially, the English sea...

Yoom pom tu di di di yoom pah,  
Yoom pom tu di di di yoo -  
Maybe, maybe...but who can really know for sure?  
Maybe the "eastern wind" can help.

#### Pozegnanie Adolfa ze Światem

Nad Wolgi fiałą goniąc Moskala  
szlachetna truppa zwiwala...  
Und immer naprzód, und immer weiter,  
a szkopów Rasija gnała.  
Und immer naprzód, und immer weiter  
a Sykopów Rasija gnała.

żegnaj mi Moskwo, żegnaj Samaro,  
mój Leningradzie daleki!  
Oj, jubel minie, kiedy na Krymie  
zerzną manie w portki na wieki...  
Oj, jubel minie, .....

Żegnaj was góry, góry Uralu  
i ciebie z Rudą Armadą,  
Ty jesteś Stalin Stalin ze stali,  
ja jestem impotent Adolf...  
Und immer naprzód und immer weiter

praszczaj więc wdzięczna mi Europo  
za moją Arbeit und Freude!  
gdzieś w siódmym niebie, pod siódmym płotem,  
może za żonę cię pojme...

Adieu tez wszystkie szwabskie dziewice, Któraz mi.. Adieu to you, my lovely Kraut virgins,  
karty rozłoży  
Now who will spread the tarot cards for me?  
Chłopak ja byłem dumny i święty,  
As a boy I was always proud and saintly -  
bom nigdy nie cudzowlozył...  
I never stuck it where it didn't belong!

Sieg heil, general mój Gównernament,  
dobroci dzieło ogromne...  
Emeryturę sutą dostaniesz  
za goebbelsiowski mój Bromberg.

#### Adolf's Farewell to the World (1943)

By River Volga, chasing after the Russakies,  
The noble troop-p-p-s, in fact, were buggering off!  
"And ever forward, and ever further" -  
Now Mother Russia was chasing the Krauts!  
"And ever forward, and ever further" -  
Now Mother Russia was chasing the Krauts!

Farewell to Moscow, farewell to Samara,  
My distant Leningrad, farewell!  
Ah, the party will be over, when soon in Crimea,  
They take the crap out of my pants - forever!  
Ja, ja - it's really true....

Farewell to your mountains, your fair Ural Mountains,  
And your armada, I bid it farewell.  
You are the man Stalin, man-of-steel Stalin,  
And I'm only an impotent Adolf.

Forgive me, hospitable Europe!  
Forgive my "Arbeit und Freude!"  
Perhaps, in the seventh heaven, beneath the seventh fence -  
I shall take you as my bride.

Sieg-heil, my General-Gouvernement!  
You great and magnificent province!  
You'll receive a grand pension to compensate  
For the loss of, as Goebbels would say, my Bromberg.

Gitarą brzęła, Germania jekła...  
Victoria zmarła wśród tundry  
a od Adolfa jak Bardia pękła,  
i został znów bezprizorny...  
a od Adolfa jak Bardia pękła,  
i został znów bezprizorny...

A guitar plinks, Germania sighs;  
Victory was frozen on the tundra!  
Adolf's axis is broke as a poet -  
And he remains, an orphan again.  
Adolf's axis is broke as a poet -  
And he remains, an orphan again.

Paul Schoenfield  
(b. 1947)

Camp Songs for mezzo soprano, baritone,  
clarinet, violin, cello, bass and piano (2001)

1. Czarny Bohm: Largo
2. Tango Truponoszow: Rubato
3. Sachsenhausen: Andante sostenuto
4. Mr. C: Ragtime tempo
5. Farewell: Allegro molto

MEZZO SOPRANO: KRISTIN KENNING

BARITONE: LAWRENCE WELLER

CLARINET: PETER CAIN

VIOLIN: KAI-LI CHENG

CELLO: ROXANA MENDOZA

BASS: BLAKE BONDE

PIANO: CAMERON HOFMANN

## NEW MUSIC ENSEMBLE

Flute:	Madalyn Ellingson
Clarinet:	Peter Cain Corey Mackey
Bassoon 1:	Stacy Kern
Bassoon 2:	Andrew Machamer
Trumpet in Do:	Jonathon Knutson
Trumpet in La:	Todd Wedekind
Tenor Trombone:	Alex Wolff
Bass Trombone:	Andy Newbegin
Percussion:	Jennifer Klukken
Violin:	Kai-Li Cheng
Cello:	Roxana Mendoza
Bass:	Blake Bonde
Piano:	Cameron Hofmann