

Lutheran Summer Music - 1996

FACULTY ARTIST RECITAL

Trudi Anderson
flute

John Cheek
piano

David Mennicke
tenor

Anna Mooy
mezzo-soprano

Robert Satterlee
piano

Shari Speer
soprano

Esther Wang
piano

Rändel Wolfe
tenor

Center for Faith and Life Main Hall
Luther College
Decorah, Iowa
Tuesday, July 2, 8:00 P.M.



PROGRAM

Three Irish Folksong Settings for
Voice and Flute

I. The Salley Gardens

II. The Foggy Dew

III. She Moved Through the Fair

John Corigliano
(b. 1938)

Shari Speer, *soprano*
Trudi Anderson, *flute*

Comfort Ye
Ev'ry Valley
from *Messiah* (1742)

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)
Isaiah 40:1-4

Ich weiss das mein Erlöser lebt
from *Musicalische Exequien* (1636)

Heinrich Schütz
(1585-1672)

Une Herbe Pauvre
from *Tel Jour, Tel Nuit* (1936)

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Under the Greenwood Tree, Op. 23, No. 2
from *Five Shakespeare Songs, Second Set*

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)
text by William Shakespeare
(1564-1616)

Struna naladěna
from *Songs of My Mother*

Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

David Mennicke, *tenor*
John Cheek, *piano*

Pur nel sonno almen talora
Mi lagnerò tacendo

Vincenzo Righini
(1756-1812)

Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8
Ich wollt ein Sträusslein binden, Op. 68, No. 2

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Fair Robin I love
from *Tartuffe*

Kirke Mechem
(b. 1925)

Shari Speer, *soprano*
Esther Wang, *piano*

Ich trage meine Minne, Op. 32, No. 1
Die Nacht, Op. 10, No. 3
Nichts, Op. 10, No. 2
Traum durch die Dämmerung, Op. 29, No. 1
Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1

R. Strauss

Rändel Wolfe, *baritone*
Robert Satterlee, *piano*

Zigeunelieder, Op. 103
I. He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!
II. Hochgetürmte Rimaflut
III. Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen
IV. Lieber Gott, du weisst
V. Brauner Bursche
VI. Röslein dreie in der Reihe
VII. Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn
VIII. Rote Abendwolken

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Anna Mooy, *mezzo-soprano*
Esther Wang, *piano*

TRANSLATIONS

Ich weiss das mein Erlöser lebt
(I Know that my Redeemer Lives)

Job 19:25

I know that my Redeemer lives,
and that at the last he will stand upon the earth,
and after my body has been thus destroyed
then in my Flesh I shall see God.

Une Herbe Pauvre

Paul Eluard
(1895-1952)

This grass, poor and wild, uncovered by snow,
announced restored life.
The sweet taste of clear air struck at my mouth with wonder,
then faded.
This grass, poor and wild, uncovered by snow,
announced restored life.

Struna naladěna
(Gypsy Song)

Tune your strings, Gypsies, dance in the circle!
Be joyful today, For tomorrow tears may cloud your sight.
In past days by the Nile, our Fathers lived;
Now tune your strings, sing and dance.

Pur nel sonno almen talora

author unknown
trans. Edwin Pennhorwood

At least while I am sleeping
The one I love does at times
Come to console my sorrow.
Love, if you are just,
Make my dreams come true,
Or do not let me be awakened.

Mi lagnerò tacendo

author unknown
trans. Edwin Pennhorwood

I shall mourn in silence
Over my harsh destiny,
But that I love you not, my dear,
No, no, do not expect that of me.
Cruel one! how do I offend you
If in my breast there remains
This unfortunate delight
In sighing for you?

Allerseelen
(All Souls' Day)

Hermann von Gilm
(1812-1864)
trans. Sergius Kagen

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring here the last of red asters,
And let us speak again of love,
As long ago in May.
Give me the hand that I may secretly clasp it,
And if it is observed by others, I will not mind;
Give me one of your sweet glances,
As long ago in May.
Today each grave is flowering and fragrant,
Once a year is All Souls' Day,
Come to my heart that I again may have you,
As long ago in May.

Ich wollt ein Sträusslein bindenClemens Brentano
(1778-1842)

trans. Shari Speer/Thor Polson

I wanted to gather a bouquet, but dark night came.
No blossom could be found or I would have brought it.

Then tears flowed from my cheeks onto the clover.
I saw one little blossom that had bloomed in the garden in the
midst of the clover.

I wanted to pluck it for you, but it began to speak:
"Oh, don't hurt me! Be kindhearted--remember your own pain and
don't let me suffer death before its time."

And if that little flower, alone in the garden hadn't spoken
in such a way,
I would have picked it for you. But, I've changed my mind.

My love has stayed away, and I am completely alone.
Turmoil is part of love--it cannot be otherwise.

Fair Robin I loveJohn Dryden
(1631-1700)

*(Dorine, the saucy maid to Orgon's daughter Mariane, sings a
song to her mistress, attempting to educate her on the lighter side
of love.)*

Ich trage meine Minne

(I carry my Love)

Karl Henckell

(1864-1929)

trans. Waldo Lyman and Kathleen Mannsbach

I carry my love,
 Mute with rapture,
 In my heart and my mind
 Wherever I go.
 Yes, our encounter,
 Dearest one,
 Cheers through all the days
 Alloted to me.
 Though skies are grim,
 And jet-black is the night,
 Brightly shines my love's
 Sun-like splendour.
 And though deceitful is the sinful world,
 And it grieves me,
 Its wretchedness will be blinded
 By your snow-like innocence.

Die Nacht

(Night)

Hermann von Gilm

(1812-1864)

Out of the forest comes the night,
 Quietly she moves in from behind the trees;
 She oversees all around her,--
 Beware now!
 All the lights of the world,
 All the flowers, all the colors, she extinguishes;
 She steals the sheaves from the fields;
 She takes everything that is lovely,
 Steals the silver from the streams,
 From the copper dome of the cathedral
 She takes away its gold.
 The spray of flowers stands plundered,
 Draw closer, soul to soul;
 Oh, I am afraid the night will steal
 You, too, from me.

Nichts

Hermann von Gilm

(Nothing)

You say I should name her,
 My queen of the realm of song?
 What fools you are,
 I know her less than you!
 You ask me the color of her eyes,
 You ask me about the sound of her voice,
 You ask about her walking, dancing, carriage,
 Ah, what do I know of that!
 Is not the sun the source
 Of all life, of all light?
 And what do we know of it,
 I and you and everyone? Nothing, nothing!

Traum durch die Dämmerung

Otto Julius Bierbaum

(Dream at Twilight)

(1865-1910)

Wide meadows in the gray of twilight;
 The sun has set, the stars appear,
 Now I go, making my way to the most beautiful woman,
 Far, through the meadows in the gray of twilight,
 Deep into the bushes of jasmine,
 Through the gray twilight of love's land,
 I go, slowly, without haste;
 I am being drawn by a soft, velvet band,
 Through the gray twilight of love's land,
 Into the gentle blue light.

Zueignung
(Devotion)

Hermann von Gilm

Ah, you know it, dear soul,
That, far from you, I languish,
Love causes hearts to ache,--
To you my thanks!
Once, drinking to freedom,
I raised the amethyst cup,
And you blessed the drink,--
To you my thanks!
You exorcised the evil spirits in it,
So that I, as never before,
Cleansed and freed, sank upon your breast,
To you my thanks!

Zigeunerlieder
(Gypsy Songs)

traditional Hungarian
trans. to German by H. Conrat
trans. to English by Edith Braun and Waldo Lyman

I.

Ho there, Gypsy, strike the string,
Play the song of the faithless maiden!
Let the strings weep, lament in sad anxiety,
Till the warm tears flow down these cheeks.

II.

High towering Rima waves,
How turbid you are!
By these banks I lament loudly
For you, my sweet!
Waves are fleeing, waves are streaming, rushing
To the shore, to me;
Let me by the Rima banks
Forever weep for her!

III.

Do you know when my little one is her loveliest?
When her sweet mouth teases and laughs and kisses me.
Little Maiden, you are mine, fervently I kiss you.
The good Lord created you just for me!
Do you know when I like my lover best of all?
When he holds me closely enfolded in his arms.
Sweetheart, you are mine, fervently I kiss you,
The good Lord created you just for me alone!

IV.

Dear God, you know how often I regretted
The kiss I gave but once to my beloved.
My heart commanded me to kiss him.
I shall think forever of the first kiss.
Dear God, you know how often at dead of night
In joy and in sorrow I thought of my dearest one.
Love is sweet, though bitter be remorse.
My poor heart will remain ever, ever true!

V.

The bronzed young fellow leads to the dance
His lovely blue-eyed maiden,
Boldly clanking his spurs together.
A Czardas melody begins.
He caresses and kisses his sweet dove,
Whirls her, leads her, shouts and springs about;
Throws three shiny silver guilders
On the cymbal to make it ring!

VI.

Roses three in a row bloom so red,
There's no law against the lad's visiting his girl!
Oh, good Lord, if that too were forbidden,
This beautiful wide world would have perished long ago,
To remain single would be a sin!
The loveliest city in Alfold is Ketschkemet;
There abide so many maidens sweet and nice.
Friends, go there to choose a little bride;
Ask for her in marriage and then establish your home;
Then empty cups of joy!

VII.

Do you sometimes recall,
My sweet love,
When you once vowed to me with solemn oath?
Deceive me not, leave me not,
You know not how dear you are to me!
Do love me as I love you.
Then God's grace will descend upon you!

VIII.

Red clouds of evening move
Across the firmament,
Longing for you my sweet,
My heart is afire,
The heavens shine in glowing splendour,
And I dreamt
Only of that sweet love of mine.

*We ask that all members of the audience refrain
from photographing or recording
the performance.*

*A high-fidelity tape recording of this concert
may be ordered at the desk in the lobby
after the concert.*

*You are invited to attend the next events of
Lutheran Summer Music-1996:*

Faculty Artist Recital
SINE NOMINE VOCAL ENSEMBLE
Center for Faith and Life Main Hall
Sunday, July 7, 8:00 P.M.

Faculty Recital
MOVĒRE WOODWIND QUINTET
Center for Faith and Life Main Hall
Tuesday, July 9, 8:00 P.M.

*This concert is the seventh event of the
fifteenth season of
Lutheran Summer Music*

Lutheran Summer Music - 1996

FACULTY ARTIST RECITAL

Esther Wang

piano

Robert Satterlee

piano

John Cheek

piano

SINE NOMINE VOCAL ENSEMBLE

Shari Speer, soprano

Anna Mooy, mezzo-soprano

Christopher Cock, tenor

David Mennicke, tenor

Rändel Wolfe, baritone

James Ramlet, bass

with

John Cheek, piano

Robert Satterlee, piano

Rändel Wolfe, piano

Center for Faith and Life Main Hall

Luther College

Decorah, Iowa

Sunday, July 7, 8:00 P.M.



PROGRAM

Improvisations on Hungarian

Peasant Songs, Op. 20

- I. Molto moderato
- II. Molto capriccioso
- III. Lento, rubato
- IV. Allegretto scherzando
- V. Allegro molto
- VI. Allegro moderato, molto capriccioso
- VII. Sostenuto, rubato
- VIII. Allegro

Béla Bartók
(1881-1945)

Esther Wang, *piano*

Nocturne No. 6 in D-Flat Major, Op. 63

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Robert Satterlee, *piano*

Dance Suite

- I. Moderato
- II. Allegro molto
- III. Allegro vivace
- IV. Molto tranquillo
- V. Comodo
- VI. Finale: Allegro

Béla Bartók

John Cheek, *piano*

FIVE-MINUTE INTERMISSION

I will not Leave You Comfortless

William Byrd
(1543-1623)

My Bonnie Lass She Smileth

Thomas Morley
(1557-1603)

My Bonnie Lass She Smelleth

P.D.Q. Bach
(1807-1742)?

Die Beredsamkeit
Die Harmonie in der Ehe

Franz Josef Haydn
(1732-1809)

Papageno-Papagena duet
from *The Magic Flute*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Ich bin dein Baum, O Gärtner
Op. 101, No. 3

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Nachtigall, sie singt so schön
Es Bebet das Gesträuche
from *Liebeslieder Walzer*, Op. 52

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

That Lonesome Road

James Taylor
(b. 1948)
arr. Simon Carrington
(b. 1945)

The Promise of Living
from *The Tender Land*

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

SINE NOMINE VOCAL ENSEMBLE

Shari Speer, *soprano*
Anna Mooy, *mezzo-soprano*
Christopher Cock, *tenor*
David Mennicke, *tenor*
Rändel Wolfe, *baritone*
James Ramlet, *bass*

with

John Cheek, *piano*
Robert Satterlee, *piano*
Rändel Wolfe, *piano*

TRANSLATIONS

Die Beredsamkeit

trans. Paul Bouman

Friends, water makes you speechless,
Learn this from the fishes.
But with wine, it is quite another story,
Which one learns at our table.
What a talker one becomes,
When the Rhine wine speaks through us.
We exhort, argue, and teach.
No one wants to listen to each other.

Die Harmonie in der Ehe

trans. Paul Bouman

O wondrous harmony! What he wants, so does she.
He likes to carouse, and so does she.
He likes to play, and so does she.
He likes to count his money and act like a big man,
And that is also her desire.

Ich bin dein Baum, O Gärtner

Friedrich Rückert
(1788-1866)
trans. Paul Bouman

I am your tree, O gardner, whose faithfulness
keeps me in loving care and sweet disposition.
Come, that I may thankfully embrace you with ripe grown fruit.
I do not envy the happiness of others
The precious branches I find newly laden with fruit.

Nachtigall, sie singt so schön
(Nightingale, you sing so sweet)

trans. Natalia McFarren

Nightingale, thy sweetest son
sounds when the stars are twinkling.
Love me, my heart's delight,
kiss me in the darkness.

Es bebet das Gesträuche
(Each tender leaf is trembling)

trans. Natalia McFarren

A tremor's in the branches.
a bird has brushed his pinions
through yonder tree.
And thus my heart within me
through all its depths is trembling
in love and joy and sorrow.
I think of thee!

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Student Chamber Music Recital

Center for Faith and Life Main Hall

Wednesday, July 10, 8:00 P.M.

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