The Schiller Institute Celebrates the Divinity of Man

Saturday, April 21st, 2001 1:30pm
The Neighborhood Church, Pasadena
Welcome
Leni Rubinstein, the Schiller Institute

“Lift Every Voice and Sing” J. Weldon Johnson/R. Rosamond Johnson
Audience is invited to sing along

“Creation” poem by James Weldon Johnson
Reading by William Warfield

“Conductus” Perotin
Soloist: William Warfield

“City Called Heaven” arr. Hall Johnson
Soloist: Adrien Raynier, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“Scandalize My Name” arr. Harry Burleigh

“Deep River” arr. Harry Burleigh
Soloist: William Warfield, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“He Was Despised” G.F. Händel
Soloist: Adrien Raynier, pianist: Yin-Yin Huang

“Wandrers Nachtlied” F. Schubert
“Wohin” F. Schubert
Soloist: William Warfield, pianist: Yin-Yin Huang

“Ev’ry time I feel the Spirit” traditional
Soloist: Adrien Raynier, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee
“Plenty Good Room”

Soloist: William Warfield, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

arr. Roland Hayes

“Gestillte Sehnsucht”

Johannes Brahms, Op. 91

“Geistliches Wiegenlied”

Soloist: Adrien Raynier, Viola: John Acevedo, pianist: Yin-Yin Huang

“Sister Mary Had-a But One Child”

arr. Roland Hayes

“Lit’l Boy”

“They Led My Lord Away”

“He Never Said a Mumberlin’ Word”

“Did You Hear When Jesus Rose?”

Soloist: William Warfield, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

arr. Roland Hayes

“Were You There”

traditional

“Go Down Moses”

traditional

“I Want Two Wings”

traditional

“Ride On, Jesus!”

Soloist: John Patton, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

arr. N. Dett

“He’s Got the Whole World in His Hands”

arr. M. Bonds

Audience is invited to sing along
Lift every voice and sing
Till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the listening skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us,
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun
Let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod,
Bitter the chastening rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
Yet with a steady beat,
Have not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered,
We have come, treading our path through the blood of the slaughtered,
Out from the gloomy past,
Till now we stand at last
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years,
God of our silent tears,
Thou who has brought us thus far on the way;
Thou who has by Thy might
Led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee,
Lest, our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee;
Shadowed beneath Thy hand,
May we forever stand.
True to our God,
True to our native land.
“Conductus”
Written by thirteenth-century Notre Dame organist Perotin as part of the Mass, Christ tells of his tribulations on the Cross.

“Wandrers Nachtlied”
Franz Schubert, D.768,
Text by J. W. Goethe (1749-1832)
Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh,
In all the treetops reigns peace,
Kaum einen Hauch;
Hardly a breath of wind;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde,
The little birds are silent in the forest,
Warte nur, balde
Only wait, soon
Ruhest du auch!
You will rest as well!

“Wohin?”
Franz Schubert D.795  Die schöne Müllerin, no.2, text by W. Müller
Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen
I hear a brooklet rushing
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,
Right out of the rock’s spring,
Hinab zum Tale rauschen
Down there to the valley it rushes,
So frisch und wunderhell.
So fresh and wondrous bright.

Ich weiß nicht wie mir wurde,
I know not, how I felt this,
Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,
Nor did I know who gave me advice;
Ich mußte auch hinunter,
I must go down
Mit meinem Wanderstab.
With my wanderer’s staff.

Hinunter und immer weiter
Down and always farther,
Und immer dem Bache nach,
And always the brook follow after;
Und immer frischer rauschte
And always rushing crisply,
Und immer heller der Bach.
And always bright is the brook.

Ist das denn meine Straße?
Is this then my road?
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
O, brooklet, speak! where to?
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
You have with your rushing
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.
Entirely intoxicated my senses.

Was sag ich denn vom Rauschen?
But why do I speak of rushing?
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
That can’t really be rushing:
Es singen wohl die Nixen,
Perhaps th water-nymphs are singing rounds
tief unten ihren Reihn.
down there in the deep.

Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen
Let it sing, my friend, let it rush,
Und wandre fröhlich nach!
And wander joyously after!
Es geln ja Mühlenräder
Mill-wheels turn
In jedem klaren Bach.
In each clear brook.
In gold’nen Abendschein getaucht,
Wie feierlich die Wälder steh’n!
In leise Stimmen der Vöglein haucht
Des Abendwindes leises Weh’n.
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögel
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.

Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch regtet
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruhe!
Du Sehnsucht die Brust bewegst.
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?
Beim lispeln der Winde, der Vögel,
Ihr sehnder Wünsche, wann schlafet ihr ein?

Ach, wenn nicht mehr in gold’ne Ferne
Mein Geist auf Traumgefiedert cilt,
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen
Mit sehnderm Blick mein Auge weilt;
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögel
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.

Steeped in a golden evening glow,
how solemnly the forests stand!
In gentle voices the little birds breathe
into the soft fluttering of evening breezes.
What does the wind whisper, and the little birds?
They whisper the world into slumber.

You, my desires, that stir
in my heart without rest or peace!
You longings that move my heart,
When will you rest, when will you sleep?
By the whispering of the wind, and of the little birds.
You yearning desires, when will you fall asleep?

Alas, when no longer into the golden distance
does my spirit hurry on dream-wings,
when no more on the eternally distant stars
does my longing gaze rest;
Then the wind and the little birds
will whisper away my longing, along with my life.

*Josef lieber Josef mein,
Hilf mir wiegen mein Kindlein fein,
Gott, der wird dein Lohner sein,
Im Himmelreich der Jungfrau Sohn,
Maria, Maria

Die ihr schwiebet, um diese Palmen
In Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heil’gen Engel, stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem in Windesbräusen,
Wie mögt ihr heute so zornig sausen!
O, rauscht nicht also, schweiget.
Neigt euch leis und lind,
Stillet die Wipfel! Es schlummert mein Kind.

Der Himmelsknappe duldet Beschwerde;
Ach, wie so mächt er ward vom Leid der Erde.
Ach, nun im Schlaf, ihm, leise gesägt,
Die Qual zerirnt,
Stillet die Wipfel, es schlummert mein Kind.

Grimmige Kälte sauset hernieder,
Womit nur deck ich des Kindleins Glieder!
O all ihr Engel, die ihr geflügelt
Wandel im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel, es schlummert mein Kind.

You who fly above these palm trees
In the night and the wind,
You holy angels, silence the treetops!
My child is asleep.

You palms of Bethlehem, in the raging wind,
How can you rustle so angrily today,
Do not sough thus, be silent,
Sway softly and gently. Silence the treetops!
My child is asleep.

The Child of Heaven suffers pain;
He was so weary of the sorrows of the earth.
Now gently soothed in sleep,
The agony leaves him.
Silence the treetops, my child is asleep.

Bitter cold descends,
With what can I cover my child’s limbs!
All you angels, who on wings
Hover in the air,
Silence the treetops, my child is asleep.
William Warfield, baritone, is one of the world’s leading experts on Spirituals and Lieder. He is the past President of the National Association of Negro Musicians (1985-1990). Dr. Warfield was born in West Helena, Arkansas, to a family of sharecroppers. By the time he was 30 years old, he had won rave reviews in a sensational debut at New York’s Town Hall. In the course of a career that has spanned more than half a century, his incomparable voice and charismatic personality have electrified the stages of six continents and earned him the title of “America’s Musical Ambassador.” William Warfield is a member of the Board of Directors of the Schiller Institute.

Sylvia Olden-Lee, pianist and vocal coach, was the first black professional musician at the New York Metropolitan Opera, as Vocal Coach from 1954-56, just before Marian Anderson’s 1955 debut. For the next decade, she played and coached more than 500 concerts across Europe. She has been Professor of Vocal Interpretation at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia for more than 20 years, from which she is currently on leave. She is known as the teacher and inspiration for dozens of singers, including Kathleen Battle and Jessye Norman. She plays many concerts annually in America and abroad.

John Patton, Jr., tenor, was born in Arkansas and was raised in Richmond, California. Mr. Patton has studied with Roland Hayes, Berthold Bush, Arthur Kraft, Maynard Jones and John Brownlee of the Manhattan School of Music. Mr. Patton studied at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York and at the Juilliard School in New York City. He performed the role of the preacher in the movie, “The Color Purple”, and has performed throughout the United States in recitals featuring classical opera, American ballads and oratorio music. Mr. Patton recently returned to Oakland, California after serving for several years as Artist-in-Residence at Clark Atlanta University in Atlanta.

Adrien Raynier is a versatile mezzo-soprano, whose many operatic roles include Amneris in “Aida”, Ulrica in “Un Ballo Maschera”, and Lady III in “The Magic Flute”. As Hansel she has entertained thousands of Southern California children by pushing the wicked witch into the oven over 400 times! She has sung in over 50 productions with the L.A. Opera Company, and worked with many world-renowned conductors and directors. She is much in demand as an oratorio soloist, and has performed major works throughout Southern California. As a recital artist she draws from a varied repertoire of art songs, lieder, operetta, chamber music, and light and grand opera.

Yin-Yin Huang, pianist, started her musical training at the age of 10. She holds a B.S. degree and a M.M. degree from the University of Chinese Culture of Taipei, and Cal State University. She has performed as a soloist with the Chinese Philharmonic Orchestra. Since 1988, she has appeared with the Polytimbre Ensemble as both chamber musician, and teacher, at the Taiwan International Music Festival. She plays in Taiwan, Europe, and the States with her husband, violinist, John Acevedo, as a member of “Duo Acevedo”. She has also earned a reputation as one of the finest piano teachers in Southern California. Her students have won numerous piano competitions, and most have gone on to major universities and respected conservatories across the United States.

John Acevedo, violist, performs in numerous symphonies, and also works with the recording industry in, and around, L.A. He also teaches at two California State Universities. His performance of “Kalimatiano”, written for him by Nick Ariano, took first place at the 1987 International Composition Contest held at Castlefieldo in Italy. He is renowned for contemporary music performances, one of which took a place at the 1989 International Viola Congress in California. He is currently a member of the Pacific Symphony Orchestra of Orange County and is a Faculty Member of the International Chamber Music Festival in Positano, Italy.