An Evening of Music by

Mozart & Friends

hosted by
The Schiller Institute Boston Community Chorus
Jennifer Ann Pearl, conductor

March 31st, 2017
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Ave Verum Corpus......................... W. A. Mozart
Schiller Institute Chorus, Almira Izumchensky

Abendempfindung......................... W. A. Mozart
Jennifer Pearl, Barbara Suhrstedt (piano)

Der Himmel hat eine Träne geweint..... Robert Schumann
Frank Mathis

Ridentela calma............................. W. A. Mozart
Michelle Fuchs

Deh vieni non tardar........................ W. A. Mozart, from Marriage of Figaro
Anncia Smith

Ah, non credea mirarti..................... Vincenzo Bellini, From La Sonnambula
Michelle Fuchs

Liebestreu.................................... Johannes Brahms
Limari Bedford, Brent Bedford (piano)

Sapphische ode.............................

Soave sia il vento........................... W. A. Mozart, from Cosi fan Tutte
Jen Pearl, Michelle Fuchs, Frank Mathis

I Love You, Snow from the North....... Chinese Folksong
Forest Xu

The Lark..................................... Mikhail Glinka
Frank Mathis

Bundeslied.................................. W. A. Mozart
Schiller Institute Community Chorus

Laudate pueri, from Solemn Vespers....

*The chorus performs at the Verdi scientific tuning of C=256
**All piano accompaniments performed by Almira Izumchensky, unless otherwise noted.
TRANSLATIONS

Ave Verum Corpus, K. 618

Hail True Body

Ave, ave verum corpus
natum de Maria virgine,
vere passum immolatum
in cruce pro homine.

Hail, hail true body,
born of the virgin Mary,
truly having suffered sacrifice
on the cross on behalf of man.

Cuius latus perforatum
unda fluxit et sanguine,
esto nobis praegustatum
in mortis examine.

Whose pierced side
trickled water and blood
be thou for us a foretaste
in the test of death.

Abendempfindung, K. 523

Evening Thoughts

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entfliehn des Lebens schönste Stunden,
Fliehn vorüber wie im Tanz.

Evening it is; the sun has vanished,
And the moon streams with silver rays;
Thus flee Life's most beautiful hours,
Flying away as if in a dance.

Bald entfliht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab;
Aus ist unser Spiel, des Freundes Träne
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.

Soon Life's colorful scene will flee,
And the curtain will come rolling down;
Done is our play, the tears of a friend
Flow already over our grave.

Bald vielleicht (mir weht, wie Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu),
Schließ ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.

Soon, perhaps (as the silent West wind, a
quiet foreboding comes to me)
I will part from life's pilgrimage,
And fly to the land of rest.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will Himmel auf euch wehn.

If you will then weep over my grave,
Gaze mournfully upon my ashes,
Then, o Friends, I will appear
And waft you all towards heaven.

Schenk auch du ein Tränchen mir und
pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab,
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.

And you, bestow also a little tear
And pluck a violet for my grave,
And with your soulful gaze,
Look then gently down on me.

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach! schäme
dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weihn;
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein!

Consecrate a tear for me, and ah!
Do not be ashamed to cry for me;
Those tears will be in my diadem
then: the most beautiful pearls!
Der Himmel hat eine Träne geweint

Heaven has shed a tear
which meant to lose itself in the ocean;
but the mussel came and locked it in:
you shall now be my pearl.
You shall not fear the waves;
I will calmly carry you through them.
O you my pain, you my joy,
you tear of heaven in my bosom!
Heaven grant that with a pure soul
I may guard the purest of your tears.

Ridente la calma

Ridente la calma nell'alma si desti;
Né resti più segno di sdegno e timor.

Fahnestock: at last comes the moment
That without reserve, I can rejoice
In my lover's arms: timid scruples,
Hence from my heart,
And do not come to trouble my delight.
Oh how the spirit of this place,
The earth and the sky seem
To echo the fire of love!
How the night furthers my stealth!

Deh vieni non tardar

SUSANNA:  
Giunse alfin il momento
che godrò senz'affanno
in braccio all'idol mio. Timide cure,
uscite dal mio petto,
la terra e il ciel risponda,
come la notte i furti miei seconda!

Come, do not delay
SUSANNA:  
At last comes the moment
When, without reserve, I can rejoice
In my lover's arms: timid scruples,
Hence from my heart,
And do not come to trouble my delight.
Oh how the spirit of this place,
The earth and the sky seem
To echo the fire of love!
How the night furthers my stealth!

Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza l'aura,
che col dolce sussurro il cor ristaura,
qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba è fresca,
a i piazieri d'amor qui tutto adesca.
Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante ascose,
ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.
Ah! non credea mirarti
Ah, non credea mirarti
si presto estinto, o fiore;
passasti al par d'amore,
che un giorno sol(o) duro.

Potria novel vigore
il pianto mio recarti
ma ravvivar l'amore
il pianto mio, ah no, non puo.

Liebestreu (O versenk, o versenk)

“O versenk’, o versenk' dein Leid,
mein Kind, in die See, in die tiefe See!”
Ein Stein wohl bleibt auf des Meeres Grund,
mein Leid kommt stets in die Höh'.

Und die Lieb', die du im Herzen trägst,
brich sie ab, brich sie ab, mein Kind!
Ob die Blum' auch stirbt, wenn man sie bricht,
treue Lieb' nicht so geschwind.

Und die Treu', und die Treu',
's war nur ein Wort, in den Wind damit hinaus.”
O Mutter und splittert der Fels auch im [Sturm],
Meine Treue, die hält ihn aus.

Sapphische Ode

Rosen brach ich nachts mir am dunklen Hage;
Süßer hauchten Duft sie als je am Tage;
Doch verstreuten reich die bewegten Äste
Tau, der mich näßte.

Auch der Küsse Duft mich wie nie berückte,
Die ich nachts vom Strauch deiner Lippen
pflückte:
Doch auch dir, bewegt im Gemüt gleich jenen,
Tauten die Tränen.

Oh, I couldn’t believe my eyes
Oh, I couldn’t believe my eyes
That you withered so quickly, oh flower;
passed away like the love,
That only lasts one day.

Perhaps new strength,
My tears may revive in you;
But to bring back his love
These tears of mine, oh no, they cannot.

Oh sink, sink your sorrow

“Oh sink, sink your sorrow,
My child, in the sea, in the deep sea!”
A stone remains well at the bottom of the ocean;
My sorrow, though, always comes up to the surface.

“And the love that you carry in your heart,
Sever from it, sever from it, my child!”
Even if the flower dies when one breaks it off,
faithful Love (does not die) so swiftly.

“And the faithfulness, the faithfulness,
It was only a word; into the wind with it!”
Oh, Mother—even if the rock splinters in the storm,
My faithfulness would withstands it.

Sapphic Ode

Roses from the dark hedge I plucked at night;
They breathed sweeter fragrance than they ever did during the day;
But the moving branches abundantly sprinkled
The dew that showered me.

Thus your kisses' fragrance enchanted me as never before,
As at night I plucked from the flowers of your lips:
But you too, as moved in your soul as those,
Shed a dew of tears.
Soave sia il vento

Soave sia il vento,
Tranquilla sia l’onda,
Ed ogni elemento
Benigno risponda
Ai nostri (vostri) desir.

Let the Wind be gentle

Let the wind be gentle,
let the wave be calm,
And every one of the elements
Answer warmly
To our (your) desire.

I love you, Snow from North of the Great Wall

I love you, snow from North of the great wall,
Fluttering and filling the whole sky and covering the land..
Your dance is light and graceful.
Your heart is pure and clean,
You are the spring-rains sister,
The envoy sent by spring,
the spring envoy.

The Lark

Between the sky and the earth a song is heard
An unending stream of sound pours louder, louder.
Unseen is the singer in the field where sings so loudly
Above his mate the sonorous skylark.

The wind carries the song, to whom, it does not know.
She to whom it is sung, she will understand who it is Pour on, my song of sweet hope
Someone remembers me and sighs furtively.
Bundeslied

Brüder, reicht die Hand zum Bunde!
Diese schöne Feuerstunde
führt uns hin zu lichten Höhn!
Laßt, was irdisch ist, entfliehen;
unsrer Freundschaft Harmonieen
dauern ewig fest und schön.

Preis und Dank dem Weltenmeister,
der die Herzen, der die Geister
für ein ewig Wirken schuf!
Licht und Recht und Tugend schaffen
durch der Wahrheit heilge Waffen,
sei uns heiliger Beruf.

Ihr, auf diesem Stern der Besten,
Menschen all im Ost und Westen,
wie im Süden und im Nord:
Wahrheit suchen, Tugend üben,
Gott und Menschen herzlich lieben,
das sei unser Lösungswort!

Song to Brotherhood

Brothers, raise a hand to the fellowship!
This beautiful festive hour leads us thither
toward luminous heights!
Let what is earthly flee:
Our Friendship’s Harmonies
endure forever firm and beautiful.

Praise and Thank the Creator,
He creates the hearts, the Spirits
for the sake of an eternal work!
To create Light and Justice and Virtue,
Through Truth, into holy weapons,
Is our holy pursuit.

You, the best Men of all upon this Star,
In the East, in the West,
as in the South and the North;
Search for Truth, exercise Virtue,
sincerely love God and Man,
That is our motto.

Laudate Pueri (Psalm 113)

Laudate pueri Dominum,
Laudate nomen Domini.
Sit nomen Domini benedictum ex hoc
Nunc et usque in saeculum.
A solis ortu usque et ad occasum,
Laudabile nomen Domini.
Excelsus super omnes gentes Dominus,
Et super coelos gloria ejus.
Quis sicut Dominus Deus noster,
Qui in altis habitat,
Et humilia respicit in coelo et in terra?
Suscitans a terra inopem
Et de stercore erigens pauperem:
Ut collocet eum
Cum principibus populi sui.
Qui habitare facit sterilem
In domo, matrem filiorum laetantem.
Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper.
Et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

Laudate Pueri

Praise the Lord, O sons,
Praise the name of the Lord.
May the name of the Lord be blessed
from henceforth and forevermore.
From the rising of the sun to its setting,
The name of the Lord is praiseworthy.
The Lord is exalted above all people,
And His glory is above the heavens.
Who is like the Lord our God,
Who dwells on high
And regards the lowly in heaven and on earth?
Supporting the needy on the earth,
And raising up the poor from the dust;
In order to place him
With the princes of His people.
Who makes the barren one to dwell
In a house as the happy mother of children.
Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the
Holy Spirit,
as it was in the beginning, is now, and forever,
and for generations of generations. Amen.