



The Schiller Institute  
NYC Community Chorus

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Schiller Institute Musikabend  
(Music Evening)  
Saturday, September 26, 2015  
7:00 to 9:00pm

Featuring the music of Bach, Beethoven and others, at the scientific Verdi tuning of C=256Hz, A=432Hz

Good Shepherd-Faith Presbyterian Church  
152 W 66th Street New York, NY



Join the Chorus!  
Every Thursday 6:30-8:30pm  
*For more information:*  
*Call Margaret 646-509-5451 or email [diane@dianesare.com](mailto:diane@dianesare.com)*

[www.schillerinstitute.org](http://www.schillerinstitute.org)

## Schiller Institute Musikabend Program

**Es ist nun nichts Verdammliches** from *Jesu, meine Freude* (Johann Sebastian Bach)

**Ave verum corpus** (Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart)

Schiller Institute Chorus

**Gruß** (Felix Mendelssohn)

**Abendlied** (Felix Mendelssohn)

Ema Reuter, mezzo-soprano; Michelle Fuchs, soprano; Margaret Greenspan, piano

**Every Time I Feel de Spirit** – (arranged by Harry Burleigh)

**My Ways Cloudy** (arranged by Harry Burleigh)

Jennifer Kreingold, soprano; Margaret Scialdone, piano

**Licht und Liebe** (Franz Peter Schubert)

Bill Roberts, tenor; Michelle Fuchs, soprano; Margaret Greenspan, piano

**Six Lieder from Gellert** (Ludwig van Beethoven)

John Sigerson, tenor; Margaret Greenspan, piano

### Intermission

**Cello Suite No. 2 in D minor, BWV 1008** (Johann Sebastian Bach)

Sebastian Baverstam

**Canzone del salice -The Willow Song** from *Otello* (Giuseppe Verdi)

Rachel Hippert, soprano; Cheryl Berard, piano

**Questa o quello** from *Rigoletto* (Giuseppe Verdi)

**La donna è mobile** from *Rigoletto* (Giuseppe Verdi)

José Heredia, tenor; Margaret Scialdone, piano

**Va, pensiero** from *Nabucco* (Giuseppe Verdi)

Everyone

# Schiller Institute Musikabend Program

September 26, 2015

## *Translations of the Texts*

### **Es ist nun nichts Verdammliches**

**(Romans 8:1)**

Es ist nun nichts Verdammliches an denen,  
die in Christo Jesu sind,  
die nicht nach dem Fleische wandeln,  
sondern nach dem Geist.

### **There is now no condemnation**

There is therefore now no condemnation  
to them who are in Christ Jesus,  
who walk not after after the flesh,  
but after the Spirit.

from the Motet "Jesu, meine Freude" by J.S. Bach  
©Translation by the Schiller Institute

### **Ave verum corpus**

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

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

### **Hail true body**

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

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

by W.A. Mozart  
©Translation by Mindy Pechenuk

## Gruß

Wohin ich geh' und schaue,  
In Feld und Wald und Tal,  
[Vom Berg hinab in die Aue;  
Viel schöne, hohe Fraue]  
Grüß ich dich tausendmal.

In meinem Garten find' ich  
Viel [Blumen], schön und fein,  
Viel Kränze wohl draus wind' ich  
Und tausend Gedanken bind' ich  
Und Grüße mit darein.

[Ihr darf ich keinen reichen,  
Sie ist zu hoch und schön,  
Die müssen alle verbleichen,  
Die Liebe nur ohnegleichen]  
Bleibt ewig im Herzen stehn.

by Josef Karl Benedikt von Eichendorff (© Translation by Jakob Kellner <http://www.lieder.net>)  
Composer: Felix Mendelssohn

## Greeting

herever I go and look,  
in field and forest and plain,  
down the hill to the mead;  
most beautiful noble lady,  
I greet you a thousand times.

In my garden I find  
many flowers, pretty and nice,  
many garlands I bind from them  
and a thousand thoughts  
and greetings I weave into them.

Her I must not give one,  
she is too noble and fair;  
they all have to fade,  
only unequalled love  
stays in the heart forever.

## Abendlied

Wenn ich auf dem Lager liege  
In Nacht [und Kissen] gehüllt,  
So schwebt mir vor ein süßes,  
Anmutig liebes Bild!

Wenn mir der stille Schlummer  
Geschlossen die Augen kaum,  
So schleicht [das Bild sich leise]  
Hinein in meinen Traum.

[Doch] mit dem Traum des Morgens  
Zerrinnt es nimmermehr;  
Dann trag' ich es im Herzen  
Den ganzen Tag umher.

by Heinrich Heine (© Translation by David K. Smythe <http://www.lieder.net>)  
Composer: Felix Mendelssohn

## Evening Song

When I lie on the bed,  
shrouded in night and cushions,  
So floats before me a sweet,  
lovely dear image.

When silent slumber  
has barely closed my eyes,  
So creeps the image quietly  
into my dream.

And in the morning  
it never fades away with the dream:  
Then I carry it about with me in my heart  
the whole day.

## Licht und Liebe

Liebe ist ein süßes Licht.  
Wie die Erde strebt zur Sonne  
Und zu jenen hellen Sternen  
In den weiten blauen Fernen,  
Strebt das Herz nach Liebeswonne;  
Denn sie ist ein süßes Licht.

Sieh, wie hoch in stiller Feier  
Droben helle Sterne funkeln:  
Von der Erde fliehn die dunkeln,  
Schwermutsvollen trüben Schleier.  
Wehe mir! [doch] wie so trübe  
Fühl' ich tief mich im Gemüte,  
Das in Freuden sonst erblüete,  
Nun vereinsamt, ohne Liebe.

Liebe ist ein süßes Licht.  
Wie die Erde strebt zur Sonne  
Und zu jenen hellen Sternen  
In den weiten blauen Fernen,  
Strebt das Herz nach Liebeswonne:  
Liebe ist ein süßes Licht.

## Light and Love

Love is a sweet light  
As the Earth yearns for the sun  
And for each bright star  
In the wide blue faraway  
So yearns the heart for the joy of Love  
For it is a sweet light.

See how high, in silent celebration  
Far over there, bright stars sparkle!  
From the earth they flee, [from] that dark  
Confusion-filled, troubled veil.  
Woe is me, how troubled  
I feel, deep in my soul,  
Which in joy once bloomed;  
Now made desolate, without Love.

Love is a sweet light  
As the Earth yearns for the sun  
And for each bright star  
In the wide blue faraway  
So yearns the heart for the joy of Love:  
Love is a sweet light.

by Matthäus Kasimir (Translation © Schiller Institute, Inc.)  
Composer: Franz Peter Schubert

## Sechs Lieder von Gellert, Op. 48

### 1. Bitten

*“Feierlich und mit Andacht”*

Gott, deine Güte reicht so weit,  
So weit die Wolken gehen;  
Du krönst uns mit Barmherzigkeit  
Und eilst, uns beizustehen.  
Herr, meine Burg, mein Fels, mein Hort,  
Vernimm mein Flehn, merk auf mein Wort;  
Denn ich will vor dir beten.

### 2. Die Liebe des Nächsten

*“Lebhaft, doch nicht zu sehr”*

So jemand spricht: Ich liebe Gott!  
Und haßt doch seine Brüder,  
Der treibt mit Gottes Wahrheit Spott  
Und reißt sie ganz darnieder.  
Gott ist die Lieb' und will, daß ich  
Den Nächsten liebe, gleich als mich.

Ein unbarmherziges Gericht  
Wird über den ergehen,  
Der nicht barmherzig ist, der nicht  
Die rettet, die ihn flehen.  
Drum gib mir, Gott, durch deinen Geist  
Ein Herz, das dich durch Liebe preist.

### 3. Vom Tode

*“Mäßig und eher langsam als geschwind”*

Meine Lebenszeit verstreicht,  
Stündlich eil' ich zu dem Grabe;  
Und was ist's, das ich vielleicht,  
Das ich noch zu leben habe?  
Denk, o Mensch! an deinen Tod;  
Säume nicht, denn eins ist not.

## Six Songs by Gellert, Op. 48

### 1. Prayer

*“With Solemnity and Reverence”*

God, your goodness reaches out so far,  
As far as the clouds go;  
You crown us with mercy  
And hurry to our aid.  
Lord, my bastion, my rock, my treasure,  
Harken to my pleading, pay attention to my words;  
For here before you I am going to pray.

### 2. Loving Your Neighbor

*“Lively, but not too much so”*

So someone says: I love God!  
And yet he hates his brothers:  
He makes a mockery of God's truth,  
And tears it utterly down.  
God is Love, and desires that I  
Love my neighbor as myself.

A merciless judgment  
Will be passed upon him  
Who is not merciful, who does not  
Save those who implore him.  
Therefore give me, God, through your Spirit,  
A heart that, in loving, praises you.

### 3. About Death

*“Moderate and more slow than fast”*

My lifetime is slipping away,  
Every hour I'm rushing to the grave;  
And what is it, that I, perhaps,  
I still have to live for?  
Think, O man, about your death;  
Tarry not, because one thing is inevitable.

#### 4. Die Ehre Gottes aus der Natur

*“Majestätisch und erhaben”*

Die Himmel rühmen des Ewigen Ehre,  
Ihr Schall pflanzt seinen Namen fort.  
Ihn rühmt der Erdkreis, ihn preisen die Meere;  
Vernimm, o Mensch, ihr göttlich Wort!

#### 5. Gottes Macht und Vorsehung

*“Mit Kraft und Feuer”*

Gott ist mein Lied!  
Er ist der Gott der Stärke;  
Hehr ist sein Nam', und groß sind seine Werke  
Und alle Himmel sein Gebiet.

Licht ist sein Kleid  
Und seine Wahl das Beste;  
Er herrscht als Gott, und seines Thrones Feste  
Ist Wahrheit und Gerechtigkeit.

Ist Gott mein Schutz,  
Will Gott mein Retter werden,  
So frag' ich nichts nach Himmel und nach Erden  
Und biete selbst der Hölle Trutz.

#### 4. God's Glory, From Nature

*“Majestic and sublime”*

The heavens sing the Eternal's glory,  
Their sound propagates His name.  
The earth, the seas praise Him;  
Hear, O man, their divine words!

#### 5. God's Power and Providence

*“With Strength and Passion”*

God is my song!  
He is the God of strength;  
Exalted is His name, and great are His works,  
And all the heavens His domain.

His robe is light  
And his choice the best;  
He rules as God, and His throne's pedestal  
Is truth and justice.

If God is my protector,  
If God desires to be my saviour,  
Then I shall ask nothing of heaven and of earth,  
And I shall defy even Hell itself.

## 6. Bußlied

*“Poco adagio - Allegro ma non troppo”*

An dir allein, an dir hab' ich gesündigt  
Und übel oft vor dir getan.  
Du siehst die Schuld, die mir den Fluch verkündigt;  
Sieh, Gott, auch meinen Jammer an.

Dir ist mein Flehn, mein Seufzen nicht verborgen,  
Und meine Tränen sind vor dir.  
Ach Gott, mein Gott, wie lange soll ich sorgen?  
Wie lang entfernst du dich von mir?

Herr, handle nicht mit mir nach meinen Sünden,  
Vergilt mir nicht nach meiner Schuld.  
Ich suche dich; laß mich dein Antlitz finden,  
Du Gott der Langmut und Geduld.

Früh woll'st du mich mit deiner Gnade füllen,  
Gott, Vater der Barmherzigkeit.  
Erfreue mich um deines Namens willen;  
Du bist ein Gott, der gern erfreut.

Laß deinen Weg mich wieder freudig wallen  
Und lehre mich dein heilig Recht,  
Mich täglich tun nach deinem Wohlgefallen;  
Du bist mein Gott, ich bin dein Knecht.

Herr, eile du, mein Schutz, mir beizustehen  
Und leite mich auf ebner Bahn.  
Er hört mein Schrein, der Herr erhört mein Flehen  
Und nimmt sich meiner Seelen an.

## 6. Song of Penitence

*“A bit slow - Allegro, but not too much”*

Against you alone, against you have I sinned,  
And have often done evil in your presence.  
You see the guilt that is betrayed by my curses;  
But look too, God, upon my misery.

My pleading, my sighs are not hidden to you,  
And my tears are here before you.  
Oh God! My God, how long shall I be troubled?  
How long will you distance yourself from me?

Lord, treat me not according to my sins,  
Repay me not according to my debt.  
I seek you; let me find your face,  
You God of forbearance and patience.

Early on, you wanted to fill me with your grace,  
God, Father of mercy.  
Make me joyful, for your name's sake;  
You are a God who likes to be joyful.

Let me joyfully resume my pilgrimage on your path,  
And teach me your divine law  
To behave in accordance with what pleases you;  
You are my God, I am your servant.

Lord, my protector, hurry to stand by me,  
And guide me on the straight path.  
He hears my cries! The Lord heeds my pleas,  
And accepts my soul.

Musical setting: Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Text by Christian Fürchtegott Gellert (1715-1769) ©Translation by the Schiller Institute



## Desdemona's aria from *Otello*

### Canzone del salice

Emilia, addio!  
Mi pareva.  
M'ingiungse di coricarmi e d'attenderlo.

Emilia, te ne prego,  
Distendi sul mio letto la mia candida  
veste nuziale.

Senti! Se pria di te morire dovessi  
Mi seppellisci con un di quei veli.

Son mesta tanto, tanto.

Mia madre aveva una povera ancella  
Innamorata e bella;  
Era il suo nome Barbara;  
Amava un uom che poi l'abbandonò,  
cantava una canzone;  
La canzone del Salice.  
Mi disciogli le chiome.  
Io questa sera ho la memoria piena di  
quella cantilena.

"Piangea cantando nell'erma landa,  
piangea la mesta.  
O Salce! Salce! Salce!  
Sedeo chinando sul sen la testa!  
Salce! Salce! Salce!  
Cantiamo! Cantiamo!  
Il salce funebre sarà la mia ghirlanda."

(to Emilia)

Affrettati; fra poco giunge Otello.

"Scorea noi rivi fra le zolle in fior,  
gemea quel core affranto,  
e dalle ciglia le sgorgava il cor  
l'amara onda del pianto,  
Salce! Salce! Salce!  
Cantiamo! Cantiamo!  
Il salce funebre sarà la mia ghirlanda."

### "The Willow Song"

Emilia, farewell!  
He appeared to me  
He told me to lay down in bed and wait for him

Emilia, I pray you |  
Lay out on my bed, my pure  
white bridal outfit

Listen! If I should die before you  
Bury me in one of those veils.

I am so, so sad.

My mother had a poor handmaiden  
She was in love and beautiful  
Her name was Barbara;  
She loved a man who then abandoned her.  
She sang a song:  
The "Song of the Willow":  
Undo my hair.  
This evening my memory is haunted by  
that lullaby.

"She cried singing in the lonely land,  
The sad girl wept.  
O Willow, Willow, Willow!  
She sat bowing her her head on her breast,  
Willow! Willow! Willow!  
Let's sing! Let's sing!  
The green willow will be my (funeral) garland."

Hurry: Otello will be here soon!

"The streams flowed between the flowery banks,  
she moaned in grief  
and her heart was broken  
And she cried bitterly  
Willow! Willow! Willow!  
Let's sing! Let's sing!  
The green willow will be my funeral garland."

"Scendean l'augellia voldai rami cupi  
verso quel dolce canto.  
E gli occhi suoi piangean tanto, tanto,  
Da impietosir le rupi."

(to Emilia, giving her a ring from her finger )

Riponi quest'anello.  
Povera Barbara!  
Solea la storia con questo semplice  
suono finir:

"E gli era nato per la sua gloria, io per amar."

(to Emilia)

Ascolta. Odo un lamento. Taci.  
Qui batte a quella porta?

"Io per amarlo e per morire  
Cantiamo! Cantiamo!  
Salce! Salce! Salce!  
Emilia, addio.  
Come m'ardon le cigia!  
È presagio di pianto.  
Buona notte.  
Ah! Emilia, Emilia, addio!

"The birds flew down from branches  
towards this sweet singing  
And her eyes wept so much that  
the stones were sorrowful "

Here, take this ring.  
Poor Barbara!  
She used to end her story  
with this simple saying:

"He was born for glory, I for love."

Listen! I hear a moan. Silence-  
Who knocks at the door?"

"I to love him and to die.  
Let's sing! Let's sing!  
Willow! Willow! Willow!  
Emilia, farewell,  
My eyes are burning!  
Is it an omen of weeping  
Good night.  
Ah! Emilia, Emilia, farewell!

## Questa o quella

Questa o quella per me pari sono  
a quant' altre d' intorno mi vedo,  
del mio core l' impero non cedo  
meglio ad una che ad altre beltà  
La costoro avvenenza è qual dono  
di che il fato ne infiora la vita  
s' oggi questa mi torna gradita  
forse un' altra doman lo sarà.  
La costanza tiranna delcore  
detestiamo qual morbo crudele,  
sol chi vuole si serbi fedele;  
Non v'ha amor se non v'è libertà.  
De' i mariti il geloso furore,  
degli amanti le smanie derido,  
anco d' Argo i cent'occhi disfido  
se mi punge una qualche beltà.

## This girl or that girl

This girl or that girl I, they are just  
the same as all the others around me.  
I won't give away my heart  
to this beauty nor to the others.  
Their charm is a gift given  
by destiny to embellish their lives.  
If today I love this one,  
I'll probably love someone else tomorrow.  
We hate constancy, the heart's tyrant,  
as if it were a cruel plague!  
Let those who wish to be faithful keep their fidelity alive;  
There is no love without freedom.  
The rage of jealous husbands  
and lovers' woes I despise,  
I can defy Argo's hundred eyes  
If I fancy a beautiful girl.

Questa o quella, from Act I of *Rigoletto*. © Translated by José Heredia  
Composer: Giuseppe Verdi

## La donna è mobile

La donna è mobile, qual piuma al vento,  
muta d'accento, e di pensiero.

Sempre un amabile, leggiadro viso,  
in pianto o in riso, è menzognero.  
La donna è mobile, qual piuma al vento,  
muta d'accento, e di pensier  
e di pensier, e di pensier

È sempre misero, chi a lei s'affida,  
chi le confida, mal cauto il core!  
Pur mai non sentesi felice appieno  
chi su quel seno non liba amore!  
La donna è mobil, qual piuma al vento,  
muta d'accento e di pensier,  
e di pensier, e e di pensier!

## Woman is fickle (movable)

Woman is fickle (movable), like a feather in the wind.  
she changes the tone of her voice (her accents) and her  
thoughts.

Always a sweet, pretty face,  
in tears or in laughter, she is always lying.  
Woman is fickle, like a feather in the wind,  
she changes her words, and her thoughts  
and her thoughts, and her thoughts

He is always miserable, who trusts in her;  
who to her confides his unwary heart!  
Yet nobody feels happy fully,  
who on that bosom doesn't drink love!  
Woman is fickle, like a feather in the wind,  
she changes the tone of her voice and her thoughts,  
and her thoughts, and her thoughts!

La donna è mobile, the Duke's aria from *Rigoletto*. © Translated by José Heredia  
Composer: Giuseppe Verdi

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## Va, pensiero

Va, pensiero sull'ali dorate  
Va, ti posa sui clivi, sui colli,  
Ove olezzano tepide e molli  
L'aure dolci del suolo natal!

Del Giordano le rive saluta,  
Di Sione le torri atterrate...  
O, mia patria sì bella e perduta!  
O membranza sì cara e fatal!

Arpa d'or dei fatidici vati,  
Perchè muta dal salice pendi?  
Le memorie nel petto raccendi  
Ci favella del tempo che fu!

O simile di Solima ai fati  
Traggi un suono di crudo lamento,  
O t'ispiri il Signore un concerto  
Che ne infonda al patire virtù.

## Go, thought

Go, thought, on golden wings  
Go, alight on the cliffs, on the hills,  
Where there are wafting the warm and gentle  
Sweet breezes of our native land.

Greet the Jordan's banks  
The fallen towers of Zion...  
Oh, my fatherland—so beautiful and so lost!  
Oh, remembrance so dear, and fatal.

Harp of gold of the prophet bards,  
Why do you hang silent, from the willow?  
Rekindle the memories in our breast  
That speak to us of the time that was.

O [harp], like Jerusalem to the fates,  
Draw a sound of harsh lamentation  
May the Lord inspire in thee an accord  
Which might infuse our suffering with virtù.