

THE SCHILLER INSTITUTE PRESENTS

A MUSICAL TRIBUTE TO SYLVIA OLDEN LEE



photo credit: Al Fuchs

A CELEBRATION CONCERT

Sunday, October 15th
4:00pm

St. Mary's Episcopal Church
Dorchester, MA

ALSO HONORING PROFILES IN COURAGE
PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY
&
PRESIDENT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

THE SCHILLER INSTITUTE
newparadigm.schillerinstitute.com



PROGRAM

Lord, I Don't Feel No-Ways Tired Schiller Institute Chorus
arr. Hall Johnson Reginald Bouknight, *tenor*

Opening Remarks & Greetings Dennis Speed
Schiller Institute

Ride On, King Jesus Annicia Smith, *soprano*
Harry Burleigh Almira Izumchensky, *piano*

I'll Never Turn Back No Mo' Schiller Institute Chorus
arr. Hall Johnson Ema Reuter & Annicia Smith

Невеста "The Bride" Frank Mathis, *baritone*
Georgy Sviridov Barbara Suhrstedt, *piano*

"The Song of Mephistopheles in Auerbach's Cellar"
Modest Mussorgsky

Sylvia Speaks Audio Presentation

"Ernani, involami" from *Ernani* Christina DeV Vaughn, *soprano*
Giuseppe Verdi My-Hoa Steger, *piano*

Licht und Liebe Michelle Fuchs, *soprano* & Reginald Bouknight, *tenor*
Franz Schubert Barbara Suhrstedt, *piano*

Drei Gesänge, Op. 83 Jennifer Pearl, *soprano*
Ludwig v. Beethoven Barbara Suhrstedt, *piano*
"Wonne der Wehmut"
"Sehnsucht"
"Mit einem gemalten Band"

Laudate Dominum Michelle Fuchs, *soprano*
W. A. Mozart

"Recordare" from *Requiem in D* Michelle Fuchs, Ema Reuter
W. A. Mozart Reginald Bouknight & Frank Mathis
My-Hoa Steger, *piano*

INTERMISSION

Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 3 Almira Izumchensky, *piano*
Franz Schubert

Du Bist die Ruh Christina DeVaughn, *soprano*
Franz Schubert My-Hoa Steger, *piano*

“Sylvia Olden Lee” by Robert Honeysucker
read by Dennis Speed

“Mir ist so wunderbar” from *Fidelio* Michelle Fuchs, Christina DeVaughn,
Ludwig v. Beethoven Reginald Bouknight & Frank Mathis
Almira Izumchensky, *piano*

Der Wanderer Ema Reuter, *mezzo-soprano*
Franz Schubert Malene Robinson, *piano*

Die Mainacht
Johannes Brahms

The Life of Christ, songcycle Reginald Bouknight & Frank Mathis
Roland Hayes My-Hoa Steger, *piano*

- “Prepare me one body”
- “Sister Mary had-a but one child”
- “Lit’l boy”
- “The Last Supper”
- “Mumberlin’ Word”
- “Did you hear when Jesus rose”

Ev’ry Time I Feel the Spirit Schiller Institute Chorus
arr. William Dawson Frank Mathis, *baritone*



Please join us for a reception following the concert.

STATECRAFT, POETRY AND MUSIC: QUINCY ADAMS, JFK AND SYLVIA OLDEN LEE

by Dennis Speed

My great-grandfather was dying, when I was baptized; and his daughter, my grandmother, present at my birth, requested that I might receive his name. The fact, recorded by my father at the time, has connected with that portion of my name, a charm of mingled sensibility and devotion. It was filial tenderness that gave the name. It was the name of one passing from earth to immortality. These have been among the strongest links of my attachment to the name of Quincy, and have been to me, through life, a perpetual admonition to do nothing unworthy of it."

—John Quincy Adams

Today's commemoration of John Quincy Adams (1767-1848), John F. Kennedy (1917-1963) and Sylvia Olden Lee (1917-2004) whose respective 250th and 100th birthdays we recall on this occasion, is now also dedicated to Mr. Robert Honeysucker (1943-2017), baritone, who had intended to sing on this very program. At the last moment, feeling himself unable to actually perform, he provided the written tribute to vocal coach Sylvia Olden Lee contained in this program. His tragic, unexpected, and sudden death has shocked and saddened us all. In a larger sense, nonetheless, he participates today with us, as does Sylvia Lee.



Sylvia Lee and William Warfield coach bass-baritone Dorceal Duckens at Schiller Institute conference.

Every great Classical music composition is “the name of one passing from Earth to immortality.” Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Haydn all remind us of this. Mozart’s *Ave Verum Corpus*, as much as his *Requiem*, state this. Classical music is Classical by virtue of this. Its subject need not be religious. “Von Ewiger Liebe” as set by Johannes Brahms comes to mind. “Mit Myrthen und Rosen”, Heine’s poem set by his friend Robert Schumann is another instance.

Textless instrumental compositions, while they have no words, are also sung. The immediacy of the human voice, mediated through the “ventriloquism” of the violin, in something like Bach’s “Chaconne”, the concluding movement of his D minor violin sonata, will not be denied. “The trembling, living wire of those unusual strings,” Poe said, in his eponymous poem, of the angel Israfel, “whose heart-strings are a lute”; so human, and therefore, divine.

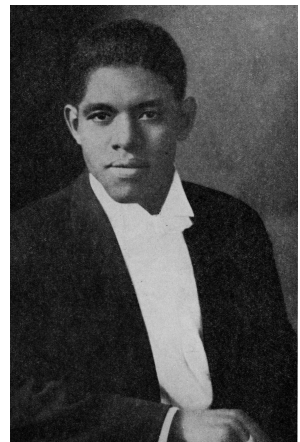
“It is in music that the soul most clearly attains the great end for which, when inspired by the poetic sentiment, it struggles—the creation of supernal beauty. It may be, indeed, that here this sublime end is, now and then, attained in fact. We are often made to feel, with a shivering delight, that from an earthly harp are stricken notes which cannot have been unfamiliar to the angels,” Poe tells us. “We find ourselves melted into tears,...through a certain, petulant, impatient sorrow at our inability to grasp now, wholly, here on earth, at once and forever, those divine and rapturous joys, of which through the poem or through the music, we attain to but brief and indeterminate glimpses.”

Unheard Melodies

“Divine” is not merely an adjective; it is also a verb. “To divine” is cheated of its deeper meaning when we say it merely means to discover, to unravel, or to solve. To divine is to name that which has no name, to make accessible the inaccessible. Music intends to connect us with that which has no name, but we confidently know must exist: it can be heard. It is our immortality exposed to us through the aperture of the auditory sense, which transmits, as well as receives. “Passive listening” is a contradiction. Is our hearing of music, an audition to our immortality?

The Classical musician of African-American descent has never enjoyed the luxury of divorcing the mission to recreate a truthful and unique Classical musical performance from a deep reflection upon his or her own immortality. Such musicians often recount the experience of an “extra-musical” involuntarily imposed daily fight for, not their own humanity, but the humanity of all others—just in order to properly perform their music. The peculiar conceits of racialism are refuted by their very existence. Their living embodiment of Classical music is a cultural *au contraire* that has been witnessed by them on occasion to have caused wild consternation in others. The famous appearance by Roland Hayes in front of a German audience in 1927, who first jeered him for merely being on the stage, and then fervently acclaimed him as “finally an American who can sing our music,” illustrates, not a political act, but rather the power of an aesthetic act to transform humanity, an act whose inner truth becomes redolent with broader social implications.

Often, as they have achieved true mastery of their artistry, African-American Classical musicians have found that their discovery of their immortality—not talent, but immortality—has



Roland Hayes, the great American tenor, was a friend & collaborator of, first, Sylvia's father James Olden, and later of Sylvia.



Pres. Kennedy presents the Congressional Gold Medal to Poet Robert Frost, March 26, 1962.

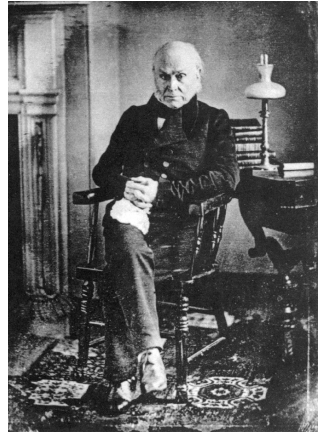
more likely than not confirmed something they truly knew even prior to their careers in Classical music—careers which are often more a vocation, than a financially lucrative profession. The deep relationship between the African-American church, and the Classical performer of African-American descent, is almost a prerequisite for the performer to be rooted in the actual mission for which they are called, despite its accompanying adversity. They may joyfully accept the artist's life, and joyfully experience it, but that doesn't change what it is. "The artist, however faithful to his personal vision of reality, becomes the last champion of the individual mind and

sensibility against an intrusive society and an officious state... In pursuing his perceptions of reality, he must often sail against the currents of his time. This is not a popular role...." Marian Anderson's 1939 Easter Sunday concert comes to mind.

This intimate connection between poetry, music and statecraft was famously summarized by Percy Bysshe Shelley in the concluding sentence of his *A Defense of Poetry*: "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." The application of this was spoken of by President John F. Kennedy in his October 26, 1963 eulogy for poet Robert Frost, previously quoted just above. "Robert Frost coupled poetry and power, for he saw poetry as the means of saving power from itself. When power leads men towards arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations. When power narrows the areas of man's concern, poetry reminds him of the richness and diversity of his existence. When power corrupts, poetry cleanses. For art establishes the basic human truth which must serve as the touchstone of our judgment."

Sylvia Olden Lee's appearance in 1933 at the White House at the age of 16, her later appearances with singer Paul Robeson, and her even later encouragement of Minister Louis Farrakhan to take up the playing of the violin again in the 1990s, demonstrate, beyond her consummate artistry, why a year-long commemoration of her birthday is in order. Sylvia's critical musical eye withered mediocrity, ridiculed self-absorption, and disdained artifice. When she saw authenticity, she championed it, no matter the controversy that might surround the individual. She once found herself deeply engrossed in a music discussion with economist and statesman Lyndon LaRouche, and demanded to stay overnight, saying, "I want to see what he sounds like in the morning in his pajamas!"

Sylvia was a member of the cultural advisory board of the Schiller Institute, and a collaborator with its musicians for eleven years (1993-2004). She was one of the great pedagogues of the Twentieth Century. She is memorialized by Robert Honeysucker in a tribute that appears elsewhere in this program. His representation of Sylvia captures everything that need be said about her otherwise. Boston was an area she sometimes visited in her collaboration with the great Roland Hayes. As a practitioner of the mission of Classical music, especially as advocated in the field of the “AfraAmerican Spiritual” Hayes had few equals, and Sylvia assimilated everything he thought, said, and did musically pertaining to these songs, weighing it against her own experience from her father’s Tennessee Church.



John Quincy Adams in 1843, during his time in the U.S. Congress.

Presiding Over the Republic of the Self

John Quincy Adams, or “John Q. Citizen” as he was once known in history, died on the floor of the United States Congress, fighting the battle against slavery at a time that it was most unpopular to do so. Sylvia Lee would have understood him immediately. JFK wrote about him in *Profiles In Courage*. He represents the continuity of the American Revolution’s true self. Abraham Lincoln was one of his pall bearers.

His was “the name of one passing from earth to immortality” into the mind of the Lincoln, who would write what is arguably America’s greatest poem, the “Gettysburg Address”. When poetry and music legislate, they do not order—they inspire. That is why we are compelled to serve them; they govern us from the throne of our own souls. In our time, and in each moment of our brief time, now, let us strive to be the musicians, the name of that immortality whose shadow of our forgotten ancestors, and of our mortally inaccessible, but knowable future, we are.



SYLVIA OLDEN LEE

by Robert Honeysucker

Oct 8, 2017—I learned this morning that beloved Boston bass-baritone Robert Honeysucker passed away. The world music community grieves the loss of this great singer and loving and devoted teacher. I never had the chance to meet Mr. Honeysucker, but we had many email exchanges when I invited him to perform in our concert to honor Ms. Sylvia Olden Lee. While he ended up being unable to perform, he sent this wonderful account, just a few days before his sudden passing, of his own work with Sylvia Olden Lee and the impression she left on him.

—Jen Pearl, Conductor, Boston Schiller Chorus

I first encountered Ms. Lee at a master class at the annual meeting of the National Association of Negro Musicians (NANM) in Philadelphia, PA in 1976. Until that master class, I had only a vague idea who she was. However, as I witnessed her working with the aspiring young singers, and giving her no-nonsense, yet passionate critiques, exhorting them, and all of us singers in the room, to be better than we thought ourselves to be, I made a vow to take at least one private coaching with her. Little did I imagine that I would have the opportunity to work/coach with her, experience her several times in future years.

A few years later I had my first opportunity to work with Ms. Lee, when I was in Philadelphia to perform an opera. I was there for six weeks, so, knowing that she lived there, I managed to find time to work with her each week, which was both challenging and frustrating. I first worked with her on arias from *Porgy and Bess*, which I was preparing for an audition. Now, I had been singing arias from *Porgy and Bess* for years and had even sung major roles in a couple of productions. However, when I had my first coaching with Ms. Lee, she made me feel like I was learning them for the first time. She challenged my “dialect” and my presentation. An exchange we had, which I relate to people often, concerned my “dialect” and went something like this:

Ms. Lee: Mr. Honeysucker, where’re you from?

Me: Originally, Memphis.

Ms. Lee: Well, how do they say “I Got Plenty of Nuttin” in Memphis?

Me: [*I speak it in Memphis “dialect.”*]

Ms. Lee: Well, just sing it like that! Where do you live now?

Me: Boston.

Ms. Lee: For how long?

Me: Twelve years.

Ms. Lee: Mr. Honeysucker, you’ve been in Boston too long!

During my *Porgy and Bess* series of coachings with Ms. Lee, I also brought Mendelssohn's *Elijah* to work on with her. When I presented the score to her, the following dialog ensued:

Her: Uh, uh!

Me: I beg your pardon?

Her: You don't know what you just did. I coached Laurence Tibbett on this piece.

Me: Oh!

For those of you who may not recognize the name, Tibbett was a famous American baritone who sang at the Metropolitan Opera until the 1950s.

For the next six weeks that I worked with her, we worked on *Elijah* every week, finally reaching the end of the oratorio by my last coaching. Exhausting, yet exhilarating! I still have the score with her signature sunbursts for expression and emphasis (I'm told by others who worked with her), and breath marks. I treasure it to this day.

Several years later, I made a second trip to Philly to sing another opera. I sought Ms. Lee again, and this time I brought her an aria that I had worked on for several years and with several different coaches whom I respected, and one of whom was a conductor. When I sang the aria for her, her first comment was, "You're not ready to work with me." I was disappointed, and a little miffed. She noticed that and said, "Are you upset because I brought you down a peg? Get over it!!" I understand what she was saying, and it inspired me to work harder. She was saying that I had to be more than just good, or even excellent. I had to be spectacular!

Ms. Lee was a unique presence on the opera scene: A person you might not know much about, since coaches are the unsung heroes of any singer's success; An African American coach at the Metropolitan Opera before the first African American singer was ever hired; A musician of the highest caliber who worked with some of the best in the operatic field and became a wonderful teacher to some, a mentor to others, and a source of inspiration to those like me. I am so grateful to have been present in her orbit, to take what she had to offer, to help me become the performer I am today.

I salute you, Ms. Lee. You are missed.



SPECIAL THANKS

A huge thank you to all of the artists who have shared their talents in today's concert, and made this celebration of Sylvia Olden Lee possible!



Reginald Bouknight
tenor



Christina DeVaughn
soprano



Michelle Fuchs
soprano



Almira Izumchensky
piano



Frank Mathis
baritone



Jennifer Pearl
soprano



Ema Reuter
mezzo-soprano



Malene Robinson
piano



Annicia Smith
soprano



My-Hoa Steger
piano



Barbara Suhrstedt
piano

Today's concert will be performed at the Verdi tuning of A=432 Hz (C=256 Hz). For more about the scientific basis of A=432, and for complete artists' bios, please visit the literature table.

TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

Невеста

Божья мать *Утоли моя печали*
Перед гробом шла, светла,
тиха.

А за гробом — в траурной вуали
Шла невеста, провожая жениха...

Был он только литератор модный,
Только слов кощунственных творец...
Но мертвец—родной
душе народной:
Всякий свято чтит она конец.

И навстречу кланялись, крестили
Многодумный, многотрудный
лоб,
А друзья и близкие пылили
На икону, на неё, на гроб...

И с какою бесконечной грустью
(Не о нём—бог весть о ком?)
Приняла она слова сочувствий
И венки случайный за венком...

Этих фраз избитых повторенья,
Никому не нужные слова —
Возвела она в венец
творенья,
В тайную улыбку божества...

Словно здесь, где пели и
кадили,
Где и смерть не может быть тиха,
Убралась она фатой от пыли
И ждала Иного Жениха...

The Bride

The Blessed Virgin {*Soothe-my-sorrows*}
was in front of the coffin, glowing and
serene,
and behind the coffin, in a black veil, was
the bride, bidding farewell to her
bridegroom...

He was but a fancy man of letters,
ever a creator of blasphemous words...
yet every dead man is dear to the
people's soul,
for the people revere every death.

And those who met the procession,
in deep thought and straining,
baptized themselves,
while friends and relatives scattered dust
on the icon, on her, on the coffin...

And with such infinite sadness
(Not for him—God knows for whom)
did she receive the words of condolence
and the incidental wreaths, one after
another...

These phrases beaten in repetition,
Words unnecessary to anyone—were
transformed by her into the crown of
creation,
like the secret smile of God.

As if there, with singing and burning
incense,
where even death cannot be silent,
She was covered in a veil of dust
awaiting The Other Bridegroom...

Песня Мефистофеля в погребке
Ауэрбаха

Жил был король когда-то,
При нём блоха жила, Блоха... блоха!
Милей родного сына она ему была;
Блоха... ха, ха, ха! блоха?
Ха, ха, ха, ха, ха!... Блоха!

Зовёт король портного:
“Послушай ты, чурбан!
Для друга дорогого
Сшей бархатный кафтан!”
Блохе кафтан? Ха, ха, ха, ха, ха! Блохе?
Ха, ха, ха, ха, ха! Кафтан? Ха, ха, ха, ха,
Ха, ха, ха, ха! Блохе кафтан?

Вот в золото и бархат Блоха наряжена,
И полная свобода ей при дворе дана.
Ха, ха! Ха, ха! Блохе!

Король ей сан министра
И с ним звезду даёт,
За нею и другие
пошли все блохи в ход. Ха, ха!

И самой королеве, И фрейлинам ея,
От блох не стало мочи, Не стало и
жизнь. Ха, ха!

И тронуть-то боятся,
Не то чтобы их бить.
А мы, кто стал кусаться,
Тотчас давай душиТЬ!
Ха, ха, ха, ха, ха!

The Song of Mephistopheles in
Auerbach's Cellar

Once upon a time there lived a king,
With him lived a flea. A flea... a flea!
It was dearer to him than his own son.
A flea! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! A flea? Ha-
ha-ha-ha-ha! A flea!

The king called the tailor:
“Listen up, blockhead!
For my dear friend
make a velvet kaftan!”
A kaftan for a flea? Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, a flea?
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha kaftan, Ha-ha-ha-ha-
ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, a kaftan for a flea?

So in gold and velvet the flea was dressed,
And given total freedom in the court!
He-he-he-he-he the flea!

The king awarded the flea the rank of
a minister and with it medals too,
All his (flea) relatives got the same,
And had to be respected, ha-ha!

The Queen herself and her ladies-in-waiting
Were overrun by fleas, life got pretty
rough. Ha-ha!

They feared touching anything,
So as not to smash any of them.
But we [normal folk], when they start to bite,
Crush them instantly!
Ha-ha-ha-ha!

Translation by Frank Mathis

Ernani, involami

Recit

Surta è la notte,
e Silva non ritorna!
Ah! non tornasse ei più...
Questo odiato veglio,
che quale immondo spettro
ognor m'insegue
col favellar d'amore,
più sempre Ernani
mi configge in core.

Aria

Ernani! Ernani, involami,
all'aborrito amplesso.
Fuggiamo, se teco vivere
mi sia d'amor concesso,
per antri e lande inospite
ti seguirà il mio piè.
Un Eden di delizia
saran quegli antri a me.

Cabaletta

Tutto sprezzo che d'Ernani
non favella a questo core,
non v'ha gemma che in amore
possa l'odio tramutar, ah!
Vola, o tempo, e presto reca
di mia fuga il lieto istante,
vola, o tempo, al core amante
è supplizio l'indugiar.

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 Liebeswonnen;
Denn sie ist ein süßes Licht.

Ernani, save me

Recit

Soon night will come
and Silva has not returned!
Oh! Would that he never returned...
What a hateful old man,
who like a foul spectre
Constantly pursues me
with words of love
implants Ernani ever
deeper in my heart.

Aria

Ernani, Ernani, save me
from his loathsome embrace.
Let us flee, if love
permits me to live with you
through caves and hostile moors
my foot will follow you.
Those caves will seem to me
like an Eden of delight.

Cabaletta

I scorn all words which speak not
of Ernani to this heart,
there is no gem that into love
this hate can transform, ah!
Fly, o time, and bring soon
the happy moment of my escape.
Fly, o time, this lingering
is agony for the lover's heart!

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.

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 erblüte,
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.

Drei Gesänge

1. Wonne der Wehmut

Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,
Tränen der ewigen Liebe!
Ach, nur dem halbtrockneten Auge
Wie öde, wie tot die Welt ihm erscheint!
Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,
Tränen unglücklicher Liebe!

2. Sehnsucht

Was zieht mir das Herz so?
Was zieht mich hinaus?
Und windet und schraubt mich
Aus Zimmer und Haus?
Wie dort sich die Wolken
Um Felsen verziehn!
Da möcht' ich hinüber,
Da möcht' ich wohl hin!

Nun wiegt sich der Raben
Geselliger Flug;
Ich mische mich drunter
Und folge dem Zug.
Und Berg und Gemäuer
Umfittigen wir;
Sie weilet da drunten;
Ich spähe nach ihr.

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.

Translation: Schiller Institute

Three Songs

1. The Joy of Melancholy

Do not run dry, do not run dry,
Tears of eternal love!
Even to the half-dry eye
How empty and dead the world appears!
Do not run dry, do not run dry,
Tears of unhappy love!

2. Longing

What pulls at my heart so?
What pulls me outside?
And twists me and yanks me
from this room and the house?
How the clouds there
Spread around the cliffs!
I'd like to go there,
I've very much like to go!

Now ravens pass by
in friendly flight;
I mix with them
and follow their course.
And mountain and ruin
we circle in flight;
she lingers below,
and I peer after her.

Da kommt sie und wandelt;
Ich eile sobald
Ein singender Vogel
Im buschigen Wald.
Sie weilet und horchet
Und lächelt mit sich:
"Er singet so lieblich
Und singt es an mich."

Die scheidende Sonne
Verguldet die Höhn;
Die sinnende Schöne
Sie läßt es geschehn.
Sie wandelt am Bache
Die Wiesen entlang,
Und finster und finstrer
Umschlingt sich der Gang;

Auf einmal erschein' ich
Ein blinkender Stern.
"Was glänzet da droben,
So nah und so fern?"
Und hast du mit Staunen
Das Leuchten erblickt;
Ich lieg dir zu Füßen,
Da bin ich beglückt!

3. Mit einem gemalten Band

Kleine Blumen, kleine Blätter
Streuen mir mit leichter Hand
Gute junge Frühlingsgötter
Tändelnd auf ein luftig Band.

Zephyr, nimm's auf deine Flügel,
Schling's um meiner Liebsten Kleid!
Und so tritt sie vor den Spiegel
All in ihrer Munterkeit,

Sieht mit Rosen sich umgeben,
Selbst wie eine Rose jung.
Einen Blick, geliebtes Leben!
Und ich bin belohnt genug.

Fühle, was dies Herz empfindet,
Reiche frei mir deine Hand,
Und das Band, das uns verbindet,
Sei kein schwaches Rosenband!

Then she comes wandering;
I hurry immediately,
as a singing bird,
to the bushy wood.
She lingers and listens
and smiles to herself:
"He sings so nicely
and he is singing for me!"

The departing sun
gilds the heights;
the pensive, fair lady,
she lets it happen.
She wanders by the brook,
along the meadows,
and darker and darker
twists the path;

Then I appear
as a twinkling star.
"What gleams up there,
so near and so far?"
And when, with astonishment,
you gaze upon my light,
I will lie at your feet
and be happy there!

3. With a Painted Ribbon

Small flowers, small leaves
are strewn for me with a light hand by
good, young gods of Spring
Playing with an airy ribbon.

Zephyr, put it on your wing,
loop it around my sweetheart's dress;
and so she'll step in front of the mirror
in all her merriment.

She will see herself surrounded by roses,
herself like a young rose;
One glance, beloved life!
And I will have reward enough.

Feel what this heart feels!
Freely give me your hand,
and let this ribbon that binds us
be no weak ribbon of roses

Laudate Dominum

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes
Laudate eum, omnes populi
Quoniam confirmata est
Super nos misericordia eius,
Et veritas Domini manet in aeternum.

Gloria Patri et Filio
et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc,
et semper.
Et in saecula saeculorum.
Amen.

Praise the Lord

Praise the Lord, all nations;
Praise Him, all people.
For He has bestowed
Upon us His mercy,
And the truth of the Lord endures forever.

Glory to the Father and the Son
and the Holy Spirit,
as it was in the beginning, is now,
and will be,
forever and always.
Amen.

Translation by Michelle Fuchs

“Recordare” from *Requiem in D*

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae:
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quaerens me, sedisti lassus:
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Iuste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tamquam reus:
Culpa rubet vultus meus:
Supplici parce, Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meae non sunt dignae:
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum praesta,
Et ab haedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Remember, dear Jesus,
That I am the reason for Thy journey:
Do not cast me away (from Thee) on that day.

Seeking me, Thou didst sit down weary,
Thou didst redeem me, suffering death on the Cross:
Let not such toil have been in vain.

Just Judge of vengeance,
Grant me the gift of pardon
Before the day of reckoning.

I groan like one condemned:
My face blushes for my sins:
Spare a supplicant, o God.

Thou who didst absolve Mary (Magdalen),
And heard the robber,
Hast given me hope as well.

My prayers are not worthy:
But Thou, of Thy goodness, deal generously (with
That I burn not in the everlasting fire. [me),

Give me a place among the sheep,
And separate me from the goats,
Setting me on Thy right hand.

Du bist die Ruh

Du bist die Ruh,
Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir,
Und schliesse du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu.

Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust!
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll es ganz!

You Are the Calm

You are the calm,
The restful peace:
You are my longing and
what makes it cease.

With passion and pain
To you I give
My eye and heart
Are yours to live.

Enter here and close
Quietly behind you
the gates of your
Gentle embrace.

All other grief
You dispel from my breast:
My heart swells
With the love of you.

Your brightness alone
Lights the canopy of my eyes
Oh, fill it fully!

Mir ist so wunderbar

Synopsis: *From the Beethoven opera, Fidelio. To find and rescue her husband—a political prisoner named Florestan, who has been left to die in the dungeons—Lenore has disguised herself as a young man named Fidelio and gotten employment with Rocco the jailer. In this quartet, Rocco's daughter Marzelline has fallen in love with 'Fidelio', and while Rocco and Marzelline think this is a wonderful match, both Lenore and Marzelline's former betrothed, Jaquino, think this is a wondrously terrible turn of events.*

MARZELLINE

Mir ist so wunderbar,
Es engt das Herz mir ein;
Er liebt mich, es ist klar,
Ich werde glücklich sein.

It is So Wondrous to Me

MARZELLINE

It is so wondrous to me,
It tightens my heart;
He loves me, it is clear,
I will be happy.

LEONORE

Wie gross ist die Gefahr,
Wie schwach der Hoffnung Schein!
Sie liebt mich, es ist klar,
O namenlose Pein!

ROCCO

Sie liebt ihn, es ist klar;
Ja, Mädchen, er wird dein.
Ein gutes, junges Paar,
Sie werden glücklich sein.

JAQUINO

Mir sträubt sich schon das Haar,
Der Vater willigt ein;
Mir wird so wunderbar,
Mir fällt kein Mittel ein.

Der Wanderer

Ich komme vom Gebirge her,
Es dampft das Tal, es braust das Meer.
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer, wo?

Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,
Die Blüte welk, das Leben alt,
Und was sie reden, leerer Schall;
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.

Wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land?
Gesucht, gehant, und nie gekannt!
Das Land, das Land so hoffnungsgrün,
Das Land, wo meine Rosen blühen.

Wo meine Träume wandeln gehn,
Wo meine Toten auferstehn,
Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,
O Land, wo bist du? . . .

Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer, wo?
Im Geisterhauch tönt's mir zurück:
"Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück."

LEONORE

How great is the danger,
How weak seems hope!
She loves me, it is clear,
Oh nameless pain!

ROCCO

She loves him, it is clear;
Yes, girl, he will be yours.
A good, young pair.
They will be happy.

JAQUINO

My hair is standing on end,
Her father consents;
It becomes so wondrous to me,
There is no recourse for me.

Translation by Michelle Fuchs

The Wanderer

I come down from the mountains,
The valley is steaming, the sea roars,
I wander silently somewhat unhappy,
And always my sighs ask: "Where?"

The sun seems so cold to me here,
The flowers, wilted; life, old,
And what they speak sounds so hollow,
I am a stranger everywhere.

Where are you, my beloved land?
Sought, sensed, yet never known.
That land, so hopefully green,
That Land, where my roses bloom,

Where my friends wander,
Where my deceased arise,
That land where they speak my language,
Oh land, where are you?

I wander silently somewhat unhappy,
And always my sighs ask: "Where"
In ghostly breath it calls back to me:
"There, where you are not, there is
happiness."

Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond durch
die Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über
den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllet von Laub girret
ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende
Suche dunklere Schatten, [mich,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches
wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find ich
auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang herab!

The May Night

When the silvery moon shines
through the shrubs,
And its slumbering light
sprinkles the grass,
And the nightingale sings,
I walk sadly from bush to bush.

Shrouded in greenery, coo a
pair of doves
Their delight to me; but I turn away,
Seeking darker shadows,
And a lonely tear falls.

When, o smiling image, which
like sunrise
Shines through my soul, will I find
you on Earth?
And the lonely tear, trembling
Runs hot down my cheek.



THREE PROFILES IN COURAGE

“We are coming, every day, closer to the truth, which means...: ‘Pay attention to the words.’ Know what you’re talking about, much less singing.”

—*Schiller Institute Symposium, 1998*



“Now the trumpet summons us again—a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle... a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself.”

—*Inaugural Address*

“The attainment of knowledge is the high and exclusive attribute of man... It is by this attribute that man discovers his own nature as the link between earth and heaven; as the partaker of an immortal spirit; as created for a higher and more durable end.”

—*Founding of the Smithsonian Institution*

