

An Afternoon of Romantic Music

Sunday, June 12, 2022 at 4:00 PM

Trinity Episcopal Church, Swarthmore



The Choir of Trinity Church

Tracy Sturgis and Julia Fernández, Sopranos; Colin Doyle, Tenor;

Matthew Maisano and John-Andrew Fernández, Baritones;

James Smith and Hiroko Yamazaki, piano

I

Mr. Fernández

An die Hoffnung, (To Hope) Op. 94

Ludwig van Beethoven

Is there a God? Will he someday fulfill the promises for which longing cries out? Will, before the court of the world, this puzzle ever reveal itself? Man must hope. He does not ask! You, who so gladly celebrates on sacred nights and gently and softly veils the grief that torments a tender soul, O Hope! Raised through you, let the sufferer feel that there above, an angel counts his tears! When, long hushed, beloved voices are silenced, when, underneath dead branches, memory sits desolate, then come closer to where your forsaken one mourns and, looking around at midnight, supports himself on sunken arms. And if he looks up to accuse Fate, when, departing with his days, the last rays set: Then permit him to see, at the rim of this earthly dream, The light of the cloud's hem from the near-by sun! You who so gladly celebrates an angel counts his tears. O Hope!

Friedrich Heinrich Himmel

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Adelaide, Op. 46

Ludwig van Beethoven

Your friend wanders lonely in the spring garden, gently bathed in the magical sweet light that shimmers through swaying boughs in bloom, Adelaide!
In the mirroring waves, in the Alpine snows, in the golden clouds of the dying day, in the fields of stars your image shines, Adelaide!
Evening breezes whisper in the tender leaves, the silvery bells of May rustle in the grass, waves murmur and nightingales sing: Adelaide!
One day, O miracle! there shall bloom on my grave a flower from the ashes of my heart; on every purple leaf shall clearly shimmer: Adelaide!

Friedrich von Matthison

Translation by Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

II

Ms. Sturgis

Frage (Question), Op. 9, no. 1

Felix Mendelssohn

Is it true? Is it true that over there in the leafy walkway, you always wait for me by the vine-draped wall? And that with the moonlight and the little stars you consult about me also? Is it true? Speak! What I feel, only she grasps, she who feels with me and stays ever faithful to me, eternally faithful.

Felix Mendelssohn

Translation by Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Suleika, Op. 34, no. 4

Felix Mendelssohn

Ah, West Wind, how I envy you your moist pinions, for you can bring him word of what I suffer away from him! The movement of your wings wakes silent longing in my heart; flowers, meadows, woods and hills, dissolve in tears where you blow.

Yet your mild, gentle breeze cools my sore eyelids; Ah, I'd surely die of grief, did I not hope to see him again. Hurry, then, to my beloved, whisper softly to his heart; take care, though, not to sadden him, And hide from him my anguish. Tell him, but tell him humbly: that his love is my life. His presence here will fill me with happiness in both.

Marianne von Willemer

Translation by Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Neue Liebe (New Love), Op. 19, no.4

Felix Mendelssohn

In the moonlight of the forest I saw of late the elves riding, I heard their horns resounding, I heard their little bells ring.

Their little white horses had golden antlers and flew quickly past; like wild swans, they came through the air.

With a smile the queen nodded to me, with a smile she rode quickly by. Was it to herald a new love? Or does it signify death?

Heinrich Heine

Translation by Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Der Blumenstrauß (The Bouquet) Op. 47, no. 5

Felix Mendelssohn

She strolls in the flower-garden and admires the colorful blossom, and all the little blooms are there waiting and looking upwards towards her.

“So you are spring’s messengers, announcing what is always so new; then be also my messengers to the man who loves me faithfully.”

So she surveys what she has available and arranges a delightful garland; and she gives this gift to her friend and evades his gaze.

What flowers and colors mean, oh do not explain, do not ask –not when out of one woman’s eyes the sweetest springtime is speaking.

Carl Klingemann

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III

Mr. Doyle

From *Die Schöne Müllerin*

Franz Schubert

Wohin? (Where to?)

I heard a little brook babbling from its rocky source, babbling down to the valley, so bright, so wondrously clear.

I know not what came over me, nor who prompted me, but I too had to go down with my wanderer’s staff.

Down and ever onwards, always following the brook as it babbled ever brighter and ever clearer.

Is this, then, my path? O brook, say where it leads. With your babbling you have quite befuddled my mind.

Why do I speak of babbling? That is no babbling! It is the water nymphs singing as they dance their round far below.

Let them sing, my friend; let the brook babble and follow it cheerfully, for mill-wheels turn in every clear brook.

Der Neugierige (The inquisitive one)

I ask no flower, I ask no star; none of them can tell me what I would so dearly like to hear.

For I am no gardener, and the stars are too high; I will ask my little brook if my heart has lied to me.

O brook of my love, how silent you are today! I wish to know just one thing, one small word, over and over again.

One word is ‘yes’, the other is ‘no’. These two words contain for me the whole world.

O brook of my love, how strange you are! I will tell no one else.: Say, brook, does she love me?

Ungeduld (Impatience)

I’d like to carve it in the bark of every tree, I’d like to inscribe it on every pebble, to sew it in every fresh plot with cress seed that would quickly reveal it; I’d like to write it on every scrap of white paper: my heart is yours, and will be forever!

I’d like to train a young starling until it spoke the words, pure and clear; until it spoke with the sound of my voice, with my heart’s full, ardent yearning. Then it would sing brightly at her window: my heart is yours, and will be forever!

I’d like to breathe it to the morning winds, and whisper it through the rustling grove. If only it shone from every flower; if only fragrant scents could bear it to her from near and far. Waves, can you drive only mill-wheels? My heart is yours, and will be forever!

I would have thought it would show in my eyes, could be seen burning on my cheeks, could be read on my silent lips;

I would have thought my every breath would proclaim it to her; but she notices none of these anxious signs: My heart is yours, and will be forever!

Wilhelm Müller

Translation by Richard Wignore first published by Gollancz and reprinted in the Hyperion Schubert Song Edition

IV

Mr. Maisano

Auf dem Kirchhofe (In the church yard), Op. 105, no. 4

Johannes Brahms

The day was heavy with rain and storms, I had stood by many a forgotten grave. Weathered stones and crosses, faded wreaths, the names overgrown, scarcely to be read.

The day was heavy with storms and rains, on each frozen grave was the word: Deceased.

How the coffins slumbered, dead to the storm—Silent dew on each grave proclaimed: Released.

Detlev von Liliencron

Wie Melodien zieht es (Like melodies), Op. 105, no 1 Johannes Brahms

Thoughts, like melodies, steal softly through my mind, like spring flowers they blossom and drift away like fragrance.

Yet when words come and capture them and bring them before my eyes, they turn pale like grey mist and vanish like a breath.

Yet surely in poetry a fragrance lies hidden, summoned by moist eyes from the silent seed.

Klaus Groth

Von ewiger Liebe (Of eternal love) Op. 43, no.1

Johannes Brahms

Dark, how dark in forest and field! Evening already, and the world is silent. Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke, and even the lark is silent now too. Out of the village there comes a lad, escorting his sweetheart home, he leads her past the willow-copse, talking so much and of so many things:

'If you suffer sorrow and suffer shame, shame for what others think of me, then let our love be severed swiftly, as swiftly as once we two were plighted. Let us depart in rain and depart in wind, as swiftly as once we two were plighted.'

The girl speaks, the girl says: 'Our love cannot be severed! Steel is strong, and so is iron. Our love is even stronger still: Iron and steel can both be reforged, but our love, who shall change it? Iron and steel can be melted down, Our love must endure forever!'

August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

V

Ms. Fernández

Allerseelen (All Souls Day) Op. 10, no.8

Richard Strauss

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes, bring in the last red asters, and let us talk of love again, as once in May.

Give me your hand to press in secret, and if people see, I do not care, Give me but one of your sweet glances, as once in May.

Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant. One day each year is devoted to the dead; come to my heart and so be mine again, as once in May

Hermann von Gilm

Zueignung (Devotion) Opus 10, no. 1

Richard Strauss

Yes, dear soul, you know that I'm in torment far from you. Love makes hearts sick Be thanked.

Once, reveling in freedom, I held the amethyst cup aloft and you blessed that draught -Be thanked.

And you banished the evil spirits, until I, as never before, holy, sank holy upon your heart -Be thanked.

Hermann von Gilm

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Intermission

VI

The Choir of Trinity Church

Hiroko Yamazaki and James Smith, pianists

Liebeslieder Waltzes, Op. 52

Johannes Brahms

1. Tell me, my sweetest girl, who with your glances have kindled in my cool breast these wild, passionate feelings! Will you not relent, will you, with an excess of virtue, live without love's rapture; or do you wish me to come to you?
To live without love's rapture is a bitter fate I would not suffer. Come, then, with your dark eyes! Come, when the stars beckon!
2. The wildly lashed waves dash against the rocks; whoever has not learnt to sigh will learn it when he loves.
3. O women, o women, how they delight the heart! I would have long ago become a monk were it not for women.
4. Like a lovely sunset, I, a humble girl, would glow and find favor with one alone, radiating endless rapture.
5. The green tendrils of the vine creep low along the ground. How gloomy, too, the lovely young girl looks! Why, green tendrils, why do you not stretch up to the sky? Why, lovely girl, why is your heart so heavy? How can the vine grow tall without support? How can the girl be joyful when her lover is far away?
6. A pretty little bird flew off into a garden full of fruit. Were I a pretty little bird, I'd not hesitate, I'd do the same. But treacherous lime-twigs lay in wait; the poor bird could not fly away. Were I a pretty little bird, I'd hesitate, not do the same. The bird alighted on a fair hand, the lucky thing wanted nothing more. Were I pretty little bird, I'd not hesitate, I'd do the same.
7. All seemed rosy at one time my life, with my love! Through a wall, through ten walls, my lover's gaze would reach me. But now, alas, I stand in front of his cool gaze, but neither his eyes nor his heart takes note of me.
8. When you gaze at me so tenderly and so full of love, all the gloom that assails me fades away. Oh, do not let this love's sweet ardor vanish! No one will love you as truly as I.
9. On the Danube's shore there stands a house; from its windows a rosy girl looks out. The girl is excellently guarded; ten bolts are fixed to her door. Ten bolts of iron - a mere trifle! I'll break them down as though they were only glass. On the Danube's shore there stands a house. . . .
10. Ah, how gently the stream meanders through the meadow! Ah, how sweet, when love finds itself requited!
11. No, it is not possible to put up with these people; they interpret everything so spitefully. If I'm happy, they say I harbor lewd desires; if I'm quiet, they say I'm madly in love.
12. Locksmith, come, make me padlocks, padlocks without number! So that once and for all I can shut their malicious mouths.

13. A little bird flies through the skies, searching for a branch; thus does one heart seek another, where it might rest in bliss.
14. See how clear the waves are, when the moon shines down! You, my dearest love, love me in return.
15. The nightingale sings so sweetly when the stars are sparkling. Love me, dear heart, kiss me in the dark!
16. Love is a dark pit, an all too dangerous well; I tumbled in, alas, and I can neither hear nor see; I can only recall my rapture, and only bemoan my grief.
17. Do not wander, my love, out there in the fields; the ground would be too wet for your tender feet. The paths and tracks are all flooded out there, so abundantly have my eyes been weeping.
18. The foliage trembles, where a bird in flight has brushed against it. And so my soul trembles too, shuddering with love, desire and pain, whenever it thinks of you.

Georg Friedrich Daumer

Translations by Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

The performers and Trinity Church thank the anonymous donor whose generosity has underwritten this program.

Your contribution this afternoon will help support the music program of our parish.

The Choir

Sopranos

Tracy Sturgis

Carol Williamson

Ashleigh Ayres

Julia Fernandez*

Clara Swartzentruber*

Altos

Bella Englebach

Rachel Stern

Nancy Plum

Mary North*

Amber Johnson*

Janet Klik*

Tenors

Matthew Williamson

Kerry Robinson

George Whitfield*

Colin Doyle*

Basses

Matthew Maisano

Caleb Connor

John Ogden

John-Andrew Fernandez*

Director: James Smith

* Guest singer

The Rev. Edward E. ("Ted") Thompson, Ph.D., Rector

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A parish of the Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania