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Chamber Music Series

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Music Department
Illinois State University

CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES

Eighty-sixth program of the 1996-97 season

Kemp Recital Hall
Sunday Afternoon
March 2, 1997
3:00 p.m.

Franz Schubert

January 31, 1797-November 19, 1828

The following songs are being presented in honor of the 200th anniversary of his birth.

Die Allmacht
Lied der Mignon: Wer nur die Sehnsucht kennt
Auflösung

Barbara Staley

Delphine
Die Forelle
Die junge Nonne
Seligkeit
Gretchen am Spinnrade
Du bist die Ruh

Bonnie Pomfret

Julian Dawson, *Piano*

INTERMISSION

Octet in E Flat, Opus 103

Allegro
Andante
Menuetto
Presto

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Judith Dicker, Kiwoong Choo, *Oboe*
Aris Chavez, Emily Nunemaker, *Clarinet*
Michael Dicker, Robin Roessle, *Bassoon*
Joe Neisler, Jennifer Herron, *Horn*

Translations

Delphine

Ah, how should I begin about Love?
Look, young man, every last thing
from head to toe is yours.
O flower! wither, care for yourselves only
until the soul recognizes love.

I don't want to do anything, know anything, have anything.
Just thoughts of love which control me.

I wonder what I could do out of ardor
but love holds me too strongly and I cannot escape.

Now that I love, I want first to live and die.
Now that I love, I want to burn brightly and fade away.

Why plant and water flowers? Petals, fall off!
So look how love weakens me with his spade.
The rosy cheek will fade, mine also,
Her beauty lost, just as clothing fades.

Ah young man since you give me joy by your faithfulness,
how can my joy be so dusted with pain?

What can I begin with love?

Die Forelle (The Trout)

In a clear brook,
with happy swiftness
a playful trout
darted about like an arrow.
I stood on the bank
and watched contentedly
the merry fish's bath
in the clear brook.

A fisherman with his rod
stood on the bank
and looked on heartlessly
as the fish wiggled.
So long as the clear water
is not disturbed, I thought
he will not catch the trout
with his hook.

But finally the thief
was tired of waiting
He muddied up the brook
and before I realized it
his rod jerked
and the fish struggled on it!

And I with beating heart
saw the betrayed one.
Come to me
and close
quietly behind you
the gates!

Drive other grief
out from this breast!
Let my heart
be full of your joy.

My vision
by your radiance
alone is brightened
o fill it completely!

Die junge Nonne (The Novice)

How the raging storm howls through the treetops!
The rafters rattle, the house trembles!
The thunder rolls, the lightning flashes,
and the night is gloomy as the grave!

Ever so, ever so,
not long ago it raged within me!
Life blustered as now the storm,
my limbs shivered as now the house
love flamed as now the lightning,
and my heart was gloomy as the grave!

Now rage, wild mighty storm:
in my heart there is peace, in my heart there is rest.
The loving bride awaits the bridegroom,
cleans by the proving fire,
pledged to eternal love.

I wait my Savior, with longing eyes!
Come Heavenly Bridegroom, come for the bride;
release the soul from earthly ties
Hark! Peacefully the bell rings from the tower!
The sweet sound calls me
irresistibly to the eternal heights.
Alleluia!

Seligkeit (Bliss)

Joys without number
bloom in the heavenly hall,
Angels and transfigured ones
just as the fathers taught us.
Oh, that is where I would like to be,
and be joyful forever.

Each one is smiled upon
by a heavenly bride,
Harp and psaltery are playing
and everyone dances and sings
Oh, that is where I would like to be,
and be joyful forever.
--translations by b.p.

I'd rather stay here
Laura smiles at me.
One glance says
that I'll have no complaints.
Joyfully then with her
I will stay here!

Gretchen am Spinnrade (Marguerite at the spinning wheel)

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
never, never again
will I find rest.
Where I am not with him
I am in my grave,
the whole world
turns to gall.

is in a whirl,
my poor thoughts
are all distracted.
My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
never, never again
will I find rest.
I seek only him when I look
out of the window,
I seek only him when I leave
the house.
His noble walk,
His fine stature,
the smile of his lips,
the power of his eyes
and the magic flow
of his speech,

the pressure of his hand,
and oh, his kiss!
My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
never, never again
will I find rest.
My bosom yearns
towards him;
if only I could seize him
and hold him
and kiss him
to my heart's content,
under his kisses
I should die!
My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
never, never again
will I find rest.

Du bist die Ruh (You are rest)

You are rest,
gentle peace.
You are longing and
that which stills it.

I dedicate to you
full of joy and pain
for dwelling here,
my eyes and heart.