

**Mid Day Music at Cathedral Church of the Advent
Friday, October 28, 2016**

**Sadie Goodman, soprano
Beth McGinnis, pianist**

Program

from <i>Des Knaben Wunderhorn</i> Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?	Gustav Mahler
from <i>Fünf Rückertlieder</i> Liebst du um Schönheit	
from <i>Twelve Romances</i> , op. 21 Zdes' Khorosho	Sergei Vasilyevich Rachmaninov
from <i>Six Romances</i> , op. 38 Sred' shumnogo bala	Piotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky
from <i>Cigánské melodie</i> , op. 55 Když mne stará matka	Antonín Dvořák
from <i>Serate Musicali</i> La Promessa La Danza	Gioachino Rossini
The Crucifixion Sure on this shining night	Samuel Barber
from <i>Romeo et Juliette</i> Je veux vivre	Charles Gounod

Texts & Translations

from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*
Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Wer hat des Liedlein erdacht?

Who has thought up this little song?

*Dort oben am Berg in dem hohen Haus,
da guckt ein fein's lieb's Mädlein heraus,
Es ist nicht dort daheim,
es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein,
Es wohnt auf grüner Heide.*

Up there on the mountain, in a high-up house,
a lovely, darling girl looks out of the window.
She does not live there:
she is the daughter of the innkeeper,
and she lives on the green meadow.

*"Mein Herzlein ist wund,
komm Schätzlein mach's g'sund!
Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,
die haben mich verwundet!"*

"My heart is sore!
Come, my treasure, make it well again!
Your dark brown eyes
have wounded me.

*Dein rosiger Mund
macht Herzen gesund.
Macht Jugend verständig,
macht Tote lebendig,
macht Kranke gesund."*

Your rosy mouth
makes hearts healthy.
It makes youth wise,
brings the dead to life,
gives health to the ill."

*Wer hat denn das schöne Liedlein erdacht?
Es haben's drei Gäns übers Wasser gebracht,
zwei graue und eine weiße;
und wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann,
dem wollen sie es pfeifen.*

Who has thought up this pretty little song then?
It was brought over the water by three geese -
two grey and one white -
and if you cannot sing the little song,
they will whistle it for you!

– translation by Emily Ezust

from *Fünf Rückertlieder*
Liebst du um Schönheit

*Liebst du um Schönheit,
o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!*

If you love for beauty,
oh do not love me!
Love the sun,
it has gold hair!

*Liebst du um Jugend,
o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
der jung ist jedes Jahr!*

If you love for youth,
oh do not love me!
Love the spring-time
that is young each year!

*Liebst du um Schätze,
o nicht mich liebe.
Liebe die Meerfrau,
sie hat viel Perlen klar.*

If you love for wealth,
oh do not love me!
Love the mermaid,
she has many limpid pearls!

*Liebst du um Liebe,
o ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
dich lieb' ich immerdar.*

If you love for love,
oh yes, love me!
Love me forever;
I will love you forevermore!

– translation by Emily Ezust

from *Twelve Romances*, op. 21
Zdes' Khorosho

Sergei Vasilyevich Rachmaninov
(1873-1943)

*Zdes' khorosho...
Vzgljani, vdali
Ognjom gorit reka;
Cvetnym kovrom luga legli,
Belejut oblaka.
Zdes' net ljudej...
Zdes' tishina...
Zdes' tol'ko Bog da ja.
Cvety, da staraja sosna,
Da ty, mehta moja!*

How nice it is here...
Look - far away,
The river is a blaze of fire;
The meadows lie like carpets of color,
The clouds are white.
Here there is no one...
Here it is silent...
Here is only God and I,
The flowers, the old pine tree,
And you, my dream!

– translation by Emily Ezust

from *Six Romances*, op. 38
Sred' shumnogo bala

Piotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky
(1840-1893)

*Sred' shumnogo bala, sluchajno,
V trevoge mirskoj sujety,
Tebja ja uvidel, no tajna
Tvoi pokryvala cherty.*

Amid the din of the ball, by chance,
in all of vain society's alarms,
I caught sight of you, but a mystery
hid your features from me.

*Lish' ochi pechal'no gljadeli,
A golos tak divno zvuchal,
Kak zvon otdaljonnoj svireli,
Kak morja igrajushchij val.*

Your eyes were gazing sadly,
but your voice had a wonderful sound,
like notes played on a distant flute,
like waves swelling playfully in the sea.

*Mne stan tvoj ponravilsja tonkij
I ves' tvoj zadumchivyy vid,
A smekh tvoj, i grustnyj, i zvonkij,
S tekh por v mojom serdce zvuchit.*

I liked your slim figure
and your pensive look;
your laughter, sad and musical,
rings in my heart ever since.

*V chasy odinokije nochi
Ljublju ja, ustalyj, prilech';
Ja vizhu pechal'nye ochi,
Ja slyshu veseluju rech',*

At night in solitary hours,
tired, I like to lie back,
I see your sad eyes,
I hear your gay speech.

*I grustno ja, grustno tak zasypaju,
I v grjozakh nevedomykh splju...
Ljublju li tebj, ja ne znaju,
No kazhetsja mne, chto ljublju!*

And, melancholy, I fall asleep
and dream mysterious dreams...
I don't know if this means I love you,
but it seems to me I'm in love!

– translation by Richard D. Sylvester

from *Cigánské melodie*, op. 55
Když mne stará matka

Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

*Když mne stará matka zpívat, zpívat učívala,
podivno, že často, často slzívala.
A ted' také pláčem snědé líce mučím,
když cigánské děti hrát a zpívat učím!*

When my old mother taught me to sing,
strange that she often had tears in her eyes.
And now I also weep,
when I teach gipsy children to play and sing!

– translation by Gayle Royko Heuser

from *Serate Musicali*
La Promessa
La Danza

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

La Promessa

*Ch'io mai vi possa lasciar d'amare.
No, nol credete, pupille care,
nemmen per gioco v'ingannerò.*

*Voi solo siete le mie faville,
E voi sarete, care pupille,
Il mio bel foco sin ch'io vivrò.*

The Promise

That I will ever be able to stop loving you.
No, don't believe it, dear eyes!
Not even to joke would I deceive you about this.

You alone are my sparks,
and you will be, dear eyes,
my beautiful fire as long as I live, ah!

– translation by Christie Turnage Turner

La Danza

*Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia si salterà,
l'ora è bella per danzare
chi è in amor non mancherà.*

*Presto in danza a tondo,
donne mie venite quà,
un garzon bello e giocondo
a ciascuna toccherà,
finchè in ciel brilla una stella
e la luna splenderà.
Il più bel con la più bella
tutta notte danzerà.*

*Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia si salterà.
Frinche frinche frinche frinche
mamma mia, si salterà,
La la la la la...*

*Salta, salta, gira, gira,
ogni coppia a cerchio va,
già s'avvanza si ritira
e all' assalto tornerà.*

*Serra, serra colla bionda
collabruna va quà e là,
colla rossa v'è a seconda
colla smorta fermo sta!
Viva il ballo a tondo a tondo
sono un Rè, sono un Bascià,
è il più bel piacer del mondo
la più cara voluttà.*

The Dance

Already the moon dips into the sea,
my goodness, she'll jump right in;
the hour is pleasant for dancing,
and no one in love would want to miss.

Swiftly dancing round and round,
my dear ladies, come to me,
see a handsome smiling fellow
willing to dance with every one.
While the evening star shines in the sky
and the moon glows brightly,
the most handsome with the fairest
will dance the night away.

Mamma mia, my goodness...
already the moon dips into the sea,
Mamma mia, my goodness...
my goodness, she'll jump right in.
[strumming of a guitar]
my goodness, she'll jump right in.
La la la la la...

Jump, jump, turn and turn,
every couple circling round,
back and forth and over again
and return where you began.

Hold on tightly to the blonde,
take the brunette here and there,
take the redhead for a turn,
the wallflower you better don't touch.
Hooray for dancing round and round,
I'm a king, a pasha too,
this is the greatest pleasure on earth,
And the dearest passion!

– translation by Johann Gaitzsch

from *Hermit Songs*
The Crucifixion

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon his Mother.

Sure on this shining night

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth,
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wand'ring far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

from *Romeo et Juliette*
Je veux vivre

Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

*Je veux vivre
Dans le rêve qui m'enivre
Ce jour encor!
Douce flamme,
Je te garde dans mon âme
Comme un trésor!*

*Cette ivresse de jeunesse
Ne dure hélas! qu'un jour,
Puis vient l'heure
Où l'on pleure,
Le coeur cède à l'amour,
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour!*

*Loin de l'hiver morose,
Laisse moi sommeiller,
Et respirer la rose,
Avant de l'effeuiller.*

I want to live
In the dream that exhilarates me
This day again!
Sweet flame,
I guard you in my soul
Like a treasure!

This rapture of youthfulness
Doesn't last, alas! but a day,
Then comes the hour
At which one cries,
The heart surrenders to love
And the happiness flies without returning!

Far from a morose winter,
Let me slumber
And breathe in the rose
Before it dies.

- translation by Robert Glaubitz