

Boston University

OpenBU

<http://open.bu.edu>

School of Music

Boston University Concert Programs

1997-11-08

Boston University Women's Chorale, November 8, 1997

<https://hdl.handle.net/2144/32497>

Downloaded from DSpace Repository, DSpace Institution's institutional repository

*Boston University School for the Arts
Music Division*

—presents—

BOSTON UNIVERSITY
WOMEN'S CHORALE

ANN HOWARD JONES
Director of Choral Activities

SCOTT JARRETT
conductor

RICK LATTERELL
piano

XX
Saturday, November 8, 1997, 8:00 p.m.
Marsh Chapel
735 Commonwealth Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts

BOSTON UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S CHORALE
ANN HOWARD JONES, *Director of Choral Activities*

SCOTT JARRETT, conductor
RICK LATTERELL, piano

Saturday, November 8, 1997
8:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

Vier Gesänge, Op. 17

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Es tönt ein voller Harfenklang
Lied von Shakespeare
Der Gärtner
Gesang aus Fingal

Sara Shute, *harp*
Nadja Burns, *harp*

Vier Gesänge, Op. 17, Johannes Brahms (1833 - 1897)

Es tönt ein voller Harfenklang

Es tönt ein voller Harfenklang,
Den Lieb und Sehnsucht schwellen,
Er dringt zum Herzen tief und bang
Und läßt das Auge quellen.

O rinnet, Tränen, nur herab,
O Schlage Herz mit Beben!
Es sanken Lieb und Glück ins Grab,

Verloren ist das Leben!

Friedrich Ruperti

**The Harp Resounds with Wild
Refrain**

The harp resounds with wild refrain,
That glows with love and yearning;
It fills my heart with deepest pain,
And tears flow hot and burning.

O flow, my tears, and soon be shed!
O shake, my heart, with beating!
My love and all my dreams are
dead,

And all my joy is fleeting.

Jean Lunn

Lied von Shakespeare

Komm herbei, komm herbei, Tod!
Und versenk in Cypressen den Leib.
Laß mich frei, laß mich frei, Not!
Mich erschlägt ein holdseliges Weib.
Mit Rosmarin mein Leichenhemd,
O bestelltes!
Ob Lieb ans Herz mir tödlich kommt,
Treu hältst, Treu hältst.
Keine Blum, keine Blum süß
Sei gestreut auf den schwärzlichen
Sarg.
Keine Seel grüß mein Gebein
Wo die Erd es verbarg.
Um Ach und Weh zu wenden ab,
Bergt alleine mich wo kein
Treu wall ans Grab,
Und weine, und weine.

A.W. von Schlegel

Der Gärtner

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 ohne Gleichen
Bleibt ewig im Herzen stehn.

Ich schein wohl froher Dinge,
Und schaffe auf und ab,
Und ob das Herz zerspringe,
Ich grabe fort und singe
Und grab mir bald mein Grab.

Joseph Feiherr von Eichendorff

Song from Shakespeare

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Oh prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it, did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strewn;
Not a friend greet my poor corpse
Where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where True lover
Never find my grave,
To weep there, to weep there!

William Shakespeare

The Gardener

Wherever I may wander
In field and wood and plains;
From hill or valley yonder,
I send you, ever fonder,
A thousand sweet refrains.

My garden now discloses
The fairest flowers I know;
A thousand thoughts it encloses,
And with my garlands of roses
A thousand greetings go.

Alas the one I cherish,
She is a thing apart;
My wreaths must wither and perish,
But boundless love will flourish
Forever in my heart.

I try to bear it gladly,
And labor bravely forth,
And though my heart beats madly
I work there singing sadly,
And dig my grave on earth.

Jean Lunn

Gesang aus Fingal

Wein' an den Felsen
Der brausenden Winde,
Weine, o Mädchen von Inistore!
Beug über die Wogen
dein schönes Haupt,
Lieblicher du
als der Geist der Berge,
Wenn er um Mittag
in einem Sonnenstrahl
Über das Schweigen
von Morven fährt.
Er ist gefallen,
Dein Jüngling liegt darnieder,
Bleich sank er unter
Cuthullins Schwert.
Nimmer wird Mut deinen
Liebling mehr reizen,
Das Blut von Königen zu vergießen.

Wein' an den Felsen
der brausenden Winde,
Weine, o Mädchen von Inistore!
Trenar, der liebliche Trenar starb!
O Mädchen von Inistore!
Seine grauen Hunde heulen daheim;

Sie sehn seinen Geist vorüber ziehn.

Sein Bogen hängt ungespannt
in der Halle,
Nichts, nichts regt sich
auf der Haide der Rehe.

Wein' an den Felsen
der brausenden Winde,
Wein' o Mädchen von Inistore!

Song from Fingal

Weep on the rocks
Where the storm winds are raging,
Weep, O thou maiden of Inistore!
Bend over the waters
thy lovely head;
Fairer art thou
than the mountain spirit,
When he at noon
in the brightness of the sun
Touches the silence
of Morven's height.
For he is fallen,
Thy true love lies defeated,
Slain by the might
of Cuthullins sword.
Never again will his
valor inspire him
To sheathe his sword in the blood
of the princess.
Weep on the rocks
where the storm winds are raging,
Weep, O thou maiden of Inistore!
Trenar, ah, Trenar the fair is dead!
Oh maiden of Inistore!
See his growling hounds, they howl
in his hall;
Suspicious his ghost walks past the door.
in his hall;
His bow is unstrung and hangs
in his castle;
Hushed, hushed silence
is where the deer once did wander.

Weep on the rocks
where the storm winds are raging,
Weep, O thou maiden of Inistore!

Ossian

German translation by unknown author

Jean Lunn

WOMEN'S CHORALE

Soprano I

Shirley Gherson, Yorktown Heights, NY
Kelly Hopkins, Havertown, PA
Lauren Jalazo, Middletown, NY
Elizabeth Kinzer, Minneapolis, MI
Jessica Murphy, Norwalk, CT
Megan O'Brien, Rocky Point, NY
Valerie Reznik, Highland Park, IL
Rachel Vrooman, Virginia Beach, VA

Soprano II

Signe Anderssel, Berkley, CA
Jenny Bent, Chester, NH
Maria D'Amato, Shirley, NY
Nora E. Derrington, Laguna Niguel, CA
Laura Grande, Dracut, MA
Allison Hope Jones, Canton, MA
Katherine Lee, Somerville, MA
Sarah Lemoine, Houston, TX
Ariel Lichtenstein, Baldwin, NY
Symeon Rom-Rymer, Chicago, IL

Alto

Leta Chan, Alameda, CA
Dana Giangrasso, Smithtown, NY
Morgaen Hansen, Latham, NY
Janna Hinebaugh, San Antonio, TX
Jennifer Manuel, Danvers, MA
Romy Marom, Westport, CT
Tomoko Nakajima, Los Altos Hills, CA
Michelle Pisa, Tyler, TX
Michelle Rooney, Gloversville, NY
Rebecca Sachs, Albuquerque, NM
Corrina Snow, Marshfield, MA
Chin-A Son, Seoul, Korea
Nina Yoshida, Santa Barbara, CA

UPCOMING EVENTS

November 11
7:00 p.m.

Faculty Lecture
Lukas Foss
Boston University Concert Hall
855 Commonwealth Ave.

November 16
3:00 p.m.

Boston University Symphonic Chorus/Orchestra
Ann Howard Jones, *director*
The Tsai Performance Center
685 Commonwealth Avenue

November 17
8:00 p.m.

Boston University Percussion Ensemble
Timothy Genis, *conductor*
Boston University Concert Hall
855 Commonwealth

November 18
8:00 p.m.

Faculty Concert
Muir String Quartet
The Tsai Performance Center
685 Commonwealth Avenue

Boston University School for the Arts

Advisory Board

Nancy Reis Joaquim
Esther B. Kahn
Michael Melody
Stephen M. Mindich
Ronald Sampson
Anne-Marie Soullière
Ralph Verni

Administration

Bruce MacCombie, *Dean*

Phyllis Hoffman, *Director, Music Division*

Walt Meissner, *Associate Dean, Administrative Affairs*

Patricia Mitro, *Assistant Dean, Enrollment*

Hugh O'Donnell, *Director, Visual Arts Division*

Roger Croucher, *Director, Theatre Arts Division*

Judith Sandler, *Director, Public Relations*

Shirley Ginsberg, *Graduate Financial Aid Coordinator*

Karla Cinquanta, *Alumni Officer*

Leslie Dressler, *Director, Development*

General Information:	(617) 353-3350
Public Relations Office:	(617) 353-3345
Development Office:	(617) 353-3345
Alumni Relations Office:	(617) 353-3345
SFA Events Information Line:	(617) 353-3349

The School for the Arts welcomes your support to help continue these concerts. Information regarding gifts to the School may be obtained from The School for the Arts Development Office, 855 Commonwealth Avenue, Rm. 202, Boston, MA 02215 (617) 353-3350.