

2000-03-23

Faculty concert: William Sharp, baritone, Robert Merfeld, piano, Peter Zazofsky, violin, Michael Reynolds, cello

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*Boston University School for the Arts
Music Division*

—presents—

FACULTY CONCERT

WILLIAM SHARP, *baritone*
ROBERT MERFELD, *piano*
PETER ZAZOFSKY, *violin*
MICHAEL REYNOLDS, *cello*

xx

Thursday, March 23, 2000 at 8:00 p.m.
The Tsai Performance Center
685 Commonwealth Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts

Boston University School for the Arts
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—presents—

WILLIAM SHARP, *baritone*
ROBERT MERFELD, *piano*
PETER ZAZOSKY, *violin*
MICHAEL REYNOLDS, *cello*

Thursday, March 23, 2000
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PROGRAM

Hier in meines Vaters Stätte
Stürze zu Boden
Nichts ist es spat und frühe

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Robert Merfeld, *harpsichord*
Peter Zazofsky, *violin*
Michael Reynolds, *cello*

Under the Resurrection Palm (1993)
The Bookstall (Linda Pastan)
Canary (Rita Dove)
Crocuses (Linda Pastan)
In the Museum (Rita Dove)
Under the Resurrection Palm (Linda Pastan)

David Liptak
(b. 1954)

Peter Zazofsky, *violin*

—*Intermission*—

Six songs for voice, violin, and piano, Op. 54 (1859)
Abend-Feier (H. Mahn)
Jagdlied (Friedrich Spohr)
Töne (R. Otto)
Erlkönig (J. W. von Goethe)
Der Speilmann und seine Geige (Hoppe)
Abendstille (J. Koch)

Louis Spohr
(1784-1859)

Robert Merfeld, *piano*
Peter Zazofsky, *violin*

La Bonne Chanson, Op. 61 (Paul Verlaine)

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Une Sainte en son auréole
Puisque l'aube grandit
La lune blanche luit dans les bois
J'allais par des chemins perfides
J'ai presque peur, en vérité
Avant que tu ne t'en ailles
Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été
N'est-ce pas?
L'hiver a cessé

Robert Merfeld, *piano*

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Hier, in meines Vaters Stätte

from Liebster Jesu, mein Verlangen (BWV 32)

Hier, in meines Vaters Stätte,
find't mich ein betrübter Geist.
Da kannst du mich sicher finden,
und dein Herz mit mir verbinden,
weil dies meine Wohnung heißt.
G. Chr. Lehms

Here, in my father's house

Here, in my father's house,
a troubled soul finds me.
You may surely find me here,
and unite your heart with me,
for this is my dwelling place.

Stürze zu Boden

from Erhalt uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort (BWV 126)

Stürze zu Boden, schwülstige Stolze!
Mache zunichte, was sie erdacht!
Laß sie den Abgrund plötzlich
verschlingen,
Wehre dem Toben feindlicher Macht,
Laß ihr Verlangen nimmer gelingen!

Crash to the ground

Crash to the ground, pompous proud ones!
Bring to destruction, what they imagined!
Let the abyss suddenly devour them,

Fend off the raging enemies' power,
Let their desires never be attained!

Nichts ist es spat und frühe

from In allen meinen Taten (BWV 97)

Nichts ist es spat und frühe
alle meine Mühe,
Sorgen ist unsonst.
Er mag's mit meinen Sachen
Nach seinen Willen machen,
Ich stell's in seine Gunst.

Nothing comes of my troubles

Nothing comes of my troubles
night or day,
My sorrow is in vain.
He may do with my affairs
according to His will,
I submit to His kindness.

David Liptak (b. 1954)
Under The Resurrection Palm (1993)

The Bookstall (Linda Pastan)

Just looking at them
I grow greedy, as if they were
freshly baked loaves
waiting on their shelves
to be broken open—that one
and that—and I make my choice
in a mood of exalted luck,
browsing among them
like a cow in sweetest pasture.

For life is continuous
as long as they wait
to be read—these inked paths
opening into the future, page
after page, every book
its own receding horizon.
And I hold them, one in each hand,
a curious ballast weighting me
here to the earth.

Canary (Rita Dove)

Billie Holiday's burned voice
had as many shadow as lights,
a mournful candelabra against a sleek piano,
the gardenia her signature under that ruined
face.

(Now you're cooking, drummer to bass,
magic spoon, magic needle.
Take all day if you have to
with your mirror and your bracelet of song.)

Fact is, the invention of women under siege
has been to sharpen love in the service of myth.

If you can't be free be a mystery.

Crocuses (Linda Pastan)

They come
by stealth, spreading
the rumor of spring—
near the hedge...
by the gate...
at our chilly feet...
mothers of saffron, fathers
of insurrection, purple
and yellow scouts
of an army still massing
just to the south.

In the Museum (Rita Dove)

a boy, at most
sixteen.

Besieged by the drums
and flags of youth.
brilliant gravity
and cornucopian stone

retreat.
The Discus Thrower
(reproduction)
stares as he crosses the lobby
and enters
the XIVth century.

I follow him as far
as the room with the blue Madonnas.

Under the Resurrection Palm (Linda Pastan)

If you eat the cabbage heart of a palm, the tree will die...

In Beaufort, South Carolina, Spanish moss
hangs from the live oaks, blurring
all distinctions,
turning the landscape into a room
so filled with cobwebs
that History becomes no more
than the moment that has just passed,
and the faces lifting
from the field to watch us
could be from an engraving
we know by heart already.

Our tour guide speaks of the War
as if there had been no other,
tells us how even the Yankees
spared this hospital town
where gravestones were lifted
from the ground like doors
from their hinges to rest
the wounded Confederate soldiers on.
Hamilton, Fripp, and Barnwell
she knows their names, their houses,
which one married the other's sister.

She is as swollen with facts
as this moss which holds
twenty times its weight in water.
It is nearly silent here.
Behind the pillared porches nothing
happens
except birth and death
and the barely perceptible seasons,
though sometimes drunk
on palmetto berries,
a mockingbird flies upside down

How hard it is to believe
that the little heron with its shy head,
the one that winters here,
is the same bird we will see
up north next summer
or that the sky which spreads
like watered silk
over this river town
is of a piece with the cold
sky at home.

Louis Spohr (1784-1856)
Six songs for voice, violin and piano, Opus 154

Abend-Feier (H. Mahn)

Leise schleich' ich mich am Abend
in die Laube von Jasmin,
wenn die lauen Lüfte labend
durch die grünen Blätter ziehn.

Wenn der Mond in Silberhelle
sich dort spiegelt in der Fluth,
plätschernd kräuselt sich die Welle,
und die ganze Schöpfung ruht.

Horch, dem Lied der Philomele,
o wie ist mir da so wohl,
wie ist dann die ganze Seele
mir von hoher Andacht voll!

Und es schweift mein Blick nach oben,
zum besternten Himmelszelt,
Meinen Schöpfer muss ich loben,
gross und schön ist Gottes Welt!

Jagdlied (Fr. Spohr)

Seht ihr's dort funkeln in rosiger Pracht?
Es glänzet das Frührot so milde;
auf Brüder! Munter! Diana lacht!
schon lebt's im Hain, im Gefilde.

Nicht länger gefröhnnet der
schläfrigen Ruh',
Die Jagd deut schönerne Stunden,
wir eilen dem schattigen Walde zu,
umklafft von munteren Hunden.

Schön schmeckt es im Grünen bei
fröhlicher Rast,
viel besser als heim in der Klause,
die schattige Eiche wird unser Pallast,
und Frohsinn herrschet beim Schmause.

Evening Rest

In the evening I slip quietly
through the jasmine bushes
when the warm refreshing breezes
draw through the green leaves.

When the moon in silvery brightness
is reflected there in the flood,
the splashing wave curls,
and all creation rests.

Hark, Philomel's song,
o how good to my ear,
how my soul is then filled
with high devotion!

And my gaze roams overhead,
to the starry tent of heaven;
I must praise my creator,
great and beautiful is God's world!

Hunting Song

See it sparkle in rosy splendor?
The early light shines so softly:
Up, brothers! Lively! Diana smiles!
the groves and fields are awake.

No longer indulgent in drowsy rest,
the hunt bids better times,
we hasten to the shady woods,
surrounded with lively hounds.

Our food tastes good during our cheerful
rest,
much better than closed-in at home,
the shady oak becomes our palace,
and good cheer rules at our feast.

Uns spendet die Quelle den labenden
Trank,
es rufen die schallenden Hörner,
wir winden uns mutig zum buschigen
Hang
durch Brombeer, Ranken und Dörner.

Dort zeigt sich der Eber, der Hirsch
mit Geweih,
und lauschet an rieselder Quelle,
Doch krachend trifft sie das tödtende
Blei,
stark schweissend blümt sich die Stelle.
Viel Freuden beut uns die herrliche Jagd,
sie macht uns so rüstig, so munter;
am Abend ist lustiges Waidwerk
vollbracht,
froh geht's zur Heimath hinunter.

Töne (R. Otto)

Worte hab' ich nicht, um dir zu sagen,
was für dich im tiefsten Herzen glüht,
Worte find' ich nicht, um dir zu klagen,
wie der Sehnsucht Weh die Brust
durchzieht.

Höre denn der Saiten leises Flehen,
hörе denn der Töne mächt'gen Klang,
Liebe flüsternd wie des Zephyrs Wehen,
brausend wie der Strom in wildem Drang.

Nah'n sie dir auf ihren Geisterschwingen,
und du lauschest meinen Boten nicht,
mögen sie verrauschen und verklingen,
wie mein Herz in stiller Wehmut bricht.

Erlkönig (J. W. v. Goethe)

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
er hält den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
er hält ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so scheu dein
Gesicht?"

"Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?"
"Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif."

"Du liebes Kind, komm, geh' mit mir,
du schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir,
die bunte Blumen sind am Strand,
mein' Mutter hat manch' gülden Gewand."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörst du nicht,
was Erlenkönig mir heimlich verspricht?"
"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig mein Kind,"

The spring gives us refreshing drink,
the ringing horns call us,
we bravely climb the bushy slope,
through blackberries, vines and brambles.

The boar and horned stag appear,
and lurk by the babbling source;
the deadly lead meets them with a
crash,
and the place blooms brightly with red.
The splendid hunt offers many joys,
it makes us so spry and jolly;
in the evening the happy chase is completed,
we happily wend our way home.

Music

I have no words with which to say to you,
how it burns for you deep in my heart,
find no words with which to lament
the yearning ache that presses my breast.

Hear, then, the strings' gentle imploring,
hear, then, the mighty sound of music.
Love whispers like the zephyr's wafting,
roars like the storm in its wild force.

They approach you on spirit's wings,
yet you don't listen to my messengers;
let them fade away and die,
as my heart breaks in silent sadness.

The Erl-King

Who rides so late through night and wind?
It is the father with his child;
he holds the boy tight in his arms,
he keeps him safe, he keeps him warm.

"My son, why hide your shy face?"

"Father, don't you see the Erl-King?
the Erl-King with his crown and train?"
"My son, it is a wisp of fog."

"Dear child, come, go with me,
I'll play lovely games with you;
many pretty flowers are on the shore,
and my Mother has many golden garments."

"My father, my father, don't you hear
the Erl-King's whispered promises?"
"Be still, stay still my child;

in dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind."

"Willst feiner Knabe, du mit mir geh'n?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön.
Meine Töchter führen den Nächtlichen
Reih'n
und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein."

"Mein Vater, Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?"
"Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh' es genau
es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau."
"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne
Gestalt,
und bist du nicht willig, so brauch' ich
Gewalt."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er
mich an,
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leid's getan!"

Den Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
er hält im Arme das ächzende Kind,
erreicht den Hof mit Müh und Not,
in seinen Armen das Kind was tot!

Der Spielmann und seine Geige (Hoppe)

Vor Gottes Aug', dem Abendrot,
gab sie mir Ring und Schwur;
der Ring zersprang, die Treu ist tod,
mir bleib' die Sehnsucht nur.

Ein Stutzer lockte frech und leicht
mit s'lem Flitterton;
sie folgte, lächeld ward verschenkt
mein brechend' Herz zum Lohn.

Durch schwarz' Gewölk die Sonne blinkt!
Freud steht mit Leid im Bund;—
mein Gram lebt ewig, nimmer sinkt
sein Thron am bleichen Mund.

Lös, Geige, der Dämonen Schar,
es winkt mein Zauberstab,—
sturm, Wahnsinn, dunkles Schlangenhaar,
sei meiner Leiden Grab!

Doch leise, Aeolsharfen gleich,
besänftigt sie mein Herz;
ihr Seelenklang, an Balsam reich,
stillt meinen tiefen Schmerz.

Abendstille (Johann Koch)

Der Tag hat sich zur Ruh' gelegt,
die Lüfte schlummern allzumal;
kaum dass ain Blatt im Wald sich regt,
und kaum ein Halm im Wiesental

the wind is rustling the dry leaves."

"Fine boy, will you go with me?
my daughters will tend to you well.
My daughters lead the nocturnal dance

and rock and dance and sing you to sleep."

"My father, my father, don't you see there
the Erl-Kings daughters in the gloom?"
"My son, my son, I see it perfectly,
it is the old grey willows gleaming."
"I love you, your lovely face charms me,

and if you are not willing, I shall use force."

"My father, my father, now he's grabbing me,
The Erl-King has hurt me!"

The father shudders, he rides fast,
he holds the moaning child in his arms.
In peril and distress he reaches home;
in his arms the child was dead!

The Minstrel and his Fiddle

Before God and the evening light
she gave me the ring and vow,
the ring has burst, faith is dead,
only my longing remains.

An impudent and flighty dandy lured her
with a sweet tinsel-style;
she followed him, smilingly offering
in reward my breaking heart.

Through dark clouds the sun shines!
Joy is in league with sorrow;
yet my grief is eternal, never shall
leave the throne of my pale lips.

Loose, fiddle, the horde of demons;
I wave my magic wand.
Rage, madness! Dark serpent hair,
be my sorrow's grave!

Yet softly, like an Aeolian harp
you soften my heart;
your soulful sound, a rich balsam,
calms my deep pain.

Evening Stillness

Day has laid itself to rest,
all at once the breezes slumber;
in the woods hardly a leaf stirs,
scarcely a blade in the grassy glen.

Ein milder, warmer Sommerhauch
durchzieht den mondbeglänzten Raum,
und über meine Seele auch
legt Frieden seinen weichen Flaum.

O stille, heit're, milde Nacht,
wenn tief die Welt in Schlummer liegt,
wenn nur der Friedensengel wacht,
und selig ein die Seele wiegt.

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
La Bonne Chanson, Op. 61 (Paul Verlaine)

Une Sainte en son auréole

Une Sainte en son auréole,
Une Chatelaine en sa tour,
Tout ce que contient la parole
Humaine de grâce et d'amour;

A note d'or que fait entendre
Le cor dans le lontain des bois,
Mariée à la fierté tendre
Des nobles Dames d'autrefois;

Avec cela le charme insigne
D'un frais sourire triomphant
Éclos dans des candeur de cygne
Et des rougeurs de femme-enfant;

Des aspects nacrés, blancs et roses,
Un doux accord patricien:
Je vois, j'entends tout ces choses
Dans son nom Carlovingien.

Puisque l'aube grandit

Puisque l'aube grandit, puisque vioci
l'aurore,
Puisqu'après m'avoir fui longtemps,
l'espoir veut bien
Revoler devers moi qui l'appelle et
l'implore,
Puisque tout ce bonheur veut bien
être le mien,

Je veux, guidé par vous, beaux
yeux aux flammes douces,
Par toi conduit, ô main où trem-
blera ma main,
Marcher droit, que ce soit par des
sentiers de mousses
à que rocs et cailloux encombrent
le chemin;

Et comme, pour bercer les lenteurs
de la route,

A gentle, warm breath of summer
wafts through the moonlit place,
and over my soul, too,
peace lays its downy softness.

O quiet, serene, gentle night,
when the world lies deep in slumber,
when only the angel of peace keeps watch,
and the soul rocks blissfully to sleep.

A saint in her halo

A saint in her halo,
a chatelaine in her tower,
all that human words can contain
of grace and love;

the golden note that can be heard
from the horns in the distance of the woods,
combined with the tender pride
of the noble ladies of long ago;

withal the rare charm
of a fresh, triumphant smile
blooming in the purity of the swan
and the blushes of a woman-child.

A pearly sheer, white and pink,
a sweet patrician harmony:
I see, I hear all these things
in her Carlovingian name.

Since dawn is breaking

Since dawn is breaking, since day-
break is here,
since hope, having eluded me so long,
is ready
to return, heeding my supplication
since all this happiness is to be mine,

Guided by you, lovely eyes alight
with tenderness,
led by you, O hand in which my own
hand trembles,
I will walk ahead, be it by mossy
paths
or tracks made rough by rocks and
boulders;

and as if to beguile the slowness of the
journey,

Je chanterai des airs ingénus, je me
dis
Qu'elle m'écoutera sans déplaisir sans
doute;
Et vraiment je ne veux pas d'autre
Paradis.

La lune blanche luit dans les bois

La lune blanche
Luit dans le bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

O bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.

J'allais par des chemins perfides,

J'allais par des chemins perfides,
Douloureusement incertain.
Vos chères mains furent mes guides.

Si pâle à l'horizon lointain
Luisait un faible espoir d'aurore;
Votre regard fut le matin.

Nul bruit, sinon son pas sonore,
N'encourageait le voyageur.
Votre voix me dit: 'Marche encore!'

Mon cœur craintif, mon sombre cœur
Pleurait, seul, sur la triste voie;
L'amour, délicieux vainqueur,

Nous a réunis dans la joie.

J'ai presque peur, en vérité

J'ai presque peur, en vérité
Tant je sens ma vie enlacée

I will sing some simple airs, I tell
myself
that no doubt she will listen without
displeasure;
and truly I wish for no other paradise.

The white moon is shining in the woods

The white moon
is shining in the woods;
from each branch
comes a voice
under the boughs...

O beloved.

The pool reflects
deep mirror,
the outline
of the black willow
where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, this is the hour.

A vast and tender
peacefulness
seems to descend
from the heavens
made iridescent by the moon...

This is the exquisite hour.

I followed treacherous paths

I followed treacherous paths,
sadly insecure.
Your dear hands guided me.

Palely on the far horizon
gleamed a faint hope of dawn;
your eyes were the morning.

No sounds, but of his own footsteps,
encouraged by the traveller.
Your voice said to me: 'Walk on!'

My heart full of fear, my despondent heart
wept, alone, on the sad journey;
love, deliciously triumphant,

has united us in joy.

In truth, I am almost afraid

In truth, I am almost afraid
so closely do I feel my life linked

A la radieuse pensée
Qui m'a pris l'âme l'autre été,

Tant votre image, à jamais chère,
Habite en ce cœur tout à vous,
Ce cœur uniquement jaloux
De vous aimer et de vous plaire;

Et je tremble, pardonnez-moi
D'aussi franchement vous le dire,
A penser qu'un mot, qu'un sourire
De vous est désormais ma loi,

Et qu'il vous suffirait d'un geste,
D'une parole ou d'un clin d'œil,
Pour mettre tout mon être en deuil
De son illusion céleste.

Mais plutôt je ne veux vous voir,
L'avenir dût-il m'être sombre
Et fécond peines sans nombre,
J'u'à travers un immense espoir,

Plongé dans ce bonheur suprême
De me dire encore et toujours,
En dépit des mornes retours,
Que je vous aime, que je t'aime!

Avant que tu ne t'en ailles

Avant que tu ne t'en ailles,
Pâle étoile du matin;
—Mille cailles
Chantent, chantent dans le thym!—

Tourne devers le poète,
Dont les yeux sont pleins d'amour;
—L'alouette
Monte au ciel avec le jour!—

Tourne ton regard que noie
L'aurore dans son azur;
—Quelle joie
Parmi les champs de blé mûr!—

Et fais luire ma pensée
Là-bas, bien loin, oh! bien loin!
—La rosée
Gaîment brille sur le foin!—

Dans le doux rêve où s'agit
M'amie endormie encor...
—Vite, vite,
Ici voici le soleil d'or!—

Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été

Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été;
Le grand soleil complice de ma joie,

to the radiant conception
that possessed my soul last summer,

so constantly does your image, for ever dear,
dwell in this heart, all yours,
this heart whose only longing
is to love and to please you;

and I tremble, forgive me
for telling you so frankly,
when I realize that a word, a smile
from you is henceforth law to me,

and that a gesture is enough,
a word or the merest glance,
to plunge me into mourning
for my celestial illusion.

Yet I determine to look upon you,
though the future were to be dark for me
and full of countless afflictions,
with only immense hopefulness,

immersed in the supreme happiness
of saying to myself again and for ever,
despite returning dejection,
that I love you, that I love thee!

Before you vanish

Before you vanish,
pale star of the morning;
—a thousand quails
are singing, singing in the thyme!—

Turn towards the poet,
whose eyes are full of love;
—the lark
rises up to the sky at daybreak!—

Turn your gaze steeped
by the dawn in its azure;
—what joy
among the fields of ripe corn!—

And make my thoughts shine
yonder, far away, oh! far away!
—the dew
gleams brightly on the hay!—

into the sweet dream
of my love who still stirs in sleep...
—quickly, quickly,
for here is the golden sun!—

So, it will be on a clear summer day

So, it will be on a clear summer day;
the great sun, accomplice of my joy,

Fera, parmi le satin et la soie,
Plus belle encore votre chère beauté;

Le ciel tout bleu, comme une haute tente,
Frissonera somptueux à longs plis
Sur nos deux fronts qu'auront pâlis
L'émotion du bonheur et l'attente;

Et quand le soir viendra, l'air sera doux

Qui se jouera, caressant, dans vos voiles,
Et les regards paisibles des étoiles
Bienveillamment souriront aux époux.

N'est-ce pas?

N'est-ce pas? nous irons, gais et
lents, dans la voie
Modeste que nous montre en
souriant l'Espoir,
Peu soucieux qu'on nous ignore ou
qu'on nous voie.

Isolés dans l'amour ainsi qu'en un
bois noir,
Nos deux coeurs, exhalent leur tendresse
paisible,
Seront deux rossignols qui chantent
dans le soir.

Sans nous préoccuper de ce que nous
destine
Le Sort, nous marcherons pourtant
du même pas,
Et le main dans la main, avec l'âme
enfantine

De ceux qui s'aiment sans mélange,
n'est-ce pas?

L'hiver a cessé

L'hiver a cessé, la lumière est tiède
Et danse, du sol au firmament clair,

Il faut que le cœur le plus triste cède
A l'immense joie éparsé dans l'air.

J'ai depuis un an le printemps dans l'âme
Et le vert retour du doux floréal,
Ainsi qu'une flamme entoure une flamme,
Met de l'idéal, sur mon idéal,

Le ciel bleu prolonge, exhause et couronne
L'immuable azur où rit mon amour.

will make, clad in silk and satin,
your dear beauty lovelier still;

the blue sky, like a tall canopy,
will quiver magnificently, in long folds
above our two brows, pale
with the emotion of happiness and
anticipation;

and when evening comes, the breeze
will be soft
playing caressingly among your veils,
and the peaceful gaze of the stars
will smile beneficently on the married
lovers.

Is it not true?

Is it not true? light of heart and
unhurried, we shall follow
the modest path which smiling hope
has shown us,
caring little if others are aware of us
or not.

Isolated in love as if in a dark forest,
our two hearts breathing peaceful
tenderness
will be two nightingales singing at
evening.

Without concern about our future
fate, we shall walk along together
hand in hand with the child-like soul

of those whose love is unalloyed,
is it not true?

Winter is ended

Winter is ended, the light is warm
and is dancing, from the earth up to the
clear sky,
the saddest heart must surrender
to the immense joy spreading through the air.

For a year I have had springtime in my soul,
and the green return of maytime,
like a flame encircling a flame,
adds perfection to perfection,

the blue sky extends, rises and crowns
the unchanging azure wherein my love is
smiling.

La saison est belle et ma part est bonne
Et tous mes espoirs ont enfin leur tour.
Que vienne l'été! que viennent encore
L'automne et l'hiver! Et chaque saison
Me sera charmante, ô Toi que décore
Cette fantaisie et cette raison!

The season is beautiful and my destiny is
fair
and all my hopes are realized.

Let summer come! Let come in turn
the autumn and the winter! And each
season
will delight me, O you who are so blessed
with imagination and understanding!

MEET THE ARTISTS

Baritone **William Sharp** is a consummate artist possessing the rare combination of vocal beauty, sensitivity and charisma. Praised by *The New York Times* as a "sensitive and subtle singer" who is able to evoke "the special character of every song that he sings," Mr. Sharp has earned a reputation as a singer of great versatility and continues to garner critical acclaim for his work in concert, recital, opera and recordings.

Highlights of William Sharp's 1999-2000 season include Chou En-Lai in *Nixon in China* with the Brooklyn Philharmonic; Sam in *Trouble in Tahiti* with VARA Radio in Netherlands; *Messiah* with Musica Sacra at Avery Fisher Hall; the *St. Matthew Passion* on a national tour with Santa Fe Pro Musica; and the *Mass in B Minor* with the Bethlehem Bach Festival in New York, Washington, and Bethlehem, PA.

A highly respected and sought-after recording artist, William Sharp was nominated for a 1989 Grammy award for Best Classical Vocal Performance for his recording featuring the works of American composers such as Virgil Thomson and Lee Hoiby on the New World Records label. Mr. Sharp can also be heard on the 1990 Grammy award-winning world premiere recording of Leonard Bernstein's *Arias and Barcarolles* on the Koch International label. Mr. Sharp has also recorded for Vox-Turnabout, Newport Classics, Columbia Records, Nonesuch and CRI.

William Sharp made his New York recital debut at the 92nd St. "Y" in 1983. In 1984 he made his Kennedy Center debut and in 1989 his Carnegie Hall recital debut. Mr. Sharp has recently appeared with the New York Philharmonic, St. Louis Symphony, New Jersey Symphony, New Haven Symphony, Rochester Philharmonic, Syracuse Symphony and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra. He is a frequent participant in Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival, Aspen Music Festival, Colorado Music Festival and the Marlboro Music Festival. Mr. Sharp also enjoys his work in the performance of baroque and pre-baroque music, appearing with the Bach Aria Group, the Boston Handel and Haydn Society and the Maryland Handel Festival.

Robert Merfeld, born in New York City, began his piano studies at an early age with Leonid Hambro. He graduated from The Oberlin Conservatory as a student of Emil Danenberg and received a master's degree from The Juilliard School as a scholarship student of Beveridge Webster. While at Juilliard, he pursued art song accompaniment with Viennese tenor Hans Heinz and also worked in the studios of Jennie Tourel, Oscar Shumsky and Leonard Rose.

Mr. Merfeld was a founding member of the Apple Hill Chamber Players with whom he toured nationally and internationally for over twenty years. He participates regularly in collaborative recitals throughout the United States with artists such as violinists Stanley Ritchie and Arnold Steinhardt and vocalists Dawn Upshaw and Lucy Shelton. He has performed at Aspen, New England Bach, Ravinia, Caramoor, and Marlboro festivals. He has performed concertos with many orchestras including the national orchestras of Costa Rica and Bolivia, the Dartmouth Symphony Orchestra and Brandeis University Orchestra.

Mr. Merfeld has recorded on the Sine Qua Non and Centaur labels, has appeared on National Public Television, and has been a frequent performer on WGBH-Boston and WXQR-New York radio stations. He is currently on the chamber music faculties of Boston University, The Boston University Tanglewood Institute, The Longy School of Music and Harvard University.

Peter Zazofsky, violinist, has won widespread recognition as a prolific soloist and chamber musician, as first violinist in the Muir Quartet and appearing as soloist with many of the great orchestras in North America, Asia and Europe, including the Boston Symphony, Berlin Philharmonic, and Philadelphia Orchestra. Mr. Zazofsky was raised in Boston where he began studying the violin with Joseph Silverstein. Following studies at the Curtis Institute with Ivan Galamian, Mr. Zazofsky in 1979 became the first and only American to win the Montreal International Violin Competition. That victory was followed by a gold medal at the 1980 Queen Elizabeth Competition in Brussels and the 1985 Avery Fisher Career grant. Most recently, Mr. Zazofsky has premiered chamber works by Charles Fussell and Richard Danielpour, as well as the new violin concerto by Frederic Van Rossum, released on Cypress CD label. He also gave the Boston debut of Lukas Foss' *Three American Pieces*, in their orchestral version, with the composer conducting the Boston University Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Zazofsky is currently a member of the faculty of the Boston University School for the Arts.

Michael Reynolds, cellist, is a native of Bozeman, Montana, where he began his musical studies. He attended The Curtis Institute as a student of David Soyer and Martita Casals and, after graduating in 1977, continued his studies with Karen Tuttle and George Neikrug. As a member of the Muir Quartet, Mr. Reynolds has participated in the Marlboro, Spoleto, Newport, Blossom, Tanglewood, and Snowbird Festivals. In addition, Mr. Reynolds is the Director of the Montana Chamber Music Festival. He performs throughout America as a soloist to benefit the Nature Conservancy, and has created a new recording label, Eco Classics, to record classical literature for the benefit of the environment. Mr. Reynolds is currently a member of the faculty at the Boston University School for the Arts. In his spare time, he is an avid outdoorsman and fly fisherman.

UPCOMING EVENTS

March 27
8:00 p.m.

Boston University Chamber Orchestra
David Hoose, conductor
The Tsai Performance Center
685 Commonwealth Avenue

March 28
8:00 p.m.

Boston University Symphony Orchestra
Craig Smith and Akiko Fujimoto, conductors
Tong-Il Han, piano
Ethan Sloane, clarinet
In memorium for Timothy Hay ('95, BM; '97, MM)
The Tsai Performance Center
685 Commonwealth Avenue

March 31
8:00 p.m.

Boston University Chamber Chorus
Ann Howard Jones, conductor
Boston University Concert Hall
855 Commonwealth Avenue

April 4
8:00 p.m.

Faculty Recital
James Winn, flute (guest artist)
Martin Amlin, piano
The Tsai Performance Center
685 Commonwealth Avenue

Please note: the previously scheduled Faculty Concert on March 26, 2000 has been canceled.

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