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# Early Music Series Concert: A Schubert Birthday Concert, January 27, 1997

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# A SCHUBERT BIRTHDAY CONCERT

in celebration of the 200th anniversary of the birth of  
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

KAROL BENNETT, *soprano*  
PENELOPE BITZAS, *mezzo-soprano*  
MARK ALIAPOLIOS, *baritone*  
CAROL LIEBERMAN, *classical violin*  
VIRGINIA ESKIN, *fortepiano*  
MARK KROLL, *fortepiano*  
THOMAS STUMPF, *fortepiano*  
Monday, January 27, 1997  
8:00 p.m.

## PROGRAM

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Der Alpenjäger  
Die Forelle  
Der Wanderer  
Der Atlas

Mr. Aliapoulos, Ms. Eskin

Sonatina for Violin and Piano in D major, Op. 137 No. 1, D. 384

Allegro molto  
Andante  
Allegro Vivace

Ms. Lieberman, Mr. Kroll

An die Musik  
Gesänge des Harfners I  
Gesänge des Harfners II  
Rastlose Liebe  
Gretchen am Spinnrade

Ms. Bennett, Mr. Kroll

—Intermission—

Auf dem See (Goethe), D. 543 (1817)  
Der Tod und das Mädchen (Claudius), D. 531 (1817)  
Im Frühling (Schulze), D. 882 (1826)  
Auf der Bruck (Schulze), D. 853 (1825)

Ms.Bitzas, Mr. Stumpf

Allegro in A minor ("Lebensstürme") for piano four hands,  
D. 947 (1828)

Ms. Eskin, Mr. Stumpf

Duet "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt"

Ms. Bitzas, Mr. Aliapoulios, Mr. Stumpf

Trio "Das Abendroth"

Ms. Bennett, Ms. Bitzas, Mr. Aliapoulios, Mr. Kroll

### TRANSLATIONS

#### Der Alpenjäger ( Mayrhofer)

Auf hohem Bergesrückten,  
Wo frischer alles grünt,  
Ins Land hinabzublicken,  
Das nebelleicht zerrinnt,  
Erfreut den Alpenjäger.

Je steiler und je schräger  
Die Pfade sich verwinden,  
Je mehr Gefahr aus Schlünden,  
So freier schlägt die Brust.  
Er ist der fernem Lieben,  
Die ihm daheimgeblieben,  
Sich seliger bewusst.

Und ist er nun am Ziele,  
So drängt sich in der Stille  
Ein süßes Bild ihm vor;  
Der Sonne goldne Strahlen,  
Sie weben und sie malen,  
Die er im Tal erkor.

#### The Alpine Huntsman

High on the mountain ridge  
Where everything is greener and fresher,  
The huntsman delights  
In gazing down at the landscape  
Veiled in mist.

The more steeply the paths  
Wind upwards,  
The more dangerous the precipices,  
The more freely his heart beats,  
The more fondly he thinks  
Of his distant beloved  
Who remains at home.

And when he reaches his goal  
A sweet image fills his mind  
In the stillness;  
The sun's golden beams  
Weave and paint a portrait of her  
Whom he has chosen in the valley.

*trans. George Bird and Richard Stokes*

### Die Forelle (Schubart)

In einem Bächlein helle,  
Da schoss in froher Eil  
Die launische Forelle  
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.  
Ich stand an dem Gestade  
Und sah in süßer Ruh  
Des muntern Fischleins Bade  
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute  
wohl an dem Ufer stand,  
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,  
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.  
So lang' dem Wasser Helle,  
So dacht ich, nicht gebriecht,  
So fängt er die Forelle  
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe,  
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht!  
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,  
Und eh ich es gedacht,  
So zuckte seine Rute,  
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,  
Und ich mit regem Blute  
Sah die Betrogne an.

### Der Wanderer (von Lübeck)

Ich komme von Gebirge her,  
Es dampft das Tal, es braust das Meer,  
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,  
Und immer fragt der Seufzer: wo?  
Immer: wo?

Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,  
Die Blüte welk, das Leben alt,  
Und was sie reden, leerer Schall,  
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.

Wo bist du, mein gliebtes Land?  
Gesucht, geahnt, und nie gekannt!  
Das Land, das Land, so hoffnungsgrün,  
Das Land, wo meine Rosen blühn,

Wo meine freunde wandelnd gehn,  
Wo meine Toten auferstehn,  
Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,  
O Land, wo bist du?

Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,  
Und immer fragt der seufzer: wo?  
Immer: wo?  
Im Geisterhauch tönt's mir zurück:  
Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück!

### The Trout

In a sparkling little brook,  
there darted gaily  
a playful trout  
passed like an arrow.  
I stood on the bank  
and watched quietly  
the lively little fish  
in the clear brook.

A fisherman with his rod  
stood on the bank  
and closely watched  
the fish turning about.  
So long as the water remains clear,  
I thought, he will not  
catch the trout  
with his line.

But at last the thief  
was tired of waiting.  
Cunningly he muddied the brook  
and before I had time to think,  
he jerked his rod  
the little fish writhed on it,  
and I, my blood stired,  
gazed at the cheated fish.

*trans. Lois Phillips*

### The Wanderer

I come from the mountains.  
Mists rise in the valley; the ocean rages.  
I wander silently, seldom happy,  
my sighs always ask, "where?"  
always, "where?"

Here the sun seems so cold,  
the flowers faded, life is old.  
The chatter of men is an empty sound;  
I am a stranger everywhere.

Where are you my beloved land?  
I have sought, dreamt you, but never found you!  
A land so green with hope,  
the land where my roses bloom,

where my friends roam,  
where my dead come to life;  
the land where they speak my tongue—  
O land where are you?

Silently I wander, seldom happy;  
my sighs always ask, "where?"  
Always, "where?"  
A ghostly whisper echoes back to me,  
"There, where you are not, there is happiness!"

*trans. Lois Phillips*

Der Atlas (Heine)

Ich unglückselger Atlas! Eine Welt,  
Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen muss ich tragen.  
Ich trage Unerträgliches, und brechen  
will mir das Herz im Leibe.

Du stolzes Herz, du hast es ja gewollt!  
Du wolltest glücklich sein, unendlich glücklich,  
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,  
Und jetzo bist du elend!

An Die Musick (Schober)

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,  
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,  
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,  
-st mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entlassen  
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir  
Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir erschlossen  
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

Gesäng des Harfners I (Goethe)

Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt,  
Ach! der ist bald allein:  
Ein jeder lebt, ein jeder liebt  
Und lässt ihn seiner Pein.

Ja! lasst mich meiner Qual!  
Und kann ich nur einmal  
Recht einsam sein,  
Dann bin ich nicht allein.

Es schleicht ein Liebender lauschend sacht,  
Ob seine Freundin allein?  
So überschleicht bei Tag und Nacht  
Mich Einsamen die Qual.  
Ach, werd ich erst einmal  
Einsam im Grabe sein,  
Da Lässt sie mich allein!

Gesänge des Harfners II (Goethe)

Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen aß,  
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte  
Auf seinem Bete weinend saß,  
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte  
Ihr führt ins Leben uns hinein,  
Ihr laßt den Armen schuldig werden,  
Ihr überlaßt ihr ihn der Pein:  
Ihr alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.

Atlas

I, wretched Atlas, a world,  
a whole world of sorrows must I bear.  
I bear the intolerable,  
and my heart would break within my body.

O arrogant heart, this was your desire!  
You wanted happiness, infinite happiness  
or infinite misery; and now, arrogant heart,  
you have misery!

*trans. Lois Phillips*

To Music

O Kindly Art, in how many a grey hour  
when I am caught in life's unruly round,  
have you fired my heart with ardent love  
and borne me to a better world!

Oftentimes, has a sigh from your harp  
a chord, sweet and holy, from you,  
opened for me a heaven of better times;  
O kindly Art, for that I thank you!

The Harper's Song I

He who gives himself to solitude,  
Ah, he is soon alone;  
Each man lives, each man loves  
And leaves him to his suffering.

Yes, leave me to my suffering!  
And if I can just once  
Be truly lonely,  
Then I shall not be alone.

A lover steals softly, listening;  
Is his sweetheart alone?  
Thus, day and night,  
Suffering steals upon me in my solitude.  
Ah, when I lie lonely  
In the grave,  
Then they will leave me alone!

The Harper's Song II

Who never ate his bread in tears,  
who never throughout sorrowful nights,  
sat weeping on his bed,  
he knows not you, Heavenly Powers.  
You bring us into life,  
the poor man you let fall into guilt,  
then leave him in his pain;  
for all guilt is suffered for on earth.

Rastlose Liebe (Goethe)

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,  
Dem Wind entgegen,  
Im Dampf der Klüfte,  
Durch Nebeldüfte,  
Immer zu! Immer Zu!  
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden  
Möcht ich mich schlagen,  
Als so viel Freuden  
Des Lebens ertragen.

Alle das Neigen  
Von Herzen zu Herzen,  
Ach, wie so eigen  
Schaffet das Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich fliehen?  
Wälderwärts ziehen?  
Alles vergebens!  
Krone des Lebens,  
Glück ohne Ruh,  
Liebe, bist du!

Gretchen am Spinnrade (Goethe)

Meine Ruh ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt,  
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt,  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.

Nach ihm nur schau ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh ich  
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein' edle Gestalt,  
Seines Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt.

Und seiner Rede  
Zauberfluß,  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuß!

Restless Love

Into snow, into rain,  
into wind, headlong,  
through the gorges' fog  
through mist,  
Ever on, ever on!  
No halt, no rest!

Through affliction  
sooner I'd battle,  
than so many joys  
of life endure.

All this inclining  
of heart for heart  
ah, how strangely  
it creates pain!

How shall I flee?  
Make for the woods?  
All is in vain!  
Diadem of life,  
joy without rest,  
that, Love, are you!

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone,  
my heart is sore,  
never shall I find  
peace ever more.

Where he is not,  
there is my grave,  
all the world  
to me is gall.

My poor head  
is crazed,  
my poor wits  
destroyed.

Only for him I gaze  
from the window,  
only for him I go  
from the house.

His superior walk,  
his noble air,  
his smiling mouth,  
his compelling eyes.

And his words—  
their magic flow,  
the press of his hand,  
and ah, his kiss!

Mein Busen drängt  
Sich nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft ich fassen  
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn,  
So wie ich wollt,  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt!

Auf dem See (Goethe)

Und frische Nahrung, neues Blut  
Saug' ich aus freier Welt;  
Wie ist Natur so hold und gut,  
Die mich am Busen hält!

Die Welle wieget unsern Kahn  
Rudertakt hinauf,  
Und Berge, wolkg himmelan,  
Begegnen unserm Lauf,

Aug', mein Aug' was sinkst du nieder?  
Gold'ne Träume, kommt ihr wieder?  
Weg, du Traum! so gold du bist;  
Heir auch Lieb' und Leben ist.

Auf der welle blinken  
tausend schwebende Sterne;  
weiche Nebel trinken  
rings die türmende Ferne;

Morgenwind umflügelt  
die beschattete Bucht,  
und im See be spiegelt  
sich die reifende Frucht.

Der Tod und das Mädchen (Claudius)

(Das Mädchen)  
Vorüber, ach, vorüber!  
Geh, wilder Knochenmann!  
Ich bin noch jung, geh, Lieber!  
Und rühre mich nicht an.

(Der Tod)  
Gib deine Hand, du schön und zart Gebild!  
Bin Freund und komme nicht zu strafen.  
Sei gutes Muts! ich bin nicht wild,  
Sollst sanft in meinen Armen schlafen!

My heart craves  
for him,  
oh, to clasp,  
and to hold,

And kiss him,  
just as I liked,  
and in his kisses  
pass away!

On the Lake

I draw fresh nourishment, new blood  
from this wide world.  
How gracious and good is Nature,  
who holds me in her breast.

Our boat is cradled on the waves,  
and the cloud-capped mountains  
come to meet us  
as we move to the rhythm of the oars.

Why should my eyes be cast down?  
Golden dreams, will you ever return?  
Dreams, begone, golden as you are;  
here too is love, and life.

A thousand swaying stars  
twinkle in the waves;  
faint mists engulf  
the looming distances;

The morning breeze takes wing  
across the shadowed bay,  
and the ripening fruit  
is mirrored in the surface of the lake.

*trans. Norma Deane and Celia Lerner*

Death and the Maiden

(The maiden)  
Pass me by, ah, pass me by!  
Go, wild skeleton!  
I am still young; go, dear one,  
And touch me not!

(Death)  
Give me your hand, fair and tender form!  
I am your friend; I do not come to punish.  
Be of good cheer! I am not wild,  
You shall sleep softly in my arms.

*trans. Gerard Mackworth-Young*

Im Frühling (Schulze)

Still sitz' ich an des Hügels Hang,  
Der Himmel ist so klar,  
Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal,  
Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl  
Einst, ach, so glücklich war;

Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging  
So traulich und so nah',  
Und tief im dunkeln Felsenquell  
Den schönen Himmel blau und hell,  
Und sie im Himmel sah.

Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schon  
Aus Knosp und Blüte blickt!  
Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich,  
Am liebsten pflückt' ich vom dem Zweig,  
Von welchem sie gepflückt!

Denn alles ist wie damals noch,  
Die Blumen, das Gefild;  
Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell,  
Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im Quell  
Das blaue Himmelsbild.

Es wandeln nur sich Will und Wahn,  
Es wechseln Lust und Streit;  
Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück,  
Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,  
Die Lieb und ach, das Leid!

O wär ich doch ein Vöglein  
Nur dort an dem Wiesenhang,  
Dann bleib ich auf den Zweigen hier,  
Und säng ein süßes Lied von ihr  
Den ganzen Sommer lang.

Auf der Bruck (Schulze)

Frisch trabe sonder Ruh und Rast,  
Mein gutes Ross, durch Nacht und Regen!  
Was scheust do dich vor Busch und Ast,  
Und strachelst auf den wilden Wegen?  
Dehnt auch der Wald sich tief und dicht,  
Doch muss endlich sich erschliessen;  
Und freundlich wird ein fernes Licht,  
Uns aus dem dunkeln Tale grüssen.

Wohl könnt ich über Berg und Feld  
Auf deinen schlanken Rücken fliegen  
Und mich am bunten Spiel der Welt,  
An holden Bildern mich vergnügen;  
Manch Auge lacht mir traulich zu  
Und beut mir Frieden, Lieb und Freunde,  
Und dennoch eil ich ohne Ruh,  
Zurück zu meinem Leide.  
Denn schon drei Tage war ich fern

In Springtime

I sit idly on the brow of the hill,  
The sky is so clear;  
The gentle breeze plays in the green valley  
Where, in the early spring sunshine,  
I was once, ah, once so happy!

Where I walked beside her,  
So lovingly and close,  
I saw, reflected deep in the dark stream  
The beautiful sky, bright and blue,  
And her in the heavens.

See how the gaily colored spring already  
Appears in bud and blossom;  
Not all blossoms are the same to me;  
I preferred to pick them from the spray  
From which she had picked!

For everything is still as it was,  
The flowers and the fields;  
The sun shines no less brightly,  
And no less invitingly swims in the stream  
The sky's blue image.

But will and delusion transform themselves,  
And happiness and discord are interchanged;  
Love's happiness has fled,  
And love alone remains...  
Love, alas! and sorrow.

Yet if only I were a little bird,  
Over there on the meadow slope,  
I would stay among the branches here  
And sing a sweet song of her  
The whole summer long.

*trans. Gerard Mackworth-Young*

Upon the Bruck

Trot swiftly on, without rest or pause,  
My trusty steed, through night and rain;  
Why do you shy at bush and bough  
And stumble through the rough ways?  
Though the forest stretches long and dense,  
Yet it must open out at last,  
And a friendly far-off light will  
Greet us from the dark vale.

Well might I over hill and dale  
Escape on your lean back,  
And in the world's gay pleasures  
And fair scenes take delight.  
Many eyes beam fondly upon me,  
Offering peace, love and joy;  
And yet I hasten without rest  
Back to my sorrow.  
For three days now I have been far

Von ihr, die ewig mich gebunden;  
Drei Tage waren Sonn und Stern'  
Und Erd und Himmel mir verschwunden.  
Von Lust und Leiden, die mein Herz  
Bei ihr bald heilten, bald zerrissen,  
Fühlt' ich drei Tage nur den Schmerz,  
Und ach! die Freunde musst ich missen!

Weit sehn wir über Land und See  
Zur wärmern Flur den Vogel fliegen;  
Wie sollte denn die Liebe je  
In ihrem Pfade sich betrügen?  
Drum trabe mutig durch die Nacht!  
Und schwinden auch die dunklen Bahnen,  
Der Sehnsucht helles Auge wacht,  
Und sicher führt mich süßes Ahnen.

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt (Goethe)

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiß, was ich leide!  
Allein und abgetrennt  
Von aller Freunde,  
Seh' ich an's Firmament  
Nach jener Seite.  
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt  
Ist in der Weite.  
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt  
Mein eingeweide.  
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiß, was ich leide!

Das Abendroth (Kosegarten)

Der Abendblüt, der Westen glüht!  
Wo bist du holdes Licht entglommen,  
Aus Welchem Stern her abgekomen?

Ein lichter Brand flammt See end Land,  
Es lodern in dem rothen Scheine die  
Fluren rings und rings die Haine.

Bewunderung und Huldigung  
Heischt nur das Schön', das ewig lebet,  
Weil Huld ung Heiligkeit es hebet.

From her who has made me a captive forever;  
For three days have sun and stars  
And earth and heaven vanished from me.  
Of the joy and the grief in my heart,  
Now healed, now tormented, in her company  
I have felt for three days only the grief.  
Alas! what joy have I had to miss.

Far over land and ocean we see  
Birds flying to warmer climes;  
How, then should love ever  
Mistake its way?  
Then trot boldly through the night,  
Even though the dim track be lost to sight;  
The clear eyes of longing keep watch,  
And sweet expectancy guides me safely.  
*trans. Gerard Mackworth-Young*

Only he who knows longing

Only he who knows longing  
Knows what I suffer.  
Alone, cut off  
from all joy,  
I gaze at the firmament  
In that direction.  
Ah, he who loves and knows me  
Is far away.  
I feel giddy,  
My inmost being is aflame.  
Only he who knows longing  
Knows what I suffer.  
*trans. George Bird and Richard Stokes*

Twilight

The evening blooms, the West glows  
Where have you gone, sweet light  
Throughout which stars have you travelled?

A bright flame illuminates sea and land  
It blazes in a red glow  
Throughout fields and groves.

In awe and homage we recognize the beauty,  
The eternal life because it is seen  
With awe and holiness.  
*trans. Mark Kroll*

## MEET THE ARTISTS

Celebrated for her performances in a wide variety of repertoire, soprano **Karol Bennett** has been heard in Europe, Asia and throughout the United States in lieder, oratorio, opera, and new music. Recent honors include the Pro Musicis International Award (1993), a fellowship at the Bunting Institute of Radcliffe College (1993), an Artistic Ambassadorship (1994) and, with pianist/composer John McDonald, a Duo Recitalists Grant from the National Endowment for the Arts (1995). She and McDonald were highlighted in the Boston Globe for "Best Vocal Recital of the Year: 1995."

She has appeared with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, the Rodzhevsky and Svetlovsk Orchestras of Russia, the Northwest Bach Festival, the Masterworks Chorale, Boston Musica Viva, Collage, Emmanuel Music, the Boston Players, and the Mendelssohn and Boston Composers String Quartets.

Ms. Bennett joined the voice faculty of Boston University School for the Arts in 1994

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**Penelope Bitzas**, mezzo-soprano, is an Assistant Professor of Voice at Boston University School for the Arts. She has been a soloist with the Little Orchestra Society, the Boston Symphony, the 18th Century Ensemble, the Brooklyn Heights Orchestra, the Worcester Orchestra and the Vorpommersches Sinfonieorchester Greifswald-Germany. She has concertized in Greece, Turkey, Cyprus, South America, Germany and in the United States. Her operatic appearances include Opera Omaha, Minnesota Opera, Midwest Opera Theater, Ithaca Opera and Boston Lyric. She has premiered numerous contemporary compositions in New York, Boston and Minnesota, and is frequently heard in concerts of Greek music. Ms. Bitzas was a National Finalist in the Metropolitan Opera Auditions and received two fellowships to Tanglewood. Ms. Bitzas has taught at Gustavus Adolphus College, Wagner College and Ithaca College. She received her bachelor's degree from Ithaca College and her Masters degree from the New England Conservatory of Music.

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**S. Mark Aliapoulios**, baritone, has appeared as guest soloist with such acclaimed organizations as the Boston Symphony, the Cleveland Orchestra, the Pittsburgh Symphony, the Portland Symphony, the Handel and Haydn Society, the Mark Morris Dance Company, the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, the Opera Company of Boston, and the Boston Lyric Opera. He has performed with leading international conductors Leonard Slatkin, Seiji Ozawa, Kurt Mazur, Erich Leinsdorff, Lukas Foss, and Sarah Caldwell. In the traditional opera repertoire, he has sung leading roles in *Madama Butterfly*, *Der Freischütz*, *La Bohème*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Dialogues des Carmélites*. He is currently an Assistant Professor on the Voice and Opera faculties at Boston University School for the Arts. In 1996, Mr. Aliapoulios performed Johannes Brahms' *Ein Deutches Requiem* with the Boston University Symphonic Chorus under the direction of Robert Shaw.

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**Carol Lieberman** has been a leading exponent of Baroque violin performance for the past two decades, and is equally well known for her performances of the literature of the 19th and 20th centuries. Ms. Lieberman's frequent performances on radio and television include Radio Nacional Espana, Belgian Radio, the CBC and National Public Radio. Her recordings include a world premier album of sonatas of Simon LeDuc, the complete sonatas for violin and harpsichord of J.S. Bach, and works

of C.P.E. Bach, J.C. Bach, Franz Schubert and Elliot Carter. Ms Lieberman is currently a faculty member at the Boston University School for the Arts, and is an Associate Professor of Music at the College of the Holy Cross, where she is also director of the Holy Cross Chamber Players.

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**Virginia Eskin** has performed as a soloist throughout the United States, Europe and Israel. In October of 1995 she appeared with the Sofia Philharmonic (Bulgaria) in Athens. Concerto appearances include the San Francisco, Buffalo, Rochester, Louisville, Annapolis and Utah Symphony Orchestras, the Boston Classical, the Israel Sinfonietta, the New Hampshire Symphony and the Boston Pops. She has also appeared as guest soloist with the New York City Ballet at Lincoln Center. She has performed many recitals at Boston's Gardner Museum, French Library, Currier Gallery in Manchester, and at colleges throughout the country. For the past several summers she has participated as a soloist and chamber player at Monadnock Music (N.H.).

Ms. Eskin regularly teaches undergraduate courses at Northeastern University and is a Teaching Associate in Piano at Boston University School for the Arts. She is a regularly featured pre-concert lecturer for the Bank of Boston Celebrity Series, and continues her regular guest appearances as a commentator and performer on the national syndicated radio program "A Note to You". In 1996 she became a regular musical commentator for Monitor Radio.

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**Mark Kroll** is acclaimed as one of the finest harpsichordists of his generation, having performed throughout North and South America and Europe. He has collaborated with noted soloists and ensembles, and appeared as guest artist in festivals such as Aston Magna, Tanglewood, Regensburg, Ambronay and Ljubljana, as well as the Boston Early Music Festival, of which he was the founder and program chairman. Appearances as a concerto soloist include concerts with the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the batons of Sir Colin Davis and Charles Dutoit. Mr. Kroll is currently the harpsichordist for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and is Professor of Music and chairman of the Department of Historical Performance at the Boston University School for the Arts.

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**Thomas Stumpf**, born in Shanghai in 1950, received his degrees in piano performance from the Mozarteum in Salzburg, Austria, and the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. He won concerto competitions at both institutions, and was awarded the Bösendorfer Prize (Vienna, 1970) and the Lilli Lehmann Medal (Salzburg, 1972). He has appeared in recital with such distinguished performers as Edith Mathis, D'Anna Fortunato, clarinetist Richard Stolzman and cellist Leslie Parnas. Other concert appearances include the Hong Kong Philharmonic and the Boston Pops Orchestra.

Mr. Stumpf also has a distinguished teaching career. He is currently Associate Professor and Chair of the Collaborative Piano Department at Boston University School for the Arts. He regularly gives master classes at the Boston University Tanglewood Institute, in Mannheim, Germany, and at the Monanea Festival in Switzerland.

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