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Faculty Concert, Monday, November 6, 2000

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*Boston University School for the Arts
Music Division*

—presents—

FACULTY CONCERT

SARAH ARNESON, *soprano*

GEORGE KERN, *guest artist, piano*

ETHAN SLOANE, *clarinet*

XX

Monday, November 6, 2000 at 8:00 p.m.
The Tsai Performance Center
685 Commonwealth Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts

Boston University School for the Arts
Music Division
—presents—

SARAH ARNESON, *soprano*
GEORGE KERN, *guest artist, piano*
ETHAN SLOANE, *clarinet*

Monday, November 6, 2000
8:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

Bella mia fiamma, K. 528 (Scarcone) Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Suleika I, D. 720 (von Willemer) Franz Schubert
Dass sie hier gewesen, D. 775 (Rückert) (1797-1828)
Suleika II, D. 717 (von Willemer)

An die Nacht, Op. 68 No. 1 (Brentano) Richard Strauss
Als mir dein Lied erklang, Op. 68 No. 4 (Brentano) (1864-1949)
Amor, Op. 68 No. 5 (Brentano)

—Intermission—

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen, D. 965 (Müller) F. Schubert
Ethan Sloane, *clarinet*

Im Rhein, im schoenen Strome, S. 272 (Heine) Franz Liszt
Anfangs, wollt' ich fast verzagen, S. 311 (Heine) (1811-1886)
Morgens steh' ich auf und frage, S. 290 (Heine)
Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam, S. 309 (Heine)
Vergiftet sind meine Lieder, S. 289 (Heine)

Mia speranza adorata, K. 416 (Sertor) W. A. Mozart

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Bella mia fiamma, K. 528

Bella mia fiamma, addio!
 Non piacque al cielo
 Di renderci felici.
 Ecco reciso, prima d'esser compito,
 Quel purissimo nodo,
 Che strinsero fra lor gl'animi
 Nostrì con il solo voler.
 Vivi!
 Cedral destin! Cedral dovere!
 Della giurata fede la mia
 Morte t'assolve;
 A più felice vita.
 Ricordati di me,
 Ma non mai turbi d'un
 Infelice sposo la ra-ra rimembranza
 Il tuo riposo!
 Regni vado ad ubbidirti.
 Ah, tutto finisca il mio furor
 Col morir mio.
 Cerere, Alfeo, diletta sposa,
 Addio!

Resta, oh cara, oh cara!
 Acerba morte mi separa,
 Oh Dio, da te mi separa.
 Prendi cura di sua sorte,
 Consolarla almen procura.
 Vado...ahi lasso!
 Addio, addio per sempre!
 Quest' affanno,
 Questo passo è terribile per me,
 È terribile, terribile per me.
 Resta, oh cara, resta, oh cara!
 Acerba morte mi separa,
 Oh Dio, da te, mi separa,
 Prendi cura di sua sorte,
 Consolarla almen procura,
 Almen procura.
 Vado...ahi lasso!
 Addio, addio per sempre!
 Quest' affanno,
 Questo passo è terribile per me,
 È terribile, terribile,
 Terribile per me.

Ah, dov' è il tempio?
 Dov' è l'ara?
 Vieni affretta la vendetta,
 Vieni! Vieni!
 Questa vita cosiamara
 più s'abile non è,
 No, più soffribile non è.
 Ah dove?
 Vieni affretta la vendetta!
 Vieni! Vieni!
 Questa vita cosiamara

My beautiful flame, farewell!
 It did not please the heavens
 to allow us happiness.
 Here it is,
 that purest knot,
 severed, before it was tied,
 That bound our souls with a single wish.
 Live!
 Yield to destiny! Yield to duty!
 My death absolves you from
 your oath;
 Live a more joyous, happy life,
 united with a more worthy consort
 May the memory of
 an unhappy husband
 never disturb your rest!
 Ah! Let my rage
 end completely
 with my death.
 Ceres, Alfeo, beloved wife,
 Farewell!

Stay, O beloved!
 Cruel death separates me,
 O, God, from you.
 Look after her,
 Console her.
 Alas, I leave, unhappy one!
 Goodbye forever!
 This anguish,
 this step
 is terrible for me.
 Stay, O beloved!
 Cruel death separates me,
 oh, God, from you.
 Look after her,
 Console her.
 Come quickly, O vengeance
 This life, so bitter,
 Is no longer bearable.
 Now my plight
 is past believing,
 fate has forged a cruel chain.
 Oh, how terrible is my bane.

Come, find the temple,
 Face the altar;
 No postponement aids atonement,
 Hasten, hasten!
 Footsteps falter,
 But the soul may still remain
 Ah, but the soul may not remain,
 Where are they?
 Hasten reckoning, death is beckoning!
 Hasten, hasten,
 Footsteps falter,

più soffribile non è.
No! Oh cara, addio,
Addio, addio per sempre!
Ah, questa vita cosiamara
No, più soffribile non è;
Questa vita cosiamara
più soffribile,
Soffribile non è;
Quest' affanno,
Questo passo,
Questa vita cosiamara
più soffribile,
Soffribile non è,
Più soffribile non è!

Ah, but the soul may not remain.
Farewell, love, with grieving
And sorrow, I am leaving forever.
Death will chasten. Footsteps may falter
Ah, but the soul may not remain,
Find the temple, face the altar
Footsteps falter,
but the soul may not retain
You, I cherish, know
that is has been in vain
For all that we may treasure,
we cannot retain.
For the soul may not remain.
Ah! The soul may not remain.

Franz Schubert

Suleika I, D. 720

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

What is the meaning of this stirring?
Is the East wind bringing me happy news?
His freshly, swaying breeze
Cools a heart's deep wounds.

Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.

Playfully, he toys with the dust,
Chasing it into light clouds
That drive the happy insects
To the grape vines.

Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,
Kühlt auch mir die heißen Wangen,
Küßt die Reben noch im Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.

Softly, it soothes the heat of the sun,
Cooling as well my hot cheeks,
Fleetingly, kissing the grapes that shimmer
On the fields and hills.

Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüße;
Eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,
Grüßen mich wohl tausend Küsse.

And to me this light whisper brings
A thousand kisses from my friend
Even before these hills grow dark,
I will be greeted by a thousand kisses.

Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!
Diene Freunden und Betrübten.
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,
Dort find' ich bald den
Vielgeliebten.

And, so, you can drive on,
Serving friends and sad ones.
There, where high walls glow,
There I will find my dearly beloved.

Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebeshauch, erfrishtes Leben
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Atem geben.

Ah, the true message of the heart,
Breath of love, renewed life
Will come only from his lips,
Can only come from his breath.

Dass sie hier gewesen, D. 775


Dass der Ostwind
Düfte hauchet in die Lüfte,
dadurch tut er kund dass
du hier gewesen.
Dass hier Tränen rinnen,
dadurch wirst du innen,
wär's dir sonst nicht kund,
dass ich hier gewesen.
Schönheit oder Liebe,
ob versteckt sie bliebe?
Düfte thun es und Tränen kund,
dass sie hier gewesen.

The fragrance of the east wind
is redolent in the air,
thus announcing
that you were here.
Through the flowing tears,
you will sense,
if it were not otherwise known to you,
that I was here.
Beauty or love,
will she remain hidden?
Fragrances and tears
Announce that she was here.

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;
Blumen, [Auen]*, Wald und Hügel
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.

Doch dein mildes, sanftes Wehen
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;
Ach, für Leid müßt' ich vergehen,
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.

Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;
Doch  heid' ihn zu betrüben
Und verberg ihm meine Schmerzen.

Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

Richard Strauss

An die Nacht, Op. 68 No. 1

Heilige Nacht! Heilige Nacht!
Sternengeschloßner Himmelsfrieden!
Alles, was das Licht geschieden,
Ist verbunden,
Alle Wunden
Bluten süß im Abendrot.

Bjelbogs Speer, Bjelbogs Speer
Sinkt ins Herz der trunkenen Erde,
Die mit seliger Gebärde
Eine Rose
In dem Schoße
Dunkler Lüfte niedertaucht.

Heilige Nacht, züchtige Braut,
Deine süße Schmach verhülle,
Wenn des Hochzeitsbechers Fülle
Sich ergießet;
Also fließet
In die brünstige Nacht der Tag!

O West wind,
How I envy your humid breeze,
Then, you can bring him news
Of how I suffer during our separation.

The movement of your wings
awakens in my breast a silent longing.
Your breath covers in tears all
The flowers, marshes, woods, and hills.

But your mild, soft rocking
Cools the wounded eyelids;
Ah, for suffering must I despair,
I hope and yet do not know if I will see him again.

Hurry to my love; -
speak gently to his heart.
But be careful not to sadden him,
And hide from him my pain.

Tell him very simply
that his love means my life,
and that a joyous sense of both
will his presence give me.

Holy night, peaceful heaven,
enclosed in stars!
Everything divided
by light is united.
All wounds bleed
sweetly in the sunset.

Bjelbog's spear pierces
the heart of the intoxicated Earth
Which, with a blissful gesture,
immerses a rose
in the womb
Of darkened desire.

Holy night, virtuous bride,
veil your sweet shame
when the wedding cup overflows;
thus, streams
the day
into the passionate night.



Als mir dein Lied erklang, Op. 68 No. 4

Dein Lied erklang, ich habe es gehört,
Wie durch die Rosen es zum Monde zog,
Den Schmetterling, der bunt im Frühling flog,
Hast du zur frommen Biene dir bekehrt.
Zur Rose ist mein Drang,
Seit mir dein Lied erklang!

Dein Lied erklang!
Die Nachtigallen klagen,
Ach, meiner Ruhe süßes Schwanenlied,
dem Mond
Der lauschend von dem
Himmel sieht,
Der Sternen und den Rosen muß ich klagen,
Wohin sie sich nun schwang,
Der dieses Lied erklang!

Dein Lied erklang, es war kein Ton
vergebens,
Der ganze Frühling, der von Liebe haucht,
Als du sangest, nieder sich getaucht
Im sehnsuchtsvollen Stromme meines Lebens,
Im Sonnenuntergang,
Als mir dein Lied erklang!
Dein Lied!

Amor, Op. 68 No. 5

An dem Feuer saß das Kind
Amor, Amor und war blind;
Mit dem kleinen Flügel fächelt
In die Flammen er und lächelt,
Fächle, lächle, schlaues Kind.

Ach, der Flügel brennt dem Kind!
Amor, Amor läuft geschwind.
O wie ihn die Glut durchpeinet!
Flügel Schlagend laut er weinet;
In der Hirtin Schoß entrinnt

Hilfeschreiend das schlaue Kind.
Und die Hirtin hilft dem Kind,
Amor, Amor böß und blind.
Hirtin, sieh, dein Herz entbrennet,
Hast den Schelmen nicht gekennet.
Sieh, die Flamme wächst geschwinde.
Hüt dich, hüt dich vor dem schlaun Kind!
Fächle, lächle, schlaues Kind!


Franz Schubert

Der Hirt auf dem fels, D. 965

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',
Und singe,
Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
Der Klüfte.

Your song rang out! I heard it, as it mounted
through the roses to the moon;
You have turned the butterfly,
Which flitted so colorfully in spring,
into the honest bee. The rose is my passion
Since I heard your song.


Your song rang out!
The nightingale's lament,
the sweet swansong of my peace; I must
lament it to the moon
which looks down and listens from the
heavens,
and to the stars and the roses,
to which she had now flown
She, for whom this song rang out!

Your song rang out! No note was
in vain,
the whole spring, which breathed o. 
plunged down, at your singing
in the anxious stream
of my life,
into the sunset,
When I heard your song!

By the fire sat the child, Amor,
who was blind, and with his wings,
was fanning the flames and laughing,
fanning and laughing,
the sly child.

Oh, the child burned his wings!
Amor ran quickly; oh, how it pained him!
With beating wings, he cried out loudly;
into the shepherdess' lap ran the sly child,
crying, "Help!"

And the shepherdess helped the child,
Amor, naughty and blind.
Shepherdess, look,
your heart is burning,
you didn't recognize the little devil.
See the flames growing rapidly.
Watch out for the sly child.
Fanning, laughing, the sly child.

When I stand on the highest cliff, 
gazing down into the valley,
And sing,
Far away from the valley dark and deep
the echo floats upwards from
the ravines

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.

The further my voice travels,
the clearer it returns to me
From below.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum seh' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.

My love lives so far from me
that I yearn for her more ardently
Over there.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.

Deep grief consumes me
and my joy is gone.
All hope on Earth has left me;
I am so lonely here.

So sehndend klang im Wald das Lied,
So sehndend klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

So longingly sounded the song in the wood,
So longingly it sounded through the night,
drawing hearts heavenward
With wondrous power.

Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud',
Mach' ich mich fertig
Zu Wandern bereit.

Spring is coming,
Spring, my joy;
Now I will get ready
To begin my journey.

Franz Liszt

Im Rhein, im schoenen Strome, S. 272

Im Rhein, im [heiligen]* Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Wellen
Mit seinem großen Dome
Das große, heil'ge Köln.

In the Rhein's beautiful waves
is mirrored the holy cathedral
of the great city—
That great, holy city Cologne.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldnem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

In the Cathedral there is a picture
Painted upon golden leather;
In my wild youth,
I used to stand happily upon it.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

Floating flowers and angels
Surround our beloved Virgin Mary;
But the eyes, the lips, and the cheeks
Were the same as those of my beloved.

Anfangs wollt,' ich fast verzagen, S. 311

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen,
und ich glaubt', ich trüg' es nie;
und ich hab' es doch getragen,
aber fragt mich nur nicht: wie?

At first, I wanted to deny it,
and I believed I could endure it.
Then, I bore it;
Only, don't ask how.

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage, S. 290

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage:
Kommt feins Liebchen heut?
Abends sink' ich hin und klage:
Bleib sie auch heut.

Mornings, I wake up and ask,
"Is my sweetheart coming today?"
Evenings, I sink down and complain
"She's not coming today."

In der Nacht mit meinem Kummer
lieg' ich schlaflos, wach;
träumend, wie im halben Schummer,
träumend wandle ich bei Tag.

In the night,
I lie awake with my suffering.
During the day, I wander,
Half in slumber, dreaming away the day.

Ein Fichtenbaum Steht einsam, S. 309

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam
Im Norden auf kahler Höh';
Ihn schläferf; mit weißer Decke
Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.

Er träumt von einer Palme,
Die, fern im Morgenland,
Einsam und schweigend trauert
Auf brennender Felsenwand.

A pine tree stands alone
in the north, on the cold, mountainous heights;
It sleeps; wrapped in a white blanket
Of ice and snow.

It dreams of a palm tree
in distant Africa,
Alone and silently grieving,
on a burning cliff.

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder, S. 289

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder -
Wie könnt es anders sein?
Du hast mir ja Gift gegossen
Ins blühende Leben hinein.
Vergiftet sind meine Lieder -
Wie könnt es anders sein?
Ich trag' im Herzen viel Schlangen,
Und dich, Geliebte mein!

My songs are poisoned.
How could it be otherwise?
You poured poison
into the bloom of my life.
My songs are poisoned.
How could it be otherwise?
I carry many snakes in my heart,
and you, dear love!

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Mia speranza adorata, K. 416

Mia speranza adorata!
Ah! Troppo è a noi l'ira del ciel funesta.

L'ultima volta è questa,
ch'io ti stringo al mio seno.

Anima mia, io più non
ti vedrò, deh, tu l'assisti,
tu per me la consola.

Addio, Zemira, ricordati di me!
senti...che vedo?

tu piangi, o mio tesoro,
oh, quanto accresce quel
pianto il mio martir.

Chi prova mai stato peggior del mio?
Addio per sempre, per

sempre amata sposa, addio.

Ah! Non sai qual pena sia
Il dovertò, oh Dio! lasciar,
Ma quel pianto, anima mia,
Fa più grave il mio penar,
Il mio penar, ma quel pianto
Anima mia, fa più grave,
Fa più grave il mio penar
Ah! Non sai qual pena sia,
Il doverti, oh Dio! lasciar,
Deh, mi lascia, mi lascia
Oh fier moment!

Cara sposa, cara sposa
Ah ch'io mi sento
Per l'affano il cor mancar,
Il cor mancar!, il cor mancar!
A quai barbare vicende
Mi serbaste, avversi Dei,
Dite voi, dite voi,
Sei casi miei
non son degni di pietà.

My adored hope!
Ah! Heaven's anger falls upon us.

This is the last time
I shall ever hold you.

My soul, I will never
see you again,
(Oh, please console her)

Farewell, Zemira, remember me.
Listen...what do I see?

You are crying, oh my treasure.
Oh, how your tears increase
my torture.

How could my suffering be any worse?
Farewell, dearly beloved,

farewell.

Ah! You do not know my pain.
oh God leave me.

But, your weeping, my soul,
deeply grieves me.

But, your weeping,
my soul,

deeply grieves me.

Ah! You do not know my pain,
Oh God, leave me!

Oh leave me
oh dire moment!

My beloved,
my heart is growing
weak and faint.

Weak and faint!

How the barbarous Fates
torture me.

Tell me,
will not the Gods
take pity on me.

MEET THE ARTISTS

Sarah Arneson, lyric coloratura soprano, has performed to critical acclaim in operatic roles including the Queen of the Night, Constanza, Violetta, Lucia, Musetta, Rosina, and Sophie. She has appeared regularly with the Vienna and Munich state operas, and has also performed with the Frankfurt, Hannover, Dresden, Stuttgart, Boston, Detroit and Düsseldorf operas. Ms. Arneson has worked with such conductors as Dennis Russell Davies, Lukas Foss, Carlo Franci, Michael Gielen, Christian Thielemann, Horst Stein, Gustav Meier and Jiri Krout. A frequent performer with orchestras, Ms. Arneson has appeared with the Brooklyn Philharmonic, Chicago's Grant Park Symphony, the Philharmonica Hungarica and the Munich Philharmonic, and gave the first performance of William Bolcom's *Songs of Innocence and Experience*. Ms. Arneson received the Doctor of Musical Arts degree in vocal performance from the University of Michigan, and received undergraduate degrees from Western Michigan State and the universities of Michigan and Nebraska. Her teachers have included Bethany Beardslee, Nadia Boulanger, Pierre Bernac, Hilde Gueden and Günther Lehmann. Born in Red Cloud, Nebraska, Ms. Arneson resides in Salzburg with her husband and accompanist George Kern. Formerly a faculty member at the University of Illinois and the Salzburg Mozarteum, Ms. Arneson is currently Associate Professor of Voice at the Boston University School for the Arts.

George Kern, associate Professor of Piano at the Hochschule Mozarteum in Salzburg, performs regularly throughout the United States, Europe and Asia. He has performed in noted international festivals, including the Pablo Casals Festival in Spain, the Festival du Marais in Paris, and the Europalia in Brussels. He has also performed at the Brahms Saal in Vienna, the Stiftung Mozarteum in Salzburg, and for the Mozart Societies of Europe, Atlanta, New York and Toronto. Mr. Kern received the Paumgartner Medal from the Stiftung Mozarteum "for outstanding interpretations of the works of Mozart," as well as grants from the Austrian government for research and performing projects. A staff member of the University of Miami—Salzburg, Mr. Kern has also taught in France and Korea, and has served as staff accompanist for the Salzburg International Summer Academy. Mr. Kern received the Bachelor of Music and Master of Music degrees from the Juilliard School, as well as the Artist Diploma from the Salzburg Mozarteum. His teachers have included Kurt Neumüller and Rosina Lhevinne. A native of New Jersey, Mr. Kern resides in Salzburg with his wife, Sarah Arneson.

Ethan Sloane enjoys a prominent career as performer, teacher and arts administrator. As soloist and recitalist, he has appeared extensively throughout North America and in Europe and Asia. Much in demand in chamber music, Mr. Sloane is co-founder and artistic director of the Hampden-Sydney Music Festival, where he appears regularly and has produced recordings both on CD and for National Public Radio. His devotion to the extensive solo and chamber music literature for clarinet has led to recordings for Crystal Records and Musique Internationale that have earned critical acclaim, and his editions of masterworks by Brahms and Mozart have received wide acceptance. A prize-winner in numerous competitions, he has been artist-participant at the Marlboro Music Festival and is the founder of a seminar for clarinetists at Tanglewood that has attracted international attention. Following appointments in New York, Iowa, British Columbia (Canada), West Virginia and Maryland, in 1984, Mr. Sloane accepted a position on the clarinet and chamber music faculty of Boston University's School for the Arts.

UPCOMING EVENTS

November 9
8:00 p.m.

Faculty Recital
Terry Everson, *trumpet*
Shiela Kibbe, *piano*
Lori Everson, *guest artist, violin*
The Tsai Performance Center
685 Commonwealth Avenue

November 17
8:00 p.m.

Boston University Chamber Orchestra
Richard Cornell and Kevin Leong, *conductors*
The Tsai Performance Center
685 Commonwealth Avenue

SPECIAL EVENT

Monday, November 20, 8:00 p.m.

Boston University Symphony Orchestra and the Men of Symphonic Chorus

David Hoose, *conductor*
Anthony di Bonaventura, *piano*
Sanford Sylvan, *baritone*

Yevgeny Yevtushenko, Albert Todd, *lecturers*

Beethoven: Concerto No. 3 in C minor for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 37

Shostakovich: Symphony No. 13, Op. 113, *Babi Yar*

Pre-concert lecture at 7:00 p.m.

Symphony Hall
301 Massachusetts Avenue

Admission: \$10, \$20, \$35

For tickets call SymphonyCharge: 617/266-1200

November 21
8:00 p.m.

Boston University Wind Ensemble
David Martins and David Hoose, *conductors*
David Martins, *clarinet*
The Tsai Performance Center
685 Commonwealth Avenue

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