

# The Voice of Nature

Stockton Master Chorale and Youth Chorale

Saturday, March 23, 2013 — 2:00 p.m. St. John's Anglican Church, Stockton, CA

**Magen Solomon**, Artistic Director and Conductor

**Ric Campero**, Assistant Conductor

**Joan Calonico**, Youth Chorale Conductor

**Esther Roche**, Master Chorale Accompanist

**Mary Monroe**, Youth Chorale Accompanist

**Timothy Walth**, flute & oboe

===== PLEASE TURN OFF CELL PHONES & OTHER ELECTRONICS – THANK YOU! =====

## THE SEASONS OF NATURE AND LIFE

Loveliest of Trees Kirke Mechem (b. 1925)

Schilflied Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel (1805-1847)

Now is the Gentle Season Thomas Morley (c. 1577-1602)

Frühlingsahnung Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Master Chorale

### WATER

To be Sung on the Water Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

As Torrents in Summer Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

Master Chorale

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Heigh Ho to the Greenwood Attr. Thomas Ravenscroft (1590-1633)

For the Beauty of the Earth John Rutter (b. 1945)

Youth Chorale

Linden Lea Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

A Boat Beneath a Sunny Sky Jonathan Jensen

Treblemakers

Nachtlied Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Song for the Mira Allister MacGillivray (b. 1948)

Soloists: Celia Estrada, Lacey Brown, Bebhinn Kramer, Shaylin Duren  
Concert Choir

### INTERMISSION

Sumer is icumen in Anonymous 13th c.

Master Chorale & Youth Chorale

### SPRING

Ahrirang Korean Folk Song, Arr. Brad Printz

Youth Chorale

Cuckoo Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Oh, Spring (The Caterpillar) Jean Berger (1909-2002)

Treblemakers

Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

The Robin Is the One Neil Ginsberg (b. 1969)

Concert Choir

## THE SUN AND MOON

O schöne Nacht

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

After Spring Sunset (nos. 1-4)

Peter Schickele (b. 1935)

An die Sonne

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

## NATURE AND LOVE

A Little Golden Cloud

Piotr Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

God Bless the Moon

Jean Ritchie (b. 1922)  
Arr. David Düsing

Four Slovak Songs

Béla Bartók (1881-1945)

I. Wedding Song From Poniky

II. Song of the Hay-Harvester From Hiadel

III. Dancing Song From Medzibrod

IV. Dancing Song From Poniky

Master Chorale

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 TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS
 

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**SCHILFLIED**

Song of the Reeds

Drüben geht die Sonne scheiden,  
Und der müde Tag entschlief.  
Niederhangen hier die Weiden  
In den Teich, so still, so tief.

Und ich muß mein Liebstes meiden:

Quill, o Träne, quill hervor!  
Traurig säuseln hier die Weiden,  
Und im Winde bebt das Rohr.

In mein stilles, tiefes Leiden  
Strahlst du, Ferne! hell und mild,  
Wie durch Binsen hier und Weiden  
Strahlt des Abendsternes Bild.  
(Text: Nikolaus Lenau, 1802-1850)

**FRÜLINGSAHNUNG (Intimations of Spring)**

O sanfter, süsßer Hauch!  
Schon weckest du wieder  
mir Frühlingslieder,  
bald blühen die Veilchen auch.

**NACHTLIED (Night Song)**

Heil'ge Nacht, o giesse du  
Himmelsfrieden in dies Herz,  
Bring dem armen Pilger Ruh,  
Holde Labung seinem Schmerz.

Hell schon erglüh'n die Sterne,  
Grüssen aus blauer Ferne:  
Möchte zu euch so gerne  
Flieh'n himmelwärts!

Harfentöne lind und süß  
Weh'n mir zarte Lüfte her,  
Aus des Himmels Paradies  
Aus dem weite Weltenmeer.

Hell schon erglüh'n die Sterne,  
Winken aus blauer Ferne,  
Möchte zu euch so gerne  
Flieh'n himmelwärts!

Yonder the sun departs  
And the weary day has gone to sleep  
Low the willows hung  
into the pond, so still, so deep.

And I must shun my beloved  
pour, o tears, pour forth!  
The willows rustle sadly here  
and the reeds tremble in the wind.

Into my still, deep suffering  
you shine, distant one, bright and gentle  
As through the reeds here and the willow  
shines the evening star.

O soft, sweet air!  
Already you summon memories  
of songs of Spring:  
And soon the violets will blossom.

O holy night, into this heart  
O pour your heavenly peace.  
Bring rest to the weary pilgrim,  
Gentle comfort for his pain.

How brightly the stars are shining  
Their greeting from afar.  
Gladly would I  
Flee heavenward to you!

Sounds of the harp, mild and sweet,  
Drift to me like a tender breeze  
Flowing from heavenly Paradise,  
From the boundless firmament.

How brightly the stars are shining  
And beckoning from afar.  
Gladly would I  
Flee heavenward to you!

**Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel****Felix Mendelssohn****Ludwig van Beethoven**

**WENN ICH EIN VÖGLEIN WÄR**

Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär  
und auch zwei Flüglein hätt',  
flög' ich zu dir.  
Weil's aber nicht kann sein,  
bleib' ich allhier.

Bin ich gleich weit von dir,  
bin ich doch im Schlaf bei dir  
und red' mit dir!  
Wenn ich erwachen tu  
bin ich allein.

Es vergeht kein' Stund' in der Nacht,  
Da mein Herze nicht erwacht,  
und an dich gedenkt  
Dass du mir viel tausendmal,  
tausendmal dein Herz geschenkt.

**O SCHÖNE NACHT**

O schöne Nacht!  
Am Himmel märchenhaft  
erglänzt der Mond in seiner ganzen Pracht;  
Um ihn die kleine Sterne  
liebliche Genossenschaft, O schöne Nacht!

Es schimmert hell der Tau  
am grünen Halm  
Mit Macht in Fliederbusche  
schlägt die Nachtigall:  
Der Knabe schleicht zu seiner Leibsten sacht,  
O schöne Nacht!

**AN DIE SONNE**

O Sonne, Königin der Welt,  
Die unser dunkles Leben erhellt  
In lichter Majestät;  
Erhab'nes Wunder einer Hand,  
Die jene Himmel ausgespannt  
Und Sterne hingesät!

Noch heute seh' ich deinen Glanz,  
Mir lacht in ihrem Blumenkranz  
Noch heute die Natur.  
Der Vögel buntgefiedert Heer  
Singt morgen mir vielleicht nicht mehr  
Im Wald und auf der Flur.

Ich fühle, daß ich sterblich bin,  
Mein Leben welkt wie Gras dahin,  
Wie ein verschmachtet Laub.  
Wer weiß, wie unerwartet bald  
Des Höchsten Wort an mich erschallt:  
Komm wieder in den Staub!

O Sonne, Königin der Welt,  
Die unser dunkles Leben erhellt  
In lichter Majestät;  
Erhab'nes Wunder einer Hand,  
Die jene Himmel ausgespannt  
Und Sterne hingesät!

**A LITTLE GOLDEN CLOUD**

Nochevala tuchka zolotaya  
na grudi utiosa velikana  
utrom f put ona pustilas rano  
po lazuri veselo igraya.

No ostalsia vlazhniy sled  
v morshchine starovo utiosa  
Odinoko on stoit zadumalsia gluboko  
i tihonko plachet on f pustine.  
(Text: Mikhail Lermontov, 1814-1841)

**Robert Schumann**

If I were a little bird  
and also had two little wings  
I would fly to you.  
But because that cannot be,  
I remain just here.

Equally if I am far from you,  
yet I am with you in sleep  
and talk to you.  
When I become awake,  
I am alone.

There is no hour of the night goes by  
that my heart does not wake  
and is thinking of you,  
that many thousandfold  
you gave your heart to me.

O beautiful night!  
In the heavens, magically  
the moon gleams in his full splendor;  
Around him the little stars  
provide sweet companionship, o beautiful night!

The dew shimmers brightly  
on the green grass;  
With authority, in the lilac bushes  
the nightingale sings forth.  
The youth steals softly to his beloved,  
o beautiful night!

**Johannes Brahms**

O sun, Queen of the world  
who brightens our dark life  
with light-filled majesty;  
Sublime wonder from a hand  
which stretched out the heavens  
and scattered the stars!

Even now I see your brilliance,  
(and) through her crown of flowers  
Nature still smiles at me.  
The brightly plumed swarm of birds  
will perhaps tomorrow no longer sing to me  
in the woods and meadows.

I sense my mortality,  
my life withers away as grass,  
as a languishing/drooping green branch.  
Who knows how unexpectedly soon  
the Word shall ring out to me from the Highest One:  
Return again to dust!

O sun, Queen of the world  
who brightens our dark life  
with light-filled majesty;  
Sublime wonder from a hand  
which stretched out the heavens  
and scattered the stars!

**Franz Schubert****Piotr Tchaikovsky**

A little golden cloud slumbered all night  
Upon the breast of a giant crag.  
In the early morning it went wandering again  
Through the vault of the azure sky.

But a trace of dew remained  
In a wrinkle of the old crag.  
Lonely he stands, pondering deeply,  
And silently weeps, forsaken in the wilderness.

**FOUR SLOVAK SONGS****I.**

Zadala mamka, zadala dcéru  
Daleko od sebe  
Zakázala jej, prikázala jej:  
Nechod' dcéro ku mne

Ja sa udelám ptáčkom jarabým,  
Poletím k mamičke  
A sadnem si tam na zahradečku,  
Na bielu laliju.

Vyjde mamička čo to za ptáčka  
Čo tak smutne spieva?  
Ej, hešu, hešu ptáčku jarabý  
Nelámaj laliju!

Ta daly stemňa za chlapa zlého  
Do kraja cudzieho;  
Veru mne je zle, mamička milá  
So zlým mužom byti.

**II.**

Naholi, naholi,  
Na tej širočine  
Ved' som sa vyspala,  
Ako na perine.  
Už sme pohrabaly,  
Čo budeme robiť?  
S vřšku do doliny  
Budeme sa vodit'.

**III.**

Rada pila, rada jedla  
Rada tancovala  
Ani si len tú kytličku  
Neobrancovala.  
Nedala si štyri groše  
Ako som ja dala  
Žeby si ty tancovala  
A ja žeby stála.

**IV.**

Gajdujte, gajdence pôjdeme k frajerce!  
Ej, gajdujte vesele, Ej, že pôjdeme sme!  
Zagajduj gajdoše Ešte mám dva groše  
Ej, jeden gajdošovi A druhý krčmárovi  
To bola kozička Čo predok vodila,  
Ej, ale už nebude, Ej, nôžky si zlomila.

Béla Bartók

**Wedding Song From Poniky**

The mother sent her daughter away  
far from home.  
She banished her, commanding her,  
“Begone, and never return”

“I will change myself into a speckled bird-  
I will fly back to my mother  
and perch there in her little garden  
on a white lily.

Out came her mother: “What little bird is this?  
Why this sad singing?  
Hey, get away little bird-  
don't break my lily!”

“You have sent me to a bad husband  
and to a strange land  
I am truly miserable, O Mother,  
to be with an evil man.”

**Song of the Hay-Harvester From Hiadel**

On the hills, on the hills,  
on the broad expanses  
I sleep so well--  
as well as in a feather-bed!  
We have finished raking  
what shall we do now?  
Let us go back home,  
down into the valley.

**Dancing Song From Medzibrod**

She likes to drink, she likes to eat  
She likes to dance.  
But when it comes to sewing the hem  
on her skirt she has other things to do.  
I've paid the piper four coins  
(How stupid of me!)  
Now you're dancing with the others  
as I stand by watching.

**Dancing Song From Poniky**

Play bagpipes! Let us dance together  
Hey, bagpipes, play so that I can dance boldly;  
Play, piper! Play on! Here are two coins  
One is for the piper, the other for the tavern keeper  
Once a little goat was playing and cut his foot.  
He's a goat no longer, but he's playing now for us.

## Stockton Master Chorale

**Soprano**

Julie Campero  
Pheon Davison  
Dianne England  
Debbie Hernandez  
Rosalie Mehan

**Alto**

Joan Calonico  
Judy Dias  
Minnie Eichle  
June Hong  
Patricia Jannay  
Susanna Peeples

**Kelly Stewart**

Erin Wolf

**Tenor**

Paul Andrews  
Ric Campero  
Mike Hernandez

**Bass**

Mark Calonico  
Chris Mackey  
Dan Thiele  
Vu Tran

## Stockton Youth Chorale

**Concert Choir**

Emmalee Bates  
Lacey Brown  
Isabelle Ceballos  
Shaylin Duren  
Celia Estrada  
Bebhinn Kramer  
Natalie Lebaron  
Tessa Marcelo

Ian Martinez  
Alexa Mitchell  
Janaye Perata  
Mana Shoostari  
Jonathan Telander  
Rebecca Telander  
Vanessa Tirado

**Treblemakers**

Bliss Alcantar  
Hailey Bennett  
Emma Boccia  
Michael Burse  
Hector Cuellar  
Kim Gerasta  
Maxwell Herriage  
Jessica Itliong

Shelby Karsting  
Anna Mathews  
Max Mersmann-Jones  
Ashley Ortega  
Samantha Paddilla  
Madelyn Payton  
Alexis Potts  
Annette Wulfmann  
Laura Wulfmann