



The Shenandoah Valley Choral Society presents

*Ave Maria gratia plena
dominus tecum benedicta*

A Schubertiade

tu in mulieribus et

benedicta tu et

benedictus uerectus

venti

Jesu



Friday, Nov. 21, 1997
8 p.m.
Asbury United
Methodist Church

A Schubertiade

Friday, Nov. 21, 1997, 8 p.m.
Asbury United Methodist Church

Shenandoah Valley Choral Society
Scott Williamson, Artistic Director

with *Daughters of Song*
Gretchen Welch, Music Director
Amy Robertson, Laura Douglass-Bowman, pianists

Please join us for a reception in the church parlor following the program.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY CHORAL SOCIETY has brought exciting concerts of fine choral music to Shenandoah audiences since 1970. Formed to sing the Beethoven *Ninth Symphony* with the Shenandoah Valley Music Festival Orchestra in a concert honoring the 200th anniversary of the composer's birth, the Choral Society soon became a permanently organized chorus, presenting its own concerts, many with instrumentalists from the Shenandoah Valley area as well as with the Richmond Symphony and the Fairfax Symphony.

The Choral Society usually offers concerts each year during the Christmas season, in the spring, and during the summer. Its repertoire ranges from large classical works to the music of Broadway.

Some singers are professionally trained and music is their vocation, but most are amateurs whose various occupations reflect the community at large. All sing for the joy of it.

The Shenandoah Valley Choral Society, Ltd., is a nonprofit membership corporation. Contributions are gratefully received and are tax deductible. The Choral Society has received funding from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Virginia Commission for the Arts.

For information about Choral Society activities, write P.O. Box 454, Harrisonburg, VA 22801 or telephone (540) 434-6048.

Franz Schubert 1797-1828

Liebeslauchen Nachtstück Rastlose Liebe

Scott Williamson, tenor
Amy Robertson, piano

Psalm 23 Gott in der Natur Ständchen

Daughters of Song
Gretchen Welch, director
Jeanne Robbins, soprano
Kristin Shank Zehr, piano

12 Valses Nobles Impromptu, op. 90, n. 1

Amy Robertson, piano

Wandrer's Nachtlid

Scott Williamson, reader

Das Grab Salve Regina

The Shenandoah Valley
Choral Society

Moment Musical Ständchen Marche Militaire

Laura Douglass-Bowman,
Amy Robertson, piano

Nachthymne

Gail Purvis, reader

Der Entfernten Trinklied

The Shenandoah Valley
Choral Society

Translations

Liebeslauchen (Serenade)

Franz Xaver von Schlechta

A Knight stands down below
In the bright moonlight,
And sings to his zither
A song of sweet suffering:

'Breezes, gently spread your blue wings
And bear my message;
With soft strains call her
To this window.

Tell her that beneath the
canopy of leaves
A familiar voice is sighing;
Tell her that someone is still awake,
And that the night is cool
and intimate.

Tell her how the wave of moonlight
Breaks upon her window;
Tell her how the grove and
the fountain
Speak secretly of love.

Let the sweet light of your image
Shine through the trees,
Your image which is gently woven
Into my dreams and my waking hours.'

But the tender melody could
not have reached
His sweetheart's ear,
For the singer swung himself softly
Up to her window.

And once there the knight
Drew a garland from his breast
And bound it fast to the grille,
Sighing 'Bloom in joy.'

'And if she asks who brought you,
Then, flowers, tell her,'
A voice below laughed:
'Your knight, Liebesmund!'

Nachtstück (Nocturne)

Johann Mayrhofer

When the mists spread over
the mountains,
And the moon battles with the clouds,
The old man takes his harp, and walks
Towards the wood, quietly singing:

'Holy night,
Soon it will be done.
Soon I shall sleep the long sleep
Which will free me from grief.'

Then the green trees rustle:
'Sleep sweetly, good old man,'
And the swaying grasses whisper;
'We shall cover his resting place.'

And many a sweet bird calls:
'Let him rest in his grassy grave!'
The old man listens, the
old man is silent.
Death has inclined towards him.

Rastlose Liebe (Restless Love)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Into the snow, the rain
And the wind,
Through steamy ravines,
Through mists,
Onwards, ever onwards!
Without respite!

I would sooner fight my way
Through suffering,
Than endure so much
Of life's joy.

This affection
Of one heart for another,
Ah, how strangely
It creates pain!

How shall I flee?
Into the forest?
It is all in vain!
Crown of life,
Happiness without peace--
This, o Love, is you.

Gott ist mein Hirt (God is my shepherd)

Psalm 23; German version
by Moses Mendelssohn

God is my shepherd, I shall not want.
He makes me lie down
in green pastures,
he leads me beside the fresh waters.
He refreshes my languishing soul.
He leads me along the right path
according to his name's sake.
If I walk the valley of death's shadow,
even then, I will fear no evil,
for you are with me,
your staff and your rod are
my comfort always.
You prepare for me a feast of joy
in the presence of my enemies,
you anoint my head with oil,
and you give me an overflowing cup;
healing and blessedness follow me
throughout this life,
and finally, I will rest forever there
in the eternal home.

Gott in der Natur (God in Nature)

Ewald Christian von Kleist

Great is the Lord; great is the Lord!
The numberless heavens are
rooms in his dwelling,
his chariot is the storm,
thunder clouds
and lightning are his horses
Great is the Lord; great is the Lord!
The red morning is but a reflection
of the hem of his garments;
and in comparison to his gaze,
the sun's flaming light is but a twilight.
He looks with grace upon the earth;
it becomes green; it blossoms
and smiles.
He frowns, and fire comes
from the rocks,
and the seas and the heavens tremble.
Praise the mighty one, the great Lord,
you lights of his heavens,
you hosts of suns, flame in his glory,
you earth, sing his praise.

Stanchen (Serenade)

Franz Grillparzer

Lingering softly
in the darkness of evening's shadows,
here we are.
With fingers gently curved,
we knock on the beloved's
chamber door.
Yet now with rising, swelling and
raised voices,
though as with one voice,
loudly we call with great confidence:
do not sleep
when an affectionate voice
speaks to you!
If a wise man should search
near and far
among humankind, he would find that
how much rarer gold
are humans who are gracious to us.
Therefore when friendship calls,
love says, do not go to sleep.
Yet everywhere,
to what is sleep to be compared?
So, instead of words and gifts
you should have rest;
one more short greeting,
one more word,
and we will silence our cheerfulness,
and we will steal softly away.

Wandrer's Nachtlied (Wayfarer's Night Song)

Goethe

Over all the peaks
There is peace,
In all the tree-tops
You feel
Scarcely a breath of air;
The little birds in the forest are silent.
Wait!
Soon you too will be at rest.

Das Grab (The Grave)

Johann Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis

The grave is deep and soundless
and terrible its face,
its blackest depth is boundless,
an undiscovered place.

The wretched heart in harness
to what life holds in store
can only find true calmness
where it shall beat no more.

Salve Regina (Hail Queen)

Hail, O Queen, Mother of mercy;
our life, our sweetness, and our hope:
hail!

To thee we cry, poor banished
children of Eve.

To thee we send up our sighs,
groaning and weeping in this
valley of tears.

Hasten therefore, our Advocate,
and turn your merciful eyes toward us.
And show us Jesus, the blessed fruit
of your womb, after this exile.

O merciful, O pious,
O sweet virgin Mary.

Nachthymne (Hymn to the Night)

Novalis

I shall pass over,
And all pain
Will be a stab
Of pleasure.
In a short while
I shall be freed
And lie enraptured
In the bosom of love.
Eternal life
Will surge powerfully within me,
I shall gaze down upon you
From above.
Your radiance will fade

On yonder hill,
Shadow will bring
A cooling wreath.
Beloved, draw me
Powerfully in,
That I may fall asleep
And love.
I feel the rejuvenating
Tide of death,
My blood is changed
To balm and ether.
By day I live
Full of faith and courage;
At night I die
In the sacred fire.

Der Entfernten (To the Distant Beloved)

Salis-Seewis

Everywhere I think of you,
Beloved, so far away!
Early in the morning, when the
clouds grow pale,
And late at night, by starlight.
On the earth, gilded by the light
of dawn,
And in the red glow of evening,
You haunt me,
Sweet, beloved vision.
Your beloved image
Follows me far and wide.
Whether I am dreaming or awake
It is always beside me.
When breezes gently brush
The reeds on the seashore,
The ribbons of your bodice
Flutter around me.

Trinklied (Drinking Song)

Away! Everyone is now
happy and carefree!
Someone with heavy sorrow
still in the heart came to us;
Away, Away! Everyone is now
happy and carefree!