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UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND

Department of Music

PROGRAM

1

Chorales from <u>Jesu</u>, meine Freude (BWV 227)

J. S. Bach (d. 1750)

Jesu, meine Freude Unter deinem Schirmen Gute Nacht, o Wesen Weicht, ihr Trauergeister

II

Regina coeli (KV276)

W. A. Mozart (d. 1791)

III

Chorus of Hebrew Captives (from Nabucco, 1842)

Giuseppe Verdi (d. 1901)

Solovushka (The Nightingale, 1889)

P.I. Tchalkovsky (d. 1893)

IV

Daniel, Daniel, Servant of the Lord
In That Great Gettin -up Mornin

arr. Undine Smith Moore arr. Jester Hairston

Ushers are members of the University Lake Society

Program Notes and Translations

Bach's motets differ from his cantatas in having no specified instrumental accompaniment. So while he may have performed them with instruments doubling the voice parts, they can also be sung unaccompanied. "Jesu, meine Freude," a funeral motet, alternates six verses of the well-known chorale tune by Johann Crueger, each in a different setting, with five freely-composed movements on texts from the 8th chapter of the Book of Romans. This performance presents five of the chorale settings. They proceed from straightforward harmonization (Verse 1) to settings of great intensity and complexity and then gradually back to the simplicity of the opening. It is clear even from this truncated version that "Jesu, meine Freude" is one of the outstanding masterpieces by the composer held by many to be the greatest of all.

Translation

Jesu, meine Freude, meines Herzens Weide; Jesu, meine Zier. Jesus, my joy, my heart's pasture; Jesus, my jewel.

Ach, wie lang, ach lange ist dem Herzen bange und verlangt nach dir. Ah, how long, ah, long has my heart been fearful, and longs for thee.

Gottes Lamm, mein Braeutigam! Ausser dir soll mir auf Erden Lamb of God, my Bridegroom! Beyond thee shall for me on earth

Nichts sonst Liebers werden. nothing else become so dear.

Unter deinem Schirmen bin ich vor den Stuermen aller Feinde frei. Under thy shield am I from the storms of all enemies free.

Lass den Satan wittern! Lass den Feind erbittern! Mir steht Jesus Bei! Let Satan sniff, let the Adversary rage! Jesus stands by me!

Ob es itzt gleich kracht und blitzt, obgleich Suend und Hoelle schrecken, Although it now booms and flashes, although sin and Hell frighten,

Jesus will mich decken. Jesus will cover me. Trotz dem alten Drachen, Trotz des Todes Rachen, Trotz der Furcht darzu! Despite the old dragon, despite the maw of death, despite the fear thereto!

Tobe, Welt, und springe; ich steh' hier und singe, in ganz sich'rer Ruh'. Rock, world, and crack; I stand here and sing, in utterly safe repose.

Gottes Macht haelt mich in Acht, Erd' und Abgrund muss verstummen. God's power holds me in its care, Earth and the Abyss must fall silent.

Ob sie noch so brummen. However much they may thunder.

Gute Nacht, O Wesen, das die Welt erlesen, mir gefaellst du nicht. Good night, o existence that the World chooses, I like you not.

Gute Nacht, ihr Suenden, bleibet weit dahinten, kommt nicht mehr ans Licht! Good night, ye sins, stay far behind, come no more to light!

Gute Nacht, du Stolz und Pracht, dir sei ganz, du Lasterleben, Good night, thou pride and pomp, to you be utterly, you life of vice,

Gute Nacht gegeben! a good night given!

Weicht, ihr Trauergeister! Denn mein Freudenmeister, Jesus, tritt herein. Fade away, ye shades of mourning! For my master of joy, Jesus, enters.

Denen, die Gott lieben, muss auch ihr Betrueben lauter Wonne sein. To them that love God even their grief must be pure bliss.

Duld ich schon hier Spott und Hohn, dennoch bleibst du auch im Leide If I here endure scorn and mockery, still remainst thou, in sorrow,

Jesu, meine Freude! Jesus, my joy!

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After his hectic travels as a child prodigy, Mozart settled for a time in his home town of Salzburg, where he composed music for the Cathedral under the fond (if watchful) eye of Archbishop Colloredo. The joyous "Regina coeli" was composed in about 1779, only a few years before Mozart finally moved to Vienna, hoping to become composer to the Emperor Josef II. The text is one of four sung at the service of compline since the Middle Ages. Mozart treats its recurring "alleluia" as a kind of refrain placed between the other parts of the prayer. In spirit and form, the result is not unlike the effervescent rondos that end many of his sonatas.

Translation

Regina coeli, laetare, alleluia; Queen of Heaven, rejoice, alleluia;

Quia quem meruisti portare, alleluia; Because thou wert worthy to bear, alleluia;

Resurrexit sicut dixit, alleluia. He is risen as he said, alleluia.

Ora pro nobis Deum. Alleluia. Pray for us to God. Alleluia.

* * * * * * * * *

Verdi's third opera, Nabucco ("Nebuchadnezzar," 1842) was his first smashing success and permanently established his reputation. One reason for its success was the famous Chorus of Hebrew Captives. Based on a paraphrase of the Old Testament's account of the Babylonian Captivity, its bittersweet nostalgia for a lost homeland gives it universal appeal. It has been the unofficial Italian national anthem ever since.

Translation

Va, pensiero, sull' ali dorate; va, ti posa sui clivi, sui colli, Go, my thought, on golden wings; go, perch on cliffs and hills,

Ove olezzano tepide e molli l'aure dolci del suolo natal. Where waft warm and soft the sweet odors of the native soil.

Del Giordano le rivo saluta, di Sionne le torri atterrate. Greet the banks of the Jordan, alight on the towers of Zion.

O mia patria si bella e perduta, o membranza si cara e fatal. O my fatherland, so fair and lost, o memory so dear and fatal.

Arpa d'or dei fatidici vati, perchè muta dal salice pendi? Harp of gold of the prophets, why do you mutely hang from the willow?

Le Memorie nel petto raccendi, ci favella del tempo che fu. The memories of the heart retelling, those tales of the time that was.

- O simile di Solima ai fati, traggi un suono di crudo lamento. O like Solomon of old bear the sound of a rude lament.
- O t'ispri il Signore un concento che ne infonda al patire virtù! O may the Lord inspire in you a song that will instil healing in pain!

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Also nostalgic, if less poignantly so, is Tchaikovsky's little "Nightingale' on a text probably written by him. This autumnal song conveys Northerners' preoccupation with the return of warmth and light after the long winter.

Translation

Oolyetal solovooshka dalyeko, vachuzhooyoo tyeplooyoo storonkoo. Far away the nightingale flies, to a foreign, warm land.

Vwee proshytyeh lyoodee dobreeyeh nadolga. Oolyetyet pora maya nastala! You bid farewell to your people for a long time: "My time has come to fly!"

Ee spaseeba vahm za vashoo lyoobov, za laskoo, shto menya And thanks to you for your love and kindness, that me, the

solovooshkoo nyeh g'nahlee, nightingale did not drive away,

pyessnee pyet mnyeh, solovyoo nyeh meshahlee, mahleekh dyehtok that you did not stop my songs, my little nightingale children

moeech nyeh zabuzhalee. did not molest.

Ee ohstahlsyah b'ya tyepyehr s'vahmee, and I would stay with you now,

Da leekha byehda vashee morozee. But your cold winter is so evil.

Nyeh lyooblyoo zeemee vashey byehloy, I do not like your white winter,

Nyeh lyooblyoo yah bweenogo vyehtra! I do not like your stormy wind!

Ah oozh kahk vyessnah krahssnah vehrnyehtsyah s'nyey, But certainly when beautiful spring returns,

Ee yah vehrynoos K'vahm s'novoy pyessnyey! I'll return to you with a new song!

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