

Wednesday, July 20 • 7:30 pm
Porter Center, Brevard College

Chamber Music

Peter Tchaikovsky
arranged by Schuchat

Introduction from *Serenade for Strings*

John Q. Ericson, horn
Sarah Oubre, horn
William Zehfuss, trombone
Dan Satterwhite, bass trombone
Charles Schuchat, tuba

John Beall

Quartet for Piano, Violin, Viola and
Violoncello (2001)

Quickly, lightly
Slowly, brooding
Fast and rhythmic
Maestoso; allegro

Andrew Cooperstock, piano
William Terwilliger, violin
Scott Rawls, viola
Carlton McCreery, cello

INTERMISSION

Richard Strauss

Meinem Kinde
Schlechtes Wetter
Des Dichters Abendgang
O süsßer Mai
Wiegenlied
Cäcilie

Carmen Pelton, soprano
James Howsmon, piano

Franz Schubert
Edward Elgar
arranged by Peterson

Claude Debussy
arranged by Levin

An Die Musik Op. 88, D547

Two Songs, Op. 45
Feasting I Watch
Whether I Find Thee

Trois Chanson
Dieu! Qu'il la fait bon regarder!
Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin
Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain

John Q. Ericson, horn
Sarah Oubre, horn
William Zehfuss, trombone
Dan Satterwhite, bass trombone
Charles Schuchat, tuba

Translations

Meinem Kinde (To My Child) Gustav Falke

You sleep, and gently I bend down
over your cot and bless you.
Each cautious breath I draw
is a flight soaring up to heaven,
is a quest far and wide,
to find if there is not some little star
from whose mere radiance and light
love might pluck an herb of happiness
which it could carry down on its wings
and lay upon your white coverlet.
You sleep, and gently I bend down
over your cot and bless you.

Schlechtes Wetter (Terrible Weather) Heinrich Heine

It is terrible weather:
it's raining and storming and snowing;

I sit at the window and gaze
out into the darkness.

There, a lonely light is gleaming,
and it moves slowly onward;
a little old woman with a lantern
totters across the street there.

I think she has bought flour, eggs, and
butter;
she plans to bake a cake
for her chubby, darling daughter.

She is lying at home in an armchair
and she blinks sleepily in the light;
her golden curls straying
over her sweet face.

Des Dichters Abendgang (The Poet's Evening Walk) Johann Uhland

If you stroll in the evening light

(that is the time for a poet's rapture):
always turn your face
to the glory of the now departed sun!

Your spirit will soar in noble solemnity,
you will gaze into the halls of the temple,
where all that is holy is disclosed
and heavenly forms move to and fro.

But when the dark clouds roll down around
the sanctuary,
then all is accomplished, you will turn back,
enraptured by the wonders you've seen.

You will go with quiet emotion,
you will bear in you the blessing of a song;
the brightness that you have seen there
will shine round you softly on sombre
paths.

**O süsßer Mai
(O Sweet May)
Karl Henckell**

O sweet May, have mercy;
O sweet May, I entreat you ardently:
at your bosom I see the meadow grow
warm,
and everything that lives in your realm is
growing;
you, so endlessly tranquil and benevolent,
O dear May, grant me this favour!

The drab pilgrim, who in these regions
escaped the icy breath of wintry times,
chose a maiden, as mild as you look,
spring-fresh like you in chaste
magnificence.

That we might love each other and
embrace in love -
grant it, May, the most lovely and blessed,
have mercy!

**Wiegenlied
(Lullaby)
Richard Dehmel**

Dream, dream, my sweet life,
of the heaven that brings flowers.
Shimmering there are blossoms that shiver
to the song that your mother is singing.

Dream, dream, bud of my worries,
of the day the flower bloomed;
of the bright morning of blossoming,
when your little soul opened up to the
world.

Dream, dream, blossom of my love,
of the quiet, of the holy night
when the flower of his love
made this world a heaven for me.

**Cäcilie
Heinrich Hart**

If you only knew
what it's like to dream of burning kisses,
of wandering and resting with one's
beloved,
eye turned to eye, and cuddling and
chatting -
if you only knew,
you would incline your heart to me!

If you only knew
what it's like to feel dread on lonely nights,
surrounded by a raging storm, while no one
comforts
with a mild voice your struggle-weary soul -
if you only knew,
you would come to me.

If you only knew
what it's like to live,
surrounded by God's world-creating breath,
to float up, carried by the light, to blessed
heights- if you only knew,
then you would live with me!