



The College of
St. Scholastica

CAMBIATA MUSIC SERIES

presents

Joy at the Keyboard

featuring

LeAnn House, harpsichord, pianos

assisted by

William Bastian, tenor

Shelley Gruskin, baroque flute, recorder

Penny Schwarze, baroque violin, viola da gamba

Rebecca Gruskin, baroque horn

Steve Highland, baroque violin

Ronald Kari, baroque viola

Betsy Husby, baroque cello

Mitchell Auditorium
Saturday, January 28, 2017
7:30 p.m.
Series 104

Program

<i>Concerto a tre</i> (Allegro) Loure Tempo di Menuet	Georg Philipp Telemann (1681-1767)
<i>Sonata quasi una fantasia</i> , Op. 27 No. 2 Adagio sostenuto Allegretto Presto	Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)
<i>Les collines d'Anacapri</i> <i>La fille aux cheveux de lin</i> <i>Jardins sous la pluie</i>	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
<i>Musiques nocturnes</i> From Out of Doors (1926)	Bela Bartok (1881-1945)
Who Taught You Rapture? (1998) The Meaning of Life (1997)	LeAnn House

Intermission

<i>Schlafendes Jesuskind</i> <i>Auf ein altes Bild</i> <i>Gebet</i> <i>Wo find' ich Trost</i>	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
<i>Si mes vers avaient des ailes</i>	Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)
Concerto No. 5 "Brandenburg," in D Major Allegro Affettuoso Allegro	Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

You are invited to attend the reception in the foyer after the concert..

TEXTS/TRANSLATIONS

Who Taught You Rapture?

Rembrandt's spots of light
the grain of oak awakening to oil
the indigo returning in the spring
the rain
the wren
the work
the blossoming fruit
the day in bed alone
the day in bed together
your mother's lap
your father's laugh
the silent night
the snowy trail
the summer sun
the risen loaf
the stars
the breath
the moon
the silence
who taught you rapture?

The Meaning of Life (1997)

There is a moment just before
a dog vomits when its stomach
heaves dry, pumping what's deep
inside the belly to the mouth.
If you are fast you can grab
her by the collar and shove her
out the door, avoid the slimy
bile, hunks of half chewed food
from landing on the floor.
You must be quick, decisive,
controlled, and if you miss
the cue and the dog erupts
en route, you must forgive
her quickly and give your
self to scrubbing up the mess.

Most of what I have learned
in life leads back to this.

by Nancy Fitzgerald, CSS Professor Emerita

Schlafendes Jesuskind
Gemalt von Franc. Albani

*Sohn der Jungfrau, Himmelskind!
am Boden auf dem Holz der Schmerzen
eingeschlafen
das der fromme Meister sinnvoll spielend
deinen leichten Träumen unterlegte;*

*Blume du, noch in der Knospe dämmernd
eingehüllt die Herrlichkeit des Vaters!
O wer sehen könnte,
welche Bilder hinter dieser Stirne,
diesen schwarzen Wimpern,
sich in sanften Wechsel malen!
Sohn der Jungfrau, Himmelskind!*

Auf ein altes Bild

*In grüner Landschaft Sommerflor,
bei kühlem Wasser, Schilf und Rohr,
schau, wie das Knäblein Sündelos frei
spielet auf der Jungfrau Schooss!
Und dort im Walde wonnesam,
ach, grünert schon des Kreuzes Stamm!*

Gebet

*Herr! Schicke was du willst,
ein Liebes oder Leides;
ich bin vergnügt, dass Beides
aus deinen Händen quillt.
Wollest mit Freuden und wollest
mit Leiden mich nicht überschütten!
Doch in der Mitten liegt holdes Bescheiden.*

Sleeping Christ Child.
Painting by Francesco Albani.

Son of the Virgin, heavenly child!
You have fallen asleep on the ground on
the wooden beam of Your sorrows,
which the pious artist, with symbolic fancy,
placed beneath You as a pillow for Your
weightless dreams.

You are a flower, and the glory of Your Father
is still faintly enclosed in the bud!
Oh, if we could only see
what images are painted in soft alternation
behind that brow,
behind those dark lashes!
Son of the Virgin, heavenly Child.

On an Old Painting

In the summery haze of a green landscape,
by cool water, sedges and reeds,
see how the child in innocent freedom
plays while seated in the Virgin's lap!
And there in the blissful forest,
alas, the Cross tree is already in green leaf!

Prayer

Lord! Send me what You will,
something dear or something painful.
I am satisfied that both emanate
from Your hands.
Do not overwhelm me with joys or
with sorrows!
But in the middle lies gracious moderation.