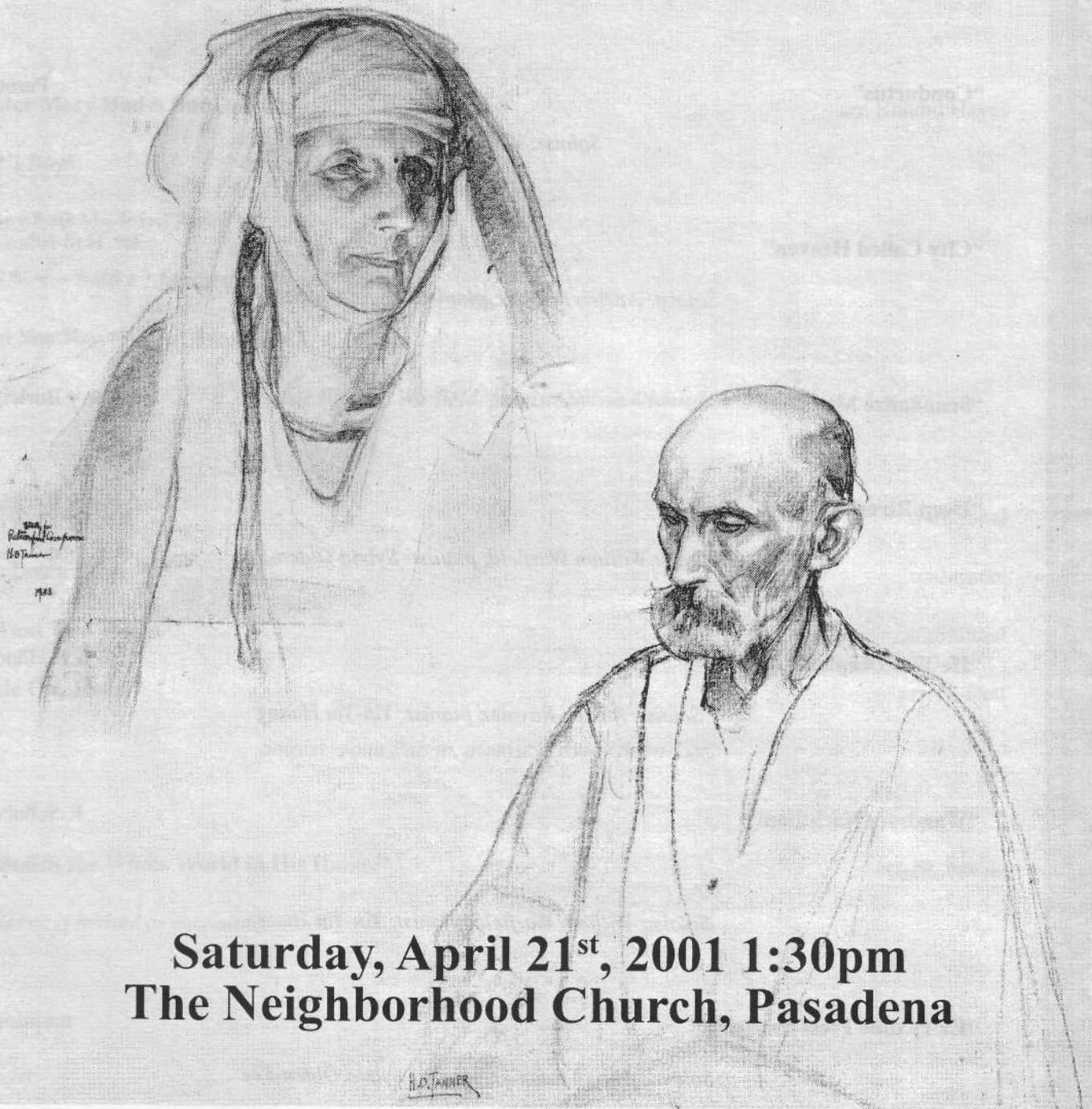


The Schiller Institute Celebrates the Divinity of Man



Saturday, April 21st, 2001 1:30pm
The Neighborhood Church, Pasadena

Welcome

Leni Rubinstein, the Schiller Institute

“Lift Every Voice and Sing”

J. Weldon Johnson/R. Rosamond Johnson

Audience is invited to sing along

“Creation”

poem by James Weldon Johnson

Reading by William Warfield

“Conductus”

Perotin

Soloist: William Warfield

“City Called Heaven”

arr. Hall Johnson

Soloist: Adrien Raynier, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“Scandalize My Name”

arr. Harry Burleigh

“Deep River”

arr. Harry Burleigh

Soloist: William Warfield, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“He Was Despised”

G.F. Händel

Soloist: Adrien Raynier, pianist: Yin-Yin Huang

“Wandrer's Nachtlied”

F. Schubert

“Wohin”

F. Schubert

Soloist: William Warfield, pianist: Yin-Yin Huang

“Ev'ry time I feel the Spirit”

traditional

Soloist: Adrien Raynier, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“Plenty Good Room”

arr. Roland Hayes

Soloist: William Warfield, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“Gestillte Sehnsucht”

Johannes Brahms, Op. 91

“Geistliches Wiegenlied”

Soloist: Adrien Raynier, Viola: John Acevedo, pianist: Yin-Yin Huang

Intermission

“Sister Mary Had-a But One Child”

arr. Roland Hayes

“Lit’l Boy”

“They Led My Lord Away”

“He Never Said a Mumberlin’ Word”

“Did You Hear When Jesus Rose?”

Soloist: William Warfield, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“Were You There”

traditional

“Go Down Moses”

traditional

“I Want Two Wings”

traditional

“Ride On, Jesus!”

arr. N. Dett

Soloist: John Patton, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“He’s Got the Whole World in His Hands”

arr. M. Bonds

Audience is invited to sing along

Lift Every Voice and Sing

*Lift every voice and sing
Till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the listening skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us,
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun
Let us march on till victory is won.*

*Stony the road we trod,
Bitter the chastening rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
Yet with a steady beat,
Have not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered,
We have come, treading our path through the blood of the
slaughtered,
Out from the gloomy past,
Till now we stand at last
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.*

*God of our weary years,
God of our silent tears,
Thou who has brought us thus far on the way;
Thou who has by Thy might
Led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee,
Lest, our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee;
Shadowed beneath Thy hand,
May we forever stand.
True to our God,
True to our native land.*

“Conductus”

Written by thirteenth-century Notre Dame organist Perotin as part of the Mass,
Christ tells of his tribulations on the Cross.

“Wandrer's Nachtlid”

Franz Schubert, D. 768,

Text by J. W. Goethe (1749-1832)

Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde,
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch!

O'er all the peaks is quiet,
In all the treetops feel thou
Hardly a breath of wind;
The little birds are silent in the forest,
Only wait, soon
You will rest as well!

“Wohin?”

Franz Schubert D. 795 Die schöne Müllerin, no. 2, text by W. Müller

Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,
Hinab zum Tale rauschen
So frisch und wunderhell.

I hear a brooklet rushing
Right out of the rock's spring,
Down there to the valley it rushes,
So fresh and wondrously bright.

Ich weiß nicht wie mir wurde,
Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,
Ich mußte auch hinunter,
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

I know not, how I felt this,
Nor did I know who gave me advice;
I must go down
With my wanderer's staff.

Hinunter und immer weiter
Und immer dem Bache nach,
Und immer frischer rauschte
Und immer heller der Bach.

Down and always farther,
And always the brook follow after;
And always rushing crisply,
And always bright is the brook.

Ist das denn meine Straße?
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Is this then my road?
O, brooklet, speak! where to?
You have with your rushing
Entirely intoxicated my senses.

Was sag ich denn vom Rauschen?
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
Es singen wohl die Nixen,
Tief unten ihren Reihn.

But why do I speak of rushing?
That can't really be rushing:
Perhaps th water-nymphs are singing rounds
down there in the deep.

Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen
Und wandre fröhlich nach!
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder
In jedem klaren Bach.

Let it sing, my friend, let it rush,
And wander joyously after!
Mill-wheels turn
In each clear brook.

“Gestillte Sehnsucht”

Johannes Brahms Op.91 no.1

In gold’nen Abendschein getaucht,
Wie feierlich die Wälder stehn!
In leise Stimmen der Vöglein hauchet
Des Abendwindes leises Weh’n.
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.

Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh!
Du Sehnen das die Brust beweget,
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?
Beim lispeln der Winde, der Vögelein,
Ihr sehnenenden Wünsche, wann schlaft ihr ein?

Ach, wenn nicht mehr in gold’ne Fernen
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen
Mit sehnenendem Blick mein Auge weilt;
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.

“Geistliches Wiegenlied”

*Johannes Brahms, op.91, no.2 * The first stanza of the song is “sung” by the Viola*

*Josef lieber Josef mein,
Hilf mir wiegen mein Kindlein fein,
Gott, der wird dein Lohner sein,
Im Himmelreich der Jungfrau Sohn,
Maria, Maria

Die ihr schwebet, um diese Palmen
In Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heil’gen Engel, stilltet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem in Windesbrausen,
Wie mögt ihr heute so zornig sausen!
O, rauscht nicht also, schweiget.
Neiget euch leis und lind.
Stillet die Wipfel! Es schlummert mein Kind.

Der Himmelsknabe duldet Beschwerde;
Ach, wie so müd er ward vom Leid der Erde.
Ach, nun im Schlaf, ihm, leise gesänftigt,
Die Qual zerinnt,
Stillet die Wipfel, es schlummert mein Kind.

Grimmige Kälte sauset hernieder,
Womit nur deck ich des Kindleins Glieder!
O all ihr Engel, die ihr geflügelt
Wandelt im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel, es schlummert mein Kind.

Steeped in a golden evening glow,
how solemnly the forests stand!
In gentle voices the little birds breathe
into the soft fluttering of evening breezes.
What does the wind whisper, and the little birds?
They whisper the world into slumber.

You, my desires, that stir
in my heart without rest or peace!
You longings that move my heart,
When will you rest, when will you sleep?
By the whispering of the wind, and of the little birds.
You yearning desires, when will you fall asleep?

Alas, when no longer into the golden distance
does my spirit hurry on dream-wings,
when no more on the eternally distant stars
does my longing gaze rest;
Then the wind and the little birds
will whisper away my longing, along with my life.

*Joseph, my good Joseph,
Help me to rock my darling child,
God will be the one to reward you
In the Heavenly kingdom of the Virgin’s Son,
Maria, Maria.

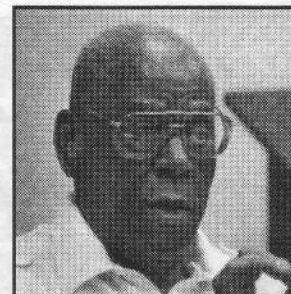
You who fly above these palm trees
In the night and the wind,
You holy angels, silence the treetops!
My child is asleep.

You palms of Bethlehem, in the raging wind,
How can you rustle so angrily today,
Do not sough thus, be silent,
Sway softly and gently. Silence the treetops!
My child is asleep.

The Child of Heaven suffers pain;
He was so weary of the sorrows of the earth.
Now gently soothed in sleep,
The agony leaves him.
Silence the treetops, my child is asleep.

Bitter cold descends,
With what can I cover my child’s limbs!
All you angels, who on wings
Hover in the air,
Silence the treetops, my child is asleep.

William Warfield, baritone, is one of the world's leading experts on Spirituals and Lieder. He is the past President of the National Association of Negro Musicians (1985-1990). Dr. Warfield was born in West Helena, Arkansas, to a family of sharecroppers. By the time he was 30 years old, he had won rave reviews in a sensational debut at New York's Town Hall. In the course of a career that has spanned more than half a century, his incomparable voice and charismatic personality have electrified the stages of six continents and earned him the title of "America's Musical Ambassador." William Warfield is a member of the Board of Directors of the Schiller Institute.



Sylvia Olden-Lee, pianist and vocal coach, was the first black professional musician at the New York Metropolitan Opera, as Vocal Coach from 1954-56, just before Marian Anderson's 1955 debut. For the next decade, she played and coached more than 500 concerts across Europe. She has been Professor of Vocal Interpretation at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia for more than 20 years, from which she is currently on leave. She is known as the teacher and inspiration for dozens of singers, including Kathleen Battle and Jessye Norman. She plays many concerts annually in America and abroad.



John Patton, Jr., tenor, was born in Arkansas and was raised in Richmond, California. Mr. Patton has studied with Roland Hayes, Berthold Bush, Arthur Kraft, Maynard Jones and John Brownlee of the Manhattan School of Music. Mr. Patton studied at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York and at the Juilliard School in New York City. He performed the role of the preacher in the movie, "The Color Purple", and has performed throughout the United States in recitals featuring classical opera, American ballads and oratorio music. Mr. Patton recently returned to Oakland, California after serving for several years as Artist-in-Residence at Clark Atlanta University in Atlanta.



Adrien Raynier is a versatile mezzo-soprano, whose many operatic roles include Amneris in "Aida", Ulrica in "Un Ballo Maschera", and Lady III in "The Magic Flute". As Hansel she has entertained thousands of Southern California children by pushing the wicked witch into the oven over 400 times! She has sung in over 50 productions with the L.A. Opera Company, and worked with many world-renowned conductors and directors. She is much in demand as an oratorio soloist, and has performed major works throughout Southern California. As a recital artist she draws from a varied repertoire of art songs, lieder, operetta, chamber music, and light and grand opera.



Yin-Yin Huang, pianist, started her musical training at the age of 10. She holds a B.S. degree and a M.M. degree from the University of Chinese Culture of Taipei, and Cal State University. She has performed as a soloist with the Chinese Philharmonic Orchestra. Since 1988, she has appeared with the Polytimbre Ensemble as both chamber musician, and teacher, at the Taiwan International Music Festival. She plays in Taiwan, Europe, and the States with her husband, violist, John Acevedo, as a member of "Duo Acevedo". She has also earned a reputation as one of the finest piano teachers in Southern California. Her students have won numerous piano competitions, and most have gone on to major universities and respected conservatories across the United States.



John Acevedo, violist, performs in numerous symphonies, and also works with the recording industry in, and around, L.A. He also teaches at two California State Universities. His performance of "Kalimatiano", written for him by Nick Ariano, took first place at the 1987 International Composition Contest held at Castlefiardo in Italy. He is renown for contemporary music performances, one of which took a place at the 1989 International Viola Congress in California. He is currently a member of the Pacific Symphony Orchestra of Orange County and is a Faculty Member of the International Chamber Music Festival in Positano, Italy.

