



The Schiller Institute's

**Musical Tribute
to the Spirit of Man**

**Saturday, April 29, 2000 2:30pm
Santa Anita Church, Arcadia**

Welcome

Leni Rubinstein, the Schiller Institute

“Lift Every Voice and Sing”

Audience is invited to sing along

J. Weldon Johnson/R. Rosamond Johnson

“Creation”

Reading by William Warfield

poem by James Weldon Johnson

“Saper Vorreste”

G. Verdi

“Tu? Tu? Piccolo Iddio”

G. Puccini

Soloist: Anna Giles, pianist: Byron Smith

“Amor Ti Vieta”

G. Giordano

Soloist: Nick Petroforte, pianist: Byron Smith

“Beautiful Golden Peacock”

folk song from Southwestern China

(mei li de jing feng)

Reed-flute: Mr. Zhao Gui-jin

“Oh feliz culpa nuestra!”

Manuel de Sumaya

“Dies Bildnis”

Wolfgang A. Mozart

Soloist: Alfredo Mendoza, pianist: Byron Smith

“Du Bist Wie eine Blume”

R. Schumann

“Die Beiden Grenadiere”

R. Schumann

Soloist: William Warfield, pianist: Byron Smith

“Pavilion of the Yellow Crane”

(huang he lou)

Gu zheng: Ms. Wang, Lian

“I Talked With God”

B. Guion

“I Want Jesus to Walk With Me”

Boatner

Soloist: Henry C. Johnson, pianist: Byron Smith

“Go Away From My Window”

Niles

Soloist: Nick Petroforte, piano: Byron Smith

“Beaming with Joy”

(xi yang-yang)

“Susana”

Reed-flute: Mr. Zhao Gui-jin, Pi ba: Ms. Wang, Li-yun, Gu zheng: Ms. Wang Lian

“Lit’l Boy, How Old Are You”

“Chillun Did You Hear When Jesus Rose?”

Soloist: William Warfield, piano: Byron Smith

Cantonese folksong

American folksong

Roland Hayes

Roland Hayes

Intermission

“Frühlingstraum”

“Die Böse Farbe”

“Aus Alten Märchen”

Soloist: Alfredo Mendoza, pianist: Byron Smith

“Wandres Nachtlied”

“Der Erlkönig”

Soloist: William Warfield, pianist: Byron Smith

“Under Heavy Siege”

(shi mian mai fu)

Pi ba: Ms. Wang, Li-yun

“Here’s One”

Soloist: Anna Giles, pianist: Byron Smith

“Balm in Gilead”

Soloist: Nick Pietroforte, pianist: Byron Smith

“Deposuit”

Soloist: Alfredo Mendoza, pianist: Byron Smith

“Take My Mother Home”

“Ain’t Got Time to Die”

Soloist: William Warfield, pianist: Byron Smith

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

Audience is invited to sing along

F. Schubert

F. Schubert

R. Schumann

F. Schumann

F. Schumann

Wm. Grant Still

arr. Burleigh

J.S. Bach

arr. Hall Johnson

Hall Johnson

arr. M. Bonds

“Beautiful Golden Peacock”

(mai li de jing feng huang)

This is folk music from the “Yi” people, an ethnic minority in Southwestern China. The music captures the merry mood of the young men and girls dancing against the background of a naturally beautiful village.

Oh, feliz culpa nuestra!

Oh, happy fault of ours!

Recitativo

As animals, trees, birds, beasts and crystals,
Although not all of them are responsible for Adam’s
failure, felt nevertheless the effects
of the horrible crime they had feared.
Today, as that wrong is being repaired,
They want to rejoice with man

“Dies Bildnis”

Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön,
Wie noch kein Auge je geseh’n!
Ich fühl’ es, wie dies Götterbild
Mein Herz mit neuer Regung füllt.
Dies’ etwas kann ich zwar nicht nennen,
Doch fühl’ ich’s hier wie Feuer brennen.
Soll die Empfindung Liebe sein?
Ja, ja, die Liebe ist’s allein.
O, wenn ich sie nur finden könnte!
O, wenn sie doch schon vor mir stände!
Ich würde, würde, warm und rein,
Was würde ich?
Ich würde sie voll Entzücken
An diesen heissen Busen drücken
Und ewig wäre sie dann mein.

From Die Zauberflöte

“Du bist wir eine Blume”

Du bist wie eine Blume
so hold und schön und rein;
ich schau’ dich an, und Wehmut
schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hande
aufs Haupt dir legen sollt’,
betend, daß Gott dich erhalte
so rein und schön und hold.

Heinrich Heine (1797 - 1856)

Aria

Oh happy fault of ours,
That receives the triumph of so great a redeemer!

With such a kindness he demonstrates
That he had to be born, live and suffer
Because of His love

“This likeness”

This likeness is enchantingly lovely,
As no eye has ever beheld!
I feel it, as this heavenly picture
My heart with new emotions fills.
This something I can not name,
Yet I feel it here like fire burning.
Can the feeling be love?
Yes, yes, love it is alone.
O, if only I could find her!
O, if only she was standing before me!
I would, would, warmly and chastely,
What would I do?
I would, full of rapture,
Against this glowing bosom press
And forever then, she would be mine.

“Thou Art so Like a Flower”

Thou art so like a flower,
So pure, and fair and kind;
I gaze on thee, and sorrow
Then in my heart I find.

It seems as though I must lay then
My hand upon thy brow,
Praying that God may preserve thee,
As pure and fair as now.

“Die Grenadiere”

Nach Frankreich zogen zwei Grenadier',
Die waren in Russland gefangen.
Und als sie kamen ins deutsche Quartier,
Sie liessen die Köpfe hangen.

Da hörten sie beide die traurige Mär:
Dass Frankreich verlorengegangen,
Besiegt und zerschlagen das grosse Heer,—
Und der Kaiser, der Kaiser gefangen.

Da weinten zusammen die Grenadier'
Wohl ob der kläglichen Kunde.
Der eine sprach: “Wie weh wird mir,
Wie brennt meine alte Wunde.”

Der andre sprach: “Das Lied is aus,—
Auch ich möcht mit dir sterben;
Doch hab ich Weib und Kind zu Haus,
Die ohne mich verderben.”

“Was schert mich Weib, was schert mich Kind,
Ich trage weit bessres Verlangen;
Lass sie betteln gehn, wenn sie hungrig sind—
Mein Kaiser, mein Kaiser gefangen!

“Gewähr mir Bruder eine Bitt:
Wenn ich jetzt sterben werde,
So nimm meine Leiche nach Frankreich mit,
Begrab mich in Frankreichs Erde.

“Das Ehrenkreuz am roten Band
Sollst du aufs Herz mir legen;
Die Flinte gib mir in die Hand,
Und gürt mir um den Degen.

“So will ich liegen und horchen still
Wie eine Schildwach, im Grabe,
Bis einst ich höre Kanonengebrüll,
Und wiehernder Rosse Getrabe.

“Dann reitet mein Kaiser wohl über mein Grab,
Viel Schwerter klirren und blitzen;
Dann steig ich gewaffnet hervor aus dem Grab,—
Den Kaiser, den Kaiser zu schützen!”
Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

“Pavilion of the Yellow Crane”

(huang he lou)

Classical music inspired by the poet Li Bai. Li Bai was a popular poet of the Tang dynasty (about 778AD). The music reveals the beauty of a classical example of Chinese architecture, “Pavilion of the Yellow Crane”, on the bank of the Yangtze River. The music also portrays the magnificence of the Yangtze river as well the ancient culture of China.

“The Grenadiers”

To France were returning two grenadiers,
From Russia where they had been taken.
And when they came to the German frontiers,
They hung down their heads forsaken.

There sadly they heard the people tell:
How France had been shattered and shaken,
Her Grand Army smashed by shot and shell,—
And the Emperor, the Emperor was taken.

Together they wept, the grenadiers,
The sorrowful story learning.
Said one: “Ah, woe!” with trembling tears,
“Woe’s me, how my old wound is burning.”

The other said: “The play is done,—
Cold death I’d gladly cherish;
But ah, I have a wife and son,
Without me they would perish.”

“Who cares for child? Who cares for wife?
In my breast deeper longings awaken;
Let them all go begging to save their life—
The Emperor, the Emperor is taken!

“O grant me, comrade, one request:
When I am dead, if you love me,
O take my corpse to France, to rest
With the soil of France above me.

“The Cross of Honor on scarlet band
Shouldst thou lay on my heart;
The musket put in my cold hand,
And girt me with dagger stout.

“Thus will I listen and lie evermore
In my grave like a sentry staying,
Till one day I hear the cannon’s roar,
And horses trampling and neighing.

“That day will my Emperor ride over my grave,
Bright swords and lances attending;
That day will I rise fully armed from the grave,—
The Emperor, the Emperor defending!”

"Frühlingstraum"

Ich träumte von bunten Blumen,
So wie sie wohl blühen im Mai;
Ich traunte von grünen Wiesen,
Von lustigem Vogelgeschrei.

Und als die Hähne krächten,
Da ward mein Auge wach;
Da war es kalt und finster,
Es schrien die Raben vom Dach.

Doch an den Fensterscheiben,
Wer malte die Blätter da?
Ihr lacht wohl über den Träumer,
Der blumen im Winter sah?

Ich traunte von Lieb' und Liebe,
Von einer schönen Maid,
Von Herzen und von Küssen,
Von Wonne und Seligkeit.

Und als die Hähne krächten,
Da ward mein Herze wach;
Nun sitz ich hier alleine
Und denke dem traume nach.

Die Augen schließ' ich wieder,
Noch schlägt das Herz so warm.
Wann grünt ihr Blätter am fenster?
Wann halt' ich mein Liebchen im Arm?

"Die böse farbe"

Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus,
Hinaus in die weite Welt;
Wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär,
Da drauben in Wald und Feld!

Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all
Pflücken von jedem Zweig,
Ich möchte die grünen gräser all
Weinen ganz totenbleich.

Ach Grün, du böse Farbe du,
Was siehst mich immer an
So stolz, so keck, so schadenfroh,
Mich armen weißen Mann?

Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Tür
In Sturm und Regen und Schnee.
Und singen ganz leise bei tag und Nacht
Das eine Wörtchen: Ade!

Horch, wenn im Wald ein Jagdhorn schallt,
Da klingt ihr Fensterlein!
Und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht aus;
Darf ich doch schauen hinein.

O binde von der Stirn dir ab
Das grüne, grüne Band;
Ade, ade! Und reiche mir
Zum Abschied deine Hand!

"A Dream of Springtime"

I dreamt of colorful flowers
Such as bloom in May;
I dreamt of green meadows,
Of merry bird songs.

And when the roosters crowed,
My eyes awoke;
It was cold and dark,
The ravens were shrieking on the roof.

But there on the window panes,
who painted those leaves?
Do you laugh at the dreamer,
Who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamt of requited love,
Of a beautiful girl,
Of hearts and of kisses,
Of bliss and happiness.

And when the roosters crowed,
My heart awoke.
Now I sit here alone,
And think about my dream.

I shut my eyes again,
My heart still beats warmly.
When will you leaves on the window turn green?
When will I hold my beloved in my arms?

"The hateful color"

I'd like to go out into the world,
Out into the wide world;
If only it weren't so green, so green,
Out there in the forest and field!

I would like to pluck all the green leaves
From every branch,
I would like to weep on all the grass
Until it is deathly pale.

Ah, Green, you hateful color, you,
Why do you always look at me,
So proud, so bold, so gloating,
And me only a poor, flour-covered man?

I would like to lay in front of her door,
In storm and rain and snow.
And sing so softly by day and by night
One little word: farewell!

Hark, when in the forest a hunter's horn sounds,
Her window clicks!
And she looks out, but not for me;
Yet I can certainly look in.

O do unwind from your brow
That green, green ribbon;
Farewell, farwell! And give me
Your hand in parting!

“Aus alten Märchen winkt es”

Aus alten Marchen winkt es
Hervor mit weiber Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen blühen
Im gold'nen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen,
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht,

Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodei'n,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmetterten drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd'hervor,
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein.
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt'ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh'ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

“Wandrer's Nachtlid”

Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde,
Warte nur; balde
Ruhest du auch!
Johann Wolfgang Goethe (1749-1832)

“From old fairy tales beckons”

From old fairy tales beckons
To me a white hand,
Where there is a singing and sounding
Of a magical land,

Where multicolored flowers bloom
In golden twilight,
And glow lovely and fragrant
With their bridal visage,

And where green trees sing
Primeval melodies;
Where breezes sound secretly,
And birds warble;

And mist-figures rise
From the earth
And dance airy round-dances
In an odd chorus;

And blue sparks burn
On every leaf and twig,
And red lights run
In a mad, chaotic circle;

And loud springs break
Out of wild marble stone,
And in the streams--oddly--
Shine forth the reflections.

Ah! If I could enter there
And indulge my heart
And give up my agony
And be free and holy!

Ah! This is the land of bliss
That I see so often in a dream,
But when the morning sun comes,
It melts like mere froth.

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!

“Erlkönig”

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind.
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.—

Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?—
Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?—
Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.—

“Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel’ ich mit dir;
Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand;
Meine Mutter hat manch’ gülden Gewand.”

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?—
Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind!
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.—

“Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.”

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?—
Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, Ich seh’ es genau;
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.—

“Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt,
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch’ ich Gewalt.”
Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!—

Dem Vater grauset’s, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not;
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.
Johann Wolfgang Goethe (1749-1832)

“Under Heavy Siege”

(shi mian mai fu)

The story tells that in 202 BC, Kingdom “Chu” and Kingdom “Han” fought each other at “Gai Xia”, a battlefield in Anhui Province, for the overlord position in China. The music vividly depicts fierce fighting and agony of death.

“Deposit”

Deposit, deposit potentes
De sede et exaltavit humiles.
Lk 1, 46-55

“Erl King”

Who’s riding so late through night and wind?
It is the father with his child.
He has the boy secure in his arm,
He holds him close, he keeps him warm.—

My son, why hide your face in fear?—
See you not, father, the Erl King there?
The Erl King with his crown and train?—
My son, ‘tis but a streak of fog.—

“You lovely child, come, go with me!
Quite wonderful games I’ll play with thee;
Many bright flowers grow on the shore;
My mother has many golden garments.”

My father, my father, and hear you not,
What the Erl King to me softly promised?—
Be calm, stay quiet, my child!
In dry leaves rustles the wind.—

“Wouldst, fine lad, thou with me go?
My daughters shall upon thee wait royally;
My daughters perform their nightly revels
To cradle, and dance and sing to thee.”

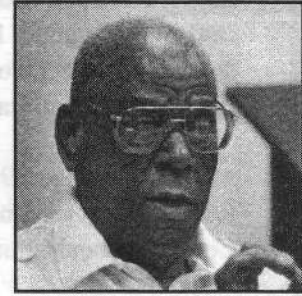
My father, my father, and see you not
Erl King’s daughters, in that shadowy place?—
My son, my son, I see it clearly;
It looks like the Willows so gray.—

“I love thee, I’m aroused by thy beautiful form,
And be thou not willing, then I use force.”
My father, my father, now he’s clutching me!
The Erl King has painfully hurt me!—

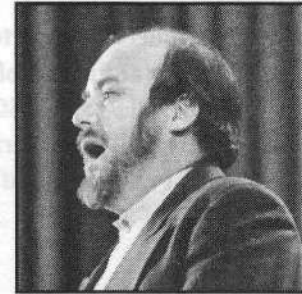
The father shudders, he rides faster,
He holds in his arms the gasping child,
He reaches the courtyard with strain and stress;
In his arms the child was dead.

He overthrows the mighty,
And uplifts the humble.

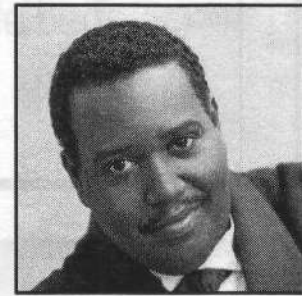
William Warfield, baritone, is one of the world's leading experts on Spirituals and Lieder. He is the past President of the National Association of Negro Musicians (1985-1990). Dr. Warfield was born in West Helena, Arkansas, to a family of sharecroppers. By the time he was 30 years old, he had won rave 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.



Alfredo Mendoza, Tenor and Choral conductor, is identified in Mexico as one of the leading promoters of children's choral singing in Mexico during the last two decades of the 20th century, a period of time when public education and cultural institutions have done little in this area. Mendoza has won high esteem for his careful music preparation of choirs and also for his special children's choral sound. He has developed a fine sense of voice production, taking profit both from his own training in bel canto singing and concert music, and of his interest in the singing school of the famous Ninos Cantores de Morella and Monserrat Abbey Boys Choir (Catalonia). Mendoza has worked together the Schiller Institute in special tasks, diffusing, classical vocal music, and promoting the training of children and youth in classical singing through concerts, festivals, workshops and recordings.



Byron J. Smith, received his degrees from California State University, Long Beach. He is an associate professor of music at Los Angeles Harbor College where he specializes in commercial music. He freelances as music director, studio musician, arranger and producer, and has received rave reviews for his direction of both theatrical and live productions. His composition "Children of the Night", won the NAACP Theater Image Award for best original score and music direction. His professional choir, The Spirit Chorale of Los Angeles, has toured the world and received international acclaim. For 21 years Byron has served as organist and choir director of the Maceonia Baptist Church of Los Angeles, and recently became the Music Coordinator of the Grant AME Church. He also serves on the national board of directors of the National Association of Negro Musicians.



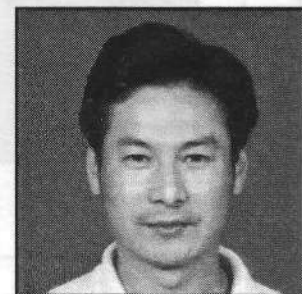
Ms. Wang, Lian, is a ranked performer of the Chinese zither, the gu zheng. She graduated from Shenyang Academy of Music in 1977. After that, she joined the Liaoning Singing and Dancing Troupe from 1978 to 1997. During the past twenty years, Ms. Wang has become well known in China, and has been the leading solo player in the Liaoning Singing and Dancing Troupe. She is an outstanding teacher of the gu zheng, and many of her students have won competitions at the national level in China. She now resides in Los Angeles where she teaches and does the bulk of her performances.



Ms. Wang, Li-yun, graduated from Tianjin Conservatoire in 1990, and she is a well-known "pi-ba" virtuoso. She is employed by China's National Broadcasting Orchestra as a professional musician, and also represented China as a "pi-ba" player in Hong Kong, Singapore, Taiwan, the U.S., and the countries of Southeast Asia. In 1990, she organized a large personal concert in Tianjin. After winning numerous "pi-ba" contests internationally, she now lives in Los Angeles where she teaches.



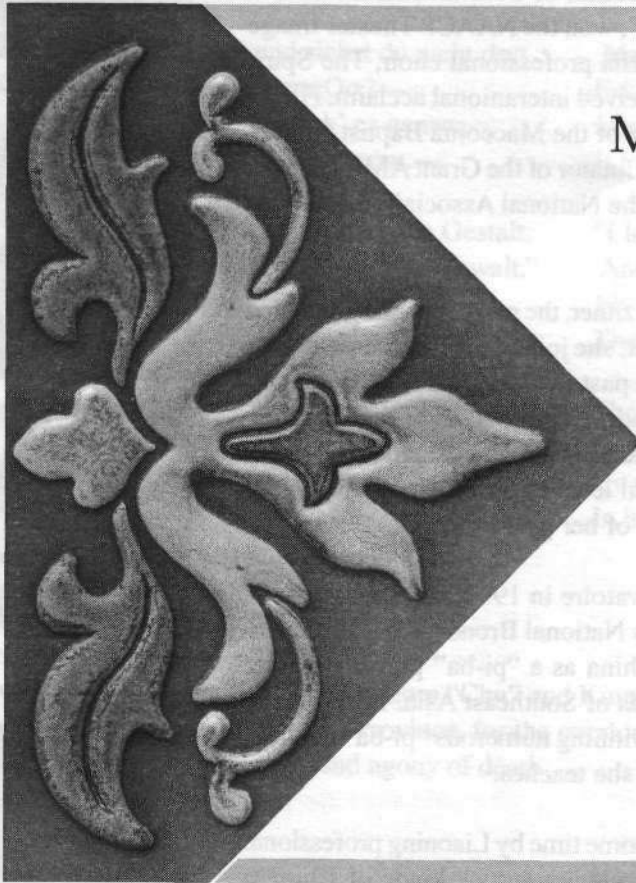
Mr. Zhao, Gui-jing, a solo flutist, was employed for some time by Liaoning professional arts & music organization. He is accomplished at playing various kinds of Chinese traditional and folk musical instruments, such as bamboo flute, bamboo pipe, reed mouth organ, etc. Over the past decades he has been awarded many honors in China and is a very popular folk musician as well.



Henry Charles Johnson, Baritone, has pursued a broad range of solo, ensemble and theatre arts performance studies throughout his musical career. He has received many accolades and awards, and is increasingly in demand for special occasion events. He has been a guest soloist with the Carson/Dominguez Symphony, and many other theatrical solo performances. He is currently being coached by Byron Smith.

Anna Giles, age 79, Soprano, studied at the Institute of Art, Detroit Michigan. A member of the George Robert Farner branch, Mrs. Gates was a featured soloist with the Sanctuary Choir of Lake Avenue Congregational Church of Pasadena, which toured Europe in 1989. She is currently being coached by Samuel Walker.

Nicholas Pietroforte, lyric Tenor, age 70. Nicholas was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where he started singing at the age of 10. Nick helped organize the Fresno Opera Association. The bulk of his studies were with UCLA and USC Opera departments. He has sung lead tenor roles in French, German and Italian Operas extensively in America and Europe. He presently sings in the choir at his church, St. Albans, in Los Angeles. Nick believes that if you sing well, you feel well, and it's good for your spirit!



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