

*Evoking the Spirit of
the American Joan of Arc*



Saturday, October 28th 2000 1:00 p.m.
Pasadena City College, Harbeson Hall

Welcome

Leni Rubinstein, the Schiller Institute

“Lift Every Voice and Sing”

J. Weldon Johnson/R. Rosamond Johnson

Audience is invited to sing along

“Cortigiani” (From “Rigoletto”)

G. Verdi

Soloist: Dorceal Duckens, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“Morgen” (Op. 27 # 5)

R. Strauss

“Die Nacht” (Op. 10 # 3)

R. Strauss

“Vissi D’Arte Vissi D’ Amore” (From Tosca)

Puccini

Soloist: Ella Lee, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“An die Musik”

F. Schubert

“Gretchen am Spinnrade”

F. Schubert

Soloist: Althea Moultrie, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“Ritorna Vnoitor” (From Aida)

G. Verdi

Soloist: Ella Lee, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“Un della mia sorte” (From Barber of Seville)

G. Rosini

Soloist: Dorceal Duckens, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“Unfinished Mission of a Marshal of the Song Dynasty”

He, Zhan-hau

(lin an yi hen)

Gu zheng: Ms. Wang, Lian, pianist: Mr. Tom Tang

“Die Beiden Grenadiere”

R. Schumann

“Du Bist Wie eine Blume”

R. Schumann

“Der Erlkönig”

F. Schubert

Soloist: William Warfield, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

Intermission

“Go Down Death” poem by James Weldon Johnson

Reading by William Warfield

“Goin’ Home”

A. Dvorak

“Lit’l Boy, How Old Are You”

Roland Hayes

Soloist: William Warfield, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“Witness”

Hall Johnson

“Nobody Knows the Trouble I’ve Seen”

Harry Burleigh

“Hold On”

Hall Johnson

Soloist: Dorceal Duckens, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“Cruxifixion” poem by James Weldon Johnson

Reading by William Warfield

“Cruxifixion”

traditioinal

“Chillun Did You Hear When Jesus Rose?”

Roland Hayes

Soloist: William Warfield, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“Every Time I Feel the Spirit”

Harry Burleigh

“Deep River”

Harry Burleigh

Soloist: Dorceal Duckens, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“Scandalize My Name”

arr. Harry Burleigh

“Take My Mother Home”

arr. Hall Johnson

“Ain’t Got Time to Die”

Hall Johnson

Soloist: William Warfield, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

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

arr. M. Bonds

Audience is invited to sing along

“Morgen”

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde.

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen.

John Henry Mackay (1864-1933)

“Die Nacht”

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus dem Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

All Lichter dieser Welt,
All Blumen, all Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

H. von Gilm zu Rosenegg (1815-1864)

“An die Musik”

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bebre Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel bebrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

Franz von Schober (1796-1882)

“Tomorrow”

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path I will take,
it will unite us again, we happy ones,
upon this sun-breathing earth.

And to the wide shore with blue waves,
we will descend quietly and slowly;
silently, we will look into each other's eyes
and the silence of happiness will settle upon us.

“The Night”

Night steps out of the woods,
And sneaks softly out of the trees,
Looks about in a wide circle,
Now beware.

All the lights of this world,
All flowers, all colors
It extinguishes, and steals the sheaves
From the field.

It takes everthing that is dear,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes away, from the cathedral's copper roof,
The gold.

The shrubs stand plundered,
Draw nearer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear the night will also steal
You from me.

“To Musik”

Oh beautiful art, in how many grey hours,
Where the life's wild cycle hurled me,
Have you my heart to warm love reignited,
Have you pulled me into a beter world!

Often has a sigh from your harp flowed,
A sweet, holy chord from you
To reveal for me better times from Heaven,
You beautiful art, I thank you for that!

“Meine Ruh’ ist hin”

Meine Ruh’ ist hin
 Mein Herz ist schwer,
 Ich finde sie nimmer
 Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab
 Ist mir das Grab,
 Die ganze Welt
 Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
 Ist mir verrückt,
 Mein armer Sinn
 Ist mir zerstückt.

Nach ihm schau ich
 Zum Fenster hinaus,
 Nach ihm geh ich
 Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
 Sein’ edle Gestalt,
 Seine Mundes Lächeln
 Seiner Augen Gewalt.

Und seiner Rede
 Zauberfluss,
 Sein Händedrück,
 Und ach, sein Kuss!

Mein Busen drängt sich
 Nach ihm hin.
 Ach dürft ich fassen
 Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn,
 So wie ich wollt,
 An seiner Küssen
 Vergehen sollt!

J. W. Goethe (1749-1832)

“My peace is gone”

My peace is gone
 My heart is heavy,
 I will find it never
 And never more.

Where I do not have him,
 That is the grave,
 The whole world
 Is bitter to me.

My poor head
 Is crazy to me,
 My poor mind
 Is torn apart.

For her only, I look
 Out of the window
 Only for him do I go
 Out of the house.

His tall walk,
 His noble figure,
 His mouth’s smile,
 His eyes’ power,

And his mouth’s
 Magic flow,
 His handclasp,
 And oh, his kiss!

My bosom urges itself
 Toward him.
 Oh, might I grasp
 And hold him!

And kiss him,
 As I would wish,
 At his kisses
 I should die!

“Unfinished Mission of a Marshal of the Song Dynasty”

The music tells an ancient story of the Song Dynasty(960-1279 A.D.) where a famous marshal, Yu Fei, led an attack against the enemy in northern China, to free the captive emperor, kept in a Beijing jail. Due to corruption and conspiracy in the Song court, the marshal was betrayed and died in battle. The music vividly reflects the fierce fighting, marshal Yu Fei’s integrity and bravery, and tragic feelings about his death.

“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)

“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)

“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!”

“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.

“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)

“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.”

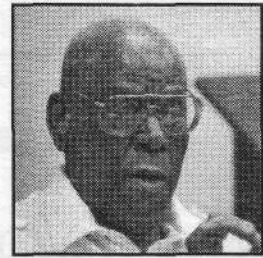
My father, my father, and see you not
 Erl King’s daughters, in that shadowy place?—
 My son, my son, I see it clearly;
 It looks like the Willows so gray.—

“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.



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.



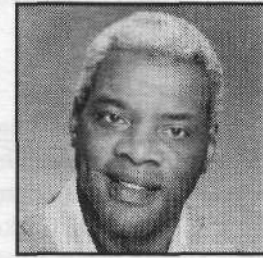
Sylvia Olden-Lee, pianist and vocal coach, was the first black professional musician at the New York Metropolitan Opera, as Vocal Coach from 1954-56, just before Marian Anderson's 1955 debut. For the next decade, she played and coached more than 500 concerts across Europe. She has been Professor of Vocal 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.



Ella Lee, was born in Tyler, Texas and grew up in Los Angeles, California. She attended U.S.C., U.C.L.A., and was awarded scholarships to further her studies at Bayreuth Festspiel in Germany. She made her debut at the San Francisco Opera as the Empress in Strauss' Die Frau ohne Schatten. Winthrop Sargeant, critic for The New Yorker, called her performance "Superb" and San Francisco Chronicle exclaimed "She was magnificent!" Miss Lee was one of the winners of the L.A. Times 15th annual "Woman of the Year" awards. Ella Lee has sung concerts, opera and recitals in America, Canada and Europe, and sung with many notable conductors, including Zubin Mehta, Leonard Bernstein, and Seiji Ozawa.



Dorceal Duckens, baritone, is a native of Temple, Texas and number eight of twelve children. He holds a BA degree in Vocal Performance, and a MA degree in Music Education from Prairie View A&M University, and has studied at the Catholic University in Washington, DC. Mr. Duckens has performed major roles with the Houston Grand Opera, Los Angeles Metropolitan Opera, Michigan Opera Company, the Nevada Symphony and the Houston Ebony Opera Guild. He has performed the title roles in Don Giovanni, the Marriage of Figaro, and, presently, The Barber of Seville, with the Houston Ebony Opera. His international performances have taken him to the Spoleto Festival in Italy and the Bahama Islands. Mr. Duckens is the Minister of Music at the Heavenly Star Baptist church.



Althea Celeste Moultrie, soprano, has been singing with the Opera Pasadena for about 5 years. As a student of Ms. Ella Lee, she has pursued a broad range of solo, ensemble and theatre arts performance studies. She has been recognized as an outstanding singer having done most of her performance here in the Pasadena and Altadena area, as well as singing at the Lincoln Center, Washington D.C., Hollywood Bowl, Dorothy Chandler, and the Orange County Performing Art Center. She has just completed a performance of Cosi Fan Tutte with the Opera Pasadena and will be performing La Traviata in June of 2001.



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.



Mr. Tom Tang, a native from Shanghai, received his piano training from the Department of Piano Performance at the Shanghai Conservatory of Music in 1980's. During his performance in China, Mr. Tang was rewarded, several times, national level awards for his outstanding achievements, and was invited to give performances and presentations overseas. A few years ago, Mr. Tang moved to the Los Angeles area, where he, since then, has been engaged in performing, teaching and composing.

