

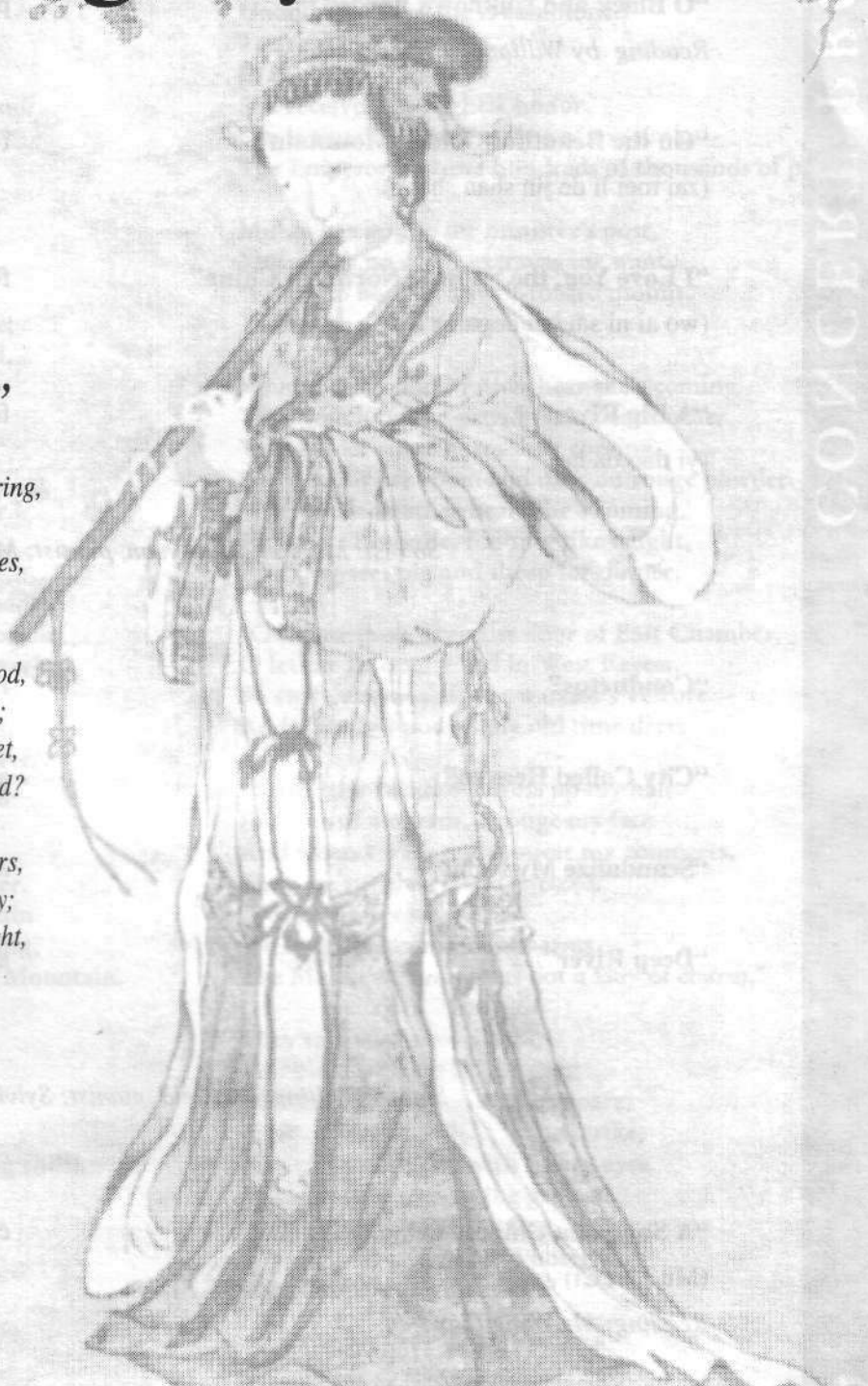
Musical Tribute to the Dignity of Man

"Lift Every Voice and Sing"

*Lift ev'ry voice and sing, till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise, high as the list'ning skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.*

*Stony the road we trod, bitter the chast'ning 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?*

*God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,
Thou who hast 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.*



**Saturday, October 30, 1999 2:30pm
Pasadena City College, Harbeson Hall**

CONCERT

Welcome

Leni Rubinstein, Schiller Institute and Wang Li, Holy Star Music Foundation

“Lift Every Voice and Sing”

Audience is invited to sing along

J. Weldon Johnson/R.Rosamond Johnson

“O Black and Unknown Bards”

Reading by William Warfield

poem by James Weldon Johnson

“On the Beautiful Golden Mountain”

(zai mei li de jin shan shang)

folk song from Tibet

“I Love You, the Snow in Northern China”

(wo ai ni sai bei de xue)

folk song

“A Big River”

(yi tiao da he)

folk song from northern China

Soloist: Ms. Pei, Xiao-yuan, pianist: Mr. Tom Tang

“Conductus”

Perotin

“City Called Heaven”

arr. Hall Johnson

“Scandalize My Name”

arr. Harry Burleigh

“Deep River”

arr. Harry Burleigh

Soloist: William Warfield, pianist: Sylvia Olden-Lee

“A Song of a Chinese Female General”

(Mu Lan Ci)

Reading: Ms. Wang Lian

classical Chinese poem

“Sunshine On the Sky Mountain”

Huang, Hu-wei

Flutist: Mr. Tang Song-ping, pianist: Mr. Tom Tang

Intermission

“Die beiden Grenadiere”

R. Schumann

“Der Erlkoenig”

F. Schubert

“Wandrer's Nachtlied”

F. Schubert

Soloist: William Warfield, 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: Tom Tang

“A Singing Fishing Boat Returning Home Cheerfully In the Dusk of Evening”

(yu ge chang wan)

Gu zheng: Ms. Wang Lian, pianist: Mr. Tom Tang, flutist: Mr. Tang, Song-ping

“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

O Black and Unknown Bards

O black and unknown bards of long ago,
 How came your lips to touch the sacred fire?
 How, in your darkness, did you come to know
 The power and beauty of the minstrel's lyre?
 Who first from midst his bonds lifted his eyes?
 Who first from out the still watch, lone and long,
 Feeling the ancient faith of prophets rise
 Within is dark-kept soul, burst into song?

Heart of what slave poured out such melody
 As "Steal away to Jesus"? On its strains
 His spirit must have nightly floated free,
 Though still about his hands he felt his chains.
 Who heard great 'Jordan roll'? Whose starward eye
 Saw chariot "swing low"? And who was he
 That breathed that comforting, melodic sigh,
 "Nobody knows de trouble I see"?

What merely living clod, what captive thing,
 Could up toward God through all its darkness grope,
 And find within its deadened heart to sing
 These songs of sorrow, love and faith, and hope?
 How did it catch that subtle undertone,
 That note in music heard not with the ears?
 How sound the elusive reed so seldom blown,
 Which stirs the soul or melts the heart to tears?

Not that great German master in his dreams
 Of harmonies that thundered amongst the stars
 At the creation, ever heard a theme
 Nobler than "Go down, Moses." Mark its bars,
 How like a mighty trumpet call they stir
 The blood. Such are the notes that men have sung
 Going to valorous deeds; such tones there were
 That helped make history when time was young.

There is a wide, wide wonder in it all,
 That from degraded rest and servile toil
 The fiery spirit of the seer should call
 These simple children of the sun and soil.
 O black slave singers, gone, forgot, unfamed,
 You—you alone, of all the long, long line
 Of those who've sung untaught, unknown, unnamed,
 Have stretched out upward, seeking the divine.

You sang not deeds of heroes or of kings;
 No chant of bloody war, no exulting paen
 Of arms-won triumphs; but your humble strings
 You touched in chord with music empyrean.
 You sang far better than you knew; the songs
 That for your listeners' hungry hearts sufficed
 Still live,—but more than this to you belongs:
 You sang a race from wood and stone to Christ.

"On the Beautiful Golden Mountain"

On the beautiful Tibetan plateau,
 Golden sunshine covers the whole area.
 Herdsmen stay in their warm and cozy homes
 and enjoy the happy life in their homeland.

"I Love You, the Snow in Northern China"

I love you, the snow in northern China,
 Flying freely to cover the whole land.
 Your flying is so graceful and
 your hearts are so purified.
 You are the twin sister of the spring rain,
 You are the special envoy of the spring.

I love you, the snow in northern China,
 Flying freely to cover the whole land.
 Your figure is like jade, decorated
 with the whole world.
 You melt the land with your own life,
 Moisten the wheat flowers in the land, and
 all the young lives in the spring.

"A big river"

A big river, waves being high and wide.
 Winds blow the wheat smell to both banks.
 My home is on the bank, I am familiar to the
 sounds of the boatmen and the white sails.

Girls look like fresh flowers.
 The chests of young men are broad.
 To build a new world, let's awake the
 sleeping mountains and change the river into a new
 route.

Beautiful mountains and beautiful rivers,
 Every road is wide and straight.
 I entertain my friends from far away with
 delicious wines, but when the jackals and wolves
 come,
 the hunting guns are ready.

This is my great homeland, where I grew up.
 This is a vast country, where a radiant and
 enchanting sunshine sweeps over the land.

"Conductus"

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

"A Song of a Chinese Female General"

The poem describes that 100 years ago, a young
 woman named Mu Lan, at the age of 18, went to the
 battlefields to fight the invading enemy, because her
 father, a retired and aged general, could not do it by
 himself. Twelve years later, when Mu Lan returned
 home victoriously from the battlefield, she was
 greeted by the Emperor and was promoted to the
 rank of general. Mu Lan declined the offer and
 returned to her homeland.

“Sunshine On the Sky Mountain”

Folk song from the Sky mountain region of the Xinjiang province. The music comprises two parts: the first part describes the beautiful scene of the Sky mountains, where the herdsmen tend their sheep and horses. The second part reflects the local people happily dancing by the campfire for celebration of their holidays.

“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)

“A Singing Fishing Boat Returning Home Cheerfully In the Dusk of Evening”

Folk music from southern China, where Chinese fishermen live by fishing. Sometimes they have to return home before dark. However, they always return with a great catch. The song describes the merry mood of the fishermen, who are returning home at sunset, with the glowing sunshine, and with singing and cheerful whistling, because they have a good catch.

“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!”

“Erkönig”

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 Erkönig 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
Erkönigs 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!
Erkönig 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)

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)

“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.

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!

“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 music vividly reflects the fierce fighting, marshal Yu Fei’s integrity and bravery, and tragic feelings about his death.

MULAN

Click, Click, and again click, click
By the doorway, Mulan weaves,
When all at once the shuttles cease
A sigh is heard with solemn grief.

"O my daughter, who is on your mind?
O my daughter who is in your heart?
"I have no one on my mind,
I have no one in my heart."

"But last night I read the battle roll,
A roll consisting of 12 scrolls.
The Khan is drafting an army of awe;
My father's name is on each headroll.

"Alas, Father has no grown son,
Alas, Mulan has no elder brother.
But I will buy a saddle and horse,
And join the army in place of Father."

In the East Market she buys a steed,
From the West Market she buys a saddle,
From the South Market she buys a bridle,
in the North Market she buys a long whip.

At dawn she bids her family farewell,
At dusk, she camps by the Yellow River.
She no long hears her parents calling.
Upon her pillow the waters whisper.

At dawn she departs the Yellow River.
At dusk, she arrives at Black Mountain
She no longer hears her parents calling,
But Tartar horses wailing from Yen Mountain.

She gallops ten thousand miles,
For the war she has to honor.
She crosses lofty hills,
Like an eagle soaring over.
From northern gusts, through biting chills,
Echoes the watchmans' clapper.
With wintry glow, of icy hue,
Light glimmers on her armor.

Generals die in a hundred battles,
Our warrior's back, how ten years fly.
Upon her return she is summoned
To see the Emperor.
In the Hall of Light,
She receives the highest honor.
She is awarded a promotion of top rank.
The Emperor bestows hundreds of thousands of prizes.

Mulan has no use for minister's post,
Mulan has no otehr extravagant want.
"I wish to borrow a swift-footed mount,
To take me back to my home."

When Father and Mother hear she's coming
They watch by the gate, bracing each other.
When elder sister hears she's coming,
She runs to her room and dabs on rouge powder.
When little brother hears she's coming,
He whets his knife, flashing like a light,
And prepares pig and sheep for dinner.

"O let me push open the door of East Chamber,
O let me sit on my bed in West Recess.
So swiftly comes off the warrior's vesture.
And silently I put on my old-time dress.

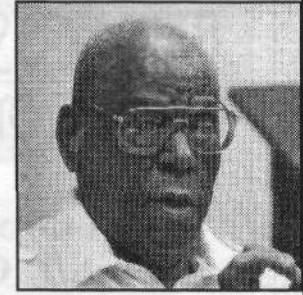
"Beside the window I dress up my hair.
In front of a mirror, I rouge my face.
And when I walk out to meet my compeers,
They are perplexed and amazed."
"For twelve years,
We fought as comrades-in-arms.
The Mulan we know was not a lady of charm."

They say, to choose a hare,
You pick them up by the ears;
There are telling signs to compare:
In air, the male will kick and strike,
While females stare with bleary eyes.
But if both are set to the ground,
And left to bounce in a flee,
Who will be so wise as to observe,
That the hare is a he or she?

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.



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.



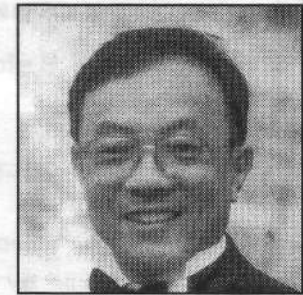
Ms. Pei, Xiao-yuan, folk singer. After graduating from Shenyang Academy of Music in 1967, Ms. Pei became the solo folk singer in Liaoning Singing Opera Theater. In 1980, she was rewarded the highest award in a singing competition, and joined a group of artists touring Canada, the United States, and other countries. In 1987, Ms. Pei obtained a professorship and taught, in the following five years, in Malaysia. She now resides in Los Angeles where she teaches and performs.



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. Tang, Song-ping, solo flutist. Mr. Tang played in the Shanghai Symphony Orchestra, before he came to the United States in 1988. After graduating from the University of Alabama with a degree in Flute Performance, he continued his studies at Duquesne University in Pennsylvania, where he was awarded the Master's Degree in Flute Performance. Mr. Tang is a member of the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra, and the Los Angeles Chinese Symphony Orchestra.



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.

