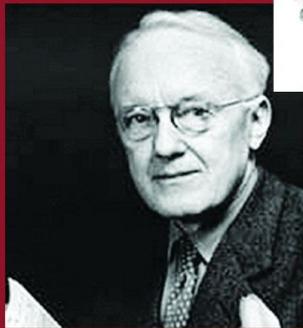
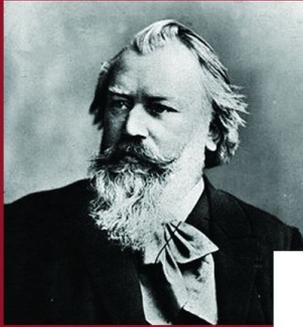


Peninsula Cantare

38th Season

Janice Gunderson, Music Director

Alexander Bootzin, Piano



Music of Brahms, Schubert and Thompson

SING ME A SONG

**Saturday, April 12 at 7:30 pm Cañada College Theatre
4200 Farm Hill Blvd., Redwood City**

**Sunday, April 27 3:00 pm Hope Lutheran Church
600 42nd Ave., San Mateo**

Program

Music of Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

An Die Musik (To Music)
Salve Regina (Hail, O Queen)
Kyrie from Mass in A flat (Missa Solemnis)
Sharon Rice, Soprano
Vicki Hanson, Alto
Gaylon Babcock, Tenor
Ron Hodges, Bass

Lebenslust (Love of Life)
Schicksalslenker (Lord of Fortune)
Majestät'sche Sonnenrosse (Majestic Sun Horses)
Der Tanz (The Dance)

Music of Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Gipsy Songs, Op. 103
Gaylon Babcock, Tenor

Music of Randall Thompson (1899-1984)

Frostiana—The poems of Robert Frost (1874-1963)
The Road Not Taken
A Girl's Garden
The Pasture
Choose Something Like a Star

Music of Gail Kubik (1914-1984)

Choral scherzos based on well-known tunes
Oh Dear! What can the matter be?
Polly-Wolly-Doodle
Monique Saviano, Soprano
Marge Cox, Alto
Robert Janssen, Bass

Program Notes

Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828)

Schubert was born into a humble family in Vienna, but his environment was full of music-making. He composed an amazing amount of music in his short life: ten symphonies and other orchestral pieces; seventeen operas, mostly fragments; fourteen string quartets and other chamber pieces; twenty-two piano sonatas, many “character” pieces for piano, and over six hundred songs. Unfortunately, his untimely death occurred before his full potential had been realized. His most important contribution was in the field of *lieder*. The spontaneous melodies in his songs expressed every shade of poetic meaning from the works of the best-known poets of the day. The piano accompaniment was brought into greater prominence in establishing the mood, in descriptive figures, harmonic changes, and in the song structure. Thus in many songs the melody and the accompaniment cannot be separated.

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Born in Hamburg and died in Vienna, Brahms is the best example of the continuation of certain Classic traditions in the Romantic style. Within disciplined forms, Brahms assimilated into his style the typical Romantic richness of harmony, remote and colorful modulations, contrast of sonority, and complex rhythmic combinations. His output includes four symphonies, extensive chamber music, piano sonatas and concertos. In his 200 songs he is closer to the typical lyrical expression of Romanticism. The “Zigeunerlieder” was composed between 1886 and 1888 and musically describes Brahms’ fascination with the colorful gypsy life full of intense emotions.

Randall Thompson (1899-1984)

Eminent American composer and teacher educated at Harvard University (B. A. 1920; M.A. 1922). Thompson twice won a Guggenheim Fellowship, and held academic positions at Wellesley College, University of California, Berkeley, Princeton, and Harvard. *Frostiana* was commissioned in 1958 for the two-hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the Town of Amherst, Massachusetts. The work was first performed as part of the Bicentennial Commemoration at an Inter-Faith Convocation in the Amherst Regional High School Auditorium on October 18, 1959. It has since become a beloved “classic” in American choral literature.

Gail Kubik (1914-1984)

Born in South Coffeyville, OK, Kubik studied at the Eastman School of Music, the American Conservatory in Chicago and Harvard University. He won the Pulitzer Prize for Music in 1952 for his *Symphony Concertante*. During his lifetime he wrote numerous film scores, including *Gerald McBoing-Boing*, a cartoon based on a story by Dr. Seuss.

Texts

Music of Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

An Die Musik (To Music)

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

Thou Holy Art, how oft in hours of sadness,
When life's encircling storms about me whirled,
Hast thou renewed warm love in me
and gladness,
Hast thou conveyed me to a better world!

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

Oft hath a sigh that from thy harp-strings
sounded,
About me breathing sacred harmony,
Revealed a joy, a heav'nly bliss unbounded,
Thou Holy Art, for this my thanks to thee!

Salve Regina (Hail, O Queen)

Salve Regina, Mater Misericordiae,
Vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, Salve!
Ad te clamamus,
exsules filii Evae,
Ad te suspiramus
gementes et flentes
in hac lacrimarum valle.

Hail O Queen, Mother of mercy
Our life, our sweetness and our hope, Hail!
To thee do we cry,
poor banished children of Eve,
To thee do we send up our sighs,
groaning and weeping
in this valley of tears.

Eja ergo, advocata nostra,
Illos tuos misericordes oculos
ad nos converte
Et Jesum, benedictum fructum
ventris tui,
Nobis, post hoc exilium, ostende,
O pia, O clemens, O dulcis Virgo Maria.

Hasten therefore, our advocate,
And turn your merciful eyes
toward us.
And show us Jesus, the blessed fruit
of your womb,
After this exile.
O pious, O merciful, O sweet Virgin Mary.

Kyrie from Mass in A flat (Missa Solemnis)

Kyrie eleison	Lord have mercy
Christe eleison	Christ have mercy
Kyrie eleison	Lord have mercy

Lebenslust (Love of Life)

Wer Lebenslust fühlet,
der bleibt nicht allein,
Allein sein ist öde,
wer kann sich da freu'n,

When life is a pleasure,
seclusion is rare,
How dull to be lonely,
such gloom and despair!

Im traulichen Kreise,
beim herzlichen Kuss,
Beisammen zu leben,
ist Seelengenuss,

The warmest embrace,
the affectionate kiss,
In harmony dwelling,
such friendship is bliss.

Schicksalslenker (Lord of Fortune)

Schicksalslenker, blicke nieder,
Auf ein dankerfülltes Herz;

Lord of fortune, look toward us,
See our ever thankful hearts;

Uns belebt die Freude wieder,
Fern entfloh'n ist jeder Schmerz;

Peace and happiness reward us,
Pain and sorrow hence departs;

Und das Leid, es ist vergessen,
Durch die Nebel strahlt der Glanz
Deiner Größe unermessen,
Wie aus hellem Sternenkranz.

Gone is grief, no more returning,
Shines your glory from afar,
Through the mists our eyes discerning,
Brighter than the brightest star,

Liebevoll nahmst du der Leiden
Herben Kelch von Vaters Mund;

Lovingly you bore our failing,
All our sins at God's command,

Darum ward in Fern und Weiten
Deine höchste Milde kund.

Thus it is, your love prevailing,
All the world shall understand,

Schicksalslenker, blicke nieder,
Auf ein dankerfülltes Herz.

Lord of fortune, look toward us,
See our ever thankful hearts.

Majestät'sche Sonnenrosse (Majestic Sun Horses)

Majestät'sche Sonnenrosse
Durch des Lichtes weiten Raum
Leitet Phöbus' goldner Zaum,
Völker stürzt sein rasselndes Geschosse;
Seine weissen Sonnenrosse,
Sein rasselnden Geschosse,
Unter Lieb und Harmonie,
Ha! wie gern vergass er sie!

Majestic sun horses,
Through the vast realms of light
Phoebus' golden reins,
His arrow shots toppling nations,
Guides his sun horses.
His arrow shots.
But under the sway of love and harmony,
Oh! How gladly he forgets them!

Der Tanz (The Dance)

Es redet und träumet die Jugend so viel,
Von Tanzen, Galloppen, Gelagen,
Auf einmal erreicht sie ein trügliches Ziel,
Da hört man sie seufzen und klagen.

Bald schmerzet der Hals,
Und bald schmerzet die Brust,
Verschunden ist alle die himmlische Lust.

"Nur diesmal noch kehr'
mir Gesundheit zurück!"
So flehet vom Himmel
der hoffende Blick!

The young live for pleasure, in talk and in dreams,
Carousing and romping and dancing,
But sighs and complaining will tell, so it seems,
That moment when age is advancing.

So painful the throat,
In such anguish the breast,
Forever has faded that heavenly zest.

And then comes the pleading
with heavenward glance:
"Oh grant me the vigor
for just one more dance!"

Music of Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Gipsy Song 1

Gipsy ho!
Strike up your wild and mournful strain
Play the song of false inconstant love again!

Play again the strain of tender, wistful yearning,
Till unhindered tears bedew mine eyelids burning!

Gipsy Song 2

Where the Rima river rolls its waters
dark and drear,
On the banks I roam and mourn my
love so dear!

Flowing onward, flowing ever,
Loud and deep the angry waters roar.
Here beside the Rima let me mourn
my darling evermore!

Gipsy Song 3

Would you like to know when my dearest is most sweet?
When her lips so rosy mine in kisses meet.

Dearest heart, mine thou art, sweet to be kissed by thee,
Surely, dearest love in Heaven Thou wast made for me!

Would you like to know when I love my love the best?
When I feel his dear arms come stealing round my waist.

Dearest heart, mine thou art, sweet to be kissed by thee,
Surely, dearest love, in Heaven Thou wast made for me!

Gipsy Song 4

Heaven alone can tell how oft I rue the day
When I first with kisses gave my heart away.
Love decreed, and how could I resist?
Ne'er can I forget that day when first we kissed.

Heaven alone can tell how oft, when others sleep
Thinking of my dearest, lonely watch I keep.
Love is sweet, though bitter is regret,
Hearts that once have loved can never more forget.

Gipsy Song 5

Brown eyed lad his blue-eyed sweetheart
Hastens to the dance away,
Clanks his spurs and at the signal
Loudly sounds the czardas gay.

With a kiss he greets her laughing,
Twirls her, lifts her, shouts and springs.
Down upon the ringing cymbals,
Silver coins he gaily flings.

Gipsy Song 6

Roses grow all in a row, so red and sweet,
That a man should woo a maid is only meet.

Powers above! If that were doing ill
Then indeed the world should soon be standing still.
Single life is not Heavens will.

Not another village can with this compare,
Nowhere else are all the maids so sweet and fair.

Comrades all, no better chance than this
Choose your brides for here you cannot choose amiss.
Drain the brimming cup of bliss.

Gipsy Song 7

Dearest, dost thou ever call to mind the troth
Plighted long ago to me with sacred oath?

Leave me not, deceive me not,
Know'st thou not my tender love for thee?

Love me, love, and God above
Heavenly grace will shed on thee and me.

Gipsy Song 8

Hark the wind sighs in the branches soft and low,
Sweetest love, a fond good night before I go,
Ah with you how gladly would I linger here,
But the parting hour has come. God keep you dear!

Dark the night and overhead no star appears,
Sweetest love, look up to God and dry your tears,
Pray that God to you will soon your love restore,
Then we may together dwell for evermore!

Gipsy Song 9

Far and wide no kind glance I find,
Yet if all detest me why should I mind?

Only you, my own, must love me,
You must love me as before,
Your must kiss me, caress me, adore me,
for evermore!

Ne'er a star shines through the dark night,
Ne'er a blossom opens, fragrant and bright.

But your eyes, your eyes, my darling,
Let them only on me shine,
Bright as starlight, and lovely as flowers,
for ever mine!

Gipsy Song 10

Thou the moon's face clouded be,
Mine shall never frown on thee.

If in anger I reproved thee
Couldst't thou then believe I loved thee?

Gipsy Song 11

Rosy clouds of evening veil the sky above
Tender longing fills my heart for thee, my love.

Heaven glows in glory bright,
And I dream by day and night,
Dream alone dearest love of thee, mine own.

Music of Randall Thompson (1899-1984)

Frostiana—The poems of Robert Frost (1874-1963)

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference

A Girl's Garden

A neighbor of mine in the village
Likes to tell how one spring
When she was a girl on the farm, she did
A childlike thing.

One day she asked her father
To give her a garden plot
To plant and tend and reap herself,
And he said, "Why not?"

In casting about for a corner
He thought of an idle bit
Of walled-off ground where a shop had stood,
And he said, "Just it."

And he said, "That ought to make you
An ideal one-girl farm,
And give you a chance to put some strength
On your slim-jim arm."

It was not enough of a garden
Her father said, to plow;
So she had to work it all by hand,
But she don't mind now.

She wheeled the dung in a wheelbarrow
Along a stretch of road;
But she always ran away and left
Her not-nice load,

And hid from anyone passing.
And then she begged the seed.
She says she thinks she planted one
Of all things but weed.

A hill each of potatoes,
Radishes, lettuce, peas,
Tomatoes, beets, beans, pumpkins, corn,
And even fruit trees.

And yes, she has long mistrusted
That a cider-apple
In bearing there today is hers,
Or at least may be.

Her crop was a miscellany
When all was said and done,
A little bit of everything,
A great deal of none.

Now when she sees in the village
How village things go,
Just when it seems to come in right,
She says, "I know!"

"It's as when I was a farmer..."
Oh never by way of advice!
And she never sins by telling the tale
To the same person twice.

The Pasture

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I sha'n't be gone long. — You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I sha'n't be gone long. — You come too.

Choose Something Like a Star

O Star (the fairest one in sight),
We grant your loftiness the right
To some obscurity of cloud --
It will not do to say of night,
Since dark is what brings out your light.
Some mystery becomes the proud.
But to be wholly taciturn
In your reserve is not allowed.

Say something to us we can learn
By heart and when alone repeat.
Say something! And it says "I burn."
But say with what degree of heat.
Talk Fahrenheit, talk Centigrade.
Use language we can comprehend.
Tell us what elements you blend.

It gives us strangely little aid,
But does tell something in the end.
And steadfast as Keats' Eremité,
Not even stooping from its sphere,
It asks a little of us here.
It asks of us a certain height,
So when at times the mob is swayed
To carry praise or blame too far,
We may choose something like a star
To stay our minds on and be staid.

Music of Gail Kubik (1914-1984)

Oh Dear! What can the matter be?

Oh, dear! What can the matter be?
Dear, dear, What can the matter be?
Oh, dear! What can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised to buy me a beautiful fairing,
A gay bit of lace that the girls all are wearing,
He promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons,
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

He promised he'd buy me a bunch of red roses,
A garland of lilies, a basket of poses,
He promised he'd bring me a little straw hat
To set off the blue ribbons,
That tie up my bonny brown hair.

Oh, dear! What can the matter be?
Dear, dear, What can the matter be?
Oh, dear! What can the matter be?

Polly-Wolly-Doodle

Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day; My Sally, am a spunky gal, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.	<i>Fare thee well, fare thee well, Fare thee well, my fairy fay, For I'm goin' to Lou'siana for to see my Susyanna, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.</i>
--	--

Oh, my Sal, she am a maiden fair,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;
With curly eyes and laughing hair,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

Oh, a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;
A pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use,
Oh Polly-wolly, Oh, Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

Peninsula Cantare

Janice Gunderson, Music Director
Alexander Bootzin, Accompanist

Soprano

Pam Eaken
Debby Hamburger
Vicki Hanson
Linda Litz
Sharon Rice
Monique Saviano
Ruth Sitton
Judith Tauber- Lovik
Kathy Warne

Alto

Marge Cox
Ellen Hill
Vicki Jayswal
Kay Johnson
Marilyn Michaelson
Paula Ondricek
Laura Pearce
Diane Reeve*
Pamela Schwarz
Pat Steuer

Tenor

Gaylon Babcock
Larry Baer
Max Capestany
Emery Gordon
Peter Hartzell
Joseph Kresse
Paul Reeve
Ruthie Wilkins*

* *Speaker*

Bass

John Friesen
Peter Gunderson
Ron Hodges
Gene Hogenauer
Robert Janssen
Mark Loy
Robert Peterson
Steve Pursell*
Paul Wendt
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Janice Gunderson
Larry Baer
Joseph Kresse
Steve Pursell
Judith Tauber-Lovik
Ruthie Wilkins

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Contributors:
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Tom Mohr, President Cañada College
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