

PROGRAM NOTES
MOZART: A VOCAL PERSPECTIVE

LAUDATE DOMINUM (Psalms--Gloria)

Praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise him, all ye people. For his merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now and forever. Amen.

LAUDAMUS TE

We praise Thee...We bless Thee...We adore Thee...We glorify Thee.

KOMMET HER, IHR FRECHEN SUNDER (Anonymous)

Come here, shameless sinners and see the Saviour. Was ever father so set toward his children? Jesus suffers a thousand torments on the cross for that which foolish men have done. Oh! give thanks for such love, to mother as to Son. Give your desires lifelong for their reward and join in covenant with them to be always true in love, and all your senses to their service give.

ET INCARNATUS EST

And He was made flesh by the Holy Spirit of the Virgin Mary and was made man.

FRÀ I PENSIER

By thoughts of death consumed, to see my lifeless love pointing with icy hand the bloody wound as if to speak: "Why delay your dying?" I've grown weak... faint...I'm dying...Oh! beloved dead, Thy faithful shadow hastens after thee.

L'AMERO, SARÒ COSTANTE (Pietro Metastasio)

I will love him, changeless will I be--faithful to husband, to lover, sigh only for thee. In thee, beloved, sweet object of my living--my joy, my delight, my peace--all shall I find.

ALCANDRO, LO CONFESSO...NON SO D'ONDE VIENE (Pietro Metastasio)

Alcandro, I confess. I wonder...his face, eyes, voice--awake in my heart a sudden throbbing. In all my thoughts I seek the answer, but do not find it. Could it be the reason for this testing lies with the gods? I know not whence comes that tender affection I cannot explain, newly-born in my bosom...that sends a chill coursing through my veins...so fierce a struggle--to face it takes more than pity alone.

KOMM, LIEBE ZITHER (Anonymous)

Come, dear Zither, come--Thou friend, thou silent love. I troth thee the most secret of my longings. To thee alone I trust my pain. Speak in my stead. I dare not, lest the fullness of my heart be heard, and I show how it wastes away for him.

RIDENTE LA CALMA (Anonymous)

Contentment reposes in my soul. No sign of anger or fear remains. You come meanwhile, my dear one, to bind the sweet chains so dear to my heart.

ICH WÜRD AUF MEINEM PFAD (Joh. Timotheus Hermes)

I'd hie me on my way with tears, seeing through the distant years--knowing not the hurt ahead so filled with grief my road. The scorching sun wastes my energy, lightning strikes my head--These my friend sees and cries "I know thine agony." Boldly I burst through thorns "He'll see me bleeding," I hope within. But when I lie bled and fallen, he offers the benediction "Hers was a rocky road."

MOZART PROGRAM NOTES (continued)

OISEAU, SI TOUS LES ANS (Antoine Ferrand)

Feathered friends, if year on year you seek a change of climate as soon as sad winter despoils our thicket, 'tis not just for a change of leaves, but your "destiny" does not permit that you love except in the season of flowers...and when ours has flown, you seek the season of others--that you may love all year long!

DIE ALTE (Friedrich von Hagedorn)

In my time...we still stood straight and in proportion. We were in youthful innocence and virtue to our intended given, with discretion. It was no case of youth and betrayer, our innocence we kept for later; we did not provoke our mother--o glorious time...!

In my time...propriety and regulation were not left in desecration. The man was (as ought to have been) managed by a loving woman--(In spite of his haughty masculinity). The gentle sex prevailed. We kept our hat, and left them with the children. O glorious time...!

In my time...We still lived in conjugal harmony. Nowadays, a man lays down the law on us, talks back to us, keeps us under surveillance while we enjoy ourselves with an acquaintance. With wedlock suffering these maledictions--Can it be the end? O evil time...!

SEI DU MEIN TROST (Joh. Timotheus Hermes)

Be my comfort, sorrow suppressed! I fly to thee with every wound. I'll not pour out my grief to the blessed...as the sick keep silence before the sound. O solitude! How revivest thou me, when my strength wanes. With burning longing I seek thee as seeks the wanderer, spent, his home. Oh that thy charm, beloved solitude, might break the image of the grave...As tempts the dark of evening, deep peace to deeper move.

AH LUISE DIE BRIEFE or UNGLÜCKLICHE LIEBE (Gabriele von Baumberg)

Begat of hotter fantasy, in an hour of infatuation brought into the world--return to dust, thou children of melancholy. To flame I now return thee...and all your songs of passion, which he sang not just for me...It's your turn, dear letters; soon no trace of thee will remain, but, oh! the man that wrote thee may burn long still within.

BASTA, VINCESTI...AH NON LASCIARMI, NO (Pietro Metastasio)

Enough! You've won! Here's your letter.

You see how I adore you--ungrateful one. A single glance deprives me of all defense. In your heart, could you betray me and leave me? Ah! Don't leave me, no--my beloved idol, to whom shall I cling if you deceive me? I'd despair of life to say goodbye...I could not live, so anguished would I be.

AH SE IN CIEL, BENIGNE STELLE (Pietro Metastasio)

Ah, if in heaven, kindly stars, pity has not gone wandering--take away my life, or leave my love with me...You who burn with such passion, always in such beauty--my love in sweet anticipation...protect his pure affection that you inspire for me.