

## The Membership of Forest City Singers

Robert Bilenker, *bass*  
Authur Brooks, *tenor*  
Nancy Burgard, *soprano*  
Therese Burger, *soprano*  
Charles Dunbar, *tenor*  
Linda Frank, *alto*  
Betty Freed, *alto*  
Heber Hanson, *bass*  
Grace Helmuth, *alto*  
Mary Jacobs, *alto*  
Melissa Jones, *alto*

Steve Louzos, *tenor*  
J. Hilton Luce, *baritone*  
Maryann McCrone, *soprano*  
Charles McDonald, *tenor*  
Joan McVeen, *soprano*  
Milford McVeen, *baritone*  
Crystal Miller, *alto*  
James Newby, *tenor*  
Bonnie Savage, *soprano*  
Robert J. Sprafka, *baritone*

### A brief history of Forest City Singers

Forest City Singers was founded in 1993 by Virginia Wieland-Mast as an intimate group of 8 experienced classical singers. Since that time the membership has grown to more than 20. Members have served in the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus, Cleveland Opera Chorus, University Circle Chorale and Chamber Choir (Cleveland Institute of Music-Case Western Reserve University), Cleveland Singers Club, Cleveland Choral Arts Society, Cleveland Messiah Singers, as well as being mainstays and soloists in church and temple choirs around the Cleveland area. Several members teach music, and several regularly perform soli and duets in the Cleveland area.

The repertoire includes 16th and 17th century English, French and German madrigals; German Lieder; chamber oratorios; spirituals (white and black); and Broadway show tunes. Christmas music not often heard is also a specialty. Group members occasionally perform as soloists and duets during longer performances.

### Virginia Wieland-Mast

Ginie is a graduate of the Eastman school of Music, having received a Bachelor's degree of Music (BM) in Voice and Music Education with honors. She received a Master of Music degree from the Cleveland Institute of Music, majoring in voice.

She worked with Robert Shaw for nine years, singing and studying. Another nine years was spent singing with the Cleveland Opera. She has performed as a soloist and assistant choir director since college at several Cleveland area churches.

She is active as a voice teacher and coach, with over a dozen students ranging from high school age to adults.

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A full listing of the repertoire, and recent performance photos of the group may be viewed on the group's World Wide Web home page: <http://icgroup.net/~rjsprafka/fcsingers>. E-mail for Ms. Mast may be left in care of [rjsprafka@icgroup.net](mailto:rjsprafka@icgroup.net).

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# Ein Deutsches Programm

Grace Lutheran Church

Sunday Afternoon,  
April 20, 1997  
at 4:30 O'clock



Virginia Wieland-Mast  
Founder and Director

# EIN DEUTSCHES PROGRAMM

Grace Lutheran Church

Sunday Afternoon,  
April 20, 1997  
at 4:30 O'clock

Mass No. 2, D167

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

- I. Kyrie
- II. Gloria
- III. Credo
- IV. Sanctus & Benedictus
- V. Agnus Dei

J. Hilton Luce, *baritone*  
Milford McVein, *baritone*  
James Newby, *tenor*  
Bonnie Savage, *soprano*  
Robert J. Sprafka, *baritone*

Susan Britton, *violin*  
Kent Collier, *cello*  
Don Crossley, *viola*  
Robert Rohwer, *bass*  
Laura Russell, *violin*

--intermission--



4 (Die Männer)  
Teure! zierlich mit drei Fingern,  
Sichrer mit der ganzen Hand  
Und so füllt man aus den Dingern  
s' Glass nicht halb, nein, bis zum Rand.

4 (The Men)  
You Dear ones! daintily with three fingers  
But more securely with the whole hand-  
and thus from these things the glass is filled  
Not half way, no, but to the top.

5 (Die Frauen)  
Nun, wir sehen, ihr seid Meister;  
Doch wir sind heut liberal,  
Hoffentlich, als schöne Geister,  
Treibt ihrs etwas ideal.

5 (The ladies)  
Well, we see, you are masters;  
But today we are free spirits,  
Hopefully, as good souls,  
You won't act immoderately.

6 (Die Männer)  
Jeder nippt, und denkt die Seine;  
Und wer nichts Besondres weiss,  
Nun der trinkt ins Allgemeine  
Frisch zu aller Schönen Preis!

6 (The men)  
Each one sips and remembers his own,  
And whoever is unattached,  
Let him drink in general  
In praise of all beautiful women.

7 (Alle)  
Recht so! Klingt denn in die Runde  
An zu Dank und Gegendank!  
Sänger, Fraun, wo die im Bunde,  
Da gibts einen hellen Klang!

7 (All)  
Thus it is! Then raise your glass  
To thanks and thanksgiving.  
Singers, ladies, when joined together,  
One hears a most bright sound.

## Gebet aus "Hänsel und Gretel" (Humperdinck)

v. 1  
When at night I go to sleep  
Fourteen angels watch do keep;  
Two my head are guarding,  
Two my feet are guiding;  
Two are on my right hand,  
Two are on my left hand,  
Two who warmly cover  
Two who o'er me hover,  
Two to whom 'tis given  
To guide my steps to heaven.

v. 2  
Sleeping softly, then it seems  
Heaven enters in my dreams;  
Angels hover round me,  
Whisp'ring they have found me;  
Two are sweetly singing,  
Two are garlands bringing,  
Strewing me with roses  
As my soul reposes.  
God will not forsake me  
When dawn at last will wake me.

## Hochzeits-Kantate (Brahms)

(translation: Eric van der Schalle, Ph.D.)

Zwei Geliebte, treu verbunden,  
gehen durch die Welt spazoren,  
Jedes hat sein Herz verloren,  
doch das Andre hats gefunden.

Two faithful lovers  
are walking through the world.  
Each has lost his heart,  
which the other has found.

Jeder trägt die leichte Last  
wie die Uhr am Kettchen fast.  
Also gehts auf Steg und Wegen  
ruhig fort mit gleichen Schlägen.

Each carries the light burden,  
almost like a watch on a chain.  
Thus they wander along the way,  
peacefully matching step for step.

"Schau, die könnens!" sagen ferne  
an der Himmelshöh die Sterne,  
"Wer sind sie?" gleich schrein wir da:  
Sigmund und Emilia!

"Look, they can" cry the stars,  
far above on the vault of heaven.  
"Who are they?" All at once we shout:  
Sigmund and Emilia!

## Romanze vom Gänsebuben (Schumann)

Helf' mir Gott, wir fliegen die Gänse,  
Helf' mir Gott, wie fliegen sie all!

Help me God, how the geese fly  
Help me god, how they all fly!

Shütete Cimocho, seinem Orte nah,  
Gänselein und Sorgen, eine böse Schaar!  
Das sie fort ihm gingen, dess' hatt' er kein Arg,  
Leute, die nichts wissen, führen leicht sich an!  
Helf' mir Gott, etc.

Cimocho watched them near his village,  
the little geese are a worrisome and wicked bunch.  
He doesnt mind people that are easily led astray.  
He let them bathe in the ponds,  
He adds tears to the water as he sees them flying  
off - all of them. He is surprised at this  
Help me God, etc.

Ach, ihr meine Schmerzen, fliegt nicht ihr einmal  
aus dem schweren Herzen ein für allemal?  
Wie nur thut ihr Wunder noch mit meiner Qual,  
macht Unmöglichkeiten möglich mir zumal!  
Falsche Bartolilla, freu' dich jetzt einmal,  
giebst ja mir jetzt under nicht allein mehr Qual,  
und nun sieht er wieder, und er wieder sagt,  
weil er von der Erde nichts mehr sehen kann:  
Helf' mir Gott, etc.

But you, my pain, why don't you fly away from  
my heavy heart once and for all.  
But now, you've just deceived me in my torture  
and pretend the impossible is possible.  
False Bartolilla! Now you can be happy you are  
not my only torture. You can rejoice!  
Now he looks again and again because he  
sees no more of the earth.  
Help me God, etc.

Mein wild Missgeschicke hängt euch Flügel an,  
aber meinem Glücke sind sie abgebrannt.  
Ich geh' fort, Bartola, denn du bist mir ja  
gleich falls fortgegangen, einem Andern nach!  
Immer macht mich bangen, was geseh'n ich  
hass, aber dass ihr flöget, hass ich nicht gedacht.  
Helf' mir Gott, etc.

My wild misfortune is winging away  
as my luck is all burned.  
I am leaving, Bartola, because you also  
left me to follow someone else.  
I was always afraid of what I saw,  
but I never thought you would fly away.  
Help me God, etc.

## Tafellied (Brahms)

(translation: Eric van der Schalle, Ph.D.)

### 1 (Die Frauen)

Gleich wie Echo frohen Liedern  
Fröhlich Antwort geben muss,  
So auch nahn wir und erwidern  
Dankend den galanten Gruss.

### 1 (The ladies)

Just as an echo must happily  
answer happy songs,  
Thus we approach and thankfully reply  
The gallant greeting.

### 2 (Die Männer)

O, ihr Gütgen und Charmanten!  
Für des Echos holden Schwung  
Nehmt der lustgen Musikanten  
Ganz ergebne Huldigung.

### 2 (The men)

Oh, you gracious and charming ones!  
For the echos lovely flight  
Accept the entirely devoted homage  
Of us merry musicians.

### 3 (Die Frauen)

Doch ihr huldigt, wills uns dünken,  
Andern Göttern nebenbei,  
Rot und golden sehn wirs blinken  
Sagt, wie das zu nehmen sei?

### 3 (The ladies)

But you acknowledge, it seems to us,  
Other gods in addition.  
We see flashing of red and gold,  
Say, what should we make of that?

Break Forth,  
O Beauteous Heav'nly Light

Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)

Sie ist mir Lieb

Michael Praetorius  
(1571-1621)

Gloria, Kantate 140

Johann Sebastian Bach

Wie Melodien

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

An die Musik  
J. Hilton Luce, *baritone*

Franz Schubert

Abend Ständchen

Felix Mendelssohn  
(1809-1847)

Romanzen und Balladen

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

Der König von Thule (Op. 67)  
Schön-Rohtraut (Op. 67)  
John Anderson (Op. 67)  
Heidenröslein (Op. 67)  
John Anderson (Op. 145)  
Romanze vom Gänsebuben (Op. 145)

Tafellied

Johannes Brahms

Gebet aus "Hänsel und Gretel"

Engelbert Humperdinck  
(1854-1921)

Hochzeits-Kantate

Johannes Brahms

Bourree

Johann Sebastian Bach  
arr. W. Swingle

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Judith Ryder, *piano*

## Mass No. 2 in G (Schubert)

Franz Schubert composed six masses. The second, in G major, was composed in just six days in the year 1815. It is a traditional setting of the mass with the exception of a few changes in the liturgical text (omissions are bracketed in the printed text). During that year, Schubert's musical output was the most prolific of his life. In addition to Mass No. 2, he completed two symphonies and added 145 incomparable Art Songs, two sonatas and other piano pieces, and a string quartet to the music world's great romantic literature.

### i. Kyrie

Kyrie eleison,  
Christe eleison,  
Kyrie eleison,

Lord, have mercy upon us,  
Christ, have mercy upon us,  
Lord, have mercy upon us.

### ii. Gloria

Gloria in excelsis Deo,  
et in terra pax hominibus  
bonae voluntatis,  
Laudamus te, benedicimus te,  
adoramus te, glorificamus te,  
Gratias agimus tibi  
propter magnam gloriam tuam,  
Domine Deus, Rex coelestis,  
Pater omnipotens. Domine Fili  
unigenite, Jesu Christe,  
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei,  
filius Patris,  
Qui tollis peccata mundi,  
miserere nobis,  
suscipe deprecationem nostram,  
[Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,]  
miserere nobis,  
Quoniam tu solus sanctus,  
tu solus Dominus,  
tu solus altissimus, [Jesu Christe,]  
cum sancto spiritu in gloria  
Dei Patris, Amen.

Glory be to God on high,  
and on earth, peace to men  
of good will,  
We praise thee, we bless thee,  
we adore thee, we glorify thee,  
We give thanks to thee  
for thy great glory,  
Lord God, heavenly king,  
Father almighty, Lord  
the only-begotten son, Jesus Christ,  
Lord God, Lamb of God,  
Son of the Father,  
Who takest away the sins of the world,  
have mercy upon us,  
receive our prayer,  
[who sitteth at the right hand of the  
Father,] have mercy on us,  
For thou only art holy,  
thou only art the Lord,  
thou only are the most high,  
[Jesus Christ,] with the Holy Ghost in  
the glory of God the Father. Amen.

### iii. Credo

Credo in unum Deum,  
Patrem omnipotentem,  
factorem coeli et terrae,  
visibilem omnium  
et invisibilem,  
[Et] in unum Dominum, Jesum Christum,  
Filius Dei unigenitum,

I believe in one God,  
Father Almighty,  
maker of heaven and earth,  
and of all things visible  
and invisible,  
[And] in one Lord, Jesus Christ,  
the only-begotten Son of God,

Darauf sie ritten schweigend heim,  
Rohtraut, Schön-Rohtraut;  
Es jauchzt der Knab in seinem Sinn!  
"Und würdest du heute Kaiserin,  
Mich sollt's nicht kränken!  
Ihr tausend Blätter im Walde wisst,  
Ich hab Schön-Rohtraut Mund geküsst!  
-Schweig stille, mein Herze!"

And then they rode quite silent home,  
Rohtraut, Fair Rohtraut;  
The lad exulted all the way:  
Though you were made an Empress  
today, It would not grieve me;  
Ye thousand leaves in the forest, hear!  
I've kissed Fair Rohtraut's mouth so  
dear! -Ah, be silent, my heart!

## John Anderson (Schumann)

John Anderson, mein Leib',  
Wir haben uns gesehen  
Wie rabenschwarz dein Haar  
Die Stirne glatt und schön  
Nun Glätte nicht, noch Locke  
er schönen Stirne blieb;  
Doch segne Gott dein Schneeig  
Haupt

John Anderson, my jo  
When we were first aquent  
Your locks were like the raven  
Your bonny brow was brent  
But now your brow is beld, John;  
Your locks are like the snaw  
But blessings on your frosty pow.

John Anderson, Mein Lieb',  
Wir klommen froh berg-auf,  
Und nanchen heitern Tag  
Begrüssten wir im Lauf  
Nun abwärts Hand in Hand  
Froh wie's berg-auf uns trieb  
Und unten sel'ges Schlafen geh'n.  
John Anderson, Mein Lieb'.

John Anderson, my jo  
We climb the hill the gither  
And monie a cantie day, John  
We've had wi' ane anither  
Now we moun totter down, John  
And hand in hand we'll go  
And sleep together at the foot.  
John Anderson, my jo.

## HeidenRöslein (Schumann)

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehn,  
Röslein auf der Heiden,  
War so jung und morgenschön,  
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,  
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Saw a lad a rose one day,  
Rose amid the heather,  
'Twas so fresh and morning-fair  
Quick he ran to see it there,  
Saw it with much pleasure.  
Rose, O rose, O rose so red,  
Rose amid the heather.

Knabe sprach: "Ich breche dich,  
Röslein auf der Heiden!"  
Röslein sprach: "Ich steche dich,  
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,  
Und ich will's nicht leiden."  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Said the lad, "I'll pick thee then,  
Rose amid the heather!"  
Said the rose, "I'll prick thee then,  
So thou'lt think of me again,  
And I'll bear it never."  
Rose, O rose, O rose so red,  
Rose amid the heather.

Und der wilde Knabe brach  
s' Röslein auf der Heiden;  
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,  
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,  
Musst' es eben leiden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

And the wild young laddie picked  
Rose amid the heather;  
Rose resisted then and pricked,  
Crying "Woe!" helped not a bit,  
Had to bear it ever.  
Rose, O rose, O rose so red,  
Rose amid the heather.

Und als er kam zu sterben,  
Zählt er seine Städt und Reich:  
Gönnt alles seinen Erben,  
Den Becher nicht zugleich.

Er sass beim Königsmahle,  
Die Ritter um ihn her,  
Auf hohem Vätersaale  
Dort auf dem Schloss am Meer.

Dort stand der alte Zecher,  
Trank letzte Lebensgluth,  
Und warf den heiligen Becher  
Hinunter in die Fluth.

Er sah ihn stürzen, trinken  
Und sinken tief in's Meer.  
Die Augen täten ihm sinken:  
Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr.

And when his life was ending  
His towns he counted up,  
He left his heir his whole estate,  
But not his treasured cup.

He sat at the royal table  
His knights his company,  
In high ancestral chambers,  
In the castle by the sea.

There stood the old carouser,  
He drained his life's last glow,  
And hurled the hallowed beaker  
Into the flood below.

He watched it plunging, filling,  
As 'neath the waves it sank.  
His eyelids closed upon him;  
And ne'er again he drank.

### Schön-Rohtraut (Schumann)

Wie heisst König Ringangs Töchterlein?  
Rohtraut, Schön-Rohtraut.  
Was tut sie denn den ganzen Tag,  
Da sie wohl nicht spinnen und nähen mag?  
Tut fischen und jagen.  
O dass ich doch ihr Jäger wär!  
Fischen und Jagen freute mich sehr.  
-Schweig stille; mein Herze!

Und über eine kleine Weil,  
Rohtraut, Schön-Rohtraut,  
So dient der Knab auf Ringangs Schloss  
In Jägertracht und hat ein Ross,  
Mit Rohtraut zu jagen.  
O dass ich doch ein Königssohn wär!  
Rohtraut, Schön-Rohtraut lieb' ich so sehr.  
-Schweig stille, mein Herze!

Einsmals sie ruhten am Eichenbaum,  
Da lacht Schön-Rohtraut:  
"Was siehst mich an so wunniglich?  
Wenn du das Herz hast, küsse mich!"  
Ach! erschrak der Knabe!  
Doch denket er: "Mir ist's vergunnt",  
Und küsset Schön-Rohtraut auf den Mund.  
-Schweig stille, mein Herze!

Oh, what is the name of  
King Ringang's daughter?  
Rohtraut, Fair Rohtraut.  
And what does she do the live-long day,  
Since she scarcely would spin and knit  
always? She goes fishing and hunting.  
Oh, that her huntsman I might be!  
I'd fish and hunt right merrily.  
-Ah, be silent, my heart!

And after just a little while,  
Rohtraut, Fair Rohtraut,  
The lad did serve at Ringang's court  
In squire's garb and had a horse,  
To hunt with Rohtraut.  
Oh, that a king's son I might be!  
I love Fair Rohtraut tenderly.  
-Ah, be silent, my heart!

One day they stopped by an old oak tree,  
Then laughed Fair Rohtraut:  
"Why look at me so blissfully?  
If you have courage, come, kiss me!"  
Oh, how startled the lad was!  
And yet he thinks: 'Twas offered me,"  
And kisses Fair Rohtraut tenderly.  
-Ah, be silent, my heart!

[et] ex Patre natum,  
ante omnia saecula,  
Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine,  
Deum verum de Deo vero,  
genitum non factum,  
con substantialem Patri,  
per quem omnia facta sunt,  
Qui propter nos homines  
et [propter] nostram salutem  
descendit de coelis.  
Et incarnatus est  
de spiritu sancto  
ex Maria Virgine  
et homo factus est,  
Crucifixus etiam pro nobis  
sub Pontio Pilato,  
passus et sepultus est,  
Et resurrexit tertia die  
secundum scripturas,  
et ascendit in coelum,  
sedet ad dexteram Patris,  
et iterum venturus est  
cum gloria  
judicare vivos et mortuos,  
cujus regni non erit finis.  
Et in spiritum sanctum,  
Dominum et vivificantem,  
qui ex Patre Filioque procedit,  
qui cum Patre et Filio  
simul adoratur et conglorificatur,  
qui locutus est per prophetas,  
Et unam sanctam catholicam  
et apostolicam ecclesiam,  
Confiteor unum baptismam  
in remissionem peccatorum,  
Et expecto resurrectionem  
mortuorum,  
et vitam venturi saeculi,  
Amen.

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus,  
Dominus Deus Sabaoth,  
pleni sunt coeli et terra  
gloria tua.  
Osanna in excelsis.

Benedictus qui venit  
in nomine Domini.  
Osanna in excelsis.

[born] of the Father  
before all ages,  
God of God, light of light,  
Very God of Very God,  
begotten, not made,<  
of one substance with the Father,  
by whom all things were made,  
Who for us men  
and [for] our salvation  
came down from heaven.  
And became incarnate  
by the Holy ghost  
of the virgin Mary  
and was made man,  
And was crucified also for us  
under Pontius Pilate,  
suffered and was buried,  
And the third day he rose again,  
according to the scriptures, and  
ascended into heaven, and sitteth  
on the right hand of the Father,  
and he shall come again  
with glory  
to judge the living and the dead,  
whose kingdom shall have no end.  
And in the Holy Ghost,  
the lord and life-giver,  
who proceedeth from the Father  
and the Son, who with the Father  
and the Son together is adored  
and glorified, who spake by the  
prophets, And in one holy catholic  
and apostolic Church,  
I acknowledge one baptism  
for the remission of sins,  
And I expect the resurrection  
of the dead,  
and the life of the world to come,  
Amen.

#### iv. Sanctus et Benedictus

Holy, holy, holy,  
Lord God of hosts,  
heaven and earth are full  
of Thy glory.  
Hosanna in the highest.

Blessed is he who cometh  
in the name of the Lord.  
Hosanna in the highest.

v. Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei,  
qui tollis peccata mundi,  
miserere nobis,  
dona nobis pacem.

Lamb of God,  
who takest away the sins of the world,  
have mercy upon us,  
give us peace.

Break forth,  
O beauteous, heav'nly Light  
(Bach)

Break forth, O beauteous, heav'nly light,  
And usher in the morning;  
Ye shepherds, shrink not with afright,  
But hear the angel's warning.

This Child, now weak in infancy,  
Our confidence and joy shall be,  
The pow'r of Satan breaking,  
Our peace eternal making.

Sie ist mir Lieb  
(Praetorius)

Sie ist mir lieb', die werthe Magd,  
und kann sie nicht vergessen.  
Ich bin ihr hold und wenn ich sollt'  
gross Unglück ha'n da liegt nichts d'ran,  
sie will mich dess' ergötzen,  
mit ihrer Lieb' und Treu an mir,  
die sie zu mir will setzen,  
die aller schönste Zier.

She is so dear, my loving fair;  
My soul does not forget her;  
And has my heart, We never part,  
Distress and care In patience bear.  
Her love can still requite me  
for sorrow, weariness and pain  
While faithful bonds unite me  
With her and so remain.

Gloria, Kantate 140  
(Bach)

Gloria sei dir gesungen  
mit Menschen und englischen Zungen,  
mit Harfen und mit Cymbeln schon.

Gloria hark! heav'n is ringing  
from angels and archangels singing,  
whilst harpers harp and trumpets sound,

Von zwölf Perlen sind die Pforten  
an deiner Stadt; wir sind Consorten  
der Engel hoch um deinen Thron.

Gates all pearl and streets all golden  
in Zion's city are beholden  
by happy saints who enter in.

Kein Aug' hat je gespürt,  
kein Ohr hat je gehört solche Freude.  
Dess sind wir froh, i - o! i - o!  
ewig in dulci jubilo.

No eye hath ever seen,  
no ear hath ever heard, Nor doth man  
know such endless bliss; Our song be  
this: always sweet joy.

Wie Melodien  
(Brahms)

Wie Melodien zieht es  
mir leise durch den Sinn,  
wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es  
und schwebt wie Duft dahin,

A thought like music,  
Holding my heart in soft control,  
Like flow'rs of Spring unfolding,  
It thrilleth through my soul.

Doch kommt das Wort  
und fasst es und führt es vor das Aug',  
Wie Nebelgrau erblasst es,  
und schwindet wie ein Hauch,

But if a word be spoken,  
Its beauty to convey,  
The spell at once is broken,  
'Twill vanish quite away,

Und dennoch ruht im Reime  
verborgen wohl ein Duft,  
Den mild aus stillem Keime  
ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

In melody deep hidden,  
A fragrance lies conceal'd,  
That bringeth tears unbidden;  
Unspoken joy 'twill yield.

An die Musik  
(Schubert)

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 bess're Welt entrückt.  
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir.  
Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf'  
entflossen, ein süsser, heiliger Accord  
von dir den Himmel bess'rer  
Zeiten mir erschlossen.  
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir.

O Art divine, how oft when life  
has dwindled to one restricted  
circle bleak and gray, hast thou  
my heart to warmer love enkindled,  
and borne my thoughts to better  
worlds away. For this I thank  
thee, O Art divine. How oft a sigh,  
that from thy harp drifts, some sweet  
and holy chord, some strain of thine,  
My soul to high and heav'nly spheres  
has lifted. for this I thank thee,  
O Art Divine.

Abend Ständchen  
(Mendelssohn)

Schlafe Liebchen, weil's auf Erden  
Nun so still und einsam wird!  
Oben geh'n die gold'nen Heerden,  
Für uns Alle wacht der Hirt.  
Für uns Alle wacht der Hirt.

Sleep, my dearest, sweetly slumber,  
While thy love is watching near:  
Let no care thy dreams encumber;  
Sleep, my darling, without fear.  
While one who loves thee watches near.

Der König in Thule  
(Schumann)

Es war ein König in Thule  
Gar treu bis an das Grab,  
Dem sterbend seine Buhle  
Einen goldnen Becher gab.

There once was a king in Thule  
Faithful unto the grave,  
To whom his love when dying  
A golden goblet gave.

Es ging ihm nichts darüber.  
Er leert' ihn jeden Schmaus;  
Die Augen gingen ihm über,  
So oft er trank daraus.

It was his dearest treasure  
At feasts he drained its fill;  
As often as he drank therefrom  
His tears were brimming still.