

1998

CERDDORION

vocal ensemble

directed by
Susanne Peck

presents

German Romantic Soul

Sunday, November 15 '98
7:30 pm
St. Michael's Episcopal Church
99th Street at Amsterdam Avenue
New York, New York

Sunday, November 22
7:30 pm
Church of the Ascension
Fifth Avenue at 10th Street
New York, New York

1998

CERDDORION

Sopranos

Maria Hladczuk
Marilyn Lenat
Amy Litt
Margie O'Brien
Lisa Rein
Jeanette Rodriguez
Ellen Schorr
Thais Solomon

Altos

Eric S. Brenner
Grace Check
Julie Dolphin
Kate Troast Kurz
Leonore Max
Laurie Rios

Guest Instrumentalists

Horns: David Jolley and Karl Kramer
Harp: Lynette Wardle
Keyboard: Shawn Hall

Tenors

Ralph Bonheim
Michael M. Chamberlin
Thomas Cirillo
David J. Deschamps
Philip Gallo
Philip Hilton
Steve Parkey

Basses

Raphael Biran
Peter Cobb
Shawn Hall
Norman Holman
Peter Kurz
Erik-Peter Mortensen
Robb Moss

German Romantic Soul

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) O Heiland, reiss die Himmel auf (Op. 74, No. 2)

Brahms Warum ist das Licht gegeben dem Mühseligen (Op. 74, No. 1)

Josef Rheinberger (1839-1901) Mass in E-flat major (Op. 109)

INTERMISSION

Brahms Waldesnacht (Op. 62, No. 3)
Verlorene Jugend (Op. 104, No. 4)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828) Psalm 23 (D. 706)

Brahms Four Songs for Women's Chorus, Two Horns
and Harp (Op. 17, Nos. 1-4)
Es tönt ein voller Harfenklang
Lied von Shakespeare
Der Gärtner
Gesang aus Fingal

Brahms Abendständchen (Op. 42, No. 1)
Vineta (Op. 42, No. 2)

Brahms Vergangen ist mir Glück und Heil (Op. 62, No. 7)
Es geht ein Wehen (Op. 62, No. 6)
Im Herbst (Op. 104, No. 5)

Notes and Texts

The most important general comment to make about this concert is that the three composers represented were all deeply involved with vocal music and composed during a period of rich and popularly acknowledged poetic accomplishment. In addition, all of them sought in one way or another to unite their contemporary culture with its roots, whether in folk music, early heroic literature, or previously neglected Renaissance or Baroque musical practice.

Rather than use this short space to merely mention all of the pieces, I will attempt instead to say something useful about a selected number of them.

O Heiland, reiss die Himmel auf, with a text dating back to the 1630's, is a set of five variations on a chorale tune in triple meter. The sopranos have the melody in the first two variations, with increasingly complex imitation in the other voice lines. The tenors take it up in variation 3, ornamenting it with triplets at the cadences. In variation 4 the melody appears in the base line, this time stretched from triple to 4/2 meter. In the last variation the melody is again with the sopranos, still in 4/2 meter. A melismatic coda on the word "Amen" ends the piece. This is a complex motet, similar in architecture and density to Bach's *Jesu meine Freude*, which Brahms as a student of Bach's works surely knew.

Warum ist das Licht gegeben is a through-composed piece on a Biblical text (in Luther's translation). It traverses much emotional and musical ground—a kind of miniature *German Requiem*—while providing an answer to the question, Why does suffering exist? The piece begins with an explosive "Why"—shouted perhaps in anger, then repeated, quietly, in humility. A slow chromatic fugal subject follows, interrupted by the same question, subtly different from the first. Two more themes are presented, each interrupted by the same question: Why is death withheld from those in pain who long for it? The second section, a six-part canon in lilting 6/4 meter, belongs to a different world, one of joyous acceptance of the will of God. The third section, in praise of the virtue of patience, is a rich six-part chorale with walking bass line. The fourth section, after several measures of new material reminding us of the patience of Job, segues into a repeat of the second with a fresh text, completing the thought: We reach to God, because God is compassionate and merciful. The four-part chorale closing the piece employs modal harmonies that suggest connection to an earlier time of resolute faith.

Joseph Rheinberger (1839–1901) was an accomplished organist by the age of seven. As conductor, teacher, and composer he exerted a strong influence on the composition of sacred music in Germany. Like Brahms, Rheinberger was strongly rooted in classical tradition. What impresses the listener is the interplay

of the two choruses in this eight-voice mass, the singability of the vocal lines, Palestrina-like, and the lack of theatrics or straining for special effects. One notable moment, slight but telling, occurs at the words "sub Pontius Pilato" in the "et in carnatus est": it is as if there were a burst of sunlight at the moment that Christ died for mankind. A note in Rheinberger's personal score says that the mass was composed January 13-18, 1878.

Waldesnacht, three verses set as accompanied song, is quintessentially Romantic in theme; as in Wordsworth's *Prelude*, Nature is the source of spiritual health when we have been too much in the world. *Verlorene Jugend*, a much later work, laments the loss of youth. A strict canon (soprano, alto) in D minor suggests the anguish of the loss, while the preciousness of youth is painted in a homophonic section in D major. In the second verse the canon is between soprano and baritone.

The vocal writing in the *Four Songs* for women's voices, harp, and two horns is homophonic, as is characteristic of early Brahms. The unusual instrumental setting was perhaps suggested to Brahms by the final (and longest) piece of the group, *Gesang aus Fingal*. The poems of Ossian, purportedly translated by MacPherson, turned out to be a hoax in the sense that the original primitive Irish poems never existed. Nevertheless, the poems were central to the Romantic experience, and one can experience why in Brahms' setting. The simple dirge-like theme (similar to Schubert's *Death and the Maiden*) is stated solemnly by the pair of horns; the harp is strummed, as if by a bard, during the recounting of the deeds and death of Trenar the fair.

Abendständchen and *Vineta*, Opus 42 Nos. 1 and 2, are settings of marvelously evocative poems. *Abendständchen*, by Brentano, evokes the tone of a flute sounded in the still of the evening, its effect on the human heart. Brahms suggests the sound by having the sopranos repeat the note D fourteen times before drifting off in a chromatic flutter of bubbling brook. Imitative passages in the musical treatment suggest echoing flute sounds in the distance. In *Vineta*, by W. Müller (author of the *Schöne Müllerin* cycle set by Schubert), the mysteries of the human heart and of human love are likened to a city of wonders buried deep beneath the sea. Brahms' rolling 3/8 meter manages to suggest both the inevitable movement of the sea and the profundity of what lies beneath, the magic city of the heart.

The setting of *Vergangen ist mir Glück und Heil*, an old German text, is purposely archaic: every chord is in root position, recalling a late Renaissance practice. Brahms offsets the tune, in the soprano, by a half note from the accompanying parts, thus producing an unusual and powerful rhythmic effect.

Notes by Peter Kurz

O Heiland, reiß die Himmel auf

O Heiland, reiß die Himmel auf,
herab, herauf vom Himmel lauf,
reiß ab vom Himmel Thor und Thür,
reiß ab was Schloss und Riegel für.

O Gott, ein' Thau vom Himmel giess,
im Thau herab, o Heiland, fließ,
ihr Wolken, brecht und regnet aus
den König über Jacobs Haus.

O Erd', schlag aus, schlag aus, o Erd'
daß Berg und Thal grün alles werd'
O Erd' herfür dies Blümlein bring
O Heiland aus der Erden spring.

Hie leiden wir die grösste Noth,
vor Augen steht der bitt're Tod,
ach komm, führ uns mit starker Hand
von Elend zu dem Vaterland.

Da wollen wir all' danken dir,
unserm Erlöser für und für
da wollen wir all' loben dich.
je allzeit immer und ewiglich.
Amen.

**Warum ist das Licht gegeben
Dem Mühseligen**

Warum?
Warum ist das Licht gegeben dem Mühseligen,
und das Leben den betäubten Herzen?

Warum?
Die des Todes warten und kommt nicht,
und grüben ihn wohl aus dem Verborgenen;
die sich fast freuen und sind fröhlich, daß sie
das Grab bekommen.

O Savior, Throw the Heavens Wide

O Savior, throw the heavens wide;
Come down with speed unto our side,
Unbar the gates and let us in,
Unbar what once was lock and pin.

As gentle dew from heaven, fall;
Descend, O Lord, and cover all.
Ye rainclouds, break, and torrents bring;
Let Israel receive his king.

O Earth, in flow'r, in flow'r be seen!
Let hill and dale be ever green,
O Earth, bring forth one blossom rare,
A Savior from the meadow fair.

Here suffer we a heavy doom,
Before us yawns the cheerless tomb.
Ah, come, lead us with steady hand,
From exile to our native land,

So let us all be thanking thee
For thou hast ever set us free.
So let us praise thee o'er and o'er,
From this time on, forever more.
Amen.

Why is Light Given to the Weary

Why?
Why is light given to the weary,
and life to the troubled heart?

Why?
Those who await death, yet it does not
come;
And seek it out among the hidden ways;
Who almost rejoice and are joyful to reach
the grave.

Warum?
Und dem Manne, des Weg verborgen ist, und
Gott vor ihm denselben bedeckt.

Warum?
Lasset uns unser Herz samt den Händen
aufheben zu Gott im Himmel.
Siehe, wir preisen selig, die erduldet haben.

Die Geduld Hiob habt ihr behöret, und das
Ende des Herrn habt ihr gesehen;
denn der Herr ist barmherzig und ein
Erbarmer.

Mit Fried und Freud ich fahr dahin, in Gottes
Willen,
getrost ist mir mein Herz und Sinn, sanft und
stille.
Wie Gott mir verheissen hat, der Tod ist mir
Schlaf worden.

Why?
And to the man whose path is concealed,
and God hides the same from him.

Why?
Let us raise our hearts and hands together
to God in heaven.
Look! We deem holy, those who have been
patient.

Consider the patience of Job, and the ends
of the Lord,
For the Lord is compassionate and merciful.

With peace and joy I pass away in God's
will;
My heart and mind are of good cheer, calm
and still.
As God has promised to me, death is
become to me as sleep.

JOSEF RHEINBERGER
MISSA ES-DUR OPUS 109 CANTUS MISSAE

Kyrie eleison,
Christe eleison,
Kyrie eleison.

Kyrie

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

Gloria in excelsis Deo
et in terra pax omnibus bonae voluntatis.
Laudamus te, benedicimus te, adoramus te,
glorificamus te,
Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam
tuam.
Domine Deus, Rex caelestis, Deus Pater
omnipotens.
Domine Fili unigenite Iesu Christe.
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.
Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis:
Suscipe deprecationem nostram.
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere nobis.

Gloria

Glory be to God on high,
and in earth peace to men of good will.
We praise You, we bless You, we worship
You, we glorify You.
We give thanks to You for Your great glory.

O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father
Almighty.
O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ.
O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,
who takes away the sins of the world,
receive our prayer,
who sits at the right hand of the Father, have
mercy upon us.

Quoniam tu solus sanctus, tu solus dominus,
tu solus altissimus, Iesu Christe.
Cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei Patris.
Amen.

Credo in unum Deum, patrem
omnipotentem,
factorem caeli et terrae,
visibilem omnium et invisibilem.
Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum,
filium Dei unigenitum.
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 caelis.

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 caelum
sedet ad dexteram patris.

Et iterum venturus est cum gloria iudicare
vivos et mortuos

cuius 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 baptisma in remissionem
peccatorum.

Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum.

Et vitam venturi saeculi. Amen.

For you only are holy. You only are most
high, Jesus Christ.
With the Holy Spirit, in the glory of God the
Father. Amen.

Credo

I believe in one God, the 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,

and born of the Father before all ages.

God of God; Light of Light, true God of
true God;

begotten not made; consubstantial with the
Father,

by whom all things were made.

Who for us men and for our salvation came
down from heaven.

And was incarnate by the Holy Spirit, out of
the Virgin Mary;

and was made man.

He was crucified also for us. He suffered
under Pontius Pilate, and was buried.

And on the third day He rose again
according to the scriptures;

and ascended into heaven;

and sits at the right hand of the Father;

and He shall come again with glory to judge
both the living and the dead;

of whose Kingdom there shall be no end.

And (I believe) in the Holy Spirit, the Lord
and giver of life;

Who proceeds from the Father and the Son;

Who with the Father and the Son is

worshipped and glorified.

Who spake by the Prophets.

And in one holy catholic and apostolic
church.

I confess one baptism for the remission of
sins

and I look for the resurrection of the dead.

and the life of the world to come. Amen.

Sanctus

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus
sabaoth.
Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.
Osanna in excelsis.
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
Osanna in excelsis.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts.
Heaven and earth are full of Your glory.
Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is He that comes in the name of the
Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

Agnus Dei

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

Lamb of God, who takes on the sins of the
world, pray for us. Grant us peace.

Waldesnacht

Waldesnacht, du wunderkühle,
die ich tausend Male grüß;
Nach dem lauten Weltgewühle,
o, wie ist dein Rauschen süß!
Träumerisch die müden Glieder
berg ich weich ins Moos,
Und mir ist als würd ich wieder
all der irren Qualen los.

Fernes Flötenlied, vertöne,
das ein weites Sehnen rührt,
Die Gedanken in die schöne,
ach, mißgönnte Ferne führt.
Laß die Waldesnacht mich wiegen,
stillen jede Pein,
Und ein seliges Gentügen
saug ich mit den Düften ein.

In den heimlich engen Kreisen
wird dir wohl, du wildes Herz,
Und ein Friede schwebt mit leisen
Flügelschlägen niederwärts.
Singet, holde Vögellieder,
mich in Schlummer sacht!
Irre Qualen, löst euch wider,
wildes Herz, nun gute Nacht!

Woodland Night

Woodland night, so magic and cool,
A thousand times I greet you;
After the loud turmoil of the world,
O, how sweet is your rustling!
Dreamily my weary limbs
I lay in the soft moss,
And it is as if I were freed again
From all maddening torments.

Sound, distant flute song;
It stirs a great longing,
And leads my thoughts into the lovely,
Ah, so bitterly envied distance.
Let the woodland night lull me,
Calm every pain,
And a blissful contentment
I breathe in with your fragrances.

In these quiet, close confines
You will heal, turbulent heart,
And peace float downwards
On soft beating wings.
Sing me, lovely birdsongs,
Into gentle slumber!
Maddening torments, begone,
Turbulent heart, now good night!

Verlorene Jugend

Brausten alle Berge,
sauste rings der Wald
meine jungen Tage,
wo sind sie so bald?

Jugend, teure Jugend,
flohest mir dahin;
o du holde Jugend,
achtlos war mein Sinn!

Ich verlor dich leider,
wie wenn einen Stein
jemand schleudert in die Flut hinein.
Wendet sich der Stein auch um in tiefer Flut,

weiss ich, daß die Jugend doch kein Gleiches
tut.

Der 23. Psalm

Gott ist mein Hirt, mir wird nichts mangeln
er lagert mich auf grüne Weide,
er leitet mich an stillen Bächen,
er labt mein schmachtes Gemüth,
er führt mich auf rechtem Steige,
zu seines Namens Ruhm
und wall' ich auch im Todeschatten Thale,

so wall' ich ohne Furcht,
denn du beschützezt mich,
dein Stab und deine Stütze sind mir immerdar
mein Trost.

Du richtest mir ein Freudenmahl im Angesicht
der Feinde zu,

du salbst mein Haupt mit Oele und schenkst
mir volle Becher ein,
mir folget Heil und Seligkeit in diesem Leben
nach,

einst ruh ich ew'ge Zeit dort in des Ew'gen
Haus.

Lost Youth

Rage all mountains,
Blow through the woods,
My youthful days
Where are you gone so soon?

Youth, precious youth,
You flow away from me;
O thou sweet youth,
My mind paid no attention!

I've lost you unfortunately,
As if a stone had been tossed
By someone into the running river.
The stone still moves in the depths of the
river,

But I know, youth does not do likewise.

The 23rd Psalm

God is my shepherd, I shall lack nothing.
He places me in green meadows,
He leads me to still streams,
He refreshes my languishing heart,
He leads me on righteous paths
For his name's sake.
And if I wander in the valley of the shadow of
death,

I wander without fear,
For you protect me.
Your staff and your support are
Forever my comfort.

You prepare for me a joyful meal in the
Face of the enemy,
You anoint my head with oil and pour me a
full cup,
Health and happiness follow me in this life,

Someday I will rest for eternity in the eternal
house.

VIER GESÄNGE

Es tönt ein voller Harfenklang

Es tönt ein voller Harfenklang,
den Lieb und Sehnsucht schwellen,
er dringt zum Herzen tief und bang
und läßt das Auge quellen

O rinnet, Tränen, nur herab,
O schlage Herz mit beben!
Es sanken Lieb und Glück uns Grab,

Verloren ist das Leben!

Lied von Shakespeare

Komm herbei, komm herbei, Tod!
Und versenk in Cypressen den Leib.
Laß mich frei, Laß mich frei, Not!
Mich erschlägt ein holdseliges Weib,
Mit Rosmarin mein Leichenhemd,
o bestellt es!
Ob Lieb ans Herz mir tödlich kommt,
Treu hält es.

Keine Blum, keine Blum süß
sei gestreut auf den schwärzlichen Sarg.
Keine Seel, keine Seel grüß
mein Gebein, wo die Erd es verbarg.

Um Ach und Weh zu wenden ab,
bergt alleine
mich wo kein Treuer wall ans Grab
und weine.

FOUR SONGS

A Full Harp Sound Rings

A full harp sound rings,
Swelling love and yearning;
It pierces deep into the fearful heart,
And brings tears to the eyes.

O tears, run down,
O heart, beat with trembling!
Love and happiness have sunk into the
grave;
Life is lost!

Song from Twelfth Night

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, all stuck with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Der Gärtner

Wohin ich geh und schaue,
in Feld und Wald und Tal,
vom Berg hinab in die Aue:
viel schöne, hohe Fraue,
grüß ich dich tausendmal.

In meinem Garten find ich
viel blumen schön und fein,
viel Kränze wohl draus wind ich
und tausend Gedanken bind ich
und Grüße mit darein.

Ihr darf ich keinen reichen,
sie ist zu hoch und schön,
die müssen alle verbleichen,
die Liebe nur ohne Gleichen
bleibt ewig im Herzen stehn.
Ich schein wohl froher Dinge,
und schaffe auf und ab,
und ob das Herz zerspringe,
ich grabe fort und singe
und grab mir bald mein Grab.

Gesang aus Fingal

Wein' an den Felsen der brausenden Winde,
weine, o Mädchen von Inistorel
Beug über die Wogen dein schönes Haupt,
lieblicher du als der Geist der Berge,
wenn er um Mittag in einem Sonnenstrahl
über das Schweigen von Morven fährt.
Er ist gefallen, dein Jüngling liegt darnieder,
bleich sank er unter Cuthullins Schwert.
Nimmer wird Mut deinen Liebling mehr
reizen,
das blut von Königen zu vergießen.

The Gardener

Where'er I walk and gaze,
In field and wood and vale,
From mountain-top to meadow,
Most lovely noble lady,
I greet you thousandfold.

In my garden I do find
Many flowers fair and fine,
Many a garland I weave of them,
And a thousand thoughts and greetings
Into them entwine.

I dare offer her none of them,
She is too noble and fair,
They must all wither away,
Love alone beyond compare
Remains for ever in the heart.
I seem to be of good cheer,
And bustle back and forth,
And as if my heart will break,
I dig away and sing,
And soon shall dig my grave.

Song from Ossian's Fingal

Weep on the rocks of the roaring winds,
Weep, O maid of Inistorel
O'er the waves bend thy fair head,
Lovelier thou than the spirit of the mountain,
When at noon upon a sunbeam
He soars o'er the silence of Morven.
He has fallen; your young love lies low,
Pale he sank beneath Cuchulain's sword.
Nevermore shall valour rouse your love,

To shed the blood of kings.

Wein' an den Felsen der brausenden Winde,
weine, o Mädchen von Inistore!
Trenar, der liebliche Trenar starb!
O Mädchen von Inistore!
Seine grauen Hunde heulen daheim;
sie sehn seinen Geist vorüber ziehn.

Trenar, der liebliche Trenar starb!
O Mädchen von Inistore!
Sein Bogen hängt ungespannt in der Halle,
nichts regt sich auf der Haide der Rehe.
Wein' an den Felsen der brausenden Winde,
weine, o Mädchen von Inistore!

Abendständchen

Hör, es klagt die Flöte wieder,
und die kühlen Brunnen rauschen.
Golden wehn die Töne nieder,
stille, stille, lass uns lauschen!
Holdes Bitten, mild Verlangen,
wie es süß zum Herzen spricht!
Durch die Nacht, die mich umfängen,
blickt zu mir der Töne Licht.

Weep on the rocks of the roaring winds,
Weep, O maid of Inistore!
Trenar, the winsome Trenar has died,
O maid of Inistore!
His greyhounds are howling at home,
They see his ghost passing by.

Trenar, the winsome Trenar has died,
O maid of Inistore!
His bow hangs unstrung in the hall,
Nothing moves upon the heath of the hinds.
Weep on the rocks of the roaring winds,
Weep, O maid of Inistore!

Evening Serenade

Hear, again the flute complains,
And the cool springs murmur;
Golden the tones waft down,
Hush, hush, let us listen!
Fair entreaty, gentle yearning,
How sweetly it speaks to the heart!
Through the night that enfolds me
The light of the tones beckons to me.

Es geht ein Wehen

Es geht ein Wehen durch den Wald,
die Windsbraut hör ich singen.
Sie singt von einem Buhlen gut
und bis sie dem in Armen ruht,
muss sie noch weit in bangem Mut
sich durch die Lande schwingen.
Der Sang der klingt so schauerlich,
der klingt so wild, so trübe,
das heisse Sehnen ist erwacht,
mein Schatz zu tausend gute nacht!
Es kommt der Tag eh du's gedacht,
der eint getreue Liebel

Im Herbst

Ernst ist der Herbst,
und wenn die Blätter fallen,
sinkt auch das Herz zu trübem Weh herab.
Still ist die Flur,
und nach dem Süden wallen
die Sänger stumm, wie nach dem Grab.

Bleich ist der Tag,
und blasse Nebel schleiern
die Sonne, die Sonne wie die Herzen ein.
Früh kommt die Nacht:
denn alle Kräfte feiern,
und tief verschlossen ruht das Sein.

Sanft wird der Mensch.
Er sieht die Sonne sinken;
er ahnt des Lebens wie des Jahres Schluss.

Feucht wird das Aug,
doch in der Träne Blinken
entströmt des Herzens seligster Erguss.

A Breeze Wafts

A breeze wafts through the wood,
I hear the wind bride singing.
She sings of a good true love,
And until she rests within his arms,
With grieving heart far and wide
She must rove through the land.
The song it sounds so woefully,
It sounds so distraught, so troubled;
Ardent longing is awakened,
My love, a thousandfold good night!
The day will come ere you have known
That unites true love!

In Autumn

Gloomy is the autumn,
And when the leaves fall
The heart, too, sinks into forlorn woe.
Quiet is the meadow,
And southwards wing
The silent songsters, as if to the grave.

Wan is the day,
And pallid mists veil
The sun as they do the heart.
Early comes the night,
When all powers fail
And deeply enclosed all life rests.

Man becomes tranquil.
He watches the sun sinking,
And has a foreboding of life's end, as of
the year's end.

The eye grows moist,
Yet, in the tear's gleaming
Streams the heart's most blissful
outpouring.

ABOUT US

CERDDORION (the name means "musicians" in Welsh) is a chamber ensemble comprising some of New York City's finest amateur and semi-professional choral singers.

Founded by artistic director Susanne Peck in 1995, CERDDORION is dedicated to setting new standards for extraordinary choral performance. As the group's name suggests, CERDDORION aspires to musicianship in its fullest sense, using the human voice to explore and fulfill the expressive potential of the art. Audiences have quickly come to recognize CERDDORION for its lyrical eloquence as well as its rich vocal beauty.

Much of what sets CERDDORION apart can be traced to the rare fusion of talents found in its artistic director. In addition to superb conducting skills, Ms. Peck brings to the podium her extensive background as a teacher and student of singing, as well as many years as a sought-after professional soloist and chamber singer in repertoire ranging from medieval to 20th century. As a performer, Ms. Peck is known for her vocal naturalness and her sensitivity to dramatic and lyric intent; as a conductor, she translates these gifts into choral performances of exceptional technical artistry and interpretive depth.

Currently director of music at South Presbyterian Church in Dobbs Ferry, New York, Ms. Peck also teaches voice privately in Westchester and New York City.

Ms. Peck crafts unusual and captivating programs that draw on her broad experience. CERDDORION's past concerts include:

"Josquin: Princeps Musicorum" (sacred and secular works by the Renaissance master)

"Two Choirs From Heaven" (Baroque masterworks, with Charis Chamber Voices)

"Now Sing New York!" (works by contemporary New York City composers)

"Monteverdi: Musica Spirituale e Madrigali"

"Dying to Live" (early American hymns, spirituals, and folk song settings)

"Rich English Fare" (post-Romantic works inspired by nature)

"Winter, War, and Flowers: Paul Hindemith and His Influential Contemporaries"

Although a relative newcomer, CERDDORION has quickly attracted significant recognition. In August 1998 the group served as the resident

teaching ensemble for the inaugural Dennis Keene Choral Festival in Kent, Connecticut. Other prestigious invitations include collaborations with the acclaimed early music ensemble Concert Royal in performances of Bach's Cantata 140 and Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*. Since October 1997, CERDDORION has been Artist-in-Residence at the New York Public Library's Tompkins Square branch.

Gannet Newspapers critic Francis Brancaleone called CERDDORION's Fall 1997 program "a connoisseur's concert, tastefully rendered [...] The success of the performance was a product not only of technique and preparation but of understanding." Vocal Area Network, an organization devoted to promoting ensemble singing, has featured CERDDORION on its World Wide Web site as "New York's premiere vocal ensemble." And noted choral conductor Peter Bagley has said: "Cerddorion's clean intonation and focused tone allow the purity of the musical message to emerge beautifully intact. They exemplify the direction in which chamber vocal ensembles should be moving."

UPCOMING CONCERTS

Genius Youth (Schubert *Mass in G Major*, Mozart *Missa Brevis in F Major*): Sunday, February 28, 7:30 PM, St. Michael's Episcopal Church, 99th Street at Amsterdam Avenue, Manhattan.

Gothic Echoes (Ockeghem *Missa "L'Homme Armé"*, Britten *Hymn to St. Cecilia*, Stravinsky *Mass*): Sunday, May 16, 7:30 PM, St. Michael's Episcopal Church, 99th Street at Amsterdam Avenue, Manhattan; Sunday, May 23, 4:00 PM, Church of St. Luke in the Fields, 487 Hudson Street, Manhattan.

For up-to-the-minute, detailed, information, please visit our Web site at <http://www.fairchildpub.com/cerddorion>.

DONORS

Thank you for your support. Our concerts would not be possible without a great deal of financial assistance. CERDDORION would like to thank the following, who, in addition to various of our members, have generously provided financial support for our choral music activities.

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