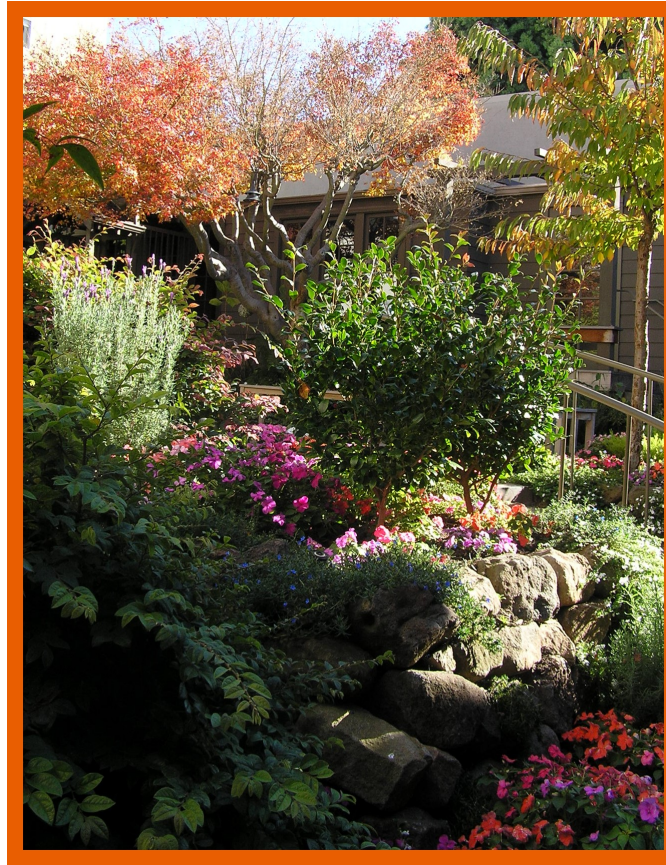


BERKELEY PIANO CLUB



OPENING DAY VIRTUAL CONCERT

September 16, 2020

BERKELEY PIANO CLUB

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 2020

10:00 AM

Arlene Lee, Program Chair

VIRTUAL PROGRAM

O ignis Spiritus Hildegard von Bingen
(1098—1179)

Bist du bei mir..... Gottfried Heinrich Stölzel
(1690—1749)
~ from the Notebook for Anna Magdalena Bach

PHOEBE ROSQUIST, soprano
ALISON LEE, piano



Six Variations on an Original Theme in F Major, Op. 34
.....Ludwig van Beethoven (1770—1827)

ALISON LEE, piano



Ave MariaJS Bach/Charles Gounod
(1818—1893)

SérénadeGounod

Ich stand in dunklen TräumenClara Schumann
(1819—1896)

PHOEBE ROSQUIST, soprano
ALISON LEE, piano



Variations, Op. 41 (1984)Nikolai Kapustin
(1937—2020)

ALISON LEE, piano

Texts and Translations

O Fire of the Spirit Hildegard Von Bingen (1098—1179)

O ignis Spiritus paracliti,
vita vite omnis creature,
sanctus es vivificando formas.

O fire of the Spirit and Defender,
the life of every life created:
Holy are you—giving life to every form.

Sanctus es ungendo periculose
fractos, sanctus es tergendō
fetida vulnera.

Holy are you—anointing the critically
broken. Holy are you—cleansing
the festering wounds.

O spiraculum sanctitatis,
o ignis caritatis,
o dulcis gustus in pectoribus
et infusio cordium in bono odore virtutum.

O breath of holiness,
O fire of love,
O taste so sweet within the breast,
that floods the heart with virtues' fragrant good.

O fons purissime,
in quo consideratur
quod Deus alienos
colligit et perditos requirit.

O clearest fountain,
in which is seen the mirrored work of God:
to gather the estranged
and seek again the lost.

O lorica vite et spes compaginis
membrorum omnium
et o cingulum honestatis: salva beatos.

O living armor, hope that binds
the every limb,
O belt of honor: save the blessed.

Tu etiam semper educis doctos
per inspirationem Sapientie
letificatos.

You are the teacher of the truly learned,
whose joy you grant
through Wisdom's inspiration.

Unde laus tibi sit, qui es sonus laudis
et gaudium vite, spes et honor fortissimus,
dans premia lucis.

And so may you be praised, who are the sound of
praise, the joy of life, the hope and potent honor,
and the giver of the gifts of light

Be Thou with MeAnonymous

Bist du bei mir, geh ich mit Freuden
Zum Sterben und zu meiner Ruh.

Be thou with me and I'll go gladly
To death and on to my repose.

Ach, wie vergnügt wär so mein Ende,
Es drückten deine schönen Hände
Mir die getreuen Augen zu.

Ah, how my end would bring contentment,
If, pressing with thy hands so lovely,
Thou wouldst my faithful eyes then close.

Hail Mary **Latin**

Ave Maria, gratia plena,
Dominus tecum.
Benedicta tu in mulieribus,
et benedictus, fructus ventris tui, Jesus.
Sancta Maria, sancta Maria, Maria,
ora pro nobis, nobis peccatoribus
nunc et in hora, in hora mortis nostrae.
Amen! Amen!

Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with thee,
blessed art thou among women,
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, mother of God,
pray for us sinners, now, and at
the hour of our death.
Amen.

Serenade Victor Hugo (1802—1885)

Quand tu chantes, bercée
Le soir entre mes bras,
Entends-tu ma pensée
Qui te répond tout bas?
Ton doux chant me rappelle
Les plus beaux de mes jours ...
Ah! chantez, chantez, ma belle,
Chantez toujours!

When you sing, cradled
In my arms at evening,
Do you hear my thoughts
Softly answering you?
Your sweet song recalls
The loveliest days of my life ...
Ah! sing, my fair one,
Sing on!

Quand tu dors, calme et pure,
Dans l'ombre, sous mes yeux,
Ton haleine murmure
Des mots harmonieux.
Ton beau corps se révèle
Sans voile et sans atours ...
Ah! dormez, dormez, ma belle,
Dormez toujours!

When you sleep, calm and pure,
In the shade beneath my gaze,
Your breath murmurs
Melodious words.
Your body is revealed in its beauty
Without veil or finery ...
Ah! sleep, my fair one,
Sleep on!

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

I Stood Darkly Dreaming Heinrich Heine (1797—1856)

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildniß an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

I stood darkly dreaming
And stared at her picture,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmuthstränen
Erglänzte [ihr]³ Augenpaar.

About her lips
A wondrous smile played,
And as with sad tears,
Her eyes gleamed.

Auch meine Thränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab -
Und ach, ich [kann es]⁴ nicht glauben,
Daß ich Dich verloren hab'!

And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder*, published by Faber, provided courtesy of Oxford
Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)