

College-Conservatory of Music  
presents



Nathan Gunn, baritone

Julie Gunn, piano

Wednesday, January 28, 2009  
Corbett Auditorium  
8:00 p.m.

Texts and Translations

## Viola

Music by Franz Schubert  
Text by Franz von Schober

Schneeglöcklein, o Schneeglöcklein,  
In den Auen läutest du,  
Läutest in dem stillen Hain,  
Läute immer, läute zu, läute immer zu!

Denn du kündest frohe Zeit,  
Frühling naht, der Bräutigam,  
Kommt mit Sieg vom Winterstreit,  
Dem er seine Eiswehr nahm.

Darum schwingt der goldne Stift,  
Daß dein Silberhelm erschallt,  
Und dein liebliches Gedüft  
Leis' wie Schmeichelruf entwallt:

Daß die Blumen in der Erd'  
Steigen aus dem düstern Nest,  
Und des Bräutigams sich wert  
Schmücken zu dem Hochzeitsfest.

Schneeglöcklein, o Schneeglöcklein,  
In den Auen läutest du,  
Läutest in dem stillen Hain,  
Läut' die Blumen aus der Ruh'!

Du Viola, zartes Kind,  
Hörst zuerst den Wonnelaut,  
Und sie stehet auf geschwind,  
Schmücket sorglich sich als Braut.

Hüllet sich in's grüne Kleid,  
Nimmt den Mantel sammetblau  
Nimmt das güldene Geschmeid,  
Und den Brillantentau.

Eilt dann fort mit mächt'gem Schritt,  
Nur den Freund im treuen Sinn,  
Ganz von Liebesglück durchglüht,  
Sieht nicht her und sieht nicht hin.

Doch ein ängstliches Gefühl  
Ihre kleine Brust durchwallt,  
Denn es ist noch rings so still,  
Und die Lüfte weh'n so kalt.

Und sie hemmt den schnellen Lauf,  
Schon bestrahlt von Sonnenschein,  
Doch mit Schrecken blickt sie auf,  
Denn sie stehet ganz allein.

## Violet

Snowdrop, snowdrop,  
You ring through the meadows,  
You ring in the silent grove.  
Ring on, ring on forever!

For you herald a time of joy;  
Spring approaches, the bridegroom  
Victorious from his struggle with winter,  
From whom he wrested his icy weapon.

So your golden rod swings  
That your silver bell shall resound,  
And your sweet fragrance wafts gently away,  
Like an enticing call:

So that the flowers in the earth  
Rise from their gloomy nests,  
And to prove worthy of the bridegroom  
Adorn themselves for the wedding feast.

Snowdrop, snowdrop,  
You ring through the meadows,  
You ring in the silent grove,  
Ring the flowers from their sleep!

Violet, tender child,  
Is the first to hear the joyful sound;  
She rises quickly,  
And adorns herself carefully as a bride.

She wraps herself in a green gown,  
Takes a velvety blue mantle,  
Her golden jewels  
And her dewy diamonds.

Then she hastens forth with powerful gait,  
With thoughts only of her beloved in her faithful heart,  
Inflamed with ardent love,  
Looking neither this way nor that.

But a feeling of apprehension  
Troubles her tiny breast,  
For all around it is still so quiet,  
And the winds blow so cold.

She checks her rapid course.  
Already the sun shines on her,  
But she looks up in terror,  
For she is quite alone.

Schwestern nicht, nicht Bräutigam  
Zugedrunge! und verschmäht!  
Da durchschauert sie die Scham,  
Fliehet wie vom Sturm geweht.

Fliehet an den fernsten Ort,  
Wo sie Gras und Schatten deckt,  
Späht und lauschet immerfort,  
Ob was rauschet und sich regt.

Und gekränkt und getäuscht  
Sitzet sie und schluchzt und weint,  
Von der tiefsten Angst zerfleischt,  
Ob kein Nahender erscheint.

Schneeglöcklein, o Schneeglöcklein,  
In den Auen läutest du,  
Läutest in dem stillen Hain,  
Läut die Schwestern ihr herzu!

Rose nahet, Lilie schwankt,  
Tulp' und Hyazinthe schwellt,  
Windling kommt daher gerankt,  
Und Narciss' hat sich gesellt.

Da der Frühling nun erscheint,  
Und das frohe Fest beginnt,  
Sieht er alle, die vereint,  
Und vermißt sein liebstes Kind.

Alle schickt er suchend fort,  
Um die eine, die ihm wert,  
Und sie kommen an den Ort,  
Wo sie einsam sich verzehrt.

Doch es sitzt das liebe Kind  
Stumm und bleich, das Haupt gebückt,  
Ach! der Lieb' und Sehnsucht Schmerz  
Hat die Zärtliche erdrückt.

Schneeglöcklein, o Schneeglöcklein,  
In den Auen läutest du,  
Läutest in dem stillen Hain,  
Läut Viola sanfte Ruh'.

No sisters! No bridegroom!  
She has been too pressing! She has been rejected!  
Then she shudders with shame  
And flees, as if swept away by the storm.

She flees to the remotest spot,  
Where the grass and shade conceal her;  
She constantly peers and listens  
To see if anything rustles or stirs.

Hurt and disappointed  
She sits sobbing and weeping,  
Tormented by the profound fear  
That no one will appear.

Snowdrop, snowdrop,  
You ring through the meadows,  
You ring in the silent grove;  
Call her sisters to her.

The rose approaches, the lily sways,  
The tulip and hyacinth swell;  
The blindweed trails along,  
And the narcissus joins them.

And now, as spring appears  
And the happy festival begins,  
He sees them all united,  
But misses his dearest child.

He sends them all off to search  
For the one he cherishes,  
And they come to the place  
Where she languishes alone.

But the sweet creature sits there  
Dumb and pale, her head bowed;  
Alas, the pain of love and longing  
Has crushed the tender one.

Snowdrop, snowdrop,  
You ring through the meadows,  
Your ring in the silent grove;  
Ring for the Violet's sweet repose!

## Das Rosenband

Music by Franz Schubert  
Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock

Im Frühlingschatten fand ich sie,  
Da band ich sie mit Rosenbändern:  
Sie fühlt' es nicht und schlummerte.

Ich sah sie an; mein Leben hing  
Mit diesem Blick an ihrem Leben:  
Ich fühlt' es wohl und wußt' es nicht.

Doch lispelt' ich ihr sprachlos zu  
Und rauschte mit den Rosenbändern.  
Da wachte sie vom Schlummer auf.

Sie sah mich an; ihr Leben hing  
Mit diesem Blick an meinem Leben,  
Und um uns ward Elysium.

## Im Walde

Music by Franz Schubert  
Text by Friederich von Schlegel

Windes Rauschen, Gottes Flügel,  
Tief in kühler Waldesnacht,  
Wie der Held in Rosses Bügel,  
Schwingt sich des Gedankens Macht,  
Wie die alten Tannen sausen,  
Hört man Geisterwogen brausen.

Herrlich ist der Flamme Leuchten  
In des Morgenglanzes Tau,  
Oder, die das Feld beleuchten,  
Blitze, schwanger oft von Tod.  
Rasch die Flamme zuckt und lodert,  
Wie zu Gott hinauf gefordert.

Ewig's Rauschen sanfter Quellen  
Zaubert Blumen aus dem Schmerz,  
Trauer doch in linden Wellen  
Schlägt uns lockend an das Herz.  
Fernab hin der Geist gezogen,  
Die uns locken, durch die Wogen.

Drang des Lebens aus der Hülle,  
Kampf der starken Triebe wild  
Wird zur schönsten Liebesfülle,  
Durch des Geistes Hauch gestillt.  
Schöpferischer Lüfte Wehen  
Fühlt man durch die Seele gehen.

Windes Rauschen, Gottes Flügel,  
Tief in kühler Waldesnacht,  
Freigegeben alle Zügel  
Schwingt sich des Gedanken Macht,  
Hört in Lüften ohne Grausen  
Den Gesang der Geister brausen.

## The Rosy Ribbon

I found her in the spring garden,  
And bound her with rosy ribbon;  
Oblivious, she slept on.

I looked at her; with that gaze  
My life was bound to hers:  
This I felt, yet did not know.

But I whispered silently to her  
And rustled the rosy ribbons  
Then she woke from her slumber.

She looked at me; with that gaze  
Her life was bound to mine,  
And all around us was paradise.

## In the Forest

That rushing of the wind, God's own wings,  
Deep in the cool night of the forest,  
As the hero leaps on to his horse,  
So does the power of thought soar.  
As the old pine-trees rustle,  
So we hear the surging waves of the spirit.

Glorious is the flame's glow  
In the red light of morning,  
Or the flashes that light up the fields,  
Often pregnant with death.  
Swiftly the flame flickers and blazes,  
As if summoned upward to God.

The eternal murmuring of gentle springs  
Conjures flowers from sorrow;  
Yet sadness beats alluringly against our hearts  
In gentle waves.  
The spirit is borne far away  
By those waves that allure us.

Life's urge to be free of its fetters,  
The struggle of strong, wild impulses,  
Are turned to love's fair fulfillment,  
Stilled by the breath of the spirit,  
We feel the creative breath  
Pervade our souls.

The rushing of the wind, God's own wings,  
Deep in the dark night of the forest;  
Free from all restraints  
The power of the thought soars;  
Without fear we hear the song of the spirits  
Echoing in the breezes.

## **Romanze**

Music by Franz Schubert

Text by Wilhelmina Christiane von Chézy

Der Vollmond strahlt auf Bergeshöhn-  
Wie hab ich dich vermißt!  
Du süßes Herz! es ist so schön,  
Wenn treu die Treue küßt.

Was frommt des Maien holde Zier?  
Du warst mein Frühlingsstrahl!  
Licht meiner Nacht, O lächle mir  
Im Tode noch einmal!

Sie trat hinein beim Vollmondschein,  
Sie blickte himmelwärts;  
"Im Leben fern, im Tode dein!"  
Und sanft brach Herz an Herz.

## **Nachtviolen**

Music by Franz Schubert

Text by Johann Mayrhofer

Nachtviolen, Nachtviolen!  
Dunkle Augen, seelenvolle,  
Selig ist es, sich versenken  
In dem samtnen Blau.

Grüne Blätter streben freudig  
Euch zu hellen, euch zu schmücken;  
Doch ihr blicket ernst und schweigend  
In die laue Frühlingsluft.

Mit erhabnen Wehmutsstrahlen  
Trafet ihr mein treues Herz,  
Und nun blüht in stummen Nächten  
Fort die heilige Verbindung.

## **Die Taubenpost**

Music by Franz Schubert

Text by Johann Gabriel Seidle

Ich hab' eine Briefftaub' in meinem Sold,  
Die ist gar ergeben und treu,  
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz  
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.

Ich sende sie viel tausendmal  
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,  
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,  
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.

Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,  
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,  
Gibt meine Grüße scherzend ab  
Und nimmt die ihren mit.

## **Romance**

The full moon shines on mountaintops -  
How badly I missed you!  
Oh, heart, so sweet! How lovely it is  
When faithfulness kisses truly.

What good is May's sweet loveliness  
You were my beam of vernal sun!  
Light of my night, come, smile at me  
In death just one more time.

She entered in the full moon's light,  
she then looked heavenwards;  
"Whilst living, far - in death I'm yours!"  
And peacefully two hearts broke

## **Dame's Violets**

Dame's violets,  
Dark soulful eyes,  
It is blissful to immerse myself  
In your velvety blue.

Green leaves strive joyously  
To brighten you, to adorn you;  
But you gaze, solemn and silent,  
Into the mild spring air.

With sublime shafts of melancholy  
You have pierced my faithful heart,  
And now, in silent nights,  
Our sacred union blossoms.

## **Pigeon Post**

I have a carrier-pigeon in my pay,  
Devoted and true;  
She never stops short of her goal  
And never flies too far.

Each day I send her out  
A thousand times on reconnaissance,  
Past many a beloved spot,  
To my sweetheart's house.

There she peeps furtively in at the window,  
Observing her every look and step,  
Conveys my greeting breezily,  
And brings her back to me.

Kein Briefchen brauch ich zu schreiben mehr,  
Die Träne selbst geb ich ihr,  
Oh, sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,  
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.

Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,  
Ihr gilt das alles gleich,  
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,  
Dann ist sie überreich!

Sie wird nicht müd, sie wird nicht matt,  
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu;  
Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn,  
Die Taub' ist so mir treu!

Drum heg ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,  
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;  
Sie heißt - die Sehnsucht!  
Kennt ihr sie? Die Botin treuen Sinns.

### **Auf der Brücke**

Music by Franz Schubert  
Text by Ernst Schulze

Frisch trabe sonder Ruh und Rast,  
Mein gutes Roß, durch Nacht und Regen!  
Was scheust du dich vor Busch und Ast  
Und strauchelst auf den wilden Wegen?  
Dehnt auch der Wald sich tief und dicht,  
Doch muß er endlich sich erschliessen;  
Und freundlich wird ein fernes Licht  
Uns aus dem dunkeln Tale grüßen.

Wohl könnt ich über Berg und Feld  
Auf deinem schlanken Rücken fliegen  
Und mich am bunten Spiel der Welt,  
An holden Bildern mich vergnügen;  
Manch Auge lacht mir traulich zu  
Und beut mit Frieden, Lieb und Freude,  
Und dennoch eil ich ohne Ruh,  
Zurück zu meinem Leide.

Denn schon drei Tage war ich fern  
Von ihr, die ewig mich gebunden;  
Drei Tage waren Sonn und Stern  
Und Erd und Himmel mir verschwunden.  
Von Lust und Leiden, die mein Herz  
Bei ihr bald heilten, bald zerrissen  
Fühlt ich drei Tage nur den Schmerz,  
Und ach! die Freude muß ich missen!

Weit sehn wir über Land und See  
Zur wärmer Flur den Vogel fliegen;  
Wie sollte denn die Liebe je  
In ihrem Pfade sich betrügen?  
Drum trabe mutig durch die Nacht!  
Und schwinden auch die dunkeln Bahnen,  
Der Sehnsucht helles Auge wacht,  
Und sicher führt mich süßes Ahnen.

I no longer need to write a note,  
I can give her my very tears;  
She will certainly not deliver them wrongly,  
So eagerly does she serve me.

Day or night, awake or dreaming,  
It is all the same to her;  
As long as she can roam  
She is richly contented.

She never grows tired or faint,  
The route is always fresh to her;  
She needs no enticement or reward,  
So true is this pigeon to me.

I cherish her as truly in my heart,  
Certain of the fairest prize;  
her name is—Longing!  
Do you know her? The messenger of constancy.

### **On the Bridge**

Trot briskly on, my good horse,  
Without pause for rest, through night and rain!  
Why do you shy at bush and branch,  
And stumble on the wild paths?  
Though the forest stretches deep and dense,  
It must at last open up;  
And a distant light will greet us warmly  
From the dark valley.

I could cheerfully speed over mountain and meadow  
On your lithe back,  
And enjoy the world's varied delights,  
Its fair sights.  
Many an eye smiles at me affectionately,  
Offering peace, love and joy,  
And yet, restlessly, I hasten  
Back to my sorrow.

For three days now I have been far  
From her, to whom I am eternally bound;  
For three days sun and stars,  
Earth and heaven have vanished for me.  
Of the joy and sorrow which, when I was with her,  
Now healed, now broke my heart,  
I have for three days felt only the pain.  
Alas, the joy I have had to forgo!

We watch the bird fly far away over land and sea  
To warmer pastures.  
How, then should love ever  
Be deceived in its course?  
So trot bravely on through the night!  
Though the dark tracks may vanish,  
The bright eye of longing is awake,  
And sweet presentiment guides me safely onwards.

### **In the dark pine-wood**

Music by Ben Moore

Text by James Joyce, from *Chamber Music*

In the dark pine-wood  
I would we lay,  
In deep cool shadow  
At noon of day.

How sweet to lie there,  
Sweet to kiss,  
Where the great pine-forest  
Enaished is!

Thy kiss descending  
Sweeter were  
With a soft tumult  
Of thy hair.

O unto the pine-wood  
At noon of day  
Come with me now,  
Sweet love, away.

### **When you are old**

Music by Benjamin Moore

Text by William Butler Yeats

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;  
How many loved your moments of glad grace,  
And loved your beauty with love false or true,  
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;  
And bending down beside the glowing bars,  
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled  
And paced upon the mountains overhead  
And hid his face among a crowd of stars.

### **This Heart that Flutters**

Music by Benjamin Moore

Text by James Joyce, from *Chamber Music*, no. xxiii, published 1908

This heart that flutters near my heart  
My hope and all my riches is,  
Unhappy when we draw apart  
And happy between kiss and kiss;  
My hope and all my riches - yes! -  
And all my happiness.

For there, as in some mossy nest  
The wrens will divers treasures keep,  
I laid those treasures I possessed  
Ere that mine eyes had learned to weep.  
Shall we not be as wise as they  
Though love live but a day?

### **The Briar and the Rose**

Music by Tom Waits

I fell asleep down by a stream  
and there I had the strangest dream  
and down by Brennan's Glenn there grows  
a briar and a rose  
There's a tree in the forest and I don't know where  
I built a nest out of your hair  
and climbing up into the air  
a briar and a rose  
Well I don't know how long it's been  
but I was born in Brennan's Glenn  
and near the end of spring there grows  
a briar and a rose  
I picked a rose one early morn  
I pricked my finger on a thorn  
they'd grown so close their winding wove  
the briar and the rose  
I tried to tear them both apart  
I felt a bullet in my heart  
and all dressed up in springs new clothes  
the briar and the rose  
And when I'm buried and in my grave  
tell me then so I will know  
your tears may fall to make love grow  
the briar and the rose

### **Innocent when you dream**

Music and text by Tom Waits

The bats are in the belfry  
the dew is on the moor  
where are the arms that held me  
and pledged her love before  
and pledged her love before

It's such a sad old feeling  
the fields are soft and green  
it's memories that I'm stealing  
but you're innocent when you dream  
when you dream  
you're innocent when you dream

running through the graveyard  
we laughed my friends and I  
we swore we'd be together  
until the day we died  
until the day we died

It's such a sad old feeling  
the fields are soft and green  
it's memories that I'm stealing  
but you're innocent when you dream  
when you dream  
you're innocent when you dream

I made a golden promise  
that we would never part  
I gave my love a locket  
and then I broke her heart  
and then I broke her heart

It's such a sad old feeling  
the fields are soft and green  
it's memories that I'm stealing  
but you're innocent when you dream  
when you dream  
you're innocent when you dream

### **Circus Band**

Music and text by Charles Ives

All summer long we boys dreamed 'bout circus joys!  
Down Main Street comes the band,  
Oh! "ain't it a grand and glorious noise!"  
Horses are prancing,  
Knights advancing  
Helmets gleaming,  
Pennants streaming,  
Cleopatra's on her throne!  
That golden hair is all her own.  
Where is the lady all in pink?  
Last year she waved to me I think,  
Can she have died? Can! that! rot!  
She is passing but she sees me not.

### **Two little flowers (and dedicated to them)**

Music and text by Charles Ives

On sunny days in our backyard,  
two little flowers are seen,  
One dressed, at times, in brightest pink  
and one in green.  
The marigold is radiant,  
the rose passing fair;  
The violet is ever dear,  
the orchid, ever rare;  
There's loveliness in wild flow'rs  
of field or wide savannah,  
But fairest, rarest of them all  
are Edith and Susanna.



## General Booth enters into Heaven

Music by Charles Ives

Text by Vachel Lindsay, from *General William Booth Enters into Heaven and Other Poems*, published 1919

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)  
The Saints smiled gravely and they said, "He's come,"  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Walking lepers followed rank on rank,  
Lurching bravos from the ditches dank  
Drabs the alleyways and drug fiends pale  
Minds still passion ridden, soul flowers frail:  
Vermin eaten saints with moldy breath,  
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Ev'ry slum had sent its half a score  
The world round over. (Booth had groaned for more).  
Ev'ry banner that the wide world flies  
Bloomed with glory and transcendent dyes,  
Big voiced lassies made their banjoes bang,  
Tranced, fanatical they shrieked and sang;  
"Are you? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

Hallelulah! It was queer to see  
Bull necked convicts with that land made free.  
Loons with trumpets a blare, blare, blare,  
On, on, upward thro' the golden air!  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Booth died blind and still by Faith he trod,  
Eyes still dazzled by the ways of God!  
Booth led boldly and he look'd the chief  
Eagle countenance in sharp relief,  
Beard a-flying, air of high command  
Unabated in that holy land.

Jesus came from the court house door,  
Stretched his hands above the passing poor.  
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones  
Round and round the mighty courthouse square.  
Yet! in an instant all that blear review  
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.

The lame were straightened, withered limbs uncurled,  
And blind eyes opened on a new, sweet world.  
Drabs and vixens in a flash made whole!  
Gone was the weasel head, the snout, the jewel  
Sages and sibyls now, and athletes clean,  
Rulers of empires and of forests green!  
The hosts were sandall'd and their wings were fire!  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

But their noise play'd havoc with the angel choir,  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)  
Oh shout Salvation!  
It was good to see Kings and Princes by the  
Lamb set free.  
The banjos rattled and the tambourines  
Jingling jingl'd in the hands of Queens.

And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer  
He saw his Master thro' the flag fill'd air.  
Christ came gently with a robe and crown  
For Booth the soldier, while the throng knelt down.  
He saw King Jesus; they were face to face,  
And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

### **Poor Wayfarin' Stranger**

Traditional  
Arr. Julie Gunn

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger  
a trav'lin' thro' this world of woe,  
and there's no sickness, toil or danger  
in that bright world to which I go.

I'm goin' there to see my Father,  
I'm goin' there no more to roam;  
I'm just a goin' over Jordan,  
I'm just a-goin' over home.

I want to wear a crown of glory,  
when I get home to that bright land;  
I want to shout salvation's story  
in concert with that heav'nly band.

### **Bound for the Promised Land**

Traditional  
Arr. Julie Gunn

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
and cast a wishful eye  
to Canaan's fair and happy land  
where my possessions lie.

*(Chorus)*

I'm bound for the promised land,  
I'm bound for the promised land.  
Oh, who will come and go with me?  
I'm bound for the promised land.

There gen'rous fruits that never fail,  
on trees immortal grow.  
There rocks and hills and brooks and vales  
with milk and honey flow.

*(Chorus)*

### **Tenting Tonight**

Music by Walter Kittredge  
Arr. by Julie Gunn

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,  
Give us a song to cheer  
Our weary hearts, a song of home,  
And friend we love so dear.

*(Chorus)*

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,  
Wishing for the war to cease;  
Many are the hearts that are looking for the right  
To see the dawn of peace.  
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,  
Tenting on the old camp ground

We are tired of war on the old camp ground,  
The wounded are lying near:  
Some are dead and some are dying,  
Many are in tears.