The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.

Music Department
National Gallery of Art
Sixth Street and Constitution Avenue NW
Washington, DC

www.nga.gov

Concerts are made possible in part through the generosity of donors to the National Gallery of Art through The Circle. Reserved seating is available in recognition of their support. Please contact the development office at (202) 842-6450 or circle@nga.gov for more information.

The Seventy-second Season of
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lammot Belin
Concerts
National Gallery of Art

Five Lives in Music
Concerts created and presented in honor of
Five Lives in Music: Women Performers, Composers, and Impresarios from the Baroque to the Present by Cecelia Hopkins Porter

April 2, 9, 16, 23, and 30, 2014
Wednesdays, 12:10 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Admission free
The National Gallery of Art music department dedicates its five Wednesday concerts in April to a musical realization of *Five Lives in Music: Women Performers, Composers, and Impresarios from the Baroque to the Present*. Written by Cecelia Hopkins Porter and published in 2012 by the University of Illinois Press, the book traces the author’s discovery of four remarkable women composers whose work is largely unknown, and who were ignored until now because of chauvinistic attitudes that prevailed in their own and subsequent generations. In addition, Porter writes about one of her contemporaries, pianist Ann Schein, whose career as a performer and teacher exemplifies the emergence of women from the shadows of the musical world in the late twentieth and early twenty-first centuries. Schein’s performance on Wednesday, April 30, will conclude the series.

A graduate of Columbia and Harvard Universities and the University of Maryland where she served on the music faculty, Washington, DC native Cecelia Hopkins Porter has also taught at George Washington University. Her post-graduate musicological studies have included Fulbright and other scholarships in Berlin and Vienna. Earlier publications include *The Rhine as Musical Metaphor: Cultural Identity in German Romantic Music*, and numerous articles in *The American Music Teacher, Holocaust and Genocide Studies, The Musical Quarterly, Nineteenth-Century Music*, and *Opera News*. Washington-area concertgoers will recognize Porter’s name from the many concert reviews she has written for the *Washington Post* since the early 1960s. In addition to her skills as a scholar and writer, Porter is a pianist, flutist, and organist.
2,988th Concert
April 2, 2014, 12:10 pm

Barbara Hollinshead, mezzo-soprano
Linnea Shin, soprano
Dan Swenberg, theorbo
Gwendolyn Toth, harpsichord and organ

Music by Sophie-Elisabeth von Mecklenburg (1613–1676),
unless otherwise noted

Performed without intermission

From Evangelischer Wein-Berg (1651)
Gott, Herr, barmherzig, gnädig heist

From Ihr Schäfer, sagt
Du kleiner Gott
Auf Echo
Sprich mir nach

From “Manuscript 1”
Amour qui dompte

From Evangelischer Wein-Berg
Wenn schon der Wein der Freuden,
Dem Herren Christo sei Lob, Ehr, und Dank
Der Sohn wird biliich hoch geacht
Herodes und Jerusalem
Herr Jesus Christ, der Herr der Herrn
**The Musicians**

**BARBARA HOLLINSHEAD**

Described by the *Washington Post* as singing with “an artful simplicity that illuminated the text and beguiled the ear,” mezzo-soprano Barbara Hollinshead studied with Max van Egmond in the Netherlands and has sung under the baton of some of Europe's finest early music masters, including Christopher Hogwood and Andrew Parrott. In demand throughout eastern North America, she has appeared with the Bach Choir of Bethlehem, Chatham Baroque, Folger Consort, Opera Lafayette, Tafelmusik, and Washington Bach Consort. A member of the New York-based early music group ARTEK, she has been the alto of the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble since 2004.

In addition to recordings of music of J. S. Bach and Amy Beach, Hollinshead has recently released a CD of seventeenth-century French courtly songs with lutenist Howard Bass. An adjunct professor at American University, she is a cast member in the Washington Bach Consort's popular program “Bach in Time.”

**DANIEL SWENBERG**

A specialist in Renaissance and baroque basso-continuo playing, Daniel Swenberg plays several unusual period instruments, including the galli­zona/callichon (a six- or eight-course bass lute), Renaissance and baroque lutes, and the theorbo/chitarrone (a bass lute with an extended neck). Often called upon by the Mark Morris Dance Group, the Metropolitan Opera, and New York City Opera to realize scores of ballets and operas written before 1750, Swenberg regularly performs with the early music ensembles ARTEK, New York Collegium, Rebel, Piffaro, Spiritus, Tafelmusik, Les Violons du Roy, and, of course, Lizzy and the Theorboys. He has received awards from the Belgian-American Educational Foundation and a Fulbright Scholarship (1997) for study at the Hochschule für Künste in Bremen, Germany. He also studied the lute at Mannes College of Music, musicology at Washington University in Saint Louis, and classical guitar at the North Carolina School of the Arts.
GWENDOLYN TOTH

Recognized as one of America’s leading performers on early keyboard instruments, ARTÉK Director Gwendolyn Toth performs with equal ease on the harpsichord, organ, and fortepiano. Her interpretations have been acclaimed for their spirit and intelligence, and her technique is founded on historical performance principles of fingering, articulation, and phrasing. She has been heard in concert throughout Europe, the Far East, and North America, and on radio broadcasts in France, Germany, and The Netherlands as well as National Public Radio. She has performed in festivals in Berkeley, Boston, and Indianapolis as well as in Edinburgh, Scotland; Regensburg, Germany; Trevi nel Lazio, Italy; and Utrecht, Holland.

As a soloist and recording artist on historical organs, Toth tours each summer in Europe, performing on significant organs from the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. She has also performed and recorded on the oldest surviving church organ in Europe, the 1434 organ in the Fortress Cathedral in Sion, Switzerland. Active as a conductor of historical performance ensembles, she conducted ARTÉK and the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble in 2010 in a celebration at the Gallery of the 400th anniversary of Claudio Monteverdi’s *Vespers of the Blessed Virgin* (1610).

LINNEA SHIN

Linnea Shin has been singing professionally since age seven, when she joined the Metropolitan Opera Children’s Chorus. She sang the title role of the musical *Peter Pan* at age twelve and the role of Belinda in Purcell’s *Dido and Aeneas* at seventeen. The daughter of two professional early music performers, she grew up with early music performance practice and musical style, singing oratorios with period instruments and performing on baroque violin. She made her New York City debut in 2010 with the ensemble Sinfonia Praetorius, singing medieval, Renaissance, and baroque music. Concurrent with maintaining her vocal studies and singing career, Shin studies computer science at Harvey Mudd College in Claremont, California.

Program Note

One of a handful of persons of noble birth who had the talent and discipline required to compose significant music, Duchess Sophie-Elisabeth von Mecklenburg (1613–1676) was born in the court of Güstrow, a small but active north German cultural center, and spent part of her youth in exile in Kassel—her father, Duke John Albert II of Mecklenburg-Güstrow, was deposed from 1621–1624 by Emperor Ferdinand II, who thought he had taken sides with the Swedes in the Thirty Years War—where she had access to even more sophisticated musical training.

Her marriage to a relatively enlightened nobleman—August the Younger, Duke of the nearby duchy of Braunschweig-Lüneberg (1579–1666), allowed her the opportunity to continue her musical pursuits (she played the harpsichord) and even administer the musical life of her husband’s court. One of the musicians with whom she had frequent contact, and from whom she received advice and counsel, was the Kapellmeister of the Saxon court in Dresden, Heinrich Schütz (1585–1672). Through Schütz, the duchess came to know and eventually aided composers Johann Jakob Löwe (1629–1703) and Julius Johann Weiland (c. 1605–1663). Despite recurring turmoil and shortage of funds caused by the Thirty Years War (1618–1648) and the preoccupation of bearing two children and rearing four more from her husband’s previous marriage, Sophie-Elisabeth created and maintained a musical life at court that drew the attention of musicians and nobles throughout northern Germany.
2,990th Concert
April 9, 2014, 12:10 pm

Rosa Lamoreaux, soprano
With ArcoVoce
Elizabeth Field, Nina Falk, violins
Stephanie Vial, cello
Steven Silverman, harpsichord

Music by Elisabeth Jacquet de la Guerre (1665–1729)

Performed without intermission

Susanne
Récitatif — Contre la saison
Air — Indiscrète jeunesse
Récitatif — Les beautés de Susanne
Air — Cédez, il faut vous rendre
Récitatif — Ils doivent l’accuser
Recitatif mesuré — Non, non,
Air — Que la même ardeur

Sonata III for violin and continuo
Selected movements

Semelé
Récitatif — Jupiter avoit fait
Air — Ne peut-on vivre
Récitatif — Mais, quel bruit étonnant
Air — Quel triomphe, quelle victoire
Récitatif — Ah! quel embrasement
Dernier Air — Lorsque l’Amour
The Musicians

**ROSA LAMOREAUX**

Acclaimed by the *Washington Post* for her “scrupulous musicianship...gorgeous sound, and stylistic acuity,” soprano Rosa Lamoreaux maintains an international career of broad scope, including solo recitals, chamber music, opera, and orchestral performances at Carnegie Hall, the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, the Kennedy Center, Royal Albert Hall, Strathmore Hall, and the Washington National Cathedral, among other major concert venues. Highlights of recent seasons include Bach cantatas and the *B Minor Mass* at the Phillips Collection, Bethlehem Bach Festival, and Washington National Cathedral; and American musical revues for the Dumbarton Concert Series. Now in her tenth season as artistic director of the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble, she is also a favorite at other renowned museums, including the Cloisters, Corcoran Gallery, Louvre, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Phillips Collection, and Smithsonian Institution. Lamoreaux maintains a website at www.rosasings.com.

**ARCOVOCE**

Specializing in lesser-known but highly meritorious pieces from the full range of Western music, ArcoVoce has presented east coast premieres of music of the Dutch baroque master Cornelius Padbrue (1592–1670), J. C. Gruen (fl. 1750–1760), and contemporary American composer Lori Laitman. In addition to two previous appearances at the National Gallery, ArcoVoce has performed at the Corcoran Gallery, embassies of Germany and The Netherlands, and Phillips Collection. Among the notable guest artists who have appeared with the ensemble are Phoebe Carrai, principal cellist of Musica Antiqua Köln; Franklin Cohen, principal clarinetist of the Cleveland Orchestra; and celebrated baroque violinist Elisabeth Wallfisch. Noting the group’s versatility, the *Washington Post* proclaimed: “The performances were skilled and dedicated, wonderfully expressive....It is very rare to hear a single ensemble performing so well in such different kinds of music.”

Program Note

Born to a respected family of Parisian musicians during the reign of Louis XIV, Elisabeth-Claude Jacquet de la Guerre (1665–1729) lived amid the rich cultural surroundings of Versailles and Paris. Along with a number of professionals in an emerging *petite-bourgeoisie*, she was able to forge a career based on her abilities rather than her birth. Presented at court at age twenty-two, she was the first woman to have an opera staged at the Académie Royale de Musique. Her portrait (now in a private collection in London) painted by François de Troy (1645–1730), depicts her with sheet music in one hand, and a writing instrument in the other. She maintained an important salon in her home, at which performers such as harpsichordist Louis Nicolas Clérambault (1676–1749) and gambist Marin Marais (1656–1728) were heard. Frequent guests included Marie de Lorraine, Duchess of Guise (1615–1688), who herself maintained the most famous musical salon outside the royal establishment, headed by Marc-Antoine Charpentier (1643–1704). Widowed at age thirty-nine, Jacquet de la Guerre continued to support herself in a comfortable lifestyle by giving concerts on the harpsichord, teaching, and publishing sonatas and cantatas in the newly popular Italian style. One of her harpsichord pupils, Louis-Claude Daquin (1694–1772), went on to become one of the most important French composers of the mid-eighteenth century.
2,992nd Concert
April 16, 2014, 12:10 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Rosa Lamoreaux, soprano
Stan Engebretson, pianist

Music by Josephine Lang (1815–1880)

Performed without intermission

Schmetterling, op. 8, no. 1
Den Abschied schnell genommen, op. 15, no. 1
Erinnerung (1839)
Ob ich manchmal Dein gedenke, op. 27, no. 3

An die Entfernte, op. 13, no. 5
Gedenke mein, op. 14, no. 3

Arabeske (piano solo)

Perle und Lied (1864)

Lied, op. 25, no. 4
Sie liebt mich, op. 34, no. 4
The Musicians

ROSA LAMOREAUX
(See page 12)

STAN ENGBRETSON
Growing up in a midwestern Scandinavian musical tradition, Stan Engebretson first played for singers in church. Supported by advanced degrees in piano and voice from the University of North Dakota and a doctor of musical arts degree in conducting from Stanford University, he has subsequently made a career of directing choirs and making music in churches. In Washington, he has held leadership positions for more than twenty years with George Mason University as director of choral studies, with the National Philharmonic Orchestra as artistic director of the Chorale, and with New York Avenue Presbyterian Church as music director and organist.

Among his upcoming choral projects, Engebretson plans to lead a “Steps of Mozart” tour in July, taking a choir to Vienna, Salzburg, and Prague to sing the great composer’s Requiem. As a keyboard accompanist, he has worked with major vocal artists throughout the DC area and abroad in festivals in Italy and Spain as well as the Europa Cantat festival in Mainz, Germany. Frequently appearing as a collaborative musician on the organ, he played Leonard Bernstein’s Chichester Psalms in Nevers, France, and Ralph Vaughan Williams’ Dona nobis pacem at the Sydney, Australia, Opera House, home of the largest tracker pipe organ in the Southern Hemisphere.

Engebretson has led organ and choir workshops in Berlin, Cologne, Freiburg, Hamburg, and Munich, and conducted American music workshops in Saint Moritz, Switzerland. For his work, he has received Fulbright Senior Specialist residencies in Iceland and South Korea. An active lecturer, Engebretson gives presentations for the Smithsonian Institution at the Spoleto USA festival in Charleston, South Carolina.

Program Note

By the time Josephine Lang (1815–1880) was a young adult, a woman making a mark in music was not as rare a phenomenon as it had been in earlier centuries. It should be noted, however, that her famous contemporaries Fanny Mendelssohn Henschel (1805–1847) and Clara Wieck Schumann (1819–1896), entered the scene bearing names already made famous by men. In spite of Lang’s considerable accomplishments—she wrote hundreds of songs, dozens of choral works, sonatas for violin and piano, and incidental pieces, which earned published praise from Robert Schumann and other prominent critics—she lived in relative obscurity, conforming to the expectations of European culture of her time for married women, which in her case included raising six children without the aid of full-time servants. One exception was her salon, which she maintained in her home in Tübingen, Germany, even after her husband’s death in 1856. It attracted the likes of poets Eduard Möricke (1804–1875), Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866), and Ludwig Uhland (1787–1862), as well as sculptor Bertel Thorvaldsen (1770–1844).
Program details for these concerts will be added to a later edition of this concert brochure.

Alessandra Marc, soprano
David Chapman, pianist

Music by Maria Bach, Erich Wolfgang Korngold,
and Richard Strauss.

2,993rd Concert
April 23, 2014, 12:10 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

∽

Ann Schein, pianist

Music by Chopin, Debussy, Liszt, and Ravel

2,995th Concert
April 30, 2014, 12:10 pm
West Building, West Garden Court
Gott, Herr, barmherzig, gnädig heist
Gott, Herr, barmherzig, gnädig heist,
Geduldig, Gnad und Treu beweist
In tausend Glied, oft Sind vergiebt,
Ein Eifrer ist, allein uns liebt,
Verzehrend Feur Gott um uns ist,
Uns schütz, verzehrt der Feind' Arglist.

God, Lord, called merciful, gracious,
Patience, mercy and faith us shows
A thousand times, often forgiving sin,
A zealous God, alone he loves us,
God is to us a consuming fire,
He shields us, and consumes the enemy's malice.

Ist mein Erlöser, Hirt, Erbgut
Mein Arzt, Nothelfer, Hort und Hut,
Mein König Erb-Herr Herr allein,
Mein Schirm Erretter Troz in Pein,
Mein Herrscher, Mann, Häupt und Heiland,
Ja mein Erbarmer, und Beistand;

He is my redeemer, shepherd, my all
My doctor, helper in need, refuge and shelter,
My king, first and only Lord,
My shield, deliverer, comfort in pain,
My Lord, soldier, chieftain and Savior,
Yes, my mercy, and my support;

Gotts Weisheit, Warheit, Macht und Gnad'
Preis' alles was da Odem hat,
Gott Heilig, Heilig, Heilig heist,
Auch Heiligung an mir beweist,
Von ihm, durch ihn, und in ihm lebt
Ja alles, was da ist und webt.

God of wisdom, truth, power and grace
Everything which has breath praises him,
God holy, holy, holy is called
Also holiness to me he demonstrates,
From him, through him and in him lives
Yes all, that therein is and moves and lives.

Herr segne mich, und mich behüt;
Herr laß dein Antliz voller Gü’
Und Treu mir leuchten; heb’ und richt’
Herr über mich dein Angesicht,
Und gib mir Fried’ in dieser Zeit,
Und Freud’ in deiner Herrligkeit.

Lord bless me and keep me;
Lord, let your face, filled with goodness
And truth, on me shine; lift and set right
On me your countenance, Lord,
And give me peace in this time,
And joy in your glory.

Du kleiner Gott
Du kleiner Gott lauf listiglich,
Du Herzens dieb was säumst du dich,
Mach auf die Welt, greif straks hinein,
Verbinde die von sammen sein.

You little god running cunningly,
You heart thief why do you tarry?
Take on the singles world wide,
Connect them together.

Den Diamanten Liebesband,
Nimm straks in deine rechte Hand,
Die Herzen alle lang herbei,
Besiehe nicht obs füglich sei.

The diamond love band,
Take one straight in your right hand,
Bring the hearts of all together,
Don't think too long if it fits.

Ihr Frauen volk sehst euch jztt für,
Cupido klopfet an die Tür,
Wo ihr ihn lasset kommen ein,
Sein Tuhn wird nicht ohn Wunden sein.

You women folk watch out, already for you
Cupid knocks on the door,
If you let him in,
His actions will not be without wounds.

Ihr Schäfer, sagt
Ihr Schäfer, sagt, wo kommt ihr her,
Und leget straks ab eur Gewehr.
Ihr Leutlein, ruft nicht so geswind,
Wir sind der Königin Gesind.

You shepherds say, where do you come from,
And put away your weapon.
Your people do not fight so quickly,
We are the Queen's servants.
Auf Echo und Sprich mir nach
Auf Echo und sprich mir nach,
Was folgt auf die Krieges-Sach?
Ach.

Ach und Weh ist nicht voll Güte,
Was wächst aus des Kriege blüte?
Wüte.

Krieges Wüte kan ausleeren,
Wie entkömmt man dem Beschweren?
Wehren.

Krieg bleibt auf der Welt erhoben,
Wer kann wehren seinem Toben?
Oben.

Daß ein von der Götter G’schlecht,
Auß dem Himmel Mittel brächt!
Recht.

Recht, ja Recht soll wieder schweben.
Sich mit Fried zusammen kleben.
Leben.

Fried und Recht die kününnen geben,
Rechten Nuten, rechtes Leben.
Eben.

Wollust die auß Kriegen kömmnt,
Wie der Rauch daher verschwind.
Wind.

Niemand spinnt bei Kriegen Seiden,
Worin kan der Kreig uns kleiden?
Leiden.

Nun, so komm doch, Friede, hier,
Echo, Drüm scheid ich von dir.
Ich von dir, von dir, dir.

Amour qui dompte
Amour qui dompte les hommes et les Dieux,
Fait que fildel j’espère a vos beaux yeux.
Je les desire pour conducteurs,
Et les respects pour gouverneurs,
Vos beaux yeux pour mon subject,
Et vos vertus pour mon souhait.

Come Echo, and say after me,
What follows on the spoils of war?
Alas (a wail of woe).

Alas and woe is not full of goodness,
What blossoms grow from wars?
Rage.

War’s rage can drain us,
How can man escape the burden?
Resist.

War remains in the world,
Who can stop its rage?
(God) Above.

Oh, that one of the race of gods,
From the sky brings an agent!
Law.

Right, yes right to again be held in the balance.
That with peace we might be glued together.
Life.

Peace and justice the bold give,
Justice the key, right living.
Exactly.

The pleasure that comes from wars,
As the smoke, therefore vanishes.
Wind.

No one spins silks in wars,
What can war clothe?
Suffering.

Now, peace, do come here,
Echo, I, therefore, depart from you.
I from you, from you, you.

Love conquers men and gods,
I hope to be faithful to your beautiful eyes.
I your desires to guide,
And your countenance to rule,
Your eyes be my subject,
And your virtues bend to my wish.
Wenn schon der Wein der Freuden
Wenn schon der Wein der Freuden,
dir ganz und gar kömst aus,  
Für Wein des Weinens Leiden,  
Trän-Wasser krigst ins Haus,  
Wenn schon zu deinem Ruf
und Beten Christus spricht:
Was er mit dir zu schaffen?
Verleist er dich doch nicht.

If from the wine of joy,
You wholly and entirely come,
Or through the wine of weeping’s suffering,
Teardrops leak into the house,
If ever to your call
And praying Christ says:
What have I to do with you?
He does not forsake you.

Bald wieder setzt zu Ehren,
In seine Händ’ ihn schreibt,
Abwischend seine Zahren,
Weil er beständig bleibt:
Der uns hat offenbaret,
Sein Herz und Herzlichkeit,
Des Güt und Treu noch wäret
Fest bleibt in Ewigkeit.

Soon he sits in Glory,
In his hand he writes,
Wiping away your tears,
Because he remains steadfast:
To us he has revealed
His heart and loving-kindness,
With goodness and trust he watches over us,
Standing fast forevermore.

Nach Sünder auch nicht handeln
Mit uns, vielmehr nach Gnaden,
In Freud’ all’ Angst verwandeln,
Erquikken was beladn:
Uns Gott noch offenbaret
Sein’ Herzlichkeit und Güt’,
Uns liebt und noch bewahret,
Für allem Leid behüt.

Not according to our sins does he act
With us, rather by his mercy,
He transforms all fear to joy,
He lightens our burdens:
To us God offers
His warmth and goodness,
Loves us and also keeps us,
Sheltered from all suffering.

Dem Herren Christo sei Lob, Ehr und Dank
Dem Herren Christo sei Lob, Ehr und Dank,
Daß er zum Vater für uns thät den Gang;
Dadurch er alle Feind hat untertreten,
Daß wir auch freien Zutritt zu Gott hätten.

To the Lord Christ be praise, honor and thanks,
That he for us made a path to the Father;
He crushed all enemies,
So that we too may have free access to God.

Lobsinget, danket, und von Herzen preist
Gott Vater, Gott Sohn, und Gott heilgn Geist;
Der einig’ Herr und Gott in drei Personen,
Der uns in Nöhten will mit Trost beiohnen,

Sing praises, give thanks, and praise from the heart to
God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost;
The one Lord and God in three persons,
Who will comfort us in our need.

Daß von dem schönen Gang, so Christus hielt
Zu Gott, da er den Zorn desselben stillt,
Ein neues Ehren-Lied von Alt und Jungen
Ihm werd’ ohn Unterlass zu Dank gesungen.

That through his beautiful passion, Christ took us
To God, so that he stills his wrath,
A new song of glory from old and young
Will be sung to him with thanks for evermore.
Der Sohn wird billich hoch geacht
Der Sohn wird billich hoch geacht,
Der nach des Vaters Tugend tracht,
Viel höher wird sein dessen Preis,
Der Gott des Vaters Willen weis,
Und übt, wie Er, Barmherzigkeit,
In Sanftmuth mild', ohn Geiz und Neid.

Ja Gott wird euch in euren Schoß
Gerüttelt überflüssig groß,
Gar vollgedrückt Maß wieder gebn,
Der alles macht gleich und ebn,
Es kommt schon der Vergeltungs-Tag,
Der Hoffnung, auch Feurflammen-Rach.

Der alle Ding zum besten kehrt,
Wird dort von Gott sein hoch geehrt,
Der auch das Niedrige belohnt,
Ob schon er hoch im Himmel wohnt:
Herr gieb mir deinen Gnaden Geist,
Daß ich dir stets Gehorsam leist.

Herodes und Jeru-Salem
Herodes und Jeru-Salem,
Erschrak fürm kind' aus Bethlehem,
Alleluja, Alleluja.

Sie fragen nach dem Kindelein,
Ihr' Andacht ist ein falscher Schein,
Alleluja, Alleluja.

Sie suchen das, was sie doch neidn:
Viel besser tuhn die weisen Heidn,
Alleluja, Alleluja.

Dich sich aus fernen Landen wagn,
Aus Gottesfurcht von Herzen fragn
Alleluja, Alleluja.

Nach ihm, geführet durch den Stern,
Ins Haus des neugebornen Herrn,
Alleluja, Alleluja.

Als König, Gott und Mensch ihn ehrn,
Gold, Weirauch, Mirrhen ihm verehrn;
Alleluja, Alleluja.

The son will be highly respected,
Who after his father's virtue strives
Far greater will be the reward
Who recognizes the will of God the Father
And who exercises, as does He, mercy,
In gentleness, without covetousness and envy.

Yes, God will return to your heart,
After testing it excessively,
Its contents in full measure.
He will make everything equal and even
The day of judgement will come,
Day of hope, also of fire-flaming wrath.

Those, who try always for the best,
Will there by God be highly honored,
Also the lowly shall be rewarded
Although He dwells high in heaven:
Lord give me the grace of your spirit
That I shall pay obedience to you always.

Herod and Jerusalem,
Frightened of the child of Bethlehem,
Alleluia, Alleluia.

Herod and his people ask for the little child
Their devotion is all false
Alleluia, Alleluia.

They seek that, what they are envious of
Much better are the wise heathens.
Alleluia, Alleluia.

Who venture from far away countries,
with a pious heart ask
Alleluia, Alleluia.

For him, guided by the star,
to the house of the newborn Lord,
Alleluia, Alleluia.

As king, God and human man they honor him
With Gold, Incense, Myrrh they worship him
Alleluia, Alleluia.
Herr Jesus Christ, der Herr der Herrn
Herr Jesus Christ, der Herr der Herrn,
Das Wort, der Weibes-Same,
Der Fürst des Lebens und der Ehrn,
Der Löwe aus Judas Stamme,
Herfür bricht wie die Morgenröte,
Sünd, Höll und Todt er hat getödt,
Der Schlange Kopf zertretend.
Alleluja.

Heut scheinet der Versühs-Tag,
Pharao mit Wagn und Rossen
Ist izzo, als der alte Drach,
Ins rote Meer gestossen,
Das Pascha, frei Feyr-Jubel-Jahr,
Ist heut, da Christus aus Gefahr
Ins globte Land uns brachte.
Alleluja.

Wix acht ich diesen leib
Was acht ich diesen leib:
die halbe handt voll bludt,
der geist der schwache windt,
die luft mit ihrem Glanze,
die welt mit ihrer Pracht:
Was dieses gantze?
Hab ich nur Jesu dich,
So hab ich alles gutt.

Ach! Herr (Psalm 6)
Ach! Ach Herr! straf mich nicht in deinem Zoren,
und züchtige mich nicht in deinem Grimm.
Sei gnädig, Herr! ich bin schwach und verloren.
Ach heile mich, O Herr! mit deiner Stimm.
Dann mein Gebeine ist erschrocken und verwohren,
und meiner Seel, die sehr erschrocken ist, wird bange.
Ach du mein Herr! wie lange?
Ach wende dich zu mir, rett meiner Seel Beschwer.
Von wegen deiner Güt, wollt helfen mir, O Herr!

Lord Jesus Christ, Lord of Lords,
The word, born of woman,
Prince of life and honor,
Lion from the branch of Judah,
Arisen from death as the morning dawns,
Sin, hell and death he has defeated,
The snake's head trampled.
Alleluja.

Today shines the victorious day,
Pharaoh with chariots and horses
Is now, as the old dragon,
Thrown in the Red Sea,
The Pascal lamb freely celebrate,
For today Christ freed us from danger
And brought us to the promised land.
Alleluja.

As Adam slept, God built for him
A woman from his rib,
The other Adam in his death
Shrouded us with his heart and love,
That we, as Eve, may be
His flesh, bone and brothers,
And like he, awaken from death.
Alleluja.

What value has this body?
A half-handful of blood,
The spirit becomes weak,
The air in all its splendor,
The world in its magnificence:
What worth is all this?
If I have only you, Jesus,
Then I have all that is good.

O Lord, rebuke me not in your anger.
nor discipline me in your wrath.
Be gracious to me, O Lord, for I am languishing:
Ah, heal me, O Lord! (with your voice).
For my bones are troubled
And my soul is greatly troubled
But for you, my Lord! How long?
Turn, O Lord, deliver my life;
Save me for the sake of your steadfast love!
Ach wie nichtig
Ach wie nichtig,
Ach wie flüchtig,
Ist der menschen leben,
Wie ein nebel balt entstehet,
Undt auch wider balt vergehet,
So ist unser leben sehet.

Oh how as nothing,
Oh how fleeting,
Is man's life,
As a mist suddenly appears,
And as suddenly evaporates,
Behold, so is our life.

Tugent ist der beste freundt
Tugent is der beste freundt,
So wir haben auf der erden,
Tugent es alzeit wohl meint
Durch sie wir bewahret werden.
Für gefahren mancherlei,
Machet uns die Tugend frei.

Virtue is the best friend
That we have on earth,
Virtue is always good
Through it we are guarded.
In our various dangers
Virtue makes us free.

Bringt Herr dem Herren (Psalm 29)
Bringt her dem Herren, ihr Gewaltigen,
Bringt her dem Herren Ehre und Stärke,
Alleluja.
Bringt her dem Herren Ehre seines Namens,
Betet an den Herren in heiligem Schmuck,
Alleluja.
Alle Lande beten dich an und lobsingen dir,
Lobsingen deinem Namen,
Alleluja.

Ascribe to the Lord, O heavenly beings,
Ascribe to the Lord glory and strength,
Alleluja.
Ascribe to the Lord the glory of his name,
Worship the Lord in holy array,
Alleluja.
All lands worship you and sing your praises,
They sing the praises of your name,
Alleluja.

Was die gantz vollkomne tugendt
Was die gantz vollkomne tugendt,
Hatt gelernet in der jugendt,
Undt an andren offt gesehn,
Muss sie itzundt selbst aussüben,
Undt so richten ihr betrüben,
Das es mög mit freud ausgehn.

That quite perfect virtue,
I had learned in my youth,
And in others often seen,
I must now learn to practice,
And so focus my sorrow,
So that in the end it may be transformed into joy.

Barbara Hollinshead wishes to profusely thank Ingeborg Sober, without whom these translations would have been impossible and imponderable. Translations were done through the collaboration of Barbara Hollinshead and Ingeborg Sober. To provide a glimpse of Duchess Sophie's times, Barbara chose to reflect here the original German and French spellings found in the manuscripts and in the *Vinetum Evangelicum* (*Evangelischer Wein-Berg*).
TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

SUSANNE

Récitatif
Contre la saison trop ardente Susanne, d’une eau claire empruntait la fraîcheur; et caché pour la voir, deux Vieillards qu’elle enchantait d’un regard attentif irritaient leur ardeur.

Air
Indiscrète jeunesse,
Qui suivez les amours,
Ne croyez pas que la vieillesse
Contre-eux vous garde aucun secours.
Celui qu’Amour entraîne,
Dans son jeune printemps.
Traîne toujours sa chaîne,
Jusqu’à ses derniers ans.

Récitatif

Air
“Cédez, il faut vous rendre
À nos ardents désirs;
Pourrez-vous vous défendre,
Des plus charmants plaisirs.
Soulagez notre peine,
Ou de ce même jour,
Redoutez une haine,
Égale à notre amour.”

Récitatif
Ils doivent l’accuser d’une ardeur criminelle, que la loi punit de la mort. Pour vaincre sa vertu rebelle, c’est de ce piège adroit que se sert leur transport. Inhumains, est-ce ainsi que vous prétendez plaire? Susanne, quel péris! Hélas! qu’allez-vous faire? Vous rendez vous à leur courroux, pour éviter la mort. La mériterez-vous?

SUSANNA

Recitative
To relieve the summer heat, Susanna was refreshing herself in a clear stream, while two infatuated old men had hidden themselves to watch her, the close view arousing their desire.

Air
Reckless youths,
Who follow Love’s allures,
Do not believe that aging
Will rescue you from them.
He who is seduced by Love
In the spring of his youth,
Forever drags her chain
Until his final years.

Recitative
Susanna’s loveliness fuels their audacity. Those loathsome voyeurs dare to reveal themselves. Their fervor, tied to a threat, means to frighten or persuade her.

Air
“Submit! You must yield
To our passionate demands!
Could you deny yourself
These most irresistible delights?
Relieve our torment,
Or from this day on,
Dread a hatred
As deep as our desire!”

Recitative
They are going to accuse her of criminal lust, which the law punishes by death. To prevail over her unyielding virtue, that is the crafty snare which serves their purpose. Beasts! Is this the way you extort your entertainment? Susanna, what danger! Alas! what are you going to do? To escape death, you will give in to their rapaciousness. Will you deserve that?
Récit mesuré
“Non, non,” dit l’héroïne constante,
“Vous pouvez me faire périr,
Mais, s’il me faut mourir,
Je mourrai du moins innocente.”

Air
Que la même ardeur nous anime,
Un cœur innocent ne craint rien.
Non, non, pour lui le jour n’est un bien
Que quand il en jouit sans crime.

SEMELE

Récitatif
Jupiter avait fait un indiscret serment,
D’accorder tout aux vœux d’une amante fidèle.
Semélé doute encore du rang de son amant,
Et ce doute fait son tourment;
Elle aspire à le voir dans sa gloire immortelle;
Mais l’Amour par pitié pour elle,
D’un plaisir si funeste éloigne le moment!

Semélé cependant gémît, s’impatiente;
Elle se plaint ainsi d’une trop longue attente.

Air
Ne peut-on vivre en tes liens
Sans souffrir de mortelles peines,
Amour, tu promets mille biens,
Qu’on ne trouve point dans tes chaînes.

Un cœur qui s’est laissé charmer
Doit immoler tout à sa flamme.
Mon amant s’il savoit aimer,
Previenoit les vœux de mon âme.

Recitatif
Mais, quel bruit étonnant se répand dans les airs.
Quel ravage; la foudre gronde,
Le Ciel s’entrouvre; et les éclairs
M’annoncent le maistre du monde.

Quel appareil pompeux. Quel spectacle pour moi;
Pardonne, j’avois tort de soupçonner ta foy.

Measured recitative
“No, no,” the steadfast heroine says,
“You can cause my death,
But if I must perish,
At least I will die virtuously.”

Air
If that same fidelity motivates us,
A pure heart fears nothing.
No, for such, a day is worthy
Only when it is spent without wrongdoing.

SEMELE

Recitative
Jupiter had made a foolish vow
To grant in full the desires of a devoted lover.
Semelé remains doubtful of her beloved’s prestige,
And this uncertainty disturbs her;
She wants to behold him in his everlasting splendor;
But Love, having mercy on her,
Delays such a disastrous event!

But Semelé sighs and becomes fretful;
She thus complains that the wait is too long.

Air
Can anyone exist in your fetters
Without bearing deathly suffering?
Love, the thousand benefits which you pledge
Are not to be found at all in your shackles.

A heart which has been enchanted
Must sacrifice everything to its fervor.
My beloved, if he were able to love,
Would perceive my soul’s desires.

Recitative
But what a startling sound bursts into the air!
What havoc! A thunderbolt booms,
The sky cracks open, and lightning flares
Reveal to me the ruler of the universe.

What a glorious appearance! What a sight for me!
Pardon me, I was mistaken to suspect your fidelity.
Air
Quel triomphe, quelle victoire
Flatte mon cœur ambitieux.
Est-il rien d'égal à ma gloire,
Je vais joir du sort des Dieux.

Je ne veux point que le mistere
Cache le bonheur de mes fers;
Que l'on sache que j'ay sceu plaire
Au plus grand Dieu de l'univers.

Récitatif
Ah! quel embrasement tout à coup m'épouvante.
Je vois ce Palais s'enflamer;
Ah! Ciel, je me sens consumer;
Jupiter, quel est donc le sort de ton Amante ?
Un souhait me conduit au dernier des malheurs.
Quel horrible tourment; je sucombe, je meurs.

Dernier Air
Lorsque l'Amour nous enchainne,
De ses plus aimables noeuds,
Ne meslons point a ses feux
L'ardeur d'une gloire vaine,
Ne partageons point ses voeux;
Lorsque l'Amour nous enchainne.

L'éclat, la grandeur suprême,
Ne furent jamais un bien.
C'est dans un tendre lien,
Qu'on trouve un bonheur extrême,
Il ne faut compter pour rien
L'éclat, la grandeur suprême.

Air
What celebration, what success
Glorifies my aspiring heart!
Is there anything matching my prestige?
I am to claim the fortune of the gods.

I do not wish the happiness of my fate
To be shrouded in mystery –
Only that it is known that I have given pleasure
To the most exalted god of the universe.

Recitative
Ah! what flame suddenly horrifies me!
I behold this palace ablaze!
Ah! Heaven! I am feeling myself engulfed!
Jupiter, is this the destiny of your beloved?
Ambition carries me finally to disaster.
What dreadful agony! I surrender, I perish.

Final Air
When Love imprisons us
In his sweetest chains,
We must never confuse with his passion
The arrogance of proud self-importance.
Never parcel out his promises,
When Love holds us enchained.

Magnificence and great splendor
Never produce happiness.
It is in a loving relationship
That one discovers the utmost blessing.
Magnificence and great splendor
Must not matter at all.
Schmetterling
Frühlingsbote! Schmetterling!
Sanft wie Zephirs lindes Wehen,
Schmeichelnd wie der Liebe Flehen,
Flatterst du mit leichten Sinn
Durch die Blumen Welt dahin!

Friihlingsbote! Schmetterling!
Mit des Schmeichelns süßem Kosen,
Gaukelst du um junge Rosen,
Wendest dann mit Männersinn,
Dich zu andern Blumen hin!

Friihlingsbote! Schmetterling!
Ist dein ganzes Leben Scherz,
Fesselt nichts dein kleines Herz,
O so nenne nicht die Triebe
Deiner Flatterseele Liebe!

Friihlingsbote! Schmetterling!
Bunter Wechsel scheint dein Ziel,
Aber grausam ist dies Spiel.
Ach! ein Schmetterling wie du
Nahm mir tandelnd meine Ruh!
—Anonymous

Butterfly
Herald of springtime! Butterfly!
Gentle as a zephyr’s soft flutter,
Beguiling as love’s appeals,
You float effortlessly
Through the world of blossoms!

Herald of springtime! Butterfly!
Flirting, with honeyed kisses,
You flutter among the new roses,
Then you turn, just like a man,
To other blooms!

Herald of springtime! Butterfly!
Is your whole life a deception?
Can nothing capture your tiny heart?
O, therefore do not name Love as
The impulse of your fickle soul!

Herald of springtime! Butterfly!
Color change appears to be your purpose,
But that sport is heartless.
Ah, such a butterfly
Flirtatiously took away my peace!

Den Abschied schnell genommen
Nur den Abschied schnell genommen,
Nicht gezaudert, nicht geklagt,
Schneller als die Tränen kommen,
Losgerissen, unverzagt!

Aus den Armen losgewunden,
Wie dies in der Brust auch brent,
Was im Leben sich gefunden,
Wird im Leben auch getrennt!

Sollst du tragen, mußt du tragen,
Trage nur mit festem Sinn!
Deine Seufzer, deine Klagen
Wehen in die Lüfte hin!

Soll der Schmerz dich nicht bezwingen,
So bezwinge du den Schmerz,
Und verwelkte Blüten schlingen
Frisch sich um dein wundes Herz!
—Johann Ludwig Ferdinand von Deinhardstein

Only the departure quickly taken
Only the departure quickly taken,
Not lingering, not complaining,
More swiftly than the teardrops start,
Torn away, is firm!

From arms unwound,
However burning the breast,
Those who are found by each other in life,
Will also in life be parted!

Should you suffer, must you suffer,
Suffer with nothing but a sure resolve!
Your sighing, your moans,
Are blown away in the wind!

So that sorrow does not defeat you,
You therefore conquer sorrow.
And withered blossoms revived will weave
Themselves about your injured heart!
Erinnerung
Mein Ende zeigt mir jeder Traum!
Mir lacht nicht mehr der Zukunft Raum!
Kaum weiß ich noch, was Freude sei,
In meines Lebens Frühling fiel
Des Unglucks wint’rig Flockenspiel!
 Lust, Hoffnung, Liebe sind vorbei,
Ich wollt’ Erinn’ rung wär’ dabei!
--George Gordon Noel Byron, Lord Byron

Ob ich manchmal Dein gedenke
Ob ich manchmal Dein gedenke?
Wüßtest Du, wie sehr ich’s tu’!
Dir auch noch die Schatten lenken
Träumender Gedanken zu.

Tag und Nacht, und alle Stunden,
O dies Alles sagt es nicht;
Du, seitdem wir uns gefunden,
Bist’s allein, was aus mir spricht.

Alles andre seh’ ich schwanken
Um mich her wie Traum und Schein!
Dein gedenken ist mein Leben!
Dich zu lieben ist mein Sein!
--Christian Reinhold [Köstlin]

An die Entfernte
Diese Rose pfück’ ich hier
In der fremden Ferne,
Liebes Herze, dir, ach dir,
Brächt’ ich sie so gerne!

Doch bis ich zu dir mag ziehen
Viele weite Meilen,
Ist die Rose längst dahin;
Denn die Rosen eilen.

Nie soll weiter sich in’s Land
Lieb’ von Liebe wagen,
Als sich blühend in der Hand
Läßt die Rose tragen;

Oder als die Nachtigall
Halme bringt zum Neste,
Oder als ihr süßer Schall
Wandert mit dem Weste.
--Nikolaus Lenau

Memory
My fate is shown in every dream!
The realm of the future no longer smiles for me!
I hardly know any more what joy is.
In the springtime of my life,
Despair’s icy blizzard beats down!
Pleasure, Hopefulness, Love are past.
I wish that Memory could also be so!

Do I think of you at times?
Do I think of you at times?
If you could know how very much I do!
Even the images of my daydreams
Lead to you.

At any hour of day or night,
O, nothing more can be said about this.
Ever since we met each other,
I can speak only of you.

I see all else reeling
Around me as illusion and fantasy!
Thinking about you is my life!
Loving you is my being!

To the Far-Away One
This rose I pluck here,
In this foreign place,
To you, dear heart, ah, to you
I would so happily present it!

But before I might reach you
Over many wide miles,
The rose would have reached its end,
Which roses hasten to do.

A lover should never travel
Away from his beloved
Farther than he can bring
A living rose in his hand...

Nor than the nightingale
Can carry straws to his nest,
Nor than his melodious call
Can float along the west wind.
Gedenke mein
Gedenke mein! die lieben Augen lenke
In stillen Nächten oft nach mir!
Ich denke dein, wenn ich des Liebsten denke,
Und was ich schaffe weih’ ich dir!

Gedenke mein! wenn dir die Tränen kommen,
Dir weint mein ganzes Leben nach!
So rasch gegeben, rascher noch genommen,
Und Lust und Leid ein einzig Ach!

Gedenke mein, im heißen Kampf des Lebens,
Und denk’, daß er auch mich verzehrt.
Du weißt es ja, wir ringen nicht vergebens:
So werden wir einander wert.

Gedenke mein! wenn Freude macht dich lächeln
Und sende mir in Traum dein Bild!
Als ein Engel mir die Stirn zu fächeln,
Wenn mir die Aussicht wird zu wild!

Gedenke mein! versprich es, treue Seele!
Sieh als ein schöner Stern mich an,
Dem ich darf anvertrauen was mir fehlet,
Wenn ich mir selbst nicht helfen kann!

Gedenke mein! ich weiß, du wirst es halten;
So sind wir nimmermehr getrennt!
Die Flamme eint’ sich noch, die jetzt vergebens
In zwei verwandten Herzen brennt!

Gedenke mein! Gedenke mein!
--Christian Reinhold [Köstlin]

Remember me
Remember me! your cherished eyes reach me
Again and again in the silence of night.
When I think of the most beloved, I think of you,
And that which I envision, I sanctify to you!

Remember me! when my tears for you arise,
My whole existence weeps for you!
Suddenly you were given, yet more quickly taken,
Happiness and grief create one single sigh.

Remember me, in life’s fevered strife,
And believe that it besets me, too.
You understand, we do not struggle needlessly:
So increases our worth to one another.

Remember me! whenever joy delights you,
And in a dream, send to me your image.
It is as though an angel is cooling my brow,
When my prospects become too troubling!

Remember me! pledge that to me, true heart!
Gaze down on me like a lovely star,
In whom I may confide my troubles,
When I am unable to comfort myself.

Remember me! I know you will keep your pledge,
So that we are never to be parted!
The fires that vainly burn now in two linked hearts
Will yet be joined into one flame!

Remember me! Remember me!

Perle und Lied
Die Perle, während im Gehäuse,
Das seinen Schatz geborgen hält,
So schifft die stille Muschel leise
Durch’s tiefe Wogenmeer der Welt!

Der Muschel gleichen meine Lieder,
Von einer Träne sind sie schwer!
Und leise ziehn sie auf und nieder
Durch meiner Schmerzen tiefes Meer!
--Karl Egon Ebert

Pearl and Song
The pearl, while in the shelter
Which protects its opulence,
Guides the tranquil shell gently
Through the world’s deep, billowing sea.

My songs resemble the shell;
They bear the weight of a single tear!
And softly they drift up and down
Through the ocean-depths of my sorrow!
Lied
Immer sich rein
Kindlich erfreu’n,
Selig, wer’s kann.

Jubeln und singen,
Hüpfen und springen,
Selig, wer’s kann.

Lachen und scherzen
Mit fröhlichem Herzen,
Selig, wer’s kann.

Sorgen zerstreuen,
Gerne verziehen,
Selig, wer’s kann.

Menschen beglücken,
Welch’ ein Entzücken!
Selig, wer’s kann.

Böses nicht messen
Und Vieles vergessen,
Selig, wer’s kann.

--Wilhelm Heilwig Carl Robert
August von Ungern-Sternberg

Song
To feel, like a child,
Pure delight all the time -
Blessed is he who can do that.

To be joyful and sing,
To skip and to jump -
Blessed is he who can do that.

To laugh and be merry,
With a blithe spirit -
Blessed is he who can do that.

To banish worries,
To pardon willingly –
Blessed is he who can do that.

To bring happiness to people,
What a joy!
Blessed is he who can do that.

Not to judge wicked people,
And to forgive much –
Blessed is he who can do that.

She loves me
She loves me, she loves me,
Yes, she loves me!
What an ecstatic sensation!
Do I feel like myself?
Am I living?
She loves me! She loves me!

Ah, indescribable happiness,
Can the heart fathom you, can I give you up,
Now that you’re aroused, now that you’re aroused?
Indescribable happiness!
She loves me, she loves me, yes!
She loves me! Yes! She loves me!

Ah, all around me is now changed!
Are you still there, sun?
Are you still there, cottage?
Hold fast to the rapture, blissful heart!
She loves me, she loves me, yes!
She loves me! Yes! She loves me!

Sie liebt mich
Sie liebt mich, sie liebt mich,
Ja, sie liebt mich!
Welch schreckliches Beben!
Fühl ich mich selber?
Bin ich am Leben?
Sie liebt mich! Sie liebt mich!

Ach, kann die Seele dich denn erfassen,
Glück ohne Name kann ich dich lassen!
Einmal erwacht, einmal erwacht!
Glück ohne Name!
Sie liebt mich, sie liebt mich, ja!
Sie liebt mich! Ja! Sie liebt mich!

--Johann Wolfgang von Goethe