



Department of Music

In collaboration with Houston Symphony Musicians

Presents

A Celebration of Arts and Life

In honor of HBU Founding Father Dr. Stewart Morris' 102nd Birthday

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October 28, 2021

Belin Chapel, 7:30 p.m.

Featuring:

Yan Tong - *First Violin, Houston Symphony*

Chris Neal - *First Violin, Houston Symphony*

Joan DerHovsepian - *Acting Principal Viola, Houston Symphony*

Brinton Smith - *Principal Cello, Houston Symphony*

Timothy Dilenschneider - *Associate Principal bass, Houston Symphony*

Evelyn Chen - *Piano Professor, Columbia University, NYC*

Summer Song - *Voice Faculty, Houston Baptist University*

A Higher Education

Houston Baptist University

Welcome

Dr. David Kirkwood, *Chair of HBU Music*

Remarks

Dr. Robert B. Sloan, *President of HBU*

All

Birthday Song to Dr. Stewart Morris

PROGRAM

1. Piano Trio Op.1, No. 1 in E flat Major Ludwig van Beethoven
Finale Presto (1770- 1827)

Evelyn Chen, *Piano*
Yan Tong, *voiln*
Brinton Smith, *Cello*

2. Song to the moon from *Rusalka* Antonín Dvořák
(1841- 1904)

Summer Song, *Soprano*
Chris Neal, *first violin*
Yan Tong, *second Violin*
Joan DerHovsepien, *Viola*
Brinton Smith, *Cello*

3. Sextet No.1 Op.100 Ferdinand Ries
(1784- 1838)
II. *Andante*
III. *Air Irlandois- Andante*

Chris Neal, *first Violin*
Yan Tong, *second violin*
Joan DerHovsepian, *Viola*
Brinton Smith, *Cello*
Timothy Dilenschneider, *double bass*
Evelyn Chen, *Piano*
4. Die Forelle Franz Schubert
(1797- 1828)

Summer Song, *Soprano*
Evelyn Chen, *Piano*
5. Piano Quintet in A Major, D. 667 "Trout"
Theme and Variations

Evelyn Chen, *Piano*
Yan Tong, *Violin*
Joan DerHovsepian, *Viola*
Brinton Smith, *Cello*
Timothy Dilenschneider, *double bass*
6. La Capinera (The Wren) Julius Benedict
(1804- 1885)

Summer Song, *Soprano*
Yan Tong, *Violin*
Evelyn Chen, *Piano*
7. Piano Quartet No.1 in G minor, Op.25 Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)
Rondo alla Zingarese
Presto

Evelyn Chen, *Piano*
Yan Tong, *Violin*
Joan DerHovsepian, *Viola*
Brinton Smith, *Cello*

Program Notes

Song to the moon from *Rusalka*, the opera was composed by Dvorak in Czech in 1900 This particular aria is sung by the title character, Rusalka, in the opera's first act. Rusalka is the daughter of a water-goblin who wants nothing more than to be human after she falls in love with a hunter/prince who frequents the lake in which she lives. Rusalka sings this song asking the moon to reveal her love to the prince.

Rusalka

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém,
světlo tvé daleko vidí,
po světě bloudíš širokém,
díváš se v příbytky lidí.

Měsíčku, postůj chvíli,
mi, řekni, kde je můj milý!
Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,
mé že jej objímá rámě,
aby si alespoň chvíličku
vzpomenul ve snění na mě.

Zasvit' mu do daleka, zasvit' mu,
řekni mu, řekni, kdo tu naň čeká!

O mně-li duše lidská sní,
ať se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!
Měsíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

Rusalka

Moon high and deep in the sky
Your light travels far,
You travel around the wide world,
and see into people's homes

Moon, stand still a little while řekni
and tell me where is my dear.
Tell him, silvery moon,
that I am embracing him
For at last momentarily
Let him recall dreaming of me

Illuminate him from far away
and tell him who is waiting for him

If his human soul is really dreaming of me
may the memory awaken him!
Moon, don't disappear, don't disappear!

Die Forelle (The Trout), Franz Schubert composed this piece in 1817. It is among the most familiar of Schubert's approximately 600 songs. The song's lyrics were written from the perspective of an onlooker on a riverbank taking pleasure in watching the "happy little fish" swimming in the river. Soon a fisherman arrives and, much to the onlooker's dismay, catches the trout. It is best known as the basis for the theme of the fourth movement of Schubert's *Piano Quintet in A Major*, better known as the *Trout Quintet*.

Die Forelle

In einem Bächlein helle,
Da schoß in froher Eil'
Die launische Forelle
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade

The Trout

In a limpid brook
the capricious trout
in joyous haste
darted by like an arrow
I stood on the bank

Und sah in süßer Ruh
Des muntern Fischleins Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rut
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser Helle,
So dacht ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle
Mit seiner Angel nicht

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Rute,
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,
Und ich mit regem Blute
die Betrogene an.

La Capinera

Col ritornar del dolce
tu torni a mia gentil
E vieni a dir la tua canzon
Fra vaghi fior del mio veron
Tua voce un tal piacer mi fa
che di cantar desio mi di
Cantiam insiem mi guida tu
cantiam l'amor la gioventu
Insiem insiem cantia
La la la la La la
Gioventu l'amor cantiam!

Salutan te l'erbe ed I fior
In quell'arcan linguaggio lor
Del venticel il mormorar
Un bacio sol cercar ti par
E mentre il cor vicin a te
D'un gaudio ho Pien ch'uman non e
Io vo cantar mi guida tu
Cantiam l'amor la gioventu
Insiem insiem cantiam
La la la la La la
Gioventu l'amor cantiam!

in blissful peace, watching
the lively fish swim
in the clear brook

An angler with his rod
stood on the bank
cold-bloodedly watching
the fish's contortions.
As long as the water
is clear, I thought,
he won't catch the trout
with his rod.

But at length the thief
grew impatient. Cunningly
he made the brook cloudy,
and in an instant
his rod quivered,
and the fish struggled on it
And I, my blood boiling,
looked on at the cheated creature.

The Wren

Bright april comes, March winds are o'er
and thou sweet bird, and here once more
I hear again, thy cheerful lay
Among the leaves and flow rets gay
Thy liquid notes such pleasure bring
My heart with thee would ever sing
would sing of joy, all joys above
Of happy youth, and happy love!
Of happy love!
La la la la la la
Of happy youth, and happy love!

To welcome thee, each flow rets bell
Its secret love, to thee will bell
The zephyrs soft, with murm'ring sign
Hill seek kiss as they pass by
And while the heart is never to thine
I feels a joy and bliss divine?
then sing of joy, all joys above
Of happy youth and happy love
Of happy love!
La la la la la la la
happy youth and happy love

