

Lutheran Church of Honolulu proudly presents

# *Art and Song in Vienna*

October 4, 2021 • 7:00 PM

FIRST MONDAYS CHAMBER CONCERTS

Timothy Carney, baritone      Leslie Goldman, soprano  
Sarah Lambert Connelly, mezzo-soprano      Maika'i Nash, piano

<i>An Sylvia</i> D. 891	Timothy Carney	Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
<i>Litanei auf das Fest Allerseelen</i> , D. 343		
<i>Ganymed</i> D. 544		
<i>Heidenröslein</i> D. 257	Sarah Lambert Connelly	
<i>Der Hirt auf dem Felsen</i> D. 965	Leslie Goldman	
<i>Botschaft</i> Op. 47, No. 1	Timothy Carney	Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)
<i>Dein blaues Auge</i> Op. 59, No. 8		
<i>Mein Mädlein hat eine Rosemund</i> WoO 33, No. 25		
<i>Das Veilchen</i> K. 476	Leslie Goldman	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)
<i>Vilja</i> from <i>The Merry Widow</i>		Franz Lehár (1870–1948)
<i>Glückwunsch</i>	Sarah Lambert Connelly	Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897–1957)
<i>Alt-spanisch</i>		
<i>Sonett für Wien</i>		
<i>Soave sia il vento</i> from <i>Così fan tutte</i>	Trio	Mozart

## Text and Translations

### An Sylvia D. 891

Was ist Silvia, saget an,  
Dass sie die weite Flur preist?  
Schön und zart seh' ich sie nah'n,  
Auf Himmels Gunst und Spur weist,  
Dass ihr alles untertan.  
Ist sie schön und gut dazu?  
Reiz labt wie milde Kindheit;  
Ihrem Aug' eilt Amor zu,  
Dort heilt er seine Blindheit,  
Und verweilt in süßer Ruh'.  
Darum Silvia, tön', o Sang,  
Der holden Silvia Ehren;  
Jeden Reiz besiegt sie lang,  
Den Erde kann gewähren:  
Kränze ihr und Saitenklang!

Eduard von Bauernfeld

Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admirèd be.  
Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness.  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness;  
And, being helped, inhabits there.  
Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling;  
To her let us garlands bring.

Text by William Shakespeare

### Litanei auf das Fest Allerseelen, D. 343

Ruh'n in Frieden alle Seelen,  
Die vollbracht ein banges Quälen,  
Die vollendet süßen Traum,  
Lebenssatt, geboren kaum,  
Aus der Welt hinüberschieden:  
Alle Seelen ruh'n in Frieden!

Und die nie der Sonne lachten,  
Unterm Mond auf Dornen wachten,  
Gott, in reinen Himmelslicht,  
Einst zu sehn von Angesicht:  
Alle die von hinnen schieden,  
Alle Seelen ruh'n in Frieden!

Johann Georg Jacobi

Rest in peace, all souls  
who have had done with anxious torment,  
who have had done with sweet dreams  
who, sated with life and hardly born,  
have departed from this world:  
All souls rest in peace!

And those who never laughed under the sun,  
keeping watch on thorns beneath the moon,  
to see just once in the face of God  
and look him in the pure heavenly light.  
All who have parted from here,  
All souls rest in peace!

Translation by Richard Wigmore

### Ganymed D. 544

Wie im Morgenglanze  
Du rings mich anglühst,  
Frühling, Geliebter!

Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne  
Sich an mein Herz drängt  
Deiner ewigen Wärme Heilig Gefühl, unendliche Schöne!

Daß ich dich fassen möcht' in diesen Arm!  
Ach, an deinem Busen Lieg' ich, schmachte,

Und deine Blumen, dein Gras drängen sich an mein Herz.  
Du kühlst den brennenden durst meines Busens,  
Lieblicher Morgenwind!

Ruft drein die Nachtigall liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.  
Ich komm', ich komme! Wohin? Ach, wohin?

Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's. Es schweben die Wolken  
Abwärts, die Wolken neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.

Mir! Mir! In eurem Schosse aufwärts!  
Umfangend umfassen! Aufwärts an deinen Busen,  
Allliebender Vater!

Johann Wilhelm von Goethe

How, in the morning brightness,  
You all around shine at me,  
Springtime, Beloved!

With thousandfold love-bliss  
The holy feeling Of your eternal warmth  
Presses itself upon my heart, unending beauty!

Could I but embrace you in this arm!  
Ah, upon your breast I lie, languish,

And your blossoms, your grass press upon my heart.  
You cool the burning Thirst of my bosom,  
Lovely morning-wind!

There calls the nightingale lovingly for me from the misty vale.  
I come, I come! Whither, ah whither?

Up! Up it surges. The clouds are leaning downwards,  
the clouds Bow down to yearning love.

To me! To me! In your lap, clouds,  
Upwards! Embracing, embraced! Upwards to thy bosom,  
All-loving Father!

Translation by Richard Wigmore

*Heidenröslein* D. 257

*Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehen,  
Röslein auf der Heiden,  
War so jung und morgenschön,  
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,  
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.*

*Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,  
Röslein auf der Heiden!  
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,  
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,  
Und ich will's nicht leiden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.*

*Und der wilde Knabe brach  
'S Röslein auf der Heiden;  
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,  
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,  
Musst es eben leiden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

*Shepherd on the rock* D. 965

*Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',  
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',  
Und singe,  
Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal  
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall  
Der Klüfte.  
Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,  
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt  
Von unten.  
Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,  
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr  
Hinüber.  
In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,  
Mir ist die Freude hin,  
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,  
Ich hier so einsam bin.  
So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied,  
So sehnend klang es durch die Nacht,  
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht  
Mit wunderbarer Macht.  
Der Frühling will kommen,  
Der Frühling, meine Freud',  
Nun mach' ich mich fertig  
Zum Wandern bereit.*

Wilhelm Müller

A boy saw a wild rose  
growing in the heather;  
it was so young, and as lovely as the morning.  
He ran swiftly to look more closely,  
looked on it with great joy.  
Wild rose, wild rose red,  
wild rose in the heather.

Said the boy: I shall pluck you,  
wild rose in the heather!  
Said the rose:  
I shall prick you so that you will always remember me.  
And I will not suffer it.  
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,  
wild rose in the heather.

And the impetuous boy plucked  
the wild rose from the heather;  
the rose defended herself and pricked him,  
but her cries of pain were to no avail;  
she simply had to suffer.  
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,  
wild rose in the heather..

Richard Wigmore

When I stand on the highest rock,  
Look down into the deep valley  
And sing,  
From far away in the deep dark valley  
The echo from the ravines  
Rises up.  
The further my voice carries,  
The clearer it echoes back to me  
From below.  
My sweetheart lives so far from me,  
Therefore I long so to be with her  
Over there.  
Deep grief consumes me,  
My joy has fled,  
All earthly hope has vanished,  
I am so lonely here.  
The song rang out so longingly through the wood,  
Rang out so longingly through the night,  
That it draws hearts to heaven  
With wondrous power.  
Spring is coming,  
Spring, my joy,  
I shall now make ready to journey  
To wander.

Translation by Richard Stokes

*Botschaft* Op. 47, No. 1

*Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich  
Um die Wange der Geliebten,  
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,  
Eile nicht, hinwegzufliehn!  
Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,  
Wie es um mich Armen stehe,  
Sprich: „Unendlich war sein Wehe,  
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;  
Aber jetzo kann er hoffen  
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,  
Denn du, Holde, denkst an ihn.“*  
Georg Friedrich Daumer

Blow breeze, gently and sweetly  
About the cheek of my beloved,  
Play softly with her tresses,  
Make no haste to fly away!  
Then if she should chance to ask  
How things are with wretched me,  
Say: 'His sorrow's been unending,  
His condition most grave;  
But now he can hope  
To revel in life once more,  
For you, fair one, think of him.'  
Translation by Richard Stokes

*Dein blaues Auge* Op. 59, No. 8

*Dein blaues Auge hält so still,  
Ich blicke bis zum Grund.  
Du fragst mich, was ich sehen will?  
Ich sehe mich gesund.  
Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar,  
Noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl:  
Das deine ist wie See so klar  
Und wie ein See so kühl.*  
Klaus Groth

Your blue eyes stay so still,  
I look into their depths.  
You ask me what I seek to see?  
Myself restored to health.  
A pair of ardent eyes have burnt me,  
The pain of it still throbs:  
Your eyes are limpid as a lake,  
And like a lake as cool.  
Translation by Richard Stokes

*Mein Mädel hat eine Rosemund* WoO 33, No. 25

*Mein Mädel hat einen Rosenmund,  
Und wer ihn küßt, der wird gesund;  
O du! o du! o du!  
O du schwarzbraunes Mägdelein,  
Du la la la la la!  
Du läßt mir keine Ruh!  
Die Wangen sind wie Morgenröth'  
Wie sie steht über'm Winterschnee!  
O du! o du! o du! ...  
Dein' Augen sind wie die Nacht so schwarz,  
Wenn nur zwei Sternlein funkeln drin;  
O du! o du! o du! ...  
Du Mädel bist wie der Himmel gut,  
Wenn er über uns blau sich wölben tut;  
O du! o du! o du! ...*  
Anonymous

My girl has a rosy mouth  
And whoever kisses it is healed;  
O you! O you! O you!  
O you dark-brown girl,  
You la la la la la!  
You give me no peace!  
Your cheeks are like rosy dawn  
Breaking over winter snow!  
O you! O you! O you! ...  
Your eyes are as black as night  
When only two stars are shining.  
O you! O you! O you! ...  
Girl, you are as good as heaven  
When it arches blue above us.  
O you! O you! O you! ...  
Translation by Richard Stokes

*Das Veilchen* K. 476

*Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand, gebückt in sich und unbekannt;  
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.  
Da kam ein' junge Schäferin mit leichtem Schritt und muntrem Sinn  
Daher, daher, die Wiese her, und sang.  
Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur  
Die schönste Blume der Natur,  
Ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen,  
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt  
Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!  
Ach nur, ach nur ein Viertelstündchen lang!  
Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam  
Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm, ertrat das arme Veilchen.  
Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch:  
Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch durch sie, durch sie,  
Zu ihren Füßen doch.  
Das arme Veilchen es war ein herzigs Veilchen!*  
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

A violet was growing in the meadow, unnoticed and with bowed head;  
It was a dear sweet violet.  
Along came a young shepherdess, light of step and happy of heart,  
Along, along through the meadow, and sang.  
Ah! thinks the violet, if I were only  
The loveliest flower in all Nature,  
Ah! for only a little while,  
Till my darling had picked me  
And crushed me against her bosom!  
Ah only, ah only for a single quarter hour!  
But alas, alas, the girl drew near  
And took no heed of the violet, trampled the poor violet.  
It sank and died, yet still rejoiced:  
And if I die, at least I die through her, through her  
And at her feet the poor violet!  
It was a dear sweet violet!  
Translation by Richard Stokes

## Glückwunsch

*Ich wünsche dir Glück.  
Ich bring dir die Sonne in meinem Blick.  
Ich fühle dein Herz in meiner Brust;  
es wünscht dir mehr als eitel Lust.  
Es fühlt und wünscht:  
die Sonne scheint,  
auch wenn dein Blick zu brechen meint.  
Es wünscht dir Blicke so sehnsuchtslos,  
als trügest du die Welt im Schoß.  
Es wünscht dir Blicke so voll Begehren,  
als sei die Erde neu zu gebären.  
Es wünscht dir Blicke voll der Kraft,  
die aus Winter sich Frühling schafft.  
Und täglich leuchte durch dein Haus  
aller Liebe Blumenstrauß!*

Richard Dehmel, 1947

I wish you happiness.  
I bring you the sun in my gaze.  
I feel your heart beat in my breast;  
it wishes you more than mere pleasure.  
It feels and hopes;  
the sun shines,  
even when your eyes think to close in death.  
It wishes your eyes to be as free of yearning,  
as if you carried the world in your womb.  
It wishes your eyes to be as full of desire,  
as if the earth were to be born again.  
It wishes your eyes to be full of the strength  
that fashions spring from winter.  
And may your home be daily lit  
by the gleaming bouquet of love!

Translation by Richard Stokes

## Alt-spanisch

*Steht ein Mädchen an dem Fenster,  
In die Ferne schweift ihr Blick.  
Bläß die Wangen, schwer ihr Herze,  
Singt sie von entschwundnem Glück:  
'Mein Lieb kehrt nicht zurück!'*

A girl stands at her window,  
She gazes into the distance.  
With pale cheeks and heavy heart  
She sings of past happiness:  
'My love does not return!'

*Der Abend dämmert sacht,  
Ein Stern ersehnt die Nacht.  
Und im Winde klinget leise eine bange Traummusik. Wie ein Echo tönt  
die Weise: 'Mein Lieb kehrt nicht zurück!'*

Howard Koch

Evening draws in gently,  
A star yearns for night,  
And in the wind, gently, a fearful dream music  
can be heard. Like an echo the melody sounds:  
'My love does not return!'

Translation by Richard Stokes

## Sonett für Wien

*Du Stadt, du Psalm, aus Gottes Mund  
erklungen und Stein geworden, Marmor, Park und Garten,  
Gedicht und Lied der liebsten Engelzungen,  
die lange deiner gold'nen Kirchen harnten,*

You city, you psalm, resounding from the mouth of God and having  
become stone, marble, parks and gardens, poem and song of the  
loveliest of angel tongues,  
which long awaited your golden churches,

*d'rin alle Heil'gen,  
wunderlich bezwungen von ihrer hohen Form,  
zu Glanz erstarrten!  
Stadt der Fontänen, altem Stein entsprungen, barocker Bauten,  
gnädiger Standarten,*

within which all Saints,  
wondrously subjugated out of their exalted forms,  
frozen in stone to shining glory!  
City of fountains, emanating from ancient stones,  
city of baroque buildings,

*die über hohen Prozessionen schweben!  
Stadt, darin der Klang vergang'ner Zeiten noch klingt,  
darin das alte Gold noch leuchtet,  
darin die dunkeln,  
frommen Bilder leben und Gottes Auge  
aus den grünen Weiten  
der Berge strahlt, von Wehmut sanft befeuchtet.*

Hans Kaltneker

of gracious guidons that wave above the lofty processions! The city  
in which the resonance of the past may still be heard,  
in which the ancient gold yet gleams,  
wherein the dark,  
pious paintings live and the eye of God,  
softly bedewed with melancholy,  
shines radiantly from the green expanses of the hills.

Translation by Sharon Krebs

## Soave sia il vento from Così fan tutte

*Tranquilla sia l'onda,  
Ed ogni elemento  
Benigno risponda  
Ai nostri/vostrì desir.*

Lorenzo Da Ponte

*Gentle be the breeze,  
Calm be the waves,  
And every element  
Smile in favour/On their wish.*

## FEATURED PERFORMERS

Tonight's concert repertoire holds a special place in the heart of mezzo-soprano **SARAH LAMBERT CONNELLY**, an award winner in the Jesse Kneisel Competition for German Lieder. She especially looks forward to sharing the lesser-known songs of Erich Korngold, an Austrian immigrant to America during World War II, known primarily for his Hollywood film scores. Ms. Lambert Connelly has sung at a variety of opera houses across the United States and abroad, is currently an artist in residence in Hawai'i Opera Theater's Orvis Opera Studio, and is on the voice faculty at Hawai'i Pacific University. Recent roles with Hawai'i Opera Theatre include Julia Child in *Bon Appetit*, and the premiere of Linda Larsen in *Hometown to the World*. She also enjoys singing with the chamber ensemble Early Music Hawai'i. A certified yoga instructor since 2006, she specializes in tailoring the practice to singers' needs and introducing new students to yoga through deepening awareness of the body/breath connection. She teaches voice and piano lessons privately through Anchor House Music Studio. She received a Bachelor of Music from the University of Miami in 1998 and a Master of Music in Performance and Literature from The Eastman School of Music in 2000.

**LESLIE GOLDMAN** is a proud *kama'āina!* Before returning home to join HOT's Orvis studio, she enjoyed performing in companies on the mainland and in Europe, where she hit the stage as Musetta in Puccini's *La Bohème*, Susanna from Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, and Adina from Donizetti's *L'elisir d'Amore*, to name a few. She made her Hawai'i Opera Theater main stage debut as Frasquita in the 2017 season's kick off-opera, *Carmen*, by Bizet. In 2019 she performed the role of Annina with HOT in Verdi's *La Traviata*. For the 2020 digital season of Hawai'i Opera Theatre, she will be singing The Witch for the debut performance of *Chicken Skin*; she will also be singing the role of The Mother in *Amahl and the Night Visitors* by Menotti. Leslie is one of the head teaching artists for the Hawai'i Opera Theater as well and is a principle singer for the outreach program which brings music to over 85 school across the islands. Leslie has a passion for life, and it comes through in her artistry.

Usually found conducting choirs and choral-orchestral works, **TIMOTHY CARNEY** has long nurtured a love for *lieder*, *mélodie*, and art song. As a teenager, he won a singing competition by the B Sharp Music Club in his hometown of Utica, NY, though he mixed up the verses of a Schumann song and watched the judges madly flipping their scores back and forth as he sang. His operatic debut at age nineteen was screaming "*Hanno ammazzato compare Turiddu!*" in *Cavalleria Rusticana*. He followed this with the role of Dr. Stone in Menotti's *Help, Help, the Globolinks!* He has sung for many concerts at LCH, including the St. Matthew Passion and Cantata 82, *Ich habe genug*, under the late Carl Crosier, and more recently with Scott Fikse. He has sung the bass solos in music of Schütz and Bach, as well as Handel's *Messiah* and the Requiems of Mozart, Fauré, and Duruflé. He holds degrees from Hamilton College, the University of Tennessee, and the University of Illinois. Dr. Carney currently serves as associate professor of Music at Chaminade University of Honolulu and as music director of both Hawai'i Vocal Arts Ensemble and St. John Lutheran Church, Kailua.

**MAIKA'I NASH** returned home to Hawai'i in 2017 after living and working abroad, primarily in Montréal and Toronto. He studied at McGill University in Montréal, at the Schubert Institute of Lieder in Vienna, the Centre for Operatic Studies in Sulmona, Italy, and privately in Paris. While abroad, he worked for a number of Canadian opera companies, McGill University, the University of Toronto, Western University, the Glenn Gould School, and the Royal Conservatory of Music. Always a voracious adventurer, he also spent 2 years in Bogotá, Colombia, working as a vocal coach, répétiteur, and pianist throughout the Colombian capital, and in the other major cities as well. Now firmly reestablished in Honolulu, Maika'i has launched the new performing arts, non-profit group, HI Arts Lab, a company creating experiential moments in music across multiple art forms.

## MAHALO

The Lutheran Church of Honolulu would like to thank the following individuals and organizations that helped to make today's concert possible: The many donors whose generosity supports events like today's; especially our Patron sponsor, **Arthur and Mae Orvis Foundation**; the many volunteers of this congregation, especially **Marcus Fikse, Renee Boeck, Jean Lilley** and **Bill Potter**; Pastor **Jeff Lilley, Brenda Barrios, Reid Ishikawa, Mark Wong**, and Director of Music and Liturgy **Scott Fikse**.

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