



EASTMAN
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
UNIVERSITY of ROCHESTER

Eastman Repertory Singers

Gilbert Donohue, Eric Meincke,
and William Weinert, conductors

Eastman Chorale

Anna Lenti, conductor

Friday, October 23, 2020
Kodak Hall at Eastman Theatre
7:30pm

~ PROGRAM ~

Eastman Repertory Singers

An die Sonne, D. 439 **Franz Schubert**
(1797 - 1828)

Sicut Cervus **Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina**
(1525 - 1594)

Mass in C Major, op. 86 **Ludwig van Beethoven**
I. Kyrie (1770 - 1827)
15'

Alexander Little, piano and organ
William Weinert, conductor

Spanish Serenade, op. 23 **Edward Elgar**
(1857 - 1934)

Abendlied, op. 92, no. 3 **Johannes Brahms**
(1833 - 1897)

Fair Phyllis **John Farmer**
(1570 - 1601)

Weep, o mine eyes **John Bennet**
(1575 - 1614)

Chillingham, op. 119, no. 7 **Charles Villiers Stanford**
(1852 - 1924)
12'

Alessio Giacobone, piano
Gilbert Donohue, conductor

April is in my mistress' face **Thomas Morley**
Say, gentle nymphs (1558 - 1602)

An die Heimat, op. 64, no. 1 **Johannes Brahms**
(1833 - 1897)

Regina Coeli, KV 276 **Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**
(1756 - 1791)
15'

Catherine Creed, soprano
Sydney Cornett, alto
David Griffith, tenor
Leif Pedersen, bass

Elizabeth Crecca, piano
Eric Meincke, conductor

~ THIRTY MINUTE INTERMISSION ~

~ PROGRAM (continued) ~

Eastman Chorale

Musikalische Exequien, Op. 7

I. Concert in Form einer teutschen Begräbnis-Messe:
 “Nacket bin ich vom Mutterleibe kommen”

Mckenzie Garey & Ella Torres, *soprano solos*
Veronica Siebert, *mezzo-soprano solo*
Joshua Carlisle & Jacob Hunter, *tenor solos*
Noah Sesling & Peter Schoellkopff, *bass solos*

II. Motet: “Herr, wenn ich nur dich habe”

III. Canticum B. Simeonis: “Herr, nun lässest du deinen Diener in Friede fahren”

Samantha Sosa, *Seraphim 1*
Anneliese Wolfanger, *Seraphim 2*
Sam Yuh, *the Blessed Soul with the Seraphim*

Hannah Rubin, *cello*
Joao Raone, *theorbo*
Andrew Van Varick, *continuo organ*
Anna Lenti, *conductor*

Heinrich Schütz
 (1585 - 1672)
 30'

~ PERSONNEL ~

Eastman Repertory Singers

Soprano	Alto	Tenor	Bass
Emma Boydston	Rongnan Cao	Liam Anderson	Caleb Borick
Catherine Creed	Sydney Cornett	David Griffith	Joshua Ehlebracht
Faith Dowley	Elizabeth Jackson	Andrew Miller	Ryan Greene
Caroline Duers	Ali Santos	Ethan Resnik	William Jae
Daniela Reyes	Kayla Sconiers	James Wolter	Simon Lea
Sarah Schexnayder	Karina Tseng	Jack O'Leary	Jack O'Leary
Darby Schmidt	Jenna Tu	Leif Pedersen	Leif Pedersen
	Hannah Wilson	Carter Stark	Carter Stark

Eastman Chorale

Soprano	Alto	Tenor	Bass
Clare DeMarco	Lily Bogas	Joshua Carlisle	Gilbert Donohue
Hannah Duff	Meg Brilleslyper	Adam Holthaus	Max Flores
McKenzie Garey	Lauren Case	Jacob Hunter	Murphy Meyn
Cailin Jordan	Laura O'Neill	Eric Meincke	Peter Schoellkopff
Deepti Kumar	Veronica Siebert	Alexander Nick	Noah Sesling
Lorelei McDaniel	Emma Unkrich	Lukas Perry	Raffi Wright
Samantha Sosa		James Wolter	Sam Yuh
Ella Torres			
Anneliese Wolfanger			

~ PROGRAM NOTES, TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS ~

The nineteenth century was a golden age for both large- and small-scale choral music. Schubert's **An die Sonne** (1816) sets a poem by Johan Peter Uz. Like much poetry of the Romantic era, Uz's text celebrates nature, while acknowledging man's mortality with the passage of time.

O Sonne, Königin der Welt,
 Die unser dunkles Leben erhellt,
 O Sonne, Königin der Welt,
 Die unser dunkles Rund erhellt,
 In lichter Majestät;
 Erhab'nes Wunder einer Hand,
 Die jene Himmel ausgespannt
 Und Sterne hingesät!

O sun, queen of the world,
 who lights our dark lives –
 O sun, queen of the world,
 who lights our dark round
 in shining majesty;
 sublime marvel of a hand
 which spread out the distant heavens
 and strewed the stars within them!

Noch heute seh' ich deinen Glanz,
 Mir lacht in ihrem Blumenkranz
 Noch heute die Natur.
 Der Vögel buntgefiedert Heer
 Singt morgen mir vielleicht nicht mehr
 Im Wald und auf der Flur.

Today I can still see your radiance;
 in its garlands of flowers
 nature still smiles upon me today.
 Tomorrow the bright-feathered hosts of birds
 may never again sing to me
 in the woods and the meadows.

Ich fühle, dass ich sterblich bin,
 Mein Leben welkt wie Gras dahin,
 Wie ein verschmachtet Laub.
 Wer weiss, wie unerwartet bald
 Des höchsten Wort an mich erschallt:
 Komm wieder in den Staub!

I feel that I am mortal;
 my life withers away like grass,
 like languishing leaves.
 Who knows how unexpectedly, how soon
 the voice of the Almighty will ring out to me:
 'Return to the dust!'

Johan Peter Uz

Palestrina's **Sicut cervus** has been one of his most frequently heard works since the sixteenth century. The opening verses of Psalm 42 compare the deer's longing for water with the soul's thirst for God.

Sicut cervus desiderat ad fontes aquarum,
 ita desiderat anima mea ad te, Deus.
 Sitivit anima mea ad Deum fortem vivum:
 Quando veniam et apparebo
 ante faciem Dei?
 Fuerunt mihi lacrymae meae panes die ac nocte,
 dum dicitur mihi quotidie,
 Ubi est Deus tuus?

As the hart longs for the flowing streams,
 so longs my soul for thee, O God.
 My soul has thirsted for the living God:
 When shall I come and appear before the face
 of my God?
 My tears have been my bread by day and night,
 While it is said to me daily:
 Where is your God?

Psalm 42:1

Beethoven's **Mass in C** (1807), written for Haydn's patron Prince Nikolaus Esterházy is in many ways in the overall tradition of Haydn and Mozart. The Kyrie, however, features long, balanced melodic lines and a peaceful lyricism that would seem at home in the masses of Schubert.

- William Weinert

Kyrie eleison
 Christe eleison
 Kyrie eleison.

Lord, have mercy
 Christ, have mercy
 Lord, have mercy.

Tonight's second Repertory Singers set will open with two accompanied pieces, Edward Elgar's **Spanish Serenade** and Johannes Brahms' **Abendlied**. Elgar's **Spanish Serenade** is a setting of a poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, one of the most famous poets of the nineteenth-century. After graduating from college at the ripe old age of 18, Longfellow travelled in Europe for 3 years where he mastered French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and German. This poem is excerpted from a play he wrote later on in life reflecting on his travels entitled *The Spanish Student*, and Elgar's setting (originally for orchestra and choir) is extremely colorful. **Abendlied** is a setting of a poem by Christian Friedrich Hebbel which describes the ups and downs of a day melting away at the close. Brahms sets the final line of the poem ("it occurs to me that life / is just like a lullaby") with gentle undulating music, painting the picture of a child being gently rocked to sleep.

Spanish Serenade

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps watch!
Watch! while in slumbers light,
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Abendlied

Friedlich bekämpfen
Nacht sich und Tag.
Wie das zu dämpfen,
Wie das zu lösen vermag!

Der mich bedrückte,
Schläfst du schon, Schmerz?
Was mich beglückte
Sage, was war's doch, mein Herz?

Freude wie Kummer,
Fühl' ich, zerrann,
Aber den Schlummer
Führten sie leise heran.

Und im Entschweben,
Immer empor,
Kommt mir das Leben
Ganz, wie ein Schlummerlied vor.

Evening Song

Peacefully does night
struggle with the day:
how to muffle it,
how to dissolve it.

That which depressed me,
are you already asleep, o Pain?
That which made me happy,
say, what was it, my heart?

Joy, like anguish,
I feel has melted away,
but they have gently
invoked slumber instead.

And as I float away,
ever skyward,
it occurs to me that life
is just like a lullaby.

Christian Friedrich Hebbel

Fair Phyllis and **Weep, o mine eyes** are two classic late sixteenth-century English madrigals with anonymous texts set by John Farmer and John Bennet. **Fair Phyllis** tells the story of the shepherdess Phyllis and her lover Amyntas, which was a popular story set countless times throughout the sixteenth century. **Weep, o mine eyes** is based on John Dowland's lute song "Flow my tears," which Bennet weaves into his setting as a point of imitation. Finally, we will close with Charles Villiers Stanford's charming part-song **Chillingham**. This setting of a poem by Mary Elizabeth Coleridge describes the beautiful landscape of Chillingham, a small village in northern England.

- Gilbert Donohue

Fair Phyllis I saw sitting all alone, feeding her flock near to the mountainside
The shepherds knew not whither she was gone, but after her lover Amyntas hide
Up and down he wandered, whilst she was missing;
When he found her, O, then they fell a kissing.

Weep, o mine eyes and cease not,
Alas, these your spring tides methinks increase not.
O when begin you to swell so high
that I may drown me in you?

Chillingham

O the high valley, the little low hill,
And the cornfield over the sea,
The wind that rages and then lies still,
And the clouds that rest and flee!

O the gray island in the rainbow haze,
And the long thin spits of land,
The roughening pastures and the stony ways,
And the golden flash of the sand!

O the red heather on the moss-wrought rock,
And the fir-tree stiff and straight,
The shaggy old sheep-dog barking at the flock,
And the rotten old five-barred gate!

O the brown bracken, the blackberry bough,
The scent of the gorse in the air!
I shall love them ever as I love them now,
I shall weary in Heaven to be there!

Mary Elizabeth Coleridge

April is in my mistress' face and Say, gentle nymphs

This pair of madrigals by Thomas Morley both combine the complexities of love into a dichotomy some know all too well: the playful nature of a blossoming relationship followed by the heartbreak that inevitably follows unrequited love. Morley depicts this Renaissance trope with several colloquial text-painting examples. Namely, you will hear the symbolic relationship between his love's personality and the months of the year in **April is in my mistress' face**, followed by the conversational back and forth of inquiring about potential love in **Say, gentle nymphs**.

April is in my mistress' face, and July in her eyes hath place.
Within her bosom is September, but in her heart, a cold December.

Say, gentle nymphs that tread these mountains, whilst sweetly you sit playing,
Saw you my Daphne, straying along your crystal fountains?
If so you chance to meet her, kiss her and kindly greet her.
Then these sweet garlands take her, and say from me, I never will forsake her.

An die Heimat is the first of three songs from Brahms' *Drei Quartette*, op. 64. While this song was written in 1864 when Brahms was thirty-one years old, he did not complete the set until about ten years later. In this particular setting, Brahms draws on a somewhat nationalistic text by the poet Otto Inckermann, better known by his pen-name C.O. Sternau. Listen for how Brahms sets these three distinct stanzas, in each instance concluding with the "Heimat motive" introduced first by the tenor, then the alto, bass, and finally the soprano, respectively. Brahms' love for his homeland is proclaimed: "freundliche Heimat, schützende Heimat, liebende Heimat!" ("friendly homeland, sheltering homeland, loving homeland!").

Heimat!
Wunderbar tönendes Wort!
Wie auf befiederten Schwingen
Ziehst du mein Herz zu dir fort,
Jubelnd, als müßt' ich den Gruß
Jeglicher Seele dir bringen,
Trag' ich zu dir meinen Fuß,
Freundliche Heimat!

Heimat!
Bei dem sanftklingenden Ton
Wecken mich alte Gesänge,
Die in der Ferne mich fohn;
Rufen mir freudenvoll zu
Heimatlich lockende Klänge:
Du nur allein bist die Ruh',
Schützende Heimat!

Heimat!
Gib mir den Frieden zurück,
Den ich im Weiten verloren,
Gib mir dein blühendes Glück!
Unter den Bäumen am Bach,
Wo ich vor Zeiten geboren,
Gib mir ein schützendes Dach,
Liebende Heimat!

Homeland!
Wonderful-sounding word!
How on feathery wings
you draw my heart toward you,
rejoicing, as if I must bring you the greeting
of every soul.
I turn my steps to you,
welcoming homeland!

Homeland!
With that gentle-sounding note
old songs awaken in me
which have flown far away from me;
they call me, full of joy,
to alluring sounds of home.
Only you are peace,
sheltering homeland!

Homeland!
Give me back the peace
that I have lost in the distance,
give me your thriving happiness!
Beneath the trees by the brook,
where I was born long ago,
Give me a sheltering roof,
dear homeland!

C.O. Sternau

Regina Coeli

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's **Regina Coeli**, K. 276, a staple of the choral repertoire, is the last of his three settings of this antiphon praising the Virgin Mary. The exact date of composition is unknown, as the original autograph of the score is lost. The structure of the composition is largely representative of Baroque-era ritornello concerto-grosso structure, with the full chorus and a quartet of soloists alternating text, representing what would be the verse and response of the chant in a liturgical setting. A recurring motive that will sound familiar to many listeners is the seeming recollection of the Handel "Hallelujah" motive, set this time to the text, "Alleluja." As convincing as it is that Mozart "borrowed" this from Handel, this unbelievable coincidence is just that, as it is unlikely Mozart knew of the *Messiah* at the time of this composition. The piece concludes with the full ensemble using the text previously sung by just the quartet in an exciting polyphonic setting of "Ora pro nobis Deum" ("Pray for us to God"), followed by everyone proclaiming "Alleluja" in unison.

- Eric Meincke

Regina coeli, laetare, alleluia.
Quia quem meruisti portare, alleluia.
Resurrexit, sicut dixit, alleluia.
Ora pro nobis Deum, alleluia.

Queen of Heaven, rejoice, alleluia.
For He whom you did merit to bear, alleluia.
Has risen, as he said, alleluia.
Pray for us to God, alleluia.

Musikalische Exequien

Heinrich Schütz wrote his **Musikalische Exequien** in 1636 as a commission for the funeral of Count Heinrich Posthumus Reuß, a German nobleman. The mid-1600s in Germany was a time of great unrest: between the 30 Years' War and multiple outbreaks of the plague, performing forces were often slim, and unexpectedly early death was an occurrence more common than our modern minds can possibly imagine.

It is perhaps through this lens that we can understand Count Heinrich's obsession with his own death. In the year preceding his demise, he took it upon himself to commission the creation of a special coffin, upon which he had engraved his favorite biblical and chorale texts. Upon his death, his family officially commissioned Schütz to set these specific texts to music for his funeral service. It is also likely that Schütz and Count Heinrich discussed plans for the work in person, as they had a close relationship for at least two decades.

The work consists of three sections to be performed at different portions of the funeral service. The opening movement, a concerted work for soloists and chorus, is structured as an unconventional setting of the Kyrie and Gloria. Schütz carefully orders the texts from the coffin to conform to this framework, beginning with texts that plead for mercy, and continuing with texts that glorify God through the lenses of both life and death.

The second movement is a straightforward, double-choir motet setting of the text *Herr, wenn ich nur dich habe*. Also explored in the Gloria section of the first movement, this text brings a moment of comfort in the context of the service, rejoicing in the assuredness of God's consolation and care in the face of death.

The third movement presents a uniquely specific concerted scoring: a five-part chorus sings the traditional text of the *Nunc Dimittis* (in German) while a trio sings the text *Selig sind die Toten, die in dem Herren sterben* (Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord). This trio of two sopranos and a baritone is labelled in the score with specific titles: the first and second sopranos represent *Seraphim I* and *Seraphim II*, respectively, and the baritone is labelled *Beata anima cum Seraphinis*—the blessed soul with the angels. Schütz specifically indicates in the preface to his published edition that this trio should be set apart from the main chorus, perhaps even out of view. Knowing that Count Heinrich himself was an accomplished baritone, the image evoked here is the angels' peaceful accompaniment of his departed soul into heaven. The accompanying *Nunc Dimittis* text, originally spoken by an old man ready and willing to meet death at the end of his long life, reinforces comfort and peace for the departed. The initial performance of this final movement must have been a breathtaking moment.

In what can surely be described as our own time of plague and civil unrest, this work from centuries ago feels as timely and relevant as ever. One man's attempt to wrestle with the concept of his own mortality through the exploration of sacred texts has brought to life, through Schütz's hands, a work of immense complexity, but also comfort. From the vulnerable opening statement evoking a cry for one's mother, to the final, impassioned statement of God's promise to his people, this piece represents the journey through fear, uncertainty and ultimate peace that awaits us all.

- Anna Lenti

Teil I: Concert in Form einer deutschen Begräbnis-Missa

Nacket bin ich von Mutterliebe kommen,
nacket werde ich wiederum dahinfahren.
Der Herr hat's gegeben,
der Herr hat's genommen,
der Name des Herren sie gelobet.

Herr Gott, Vater im Himmel,
erbarm dich über uns!

Christus ist mein Leben,
Sterben ist mein Gewinn.
Siehe, das ist Gottes Lamm,
das der Welt Sünde trägt.

Jesu Christe, Gottes Sohn
erbarm dich über uns!

Leben wir, so leben wir dem Herren;
sterben wir, so sterben wir dem Herren;
darum, wir leben oder sterben
so sind wir des Herren.

Herr Gott, Heiliger Geist
erbarm dich über uns!

Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt,
daß er seinen eingebornen Sohn gab,
auf daß alle, die an ihn gläuben,
nicht verloren werden,
sondern das ewige Leben haben.

Er sprach zu seinem lieben Sohn:
die Zeit ist hie zu erbarmen;
fahr hin, mein's Herzens werthe Kron,
und sei das Heil der Armen,
und hilf ihn' aus der Sünden Not,
erwürg für sie den bitteren Tod
und laß sie mit dir leben.

Das Blut Jesu Christi, des Sohnes Gottes,
machtet uns rein von allen Sünden.

Durch ihn ist uns vergeben
die Sünd, geschenkt das Leben.
Im Himmel soll'n wir haben,
o Gott, wie große Gaben!

Unser Wandel is im Himmel,
von dannen wir auch warten des Heilandes
Jesu Christi, des Herren,
welcher unsern nichtigen Leib verklären wird,
daß er ähnlich werde seinem verklärten Leibe.

Part I: Concerto in the form of a German burial Mass

Naked came I out of my mother's womb,
naked shall I return.
The Lord gave,
the Lord has taken away,
blessed be the name of the Lord.

Lord God, Father in heaven,
have mercy upon us!

Christ is my life
and to die is gain.
Look, this is the Lamb of God,
which carries the sin of the world.

Jesus Christ, Son of God,
have mercy upon us!

When we live, we live for the Lord;
when we die, we die for the Lord:
therefore, whether we live or die,
we are the Lord's.

Lord God, Holy Spirit,
have mercy upon us!

God loved the world so much,
that he gave his begotten son,
so that all who believed in him
would not be lost,
but have everlasting life.

He spoke to his beloved Son:
now is the time for mercy,
go, my heart's worthy crown,
and be the salvation of the poor and help
them from the distress of sin;
take upon yourself the bitterness of death
and let them live with you.

The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son,
cleanses us from all sin.

Through Him our sin is forgiven,
our life restored.
In heaven we shall have,
O God, what wondrous benefactions!

Our life is for heaven:
from there also we look for the Savior,
Lord Jesus Christ:
he will transfigure our futile body
to become similar to His glorious body.

Es ist allhier ein Jammertal,
Angst, Not und Trübsal überall,
des Bleibens ist ein kleine Zeit,
voller Mühseligkeit,
und wer's bedenkt,
ist immer im Streit.

Wenn eure Sünde gleich blutrot wäre,
soll sie doch schneeweiß werden;
wenn sie gleich ist wie rosinfarb,
soll sie doch wie Wolle werden.

Sein Wort, sein Tauf, sein Nachtmahl
dient wider allen Unfall,
der heilige Geist im Glauben
lehrt uns darauf vertrauen.

Gehe hin, mein Wolk, in deine Kammer und
schleuß die Tür nach dir zu!
Verbirge dich einen kleinen Augenblick, bis der
Zorn vorübergehe.

Der Gerechten Seelen sind
in Gottes Hand,
und keine Qual rühret sie an;
für den Unverständigen
werden sie angesehen, als stürben sie,
und ihr Abschied wird
für eine Pein gerechnet,
und ihr Hinfahren für Verderben,
aber sie sind in Frieden.

Herr, wenn ich nur dich habe,
so frage ich nichts nach Himmel und Erden.
Wenn mir gleich Leib und Seele verschmacht',
so bist du, Gott, allzeit meines Herzens Trost
und mein Teil.

Er ist das Heil und selig Licht
für die Heiden, zu erleuchten,
die dich kennen nicht, und zu weiden.
Er ist seines Volks Israel der Preis,
Ehr, Freud und Wonne.

Unser Leben währet siebenzig Jahr,
und wenn's hoch kömmt, so sind's achtzig Jahr,
und wenn es köstlich gewesen ist,
so ist es Mü und Arbeit gewesen.

Ach, wie elend ist unser Zeit allhier
auf dieser Erden,
gar bald der Mensch darniederleit,
wir müssen alle sterben,
allhier in diesem Jammertal
ist Mü und Arbeit überall,
auch wenn dir's wohl gelinget.

Here all around is a vale of tears,
need and sorrow everywhere,
our stay here is for but a brief time
full of hardship,
and if you think about it,
you are always in disharmony.

If your sin were as red as blood,
it shall be as white as snow,
were it red like crimson,
it shall be as wool.

His word, His baptism, His Eucharist serve
against all misfortune;
belief in the Holy Spirit
teaches us to have faith.

Go, my people into your chamber
and shut the door behind you!
Hide yourself for a little moment
until the wrath has passed.

The souls of the righteous are
in the hand of God
and no torment shall touch them;
in the sight of the unwise
they seem to die,
and their departure
is taken for torment,
and their going away from us is destruction;
but they are in peace.

Lord, if I have but You,
I ask neither for heaven nor earth.
And when my body and soul are dying,
You, God, are always the comfort of my heart
and part of me.

He is the salvation and blessed light
for the heathen, to enlighten
those who don't know You and to tend them.
He is of His people Israel the prize,
honour, joy and delight.

We live for about seventy years,
and at best for eighty years,
and if it was delightful,
it was trouble and labour.

Ah, how wretched is our time
here on earth,
soon man lies down,
as we all must die:
here, in this vale of tears,
is everywhere trouble and labour,
even if you prosper.

Ich weiß, daß mein Erlöser lebt,
und er wird mich hernach
aus der Erden auferwecken,
und werde darnach mit dieser meiner
Haut umgeben werden und werde
in meinem Fleisch Gott sehen.

Weil du vom Tod erstanden bist,
werd ich im Grab nicht bleiben,
mein höchster Trost dein Auffahrt ist,
Todsforcht kannst du vertreiben,
denn wo du bist, da komm ich hin,
daß ich stets bei dir leb und bin,
drum fahr ich hin mit Freuden.

Herr, ich lasse dich nicht,
du segnest mich denn.

Er sprach zu mir:
Halt dich an mich, es soll dir itzt gelingen,
ich geb mich selber ganz für dich,
da will ich für dich ringen.
Den Tod verschlingt das Leben mein,
mein Unschuld trägt die Sünden dein,
da bist du selig worden.

**Teil II:
Motette “Herr, wenn ich nur dich habe”**

Herr, wenn ich nur dich habe,
so frage ich nichts nach Himmel und Erde.
Wenn mir gleich Leib und Seele verschmacht,
so bist du doch, Gott,
allezeit meines Herzens Trost und mein Teil.

**Teil III:
Canticum Simeonis**

Herr, nun lässest du deinen Diener
in Frieden fahren, wie du gesagt hast.
Denn meine Augen haben
deinen Heiland gesehen,
welchen du bereitet hast für allen Völkern,
ein Licht, zu erleuchten die Heiden,
und zum Preis deines Volks Israel.

Selig sind die Toten,
die in dem Herren sterben,
sie ruhen von ihrer Arbeit,
und ihre Werke folgen ihnen nach.
Sie sind in der Hand des Herren,
und keine Qual rühret sie.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
and he shall make me then
stand up from the earth:
and this my skin then
shall cover my body
and in my flesh I shall see God.

Since You arose from death,
I shall not remain in the grave,
Your Ascension is my greatest comfort,
You can drive away the fear of death,
for where You are, I will go too,
so that I may live and be with You forever,
therefore I die with Joy.

Lord, I won't let You go,
except if You bless me.

He said to me:
Hold on to me, you will succeed;
I give myself all for You,
and I struggle for you.
My life swallows up Death,
my innocence bears your sins,
and you found salvation.

**Part II:
Motet “Lord, if I have but Thee”**

Lord, if I have but You,
I ask neither for heaven nor earth.
And when my body and soul are dying,
You are always, O God,
the comfort of my heart and part of me.

**Part III:
Canticle of the blessed Simeon**

Lord, now You let Your servant
go in peace, as You said.
For my eyes have
seen Your salvation
which You offered for all people,
a light to enlighten all Gentiles,
and for the glory of Your people Israel.

Blessed are the dead
who die in the Lord;
they rest from their labours,
and their works do follow them.
They are in the hand of the Lord,
and no torment touches them.

Upcoming Concerts

Events are free unless otherwise noted.

Sunday, November 1, 2020

Eastman Chorale

Music of Britten, Debussy, Lusitano, Schein, Schütz, and Woody
Gilbert Donohue, Anna Lenti, Eric Meincke,
James Wolter, & William Weinert, *conductors*
Kodak Hall at Eastman Theatre • 3PM

Thursday, November 12, 2020

Eastman Women's Chorus

Music of Eleanor Smith, Carol Barnett, Jake Runestad, Andrea Ramsey, & Philip Silvey
Philip Silvey, *conductor*
Kodak Hall at Eastman Theatre • 7:30PM

Sunday, November 22, 2020

Eastman Repertory Singers and Eastman Chorale

Johannes Brahms *Neue Liebeslieder*, op. 65
Gilbert Donohue, Anna Lenti, James Wolter, & William Weinert, *conductors*
Kodak Hall at Eastman Theatre • 3PM

Information about upcoming Eastman concerts and events can be found at:
www.esm.rochester.edu/concerts/calendar.php

Kodak Hall fire exits are located along the right and left sides, and at the back of the hall on each level. In the event of an emergency, you will be notified by the stage manager. If notified, please move in a calm and orderly fashion to the nearest exit.

Restrooms are located on each level of Kodak Hall at Eastman Theatre. Our ushers will be happy to direct you to them.

Please note: The use of unauthorized photographic and recording equipment is not allowed in this building. We reserve the right to ask anyone disrupting a performance to leave the hall.

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