



*The Romantic Spirit:  
Wild and Tender*

Friday, March 8, 2019 at 8 p.m.  
Broadway Presbyterian Church  
Broadway at 114th Street, New York City



## PROGRAM NOTES, TEXTS, AND TRANSLATIONS

**Felix Mendelssohn** and **Johannes Brahms** shared a remarkable interest in choral music. Their knowledge of the choral idiom and the quantity of music each composed for the genre (over seventy opus numbers for Mendelssohn, over forty for Brahms) set them apart from other 19th-century composers. Author/choral conductor Archibald T. Davison links Brahms and Mendelssohn with Handel as composers who had “a kind of sixth sense which amounted to choral infallibility.” The reasons for this skill and affinity are surely found in each man’s profound study of older music, and the early experience each had as a choral as well as orchestral conductor.

Mendelssohn’s musical gifts were evident at a young age. He composed the overture to *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, one of his most beloved works, at seventeen. In 1829, at twenty, his revival of Bach’s *St. Matthew Passion* was a major event. Mendelssohn’s teacher, Carl Friedrich Zelter, had a copy of the *Passion* which he sometimes showed to his composition students. (It had not been performed since its premiere in 1729.) Mendelssohn was fascinated with the piece and spent over a year preparing to conduct it (against the practical Zelter’s advice). His centenary performance at the Berlin Singakademie sold out, and a thousand people were turned away. A second performance was given ten days later. At twenty-four, Mendelssohn was appointed general music director in Düsseldorf, and two years later became conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig.

Mendelssohn’s major works for chorus and orchestra, *Elijah*, *St. Paul*, and *Die Erste Walpurgisnacht*, are well known, and his secular choruses, or part songs, have always been admired. This last form became important with the growing interest in national music, especially folk songs. It is curious that Mendelssohn, city born and bred, should have written so poetically about the country. Several of his collections of part songs are subtitled “To be sung in the open air.” Some were written without piano accompaniment, to resemble folk songs that would be sung *a cappella*.

Public esteem for Mendelssohn was great during his life, but declined later. He now enjoys a balanced press, with general agreement on his excellent craftsmanship, clarity of expression, and fine orchestration. Donald Grout summed up his style: “His music, like his life, flowed serenely and harmoniously. It is essentially Classical in outline, imbued with Romantic color and sentiment, but never more than lightly touched with Romantic pathos or passion.”

### **Abschied vom Walde**

O Thäler weit, o Höhen,  
O schöner grüner Wald,  
Du meiner Lust und Wehen  
Andächt’ger Aufenthalt!  
Da draussen, stets betrogen,  
Saust die geschäft’ge Welt;  
Schlag’ noch einmal die Bogen  
Um mich, du grünes Zelt!

### **Farewell to the Woods**

O valleys wide, o heights,  
O lovely green forest,  
You, the beloved home  
Of my joy and woe!  
Out there, always deceived,  
Whirls the busy world;  
Once more raise your arches  
Over me, green canopy!

Im Walde steht geschrieben,  
Ein stilles ernstes Wort  
Vom rechten Thun und Lieben,  
Und was des Menschen Hort.  
Ich habe treu gelesen  
Die Worte, schlicht und Wahr,  
Und durch mein ganzes Wesen  
Ward's unaussprechlich klar.

Bald werd'ich dich verlassen,  
Fremd in die Fremde geh'n,  
Auf buntbewegten Gassen  
Des Lebens Schauspiel seh'n.  
Und mitten in dem Leben  
Wird deines Ernst's Gewalt,  
Mich Einsamen erheben,  
So wird mein Herz nicht alt.

—Joseph von Eichendorff

### **Die Nachtigall**

Die Nachtigall, sie war entfernt  
der Frühling lockt sie wieder;  
was neues hat sie nicht gelernt,  
singt alte liebe Lieder.

—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

### **Jagdlied**

Durch schwankende Wipfel  
schießt goldener Strahl,  
Tief unter den Gipfeln  
das neblige Tal,  
Fern hallt es vom Schlosse,  
das Waldhorn ruft,  
es wiehern die Rosse  
in die Luft, in die Luft!

Bald Ländern und Seen,  
bald Wolkenzug  
Tief schimmernd zu sehen  
in schwindelndem Flug,  
Bald Dunkel wieder  
hüllt Reiter und Ross,  
O Lieb', o Liebe,  
so lass' mich los!

In the forest is written  
A quiet, earnest word  
Of right doing and loving,  
And of man's refuge.  
I have truly read  
The words, plain and true,  
And through my whole being  
It becomes inexpressibly clear.

Soon I will leave you,  
And go, a stranger into strange lands,  
In the bright and whirling streets  
To see the play of life.  
And in the midst of life  
Will the power of your seriousness  
Raise me up, the lonely one,  
So that my heart does not become old.

—based on Beatrice Webster's transl.

### **The Nightingale**

The nightingale had flown far away  
Spring lures her back.  
Nothing new has she learned,  
She sings the lovely old songs.

—based on Webster

### **Hunting Song**

Through swaying treetops  
flickers a ray of gold;  
Deep under the heights,  
to the misty valley.  
Ringing far from the castle,  
the horn calls,  
The horses whinny,  
in the air, in the air!

Soon lands and lakes,  
soon streams of clouds  
Appear shimmering far off  
in dizzying flight.  
Soon darkness again  
veils rider and horse;  
O love, o loved one,  
let me go!

Immer weiter und weiter  
die Klänge zieh'n,  
Durch Wälder und Heiden,  
wohin, ach wohin?  
Erquickliche Frische,  
süss-schaurige Lust!  
Hoch flattern die Büsche,  
frei schlägt die Brust.

— Eichendorff

Further and further  
the clamor draws us,  
Through woodland and meadows,  
where, oh where are they going?  
Invigorating freshness,  
sweetly fearful desire!  
High flutter the bushes,  
freely beats the heart.

—based on Webster

NAS has now sung three substantial works of **Carol Barnett**, starting with *The World Beloved: A Bluegrass Mass* of 2000, which we performed in 2012. It was performed at Carnegie Hall in 2013 and has become a favorite across the country. In 2017 she wrote *A Bluegrass Te Deum*.

In the 2017-18 season NAS commissioned works from three composers and Carol Barnett was one of them. We performed *The Darkling Thrush* for chorus and string quartet in December 2017. This year we sing *Musica, Dei donum optimi*, written in 2016 on a text by 17th-century poet John Dryden, and an anonymous Latin text in praise of music. Dryden's text refers to the Pythagorean theory about the "music of the spheres," imperceptible to the human ear, which were thought to be natural harmonic tones.

Barnett lives in Minneapolis, where she has been a force in the Minnesota music scene since 1970. She is a charter member of the American Composers' Forum, taught composition at Augsburg College for 15 years, and was composer-in-residence with the Dale Warland Singers from 1992 to 2006. Carol comments on her compositional process:

*My music has its roots in the Western classical tradition, supplemented by explorations of the Jewish liturgical tradition and folk music of Greece, Italy, Russia, Southeastern Europe, and the Middle East. I often use pre-existing material: folk melodies, literary influences, and texts. I believe that music is a language based on nostalgia: remembered sounds which evoke other places, times, and emotions.*

*I am most interested in communicating with my listeners by using musical language familiar to them, then adding something new: more complex harmonies, elements from a different musical tradition, or departures from the expected formal structure. I work rather slowly, striving for a balance of well-grounded formal structure with effortless flow from one event to the next. Since I am a performer as well as a composer, I understand the occasional need to write within the parameters of limited rehearsal time and modest technical accomplishment without "writing down" to the performers. While writing accessibly, I try to find something unusual to say, something unique, magic, that bypasses intellect and goes straight to the heart.*

As from the pow'r of sacred lays  
The spheres began to move,  
And sung the great Creator's praise  
To all the blessed above,

So, when the last and dreadful hour  
This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
The dead shall live, the living die,  
And music shall untune the sky.

—John Dryden

from *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day* (1687)

Musica, Dei donum optimi,  
trahit homines, trahit deos.  
Musica truces mollit animos  
tristesque mentes erigit.  
Musica vel ipsas arbores  
et horridas movet feras,  
cunctisque solatia prestans.

—Anonymous

Music, gift of the highest God,  
attracts mortals, it attracts the gods.  
Music calms angry souls  
and uplifts sad spirits.  
Music even moves the very trees  
and the wild beasts,  
affording solace to all.

—translation : Ron Jeffers

**Joseph Haydn** was a master of the symphonic form (104 symphonies!), and wrote beguiling string quartets and piano sonatas. His oratorios, *The Creation* and *The Seasons*, are well known to choruses. His part songs are less familiar. Between work on the oratorios, during the last ten years of his long life, he wrote a set of 13 three- and four-voice part songs, and said he had written them “*con amore* in happy hours, not commissioned.” In December the Chamber Chorus sang one; today we sing two more. *Der Greis* (The Grey-haired One) is by turns doleful, combative, and fulfilled. The first line, “My strength is gone” (*Hin ist alle meine Kraft*), was engraved on his calling card. A complete contrast, *Die Beredsamkeit* (Eloquence) is a sly, sardonic commentary on the effect of wine on human beings.

### **Der Greis**

Hin ist alle meine Kraft,  
alt und schwach bin ich,  
wenig nur erquicket mich  
Scherz und Rebensaft.

Hin is alle meine Kraft  
meiner Wangen Rot  
ist hinweg geflohn,

Der Tod klopft an meiner Tür  
unerschreckt mach' ich ihm auf,  
Himmel, habe Dank!  
Ein harmonischer Gesang  
war mein Lebenslauf.

—Johann Wilhelm Ludwig Gleim

### **The Grey-haired One**

Gone is all my (former) strength,  
Old and weak am I;  
Only feebly stir me up  
Jests and juice of grapes.

Gone is all my former strength,  
From my cheeks the red  
(Now) has taken flight.

Death knocks upon my door;  
Without fear I open up.  
Heaven, have (my) thanks!  
One harmonious song  
Was my course of life.

—based on Webster

## Die Beredsamkeit

Freunde, Wasser machet stumm,  
Lernet dieses an den Fischen;  
Doch beim Weine kehrt sich's um,  
Dieses lernt an unsern Tischen,

Was für Redner sind wir nicht,  
Wenn der Rheinwein aus uns spricht,

Wir ermahnen, streiten, lehren,  
Keiner will den andern hören.

—Gotthold Ephraim Lessing

## Eloquence

Friends, it's water makes one dumb,  
Learn this from the fishes;  
But with wine the thing's reversed,  
Learn this from our (dining) tables.

What (fine) orators we are,  
When the Rhine-wine through us  
speaks:

We admonish, wrangle, lecture—  
None will listen to another.

—based on Webster

The Chamber Chorus continues with a 2002 piece by New Jersey resident Robert S. Cohen, whose works were also heard on an NAS program last May. Cohen has written in many forms, achieving special success with works for singers in oratorios and musical comedy. His *Alzheimer's Stories*, a commission from the Susquehanna Valley Chorale, was written in 2009 and has had performances across the United States and Europe.

For today's work Cohen chose a well-known poem of the American writer Wallace Stevens, *Peter Quince at the Clavier* (1915), for what Cohen calls "A Poem in Four Movements for Chorus." The poem appealed to Cohen for its "vivid musical imagery" and depiction of the "power of music to evoke feeling." Peter Quince has been analyzed by a great many scholars who attempt to understand its dense and allusive layers of meaning. Among the layers are the story of Susanna and the Elders from the book of Daniel, the Handel oratorio, *Susanna*, which follows that plot closely, and Peter Quince, a clumsy, comical play director in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The story comes from an apocryphal addition to the book of the prophet Daniel that speaks of the beautiful young Susanna bathing in her garden where she is spied upon and assaulted by two Elders. Failing to succeed in their attack, they instead accuse her of infidelity. She is nearly put to death, but is exonerated by the prophet Daniel, who discovers inconsistencies in the Elders' stories. The Elders are put to death, and Susanna triumphs.

The poem does not address the "good" ending of the original and some critics believe it equates the desire of the pianist/poet with the desire of the bawdy, gross, and dangerous men. In today's world, the poem can seem offensive, as if sanctioning the lust and violence of men, or blaming women's beauty for misplaced desire. (Chamber Chorus singers discussed the poem and its musical setting extensively in an early rehearsal.) We cannot know what Stevens really meant in 1915, but we do know that Robert Cohen did not imagine the offense. The fourth stanza/movement talks of music (or art) as immortal.

In the *a cappella* music there is beauty, humor, and challenge for singers. The term "witching chords" is especially interesting, since the composer has changed key thirteen times in the span of a ten-minute piece. Often the singers ascend a scale in one key, only to descend immediately after in another.

Peter Quince at the Clavier

I.

Just as my fingers on these keys  
Make music, so the selfsame sounds  
On my spirit make a music, too.

Music is feeling, then, not sound;  
And thus it is that what I feel,  
Here in this room, desiring you,

Thinking of your blue-shadowed silk,  
Is music. It is like the strain  
Waked in the elders by Susanna:

Of a green evening, clear and warm,  
She bathed in her still garden, while  
The red-eyed elders, watching, felt

The basses of their beings throb  
In witching chords, and their thin blood  
Pulse pizzicati of Hosanna.

II.

In the green water, clear and warm,  
Susanna lay.  
She searched  
The touch of springs,  
And found  
Concealed imaginings.  
She sighed,  
For so much melody.

Upon the bank, she stood  
In the cool  
Of spent emotions.  
She felt, among the leaves,  
The dew  
Of old devotions.

She walked upon the grass,  
Still quavering.  
The winds were like her maids,  
On timid feet,  
Fetchng her woven scarves,  
Yet wavering.

A breath upon her hand  
Muted the night.



She turned—  
A cymbal crashed,  
And roaring horns.

III.

Soon, with a noise like tambourines,  
Came her attendant Byzantines.

They wondered why Susanna cried  
Against the elders by her side;

And as they whispered, the refrain  
Was like a willow swept by rain.

Anon, their lamps' uplifted flame  
Revealed Susanna and her shame.

And then, the simpering Byzantines  
Fled, with a noise like tambourines.

IV.

Beauty is momentary in the mind—  
The fitful tracing of a portal;  
But in the flesh it is immortal.

The body dies; the body's beauty lives.  
So evenings die, in their green going,  
A wave, interminably flowing.  
So gardens die, their meek breath scenting  
The cowl of winter, done repenting.  
So maidens die, to the auroral  
Celebration of a maiden's choral.

Susanna's music touched the bawdy strings  
Of those white elders; but, escaping,  
Left only Death's ironic scraping.  
Now, in its immortality, it plays  
On the clear viol of her memory,  
And makes a constant sacrament of praise.

– Wallace Stevens (the division into four parts is Stevens's)

The Austrian composer **Hugo Wolf**, who lived a generation after Brahms, wrote over 300 solo songs, and was an undisputed master of that form. He died at the age of 43 after six years of insanity resulting from syphilis; he was probably infected when a friend and mentor took him to a brothel in 1878. Wolf's musical gift was evident very early, but his school years were rocky due to what his *Grove's Dictionary* biographer calls his "willful and passionate nature." He became a devoted follower of Wagner, to the dismay of his parents

– Wagnerians were associated with “avant-garde turbulence.” Wolf composed comparatively few choral works. Those for men’s voices heard tonight were written at age 16. The songs are by no means mature masterpieces, but the use of harmony and lively rhythm show Wolf’s emerging talents.

### **Im Sommer**

Wie Feld und Au  
so blinkend im Tau!  
Wie Perlenschwer  
die Pflanzen umher!  
Wie durchs Gebüsch  
die Winde so frisch!  
Wie laut im hellen Sonnenstrahl  
die süßen Vöglein allzumal!

Ach, aber da,  
wo Liebchen ich sah  
im Kämmerlein,  
so nieder und klein,  
so rings bedeckt,  
der Sonne versteckt  
im Kämmerlein.  
Wo bleibt die Erde Weit und breit  
mit ihrer Herrlichkeit?

– Goethe

### **Mailed**

Zwischen Weizen und Korn,  
zwischen Hekken und Dorn,  
zwischen Bäumen und Gras,  
wo geht’s Liebchen? Sag’ mir das!

Fand mein Holdchen nicht daheim,  
Muss das Goldchen draussen sein.  
Grünt und blühet schön der Mai;  
Liebchen ziehet froh und frei.

An dem Felsen beim Fluß,  
Wo sie reichte den Kuß,  
Jenen ersten im Gras,  
Seh’ ich etwas! Ist sie das?

– Goethe

### **In Summer**

How field and meadow  
are sparkling with dew!  
How hung with pearls  
are all the plants!  
Through the bushes  
how fresh the wind!  
In the clear sunshine  
how loudly the birds all sing!

Oh, but there  
where I saw my love  
in her little room  
so humble and small  
all adorned,  
hidden from the sun  
in her little room.  
Where, over all the earth  
is her like in beauty?

### **May Song**

Between wheat and corn,  
between hedges and thorns,  
between trees and grass,  
where’s my love going? Tell me that!

If my darling was not at home,  
the golden-haired girl must be outside.  
If lovely May is green and flowering,  
my love is wandering far and wide.

At the rock near the river  
where she reached me a kiss,  
just there in the grass,  
I see something! Is it she?

In the early 19th century, there was a surge of interest in program music, in the cult of the virtuoso performer, and in opera and music-drama. **Johannes Brahms** was interested in none of these phenomena. His love of abstract musical ideas, formal structure, and counterpoint made him atypical of his age. Brahms gained experience as a choral conductor in three cities: Detmold, where

he conducted a court choral society in 1857; Hamburg, where he conducted a women's choir in 1859-1861; and Vienna, where he spent a year (1863-64) as conductor of the Wiener Singakademie. His first and third concerts in Vienna went well enough, but his second was anything but a success. He programmed a difficult selection of pieces, including a Bach cantata and some 17th-century *cappella* works, all unrelievedly gloomy. This prompted the quip in Viennese circles, "When Brahms is in really high spirits, he gets them to sing 'The grave is my Joy'!"

Brahms was, however, in tune with his century in his interest in folk music. He cherished some songs to the extent of arranging a tune for women's chorus, for mixed chorus, and sometimes twice in different styles. In his middle period he wrote a volume of four-part songs for women's voices, *Twelve Songs and Romances*; we include two of them today. *Die Braut* is a melancholy tale of a woman whose beloved has drowned. There are four verses, each set to the same music. *Der Bräutigam* is its opposite, a joyful hunting song of a bridegroom lifting his bride onto his horse and riding through the woods.

### **Die Braut**

Eine blaue Schürze hast du mir gegeben  
Mutter schad' um's Färben; Mutter schad' um's Weben!  
Morgen in der Frühe wird sie bleich erscheinen,  
Will zu Nacht so lange, Thränen auf sie weinen.  
Und wenn meine Thränen es nicht schaffen können,  
Wie sie immer strömen, wie sie immer brennen,  
Wird mein Liebster kommen und mir Wasser bringen,  
Wird sich Meereswasser aus den Locken ringen.  
Denn er liegt da unten in des Meeres Grunde  
Und wenn ihm die Wogen rauschen diese Kunde,  
Dass ich hier soll freien und ihm treulos werden,  
Aus der Tiefe steigt er, auf zur bösen Erden.  
In die Kirche soll ich, nun ich will ja kommen,  
Will mich fromm gesellen zu den andern Frommen.  
Lasst mich um Altare still vorüberstehen,  
Denn dort ist mein Plätzchen, wo die Wittwen knien.

– Wilhelm Müller

### **The Bride**

A blue apron have you given me.  
Mother, it's a waste of colors; Mother, it's a waste of weaving.  
Tomorrow at dawn it will appear bleached.  
I will, through the long night, cry tears upon it.  
And if my tears cannot accomplish it (the whitening),  
Even as they keep streaming, as they keep scalding,  
Then my sweetheart will come and bring me water;  
He will wring sea water out of his curls.  
For he lies there below at the bottom of the sea;

And if to him the waves murmur the news  
That I am here unattached and might be unfaithful to him,  
Out of the depths he climbs, onto the evil land.  
To the Church I should go now, I will go.  
I will join devoutly with the other devout ones.  
I will quietly let myself pass by the Altar,  
Because there is my little place, where the widows kneel.

—based on Pott

### **Der Bräutigam**

Von allen Bergen nieder so fröhlich Grüßen schallt;  
Das ist der Frühling wieder, der ruft zum grünen Wald!  
Ein Liedchen ist erklingen herauf zum stillen Schloss.  
Dein Liebster hat's gesungen, der hebt dich auf sein Ross.  
Wir reiten so geschwinde von allen Menschen weit.  
Da rauscht die Luft so linde in Waldes Einsamkeit.  
Wohin? Im Mondenschimmer, so bleich der Wald schon steht.  
Leis rauscht die Nacht; frag' nimmer wo Lieb' zu Ende geht!

– Eichendorff

### **The Bridegroom**

Down from all the mountains, greetings echo so joyously.  
It is Spring again, calling to the green forest!  
A little song rings out, up on the silent castle.  
Your sweetheart sang it; he lifts you up on his horse.  
We quickly ride so far away from all the people.  
The breeze blows so gently there in the solitude of the forest.  
Where are we going? In the shimmering moonlight, the forest seems so pale.  
Lightly murmurs the night: never ask where love will end.

—based on Pott

Before discussing the last piece on the program, it is important to address a difference in terminology. Brahms and many other composers of his day used the term “Zigeuner,” translated as “Gypsy,” for the nomadic ethnic group, originally from India, that migrated across Europe. Today that term is considered pejorative; the group's name for itself, Roma, is preferred. In the 19th-century historical context of Brahms's music, the term “gypsy” is accurate, and one may use it without sanctioning stereotyping and persecution of the Roma.

Of the great variety of folk cultures in 19th-century Europe, that of the gypsy, or Roma, most embodied the Romantic ideal of instinctive life and emotional freedom. During this century, their music became popularized in much the same way Appalachian folk songs were assimilated into American popular and classical music of the 20th century, notably in the works of Copland. One element of the popularization of gypsy music was the curious history of the *verbunkos*, a word with German roots meaning “recruiting.” *The*

*New Groves Dictionary of Music* describes it as

*a dance of soldiers who traveled from village to village recruiting for the army. The musicians, mostly gypsies, tried to render the accompanying music (simple folk tunes) as impressively as possible, improvising according to the virtuosity of the dance. This dance music led to a series of formulae...in which any tune can be turned into "gypsy music."*

Nineteenth century urban gypsy (Roma) bands consisted of two violins, a cimbalom (dulcimer) and double bass. The band played both slow, improvisatory music, and fast dances. When most western Europeans thought about gypsy or Hungarian music (for they would likely have equated the two), they probably had the urban gypsy (Roma) form in mind. It was this style that fascinated Liszt and Brahms, and Liszt was partly responsible for the common misconception that made the world take popular, composed tunes for true peasant music. It was not until the later research of Bartók and Kodály that true Hungarian folk music was distinguished from the popular idiom.

The melodies in Brahms' *Zigeunerlieder* are in almost all cases original, although the spirit of original folk material is retained. The idea for the song cycle originated with a Hungarian governess employed by Brahms's friend Hugo Conrat. Knowing of her employer's love of music, she gave him a volume of Hungarian folk songs with a rough translation. Conrat did a more formal German translation, and presented Brahms with twenty-five poems. Brahms set eleven of them for vocal quartet (or chorus) with piano accompaniment. They were published in 1888, and in 1889 Brahms did an arrangement of the same material for one voice.

In writing these quartets Brahms actually borrowed very little of the gypsy band formula so popular in his day. The style is evident, though, in the use of tenor leads for many of the songs (reminiscent of the gypsy band leader – the first violinist); in the choice of 2/4 rhythm (the Czardas, a fast dance rhythm) for all the pieces; and, in one instance, of a cimbalom-style accompaniment in the piano (number 10). Variety is achieved despite the ubiquitous 2/4 rhythm through the use of eight keys and eleven different tempo markings. The texts center on ardent longing and unrequited love, a theme meaningful to Brahms, who never married.

1.

He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein,  
spiel' das Lied vom ungetreuen  
Mägdelein!

Lass die Saiten weinen, klagen, traurig  
bange,  
bis die heisse Thräne netzet diese  
Wange!

Hey, gypsy, strike your  
strings,

Play the song of the faithless  
maiden.

Make the strings cry and lament with  
sadness,

Till burning tears wet my cheeks.

2.

Hochgetürmte Rimaflut, wie bist du so trüb;

an dem Ufer klag' ich laut nach dir, mein Lieb!

Wellen fliehen, wellen strömen, rauschen an den Strand heran zu mir; an dem Rimaufer lasst mich ewig weinen nach ihr!

High-towered River Rima, how sad you are.

On your banks I loudly cry out my love.

Waves are running, waves are flowing, Roaring on the shore toward me. On the Rima's banks I shall always cry out for her!

3. (He) Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen am allerschönsten ist?

Wenn ihr süßes Mündchen scherzt und lacht und küsst.

Schätzelein, du bist mein,

inniglich küss' ich dich,

dich erschuf der liebe Himmel einzig nur für mich!

(He) Do you know when my darling Is the most beautiful of all?

When her sweet mouth jokes, And laughs, and kisses me.

Dear one, you are mine,

Tenderly I kiss you;

You were created in Heaven Just for me!

(She) Wisst ihr, wann mein Liebster am besten mir gefällt?

Wenn in seinen Armen er mich umschlungen hält.

(She) Do you know when my darling pleases me the most?

When he holds me in his arms.

4.

Lieber Gott, du weisst, wie oft bereut ich hab',

dass ich meinem Liebsten einst ein Küsschen gab.

Herz gebot, dass ich ihn küssen muss, denk' so lang ich leb an diesen ersten Kuss.

Lieber Gott, du weisst, wie oft in stiller Nacht

ich in Lust und Leid an meinen Schatz gedacht.

Lieb' ist süß, wenn bitter auch die Reu',

armes Herze bleibt ihm ewig, ewig treu.

Dear God, you know how often I've regretted

That once I gave my lover a little kiss. My heart ordered that I had to kiss him.

I'll think as long as I live about this first kiss.

Dear God, you know how often in the still of night

In joy and sorrow I've thought about my darling.

Love is sweet, though sorrow is bitter.

My poor heart will remain true to him forever.

5.

Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze sein blauäugig schönes Kind, schlägt die Sporen keck zusammen, Czardas Melodie beginnt;

The sun-browned lad leads His pretty blue-eyed lass to the dance, Strikes his spurs smartly together as the Czardas melody begins.

Küsst und hertz sein süßes Täubchen,  
dreht sie, führt sie, jauchzt und springt!  
Wirft drei blanke Silbergulden  
auf das Cymbal, dass es klingt.

He kisses and hugs his sweet dove,  
Tums her, whirls her, shouts and leaps!  
He throws three silver pieces  
On the cymbal and makes it ring.

6.

Röslein dreie in der Reihe  
blüh'n so rot,  
dass der Bursch zum Mädcl geht,  
ist kein Verbot!  
Lieber Gott, wenn das verboten wär',  
ständ' die schöne weite Welt  
schon längst nicht mehr,  
ledig bleiben Sünde wär!  
Schönstes Städtchen in Alföld ist  
Ketschkemet, dort giebt es gar viele  
Mädchen schmuck und nett!

The rosebuds in a row,  
blooming so red,  
If a lad should like a maid,  
that's not forbidden!  
Dear God, if that were forbidden,  
then the beautiful world  
Would be no more.  
To remain single would be a sin,  
The prettiest village in Alföld is  
Ketschkemet, where there are  
many good-looking and sweet young  
girls.

Freunde, sucht euch dort ein Bräutchen  
aus,  
freit um ihre Hand und gründet  
euer Haus. Freudenbecher leeret aus!

Friends, seek there for your bride,  
Ask for her hand and start your home.  
Drink deeply from the cup of joy!

7.

Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn,  
mein süßes Lieb,  
was du einst mit heil'gem Eide mir  
gelobt?  
Täusch' mich nicht, verlass mich  
nicht,  
du weisst nicht, wie lieb ich dich hab';  
lieb' du mich, wie ich dich,  
dann strömt Gottes Huld auf dich  
herab.

Do you sometimes think, my sweet  
darling,  
That once with a holy vow you gave  
me your love?  
Don't deceive me, don't leave me;  
You don't know how much I love you.  
Just love me as I love you.  
Then God's grace will stream down on  
you.

8.

Horch, der Wind klagt in den Zweigen traurig sacht;  
süßes Lieb, wir müssen scheiden: gute Nacht.  
Ach, wie gern in deinen Armen ruhte ich,  
doch die Trennungsstunde naht, Gott schütze dich.  
Dunkel ist die Nacht, kein Sternlein spendet Licht;  
süßes Lieb, vertrau auf Gott und weine nicht,  
Führt der liebe Gott mich einst zu dir zurück bleiben ewig wir vereint in  
Liebesglück

Listen, the wind sighs, moans sadly in the branches,  
Sweet love, we must part: good night.  
Oh, how gladly would I rest in your arms,

But the hour of parting nears, God protect you.  
Dark is the night, no star gives light,  
Sweet love, trust in God and cry not.  
If the dear Lord ever leads me back to you,  
We'll stay together in joyful love.

9.

Weit und breit schaut Niemand mich  
an,  
und wenn sie mich hassen, was liegt  
mir d'ran?  
Nur mein Schatz, der soll mich lieben,  
soll mich lieben allezeit,  
soll mich küssen, umarmen und Herzen  
in Ewigkeit.  
Kein Stern blickt in finsterner Nacht;  
keine Blum' mir strahlt in duftiger  
Pracht.  
Deinen Augen sind mir Blumen,  
Sternenschein,  
die mir leuchten so freundlich,  
die blühen nur mir allein.

Far and wide, none will look at me,  
  
And if they hate me, what do I care?  
For I have my darling, who will love  
me always,  
Who will kiss me, embrace me, and  
caress me  
Eternally.  
No star shines in the darkest night;  
No flower glows with splendid  
fragrance.  
Your eyes to me are flowers, starlight,  
  
That shine on me so friendly,  
That bloom only for me.

10.

Mond verhüllt sein Angesicht,  
süßes Lieb, ich zürne dir nicht.  
  
Wollt' ich zürnend dich betrüben,  
sprich, wie könnt' ich dich dann  
lieben?  
Heiss für dich mein Herz entbrennt,  
keine Zunge dir's bekennt.  
Bald in Liebesrausch unsinnig,  
bald wie Täubchen sanft und innig.

The moon hides her face,  
But my sweet love,  
I'm not angry at you.  
If I wanted in anger to  
hurt you,  
Tell me, how could I then love you?  
How hotly my heart burns for you  
no words can let you know.  
First in a reckless frenzy of love,  
Then like a dove, soft and affectionate.

11.

Rote Abendwolken zieh'n am Firmament,  
sehnsuchtsvoll nach dir, mein Lieb, das Herz brennt;  
Himmel strahlt in glüh'nder Pracht und ich träum bei Tag  
und Nacht,  
nur allein von dem süßen Liebchen mein.

Red evening clouds float through the sky.  
My heart burns longingly for you, my love.  
The heavens shine in magnificent glory,  
And I dream day and night  
Only of my sweet darling.

all translated by Tom Wills  
Notes © Clara Longstreth 2019



## NEW AMSTERDAM SINGERS

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### NAS Online

Visit [www.nasingers.org](http://www.nasingers.org) for the latest chorus news. The site includes a list of the many commissions and premieres that New Amsterdam Singers has been proud to present (click on "Our Music"). For updates on our concerts, tours, and benefits, photo galleries of chorus events, alumni news, etc., "like" us on Facebook ([facebook.com/NewAmsterdamSingers](https://facebook.com/NewAmsterdamSingers)) and follow us on Twitter ([twitter.com/nasingers](https://twitter.com/nasingers)). You can support NAS whenever you buy something on Amazon by going to [smile.amazon.com](https://smile.amazon.com). On your first visit, you'll be prompted to select a charitable organization from the list there. Pick us. Amazon will then donate 0.5% of every purchase you make to NAS — it's that simple!

Thanks to Robin Beckhard, Michael Berger, Cynthia Brome, Walter Daum, Steve Holtje, Hannah Kerwin, Abby Kniffin, Michael Landy, Jaime Leifer, Ann McKinney, Andrea Olejar, and Judith Pott for their work on this program.

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## About the Artists

NEW AMSTERDAM SINGERS, now in its fifty-first year, is known for the breadth and variety of its repertoire. Specializing in a *cappella* and double-chorus works, the chorus sings music ranging from the 16th century through contemporary pieces, including many it has commissioned. In addition to the works by Carol Barnett, Lisa Bielawa, and Ben Moore commissioned for the group's fiftieth anniversary, recent world premieres include compositions by Matthew Harris, Paul Alan Levi, Elizabeth Lim, Robert Paterson, and Ronald Perera. American and New York City premieres in the current decade have included works by Robert Paterson, Einojuhani Rautavaara, Matthew Harris, Abbie Betinis, Steven Stucky, Kirke Mechem, Steven Sametz, Kitty Brazelton, Clare Maclean, Alex Weiser, Sheena Phillips, and Judith Shatin. In 2016 NAS performed Frank Martin's oratorio *Golgotha* with professional orchestra and soloists as guests of Trinity Church Wall Street. This concert, under the direction of Clara Longstreth, marked the first time the work was heard in New York City in over sixty years.

NAS has performed with the New York Philharmonic under Leonard Bernstein, at Alice Tully Hall as a guest of Clarion Concerts, and with the American-Russian Youth Orchestra under Leon Botstein at Tanglewood and Carnegie Hall. NAS appeared with Anonymous Four and the Concordia Orchestra in Richard Einhorn's *Voices of Light* at Avery Fisher Hall, under Marin Alsop, in 1999; in 2006 NAS performed *Voices of Light* at the Winter Garden of the World Financial Center, with Anonymous Four and Ensemble Sospeso under David Hattner, for broadcast on WNYC's *New Sounds*.

NAS appears internationally under Ms. Longstreth's direction. The chorus has sung at the Irakleion Festival in Greece; the Granada Festival in Spain; the International Choral Festival at Miedzyzdroje, Poland; the Festival of the Algarve in Portugal; Les Chorégies d'Orange in France; and the Llangollen International Musical Eisteddfod in Wales. Recent tours have found the chorus appearing in Turkey, Scandinavia, Croatia, Spain, Russia and the Baltics, Argentina and Uruguay, South Africa, Greece, and most recently Iceland and Denmark in 2017. In 2010 NAS was pleased to receive permission from the State and Treasury Departments to tour Cuba on a cultural visa.

CLARA LONGSTRETH is the founder and Music Director of New Amsterdam Singers and has led the group for its past fifty seasons. Under her direction, NAS has become known as one of the premier avocational choruses in New York City. Of Ms. Longstreth's programs, Allan Kozinn wrote in *The New York Times*, "When a director takes up the challenge of building a cohesive program around a broad theme, we are reminded that programming can be an art."

Ms. Longstreth studied conducting with G. Wallace Woodworth at Harvard University and with Richard Westenburg at the Juilliard School, from which she received her Master's Degree. She has also studied with Amy Kaiser and Semyon Bychkov at the Mannes College of Music, and with Helmuth Rilling at the Oregon Bach Festival. Ms. Longstreth has been a frequent adjudicator at choral conferences, and was selected to present a lecture-

demonstration on “Adventures in Programming” at the Eastern Division Convention of the American Choral Directors Association. In 2009 she received an Alumnae Recognition Award from Radcliffe College for her founding and longtime direction of New Amsterdam Singers. Ms. Longstreth has also served on the faculty of Rutgers University, and as a guest conductor of the Limón Dance Company, the Mannes College Orchestra, and the popular Messiah Sing-In performances at Avery Fisher Hall. She has led New Amsterdam Singers on fifteen international tours.

DAVID RECCA is currently an Adjunct Professor of Music at the Conservatory of Music of Purchase College, SUNY. There he directs the Purchase College Chorus and Purchase Chamber Singers, and he teaches a variety of undergraduate courses including music history, music theory, and ear training. He is also the director of the Southern Connecticut Camerata, a Norwalk-based early music ensemble now in its sixty-second season, and he is in his fifth season as assistant director of New Amsterdam Singers. In May 2018, he graduated from the Yale School of Music with a Doctor of Musical Arts Degree in Choral Conducting. He also holds a Master’s Degree in Choral Conducting from the Eastman School of Music.

PEN YING FANG studied with Paul Hoffmann and Barbara Gonzalez-Palmer, earning B.M. and M.M. Degrees in Piano at Rutgers University. Ms. Fang has accompanied many prominent artists in master classes, including Keith Underwood, Evelyn Glennie, Brian Macintosh, and Christopher Arneson. In 2007 she played at the Florence Voice Seminar in Florence, Italy. Currently she serves as a staff accompanist at Westminster Choir College in Princeton, New Jersey, and teaches piano students in the central New Jersey area.

### NAS CDs

NAS’s fortieth anniversary two-CD set compiles twenty-four concert performances dating from our Merkin Concert Hall debut in May 1983, almost two-and-a-half hours of music for just \$20. Composers represented include Bach, Schein, Schütz, Haydn, Schubert, Dvořák, Brahms, Byrd, Copland, Joplin, Poulenc, Frank Martin, Britten, Paul Alan Levi, Matthew Harris, Ronald Perera, and Irving Fine. Also available is our second commercial CD, *Island of Hope*, featuring 20th-century American choral music. It includes works by Leonard Bernstein, Ricky Ian Gordon, Paul Alan Levi, Ronald Perera, and Randall Thompson. Our first CD, *American Journey*, also focuses on American composers, among them Samuel Barber, Matthew Harris, Charles Ives, and Halsey Stevens. Both appear on the Albany Records label and are available for \$15 each at our concerts. CDs of various NAS concert performances are also available.

NAS CDs may be obtained by mail from New Amsterdam Singers, P.O. Box 373, New York, NY 10025. Please add \$3 for shipping and handling on mail orders.

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