

Old Dominion University's
F. Ludwig Diehn Concert Series



Liebeslieder of Mozart and Schubert

Penelope Crawford, piano
Martha Guth, soprano

*In conjunction with the 29th Annual Harold Protsman
Classical Period Piano Competition*

Final Judging by Penelope Crawford: March 19, 2:30 P.M.

Master Class by Penelope Crawford: March 20, 3 P.M.

Concert: March 21, 8 P.M.

Master Class by Martha Guth: March 22, 12:30 P.M.

Wilson G. Chandler Recital Hall
F. Ludwig Diehn Center for the Performing Arts



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I D E A F U S I O N

Program

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(1756-1791)

An Chloë, KV 524 (Jacobi)

Abendempfindung, KV 523 (Campe)

Sei du mein Trost, KV 391 (Hermes)

Komm, liebe Zither, KV 351 (Anonymous)

Als Luisa die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte, KV 520
(von Baumberg)

Twelve Variations on "Ah vous dirai-je, Maman," KV 265

Franz Peter Schubert

(1797-1828)

Ellens gesang I, II, III (Scott, *The Lady of the Lake*)

Raste Krieger, D. 837

Jäger ruhe von der Jagd, D. 838

Ave Maria, D. 839

INTERMISSION

Impromptu No. 1 in C Minor, Op. 90 (D. 899)

Suleika: (Marianne von Willemer, *Goethe's Westöstlichen Divan*)

Suleika I: Was bedeutet die Bewegung? (D. 720/1)

Suleika II: Ach um deine feuchten Schwingen (D. 717)

Impromptu No. 3 in G-flat Major, Op. 90 (D. 899)

Die Junge Nonne (Craigher), D. 828

Litanei aus Fest Allerseelen (Jacobi), D. 343



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IDEA FUSION

**An endowment established at the Hampton Roads Community Foundation,
made possible by a generous gift from F. Ludwig Diehn, funds this program.**

Penelope Crawford

Internationally acclaimed as one of America's master performers on historical keyboard instruments, Penelope Crawford has appeared as soloist with modern and period instrument orchestras, and as recitalist and chamber musician on major North American concert series, including those of the National Gallery, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., and Lincoln Center, the 92nd Street Y, and Merkin Hall in New York. Many of her performances have also been broadcast over National Public Radio. From 1975 to 1990, she was harpsichordist and fortepianist with the Ars Music Baroque Orchestra, one of the first period instrument ensembles in North America. As a member of the Atlantis Trio with violinist Jaap Schroeder and cellist Enid Sutherland, she has performed and recorded all the music of Franz Schubert for piano and strings and has completed a 10-year recording project for the Musica Omnia label of all the chamber music for piano and strings of Felix Mendelssohn in commemoration for the Mendelssohn bicentennial. Other recordings with the Atlantis Ensemble include trios by both Clara and Robert Schumann, by Sigismund Thalberg, and the Piano Quartet and Quintet of Robert Schumann. With baritone Max van Egmond, she has also recorded Schubert's two major Lieder cycles, *Die Schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise*. Her 2010 Musica Omnia recording of Beethoven's last three piano sonatas, entitled "Magnificent Landscapes," garnered many rave reviews and won the Record of the Year award from Music Web International. Crawford has played and lectured at college campuses across the country, at national keyboard conferences, and has served as an adjudicator for several international competitions.

Ms. Crawford teaches a doctoral seminar in piano performance practices of the 18th and 19th centuries at the University of Michigan. She also served for 25 years on the artist faculty of the Oberlin Baroque Performance Institute. In an effort to establish stronger connections between performance and scholarship, she has served as artistic planner and performing participant in several important international festivals and scholarly conferences, two of which received major funding from the National Endowment for the Humanities: Michigan MozartFest (1989 in Ann Arbor, Mich.); Schubert's Piano Music (1995 in Washington, D. C.); and Beyond Notation: The Performance

Biographies

and Pedagogy of Improvisation in Mozart's Music (2002 in Ann Arbor, Mich.). Penelope Crawford received performance degrees from the Eastman School of Music and the University of Michigan, and also studied at the Mozarteum in Salzburg and the Accademia di Santa Cecilia in Rome. Among her teachers are well-known pedagogues Cécile Genhart, Rosina Lhevinne, Guido Agosti, Kurt Neumüller and Gyorgy Sandor.

An avid collector of historical keyboards, Ms. Crawford owns both originals and reproductions of 18th- and 19th-century pianos and harpsichords.

Martha Guth

Soprano Martha Guth brings consummate musicianship, intelligence and a distinctive tonal palette to a wide range of musical styles. A much-sought-after concert soloist, her repertoire includes soprano 1 in Mozart's C-Minor Mass (New York's Sacred Music in a Sacred Space in St. Ignatius Loyola Cathedral and Columbus, Ohio's ProMusic Chamber Orchestra); Orff's "Carmina Burana" (West Michigan, Mobile, Lima symphonies, Florida Orchestra); the Brahms Requiem (Washington, D.C.'s Cathedral Choral Society, New York's Voices of Ascension, Grand Rapids' Calvin College); Britten's "Spring Symphony" (Choral Society of Durham); Händel's Messiah (Santa Fe Symphony, Rhode Island Philharmonic, Christ Church Cathedral in Lexington, Ky.); Mendelssohn's "Elijah" (Columbia Pro Cantare and Gloriam Dei Cantores); Mahler's Second Symphony (Evansville Philharmonic) and Fourth Symphony (Flagstaff Symphony); Beethoven's Ninth Symphony (Fort Wayne Philharmonic) and Missa solemnis (Bachakademie Stuttgart), Mozart's "Exultate, jubilate" (Hamilton Philharmonic) and Concert Arias (Germany's Bad Reichenhaller Philharmonie), Berlioz's "Les nuits d'été" (Canadian Opera Company orchestra), Haydn's "Die Schöpfung" (New Mexico Symphony) and Poulenc's "Stabat Mater" (Spokane Symphony). Forthcoming from Naxos is her recording of Roberto Sierra's "Beyond the Silence of Sorrow" with Maximiano Valdés conducting the Puerto Rico Symphony. In addition, she has collaborated with John Nelson, Helmuth Rilling, and both Seiji Ozawa and Robert Spano at Tanglewood and been guest soloist with the National Arts Centre Orchestra, Calgary Philharmonic and Toronto Symphony.

A persuasive actress, Ms. Guth scored a big success as Frau Fluth in the Boston Midsummer Opera's recent production of Nicolai's "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Past operatic forays include Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" (Countess) and "Don Giovanni" (Donna Anna) at Opera Lyra Ottawa; the same composer's "Die Zauberflöte" (Pamina) and "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" (Konstanze) in Göggingen, Germany; the title role of Händel's Alcina in Lucca, Italy; Lauretta in Bizet's "Dr. Miracle" and Norina in "Don Pasquale" with the Santa Fe Opera (the latter on tour as a past apprentice of the company), and Alyce in Tom Cipullo's "Glory Denied" at New York's Chelsea Opera, which she reprises in the 2015-16 season.

A model collaborator, Ms. Guth has earned special distinction for her passionate devotion to recital and chamber repertoire, earning First Prize at the 2007 Wigmore Hall International Song Competition in London. She has been welcomed at Wigmore Hall with pianist Graham Johnson, offered recitals in New York with Dalton Baldwin and Malcolm Martineau, and MusicFest Vancouver with Erika Switzer, with whom she co-hosts an online magazine Sparks and Wiry Cries (<http://www.sparksandwirycries.com>), featuring live and recorded performances and discussions with singers, pianists and composers. She also curates the Casement Fund Song Series in New York City.

Martha Guth was raised in Vancouver, British Columbia. She holds an undergraduate degree from the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, a master's from the Cincinnati College/Conservatory of Music, and a postgraduate degree from the Hochschule für Musik in Augsburg/Nürnberg where she studied with Edith Wiens.

Viennese-style fortepianos courtesy of Vernon McCart

Louis Dulcken fortepiano made by Tom and Barbara Wolf of The Plains, Virginia, 1991 (original, c. 1785, Smithsonian Institution). Compass of 5 octaves (FF-g''').

Conrad Graf fortepiano made by R. J. Regier of Freeport, Maine, 2004 (original, c. 1830, Smithsonian Institution). Compass of 6 ½ octaves (CC-g''''').

Texts and Translations

An Chloë KV 524

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,
Hellen, off'nen Augen sieht,
Und vor Lust hinein zu schauen
Mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;

Und ich halte dich und küsse
Deine Rosenwangen warm,
Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
Zitternd dich in meinem Arm!

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
Dich an meinen Busen fest,
Der im letzten Augenblicke
Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;

Den berauschten Blick umschattet
Eine düstre Wolke mir,
Und ich sitze dann ermattet,
Aber selig neben dir.

Abendempfindung KV 523

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entfliehn des Lebens schönste Stunden,
Fliehn vorüber wie im Tanz.

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab.
Aus ist unser Spiel, des Freundes Träne
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht - mir weht, wie Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu-
Schließ ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.

Werd't ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will Himmel auf euch
Schenk auch du ein Tränchen mir, und pflücke
Mir ein Veilchen, auf mein Grab,
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.
Weih mir eine Träne, und ach! Schäme
Dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weihn;
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein!

On Chloë

When love shines out
from your bright blue eyes
I gaze into them
and my heart pounds and glows.

I hold you close to me
and kiss your warm rosy cheeks,
Sweet girl, I hold you
trembling in my arms!

Dear girl, dear girl,
I hold you close to my breast,
and not until the last moment
can death separate us.

A dark cloud casts a shadow
over my enchanted gaze
and I sit next to you,
exhausted but contented.

Evening thoughts

It is evening, the sun has vanished
and the moon cast a silvery gleam;
that is how life's most beautiful hours
flash by, as if in a dance.

Soon life's rich pageant is over
And the curtain comes down.
Our life is done and a friend's tear
falls on to our grave.

Soon perhaps, like a premonition
on the west wind, I shall end this
pilgrimage of life, and fly
to the land of rest.

If you will weep by my grave
and mourn over my ashes,
then, friends, I shall appear to you
and waft you up to heaven.
Shed a tear for me and pick
a violet for my grave;
look down upon me
gently and warmly.
Dedicate a tear to me
and don't be ashamed to do it.
Oh, it will be the most
beautiful jewel in my crown!

Sei du mein Trost KV 391

Sei du mein Trost, verschwieg'ne
Traurigkeit!
Ich flieh' zu dir mit so viel Wunden,
Nie klag' ich Glücklichen mein Leid:
So schweigt ein Kranker bei Gesunden.

O Einsamkeit! Wie sanft erquickst du mich,
Wenn meine Kräfte früh ermatten!
Mit heißer Sehnsucht such' ich dich:
So sucht ein Wand'rer, matt, den Schatten.

O daß dein Reiz, geliebte Einsamkeit,
Mir oft das Bild des Grabes brächte!
So lockt des Abends Dunkelheit
Zur tiefen Ruhe schöner Nächte.

Komm, liebe Zither, komm KV 351

Komm, liebe Zither, komm,
Du Freundin stiller Liebe,
Du solst auch meine Freundin sein.
Komm, dir vertrau' ich die
Geheimsten meiner Triebe,
Nur dir vertrau' ich meine Pein.

Sag' ihr an meiner Statt,
Ich darf ihr's noch nichtsagen,
Wie ihr so ganz mein Herz gehört;
Sag' ihr an meiner Statt,
Ich darf's ihr noch nicht klagen,
Wie sich für sie mein Herz verzehrt.

**Als Luisa die Briefe ihres ungetreuen
Liebhabers verbrannte** KV 520

Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie,
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde
Zur Welt gebrachte, geht zu Grunde,
Ihr Kinder der Melancholie!
Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein,
Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen wieder,
Und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder,
Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben,
Ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier.
Doch ach! der Mann, der euch geschrieben,
Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

Be my comfort

Be my comfort, discreet sadness!
I flee to you with so many wounds.
I would never complain about my lot
to happy ones, just as a sick person
is silent among the healthy.

O solitude! How gently you refresh me
when my strength fails too soon.
With eager longing I seek you out, just
as the wanderer seeks the shadows.

O may your charms, beloved solitude,
bring me a picture of the grave!
So the evening's darkness entices one
to the deep rest of beautiful nights.

Come, dear Zither, come

Come dear zither, come,
you friend of silent love,
you shall be my friend too.
Come, I shall confide in you
my most intimate desires,
confide only my anguish.

Tell her on my behalf
for I cannot tell her yet,
how completely my heart belongs to her
tell her on my behalf,
for I cannot complain to her yet,
how my heart burns for her.

**When Louisa burned the letters of
her unfaithful lover**

Born of a fevered imagination,
in an hour of passion,
now perish,
you children of melancholy!
You owe your existence to fire,
so now I return you to the flames,
and all your songs of passion,
for, alas, he did not sing to me alone.

Now you are burning and soon, dear loves,
no trace of you will remain.
But ah! The man who wrote to you
may long burn within me still.

Texts and Translations

Ellens gesang I, II, III

Raste Krieger D. 837

Raste Krieger! Krieg ist aus,
Schlaf den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken,
Träume nicht von wildem Strauß
Nicht von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken.

In der Insel Zauberhallen
Wird ein weicher Schlafgesang
Um das müde Haupt dir wallen
Zu der Zauberharfe Klang.

Feen mit unsichtbaren Händen
Werden auf dein Lager hin
Holde Schlummerblumen senden,
Die im Zauberlande blühen.

Raste Krieger, Krieg ist aus,
Schlaf den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken,
Träume nicht von wildem Strauß
Nicht von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken.

Nicht der Trommel wildes Rasen,
Nicht des Kriegs Gebietend Wort,
Nicht der Todeshörner Blasen
Scheuchen deinen Schlummer fort.

Nicht das Stampfen wilder Pferde,
Nicht der Schreckensruf der Wacht,
Nicht das Bild von Tagsbeschwerde
Stören deine stille Nacht.

Doch der Lerche Morgensänge
Wecken sanft dein schlummernd Ohr,
Und des Sumpfgiefeders Klänge
Steigend aus Geschilf und Rohr.

Raste Krieger! Krieg ist aus,
Schlaf den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken,
Träume nicht von wildem Strauß
Nicht von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken.

Jaeger ruhe von der Jagd D. 838

Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd!
Weicher Schlummer soll dich decken,
Träume nicht, wenn Sonn' erwacht,
Daß Jagdhörner dich erwecken.
Schlaf! der Hirsch ruht in der Höhle,
Bei dir sind die Hunde wach,
Schlaf, nicht quäl' es deine Seele,
Daß dein edles Roß erlag.

Soldier Rest! Thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier Rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

Soldier Rest! Thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

Ruder sounds shall none be near
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steeds neigh and champing
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
while our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
while our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé".
Sleep! The deer is in his den;
Thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.

Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd!
Weicher Schlummer soll dich decken,
Wenn der junge Tag erwacht,
wird kein Jägerhorn dich wecken.

Ave Maria D. 839

Ave Maria! Jungfrau mild,
Erhöre einer Jungfrau Flehen,
Aus diesem Felsen starr und wild
Soll mein Gebet zu dir hinwehen.
Wir schlafen sicher bis zum Morgen,
Ob Menschen noch so grausam sind.
O Jungfrau, sieh der Jungfrau Sorgen,
O Mutter, hör ein bittend Kind!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Unbefleckt!
Wenn wir auf diesen Fels hinsinken
Zum Schlaf, und uns dein Schutz bedeck
Wird weich der harte Fels uns dünken.
Du lächelst, Rosendüfte wehen
In dieser dumpfen Felsenkluff,
O Mutter, höre Kindes Flehen,
O Jungfrau, eine Jungfrau ruft!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Reine Magd!
Der Erde und der Luft Dämonen,
Von deines Auges Huld verjagt,
Sie können hier nicht bei uns wohnen,
Wir woll'n uns still dem Schicksal beugen,
Da uns dein heil'ger Trost anweht;
Der Jungfrau wolle hold dich neigen,
Dem Kind, das für den Vater fleht.
Ave Maria!

Suleikas Gasang an den Ostwind D.720, No.1

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.

Huntsman, rest! Thy chase is done
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

Ave, Maria! Maiden mild!
Oh listen to a maiden's prayer;
For thou canst hear tho' from the wild,
And Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care
Tho' banish'd outcast and reviled,
Oh, Maiden hear a maiden's prayer.
Oh Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

Ave, Maria! Undefined!
The flinty couch we now must share,
Shall seem with down of eider piled
If Thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breath of Balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maiden hear a maiden's prayer.
Oh Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

Ave, Maria! Stainless-styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee, shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care
Beneath Thy guidance reconciled,
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer;
And for a father bear a child!
Ave Maria!

What does the motion mean?
Does the East wind bring glad tidings?
The refreshing movement of its wings
Chills the heart's deep wound.

It plays gently with the dust,
Chasing it into light clouds.
And drives the happy insect people
to the security of the vine-leaves.

Texts and Translations

Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,
Kühlt auch mir die heißen Wangen,
Küßt die Reben noch im Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.

Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüße;
Eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,
Grüßen mich wohl tausend Küsse.

Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!
Diene Freunden und Betrübten.
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,
Dort find' ich bald den Vielgeliebten.

Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebeshauch, erfrishtes Leben
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Athem geben.

Suleikas Gesang an den Westwind D.717

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen
Was ich in der Trennung leide!
Die Bewegung deiner Flügel
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;
Blumen, [Auen] 1, Wald und Hügel
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.
Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;
Ach, für Leid müßt' ich vergehen,
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.
Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.
Sag' ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

Die Junge Nonne D. 828

Wie braust durch die Wipfel
der heulende Sturm!
Es kirren die Balken, es zittert das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner, es leuchtet der Blitz,
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!

It softly tempers the sun's incandescence,
and cools my hot cheeks,
As it flees it kisses the vines
which are prominent on the fields and hills

And its soft whispering brings me
A thousand greetings from my friend
Before these hills dim,
I will be greeted by a thousand kisses.

So as you go on your way
And serve friends and the saddened.
There where high walls glow,
I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Oh, the true message of his heart,
Loves-breath, refreshing life
Comes only from his mouth,
Can be given to me only by his breath.

Ah, your moist wings,
West Wind, how much I envy you them;
for you can bring him tidings
of what I suffer in our separation!
The movement of your wings
awakens in my breast a silent longing;
Flowers, meadows, forests and hills
stand in tears from your breath.
Yet your mild, gentle blowing
cools my aching eyelids;
ah, for sorrow I would die
if I could not hope to see him again.
Hurry then to my beloved,
speak softly to his heart;
but don't distress him,
and conceal my pain.
Tell him, but tell him modestly,
that his love is my life,
and that a joyous sense of both
will his presence give me.

How loudly the howling wind roars through
the tree-tops!
The rafters rattle, the house shudders!
Thunder rolls, lighting flashes,
And the night is as dark as the grave!

Immerhin, immerhin,
so tobt' es auch jüngst noch in mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der Sturm,
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das Haus,
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz,
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab.

Nun tobe, du wilder gewalt'ger Sturm,
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh,

Des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.

Ich harre, mein Heiland! mit sehndem Blick!

Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole
die Braut,
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.
Horch, friedlich ertönet das Listen:
Glöcklein vom Turm!
Es lockt mich das süße Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höhn.
Alleluja!

Litanei aus 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 ruhn in Frieden!

Die sich hier Gespielen suchten,
öfter weinten, nimmer fluchten,
wenn vor ihrer treuen Hand
keiner je den Druck verstand:
Alle die von hinnen schieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Liebevoller Mädchen Seelen,
Deren Tränen nicht zu zählen,
Die ein falscher Freund verließ,
Und die blinde Welt verstieß
Alle die von hinnen schieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

All the same, ever all the same,
so it raged in me not long ago!
My life roared like the storm now,
My limbs trembled like the house now,
Love burst into flame, like the lightning now,
And my heart was as dark as the grave.

Now rage, you wild, powerful storm,
In my heart there is peace; in my heart
there is calm.

The groom is awaited by the loving bride,
Cleansed by the purifying flames,
To eternal Love betrothed.

I await you, my Saviour, with a
yearning gaze!
Come, my heavenly bridegroom,
take your bride,
Rescue her soul from earthly imprisonment.
the bell rings peacefully from the tower!

That sweet tone invites me
overpoweringly to eternal heights.
Halleluja!

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

Those who only sought for comradeship here,
more often wept but never fled
when no one was there to press
their faithful hand with an understanding look:
all who have parted from here,
all souls rest in peace!

Maiden souls, full of love,
whose tears cannot be counted,
whom a false friend has abandoned,
and the blind world has disowned;
all who have parted from here,
all souls rest in peace!

F. Ludwig Diehn Concert Series 2015–2016 Season

Sept. 18 and 21, 2015

Birth of an Answer: Within Our Gates

Oct. 19, 2015

Glen Velez and Loire Cotler

Nov. 16, 2015

Measha Brueggergosman

Jan. 25, 2016

Jim Walker

Feb. 29, 2016

Harlem Quartet and Ida Kavafian

March 21, 2016

Penelope Crawford and Martha Guth

April 18, 2016

Kenny Washington with the John Toomey Trio



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