

Program Notes for 10.1.2024 Tuesday Musicale Noon Concert.

This program is Halloween inspired for the month of October. It brings together themes of solitude, darkness, night, supernatural powers, ambition, and the tragic elements of human experience—an ideal selection for a Halloween-themed concert. Each piece immerses the audience in mysterious, haunting, and reflective atmospheres.

1. Feldeinsamkeit by Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

From “Six Songs for Low Voice”, Op. 86 No. 2

Composed during Brahms' mature period, “Feldeinsamkeit” (Field Solitude) is one of his later works, known for its transparent musical structure and deep emotional resonance. The song paints a serene image of a man lying in the grass, watching the clouds drift across the sky. The quiet motion of the clouds represents a meditative stillness, where desire has long disappeared, and even death no longer holds any terror.

2. "Nacht" by Richard Strauss(1864-1949)

From Eight Songs, Op. 10 No. 3 (1885)

Nacht (Night) is part of Strauss' Eight Songs, Op. 10, written for voice and piano. Based on poetry from "Letzte Blätter" (Last Leaves), the song was composed in 1885, the year the poet Hermann von Gilm died. The song portrays a deep fear that night might steal away not only the familiar sights of the day but also the beloved. Strauss skillfully conveys the unstoppable force of night with rhythmic patterns and harmonic intervals, evoking the slow, creeping darkness as it envelops everything.

3. Lady Macbeth’s Scene from “Macbeth” by Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

From Act I, “Macbeth”, 1847

Librettist: Francesco Maria Piave

This dramatic scene takes place in Act I of Verdi's *Macbeth*, when Lady Macbeth reads her husband’s letter recounting the witches’ prophecy that he will become king. Excited and impatient, she calls upon dark spirits to take away her feminine weakness and fill her with cruelty so that she can help Macbeth achieve his destiny. This aria is a powerful expression of ambition, desire for power, and willingness to forsake morality.

Feldeinsamkeit" Johannes Brahms(1833-1897)

Ich ruhe still im hohen, grünen Gras
Und sende lange meinen Blick nach oben,
Von Grillen rings umschwirrt ohn' Unterlass,
Von Himmelsbläue wundersam umwoben.

Die schönen weißen Wolken zieh'n dahin
Durchs tiefe Blau, wie schöne, stille Träume;
Mir ist, als ob ich längst gestorben bin,
Und ziehe selig mit durch ew'ge Räume.

Nach by Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Sieh nur, wie sie alles grau macht,
Und es schleicht mit ihr die Reise.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben,
Nimmt sie weg und stiehlt die Garben,
Die schon reif dem Schnitter fällt.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Baches,
Nimmt das Gold von Dächern nach es,
Nimmt das Kupfer fort vom Dom.
Der letzte Stern im Flitterkranz,
Nimmt die Nacht, nimmt die Nacht uns auch
das Herz.

Macbeth by Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

From Act I, "Macbeth", 1847

Nel dì della vittoria io le incontrai...
E di stranie parole udimmi dir:
"Salve, o Macbeth, di Cawdor tu sarai...
E re poscia!"
Io mi sentia diviso tra il terror e la gioia...
Poscia favelle inver me di cose più grandi,
di trono, e regal dignità!...
Dissemi poi che eterno avrei un nome...
E disparir!...
Le profetesse nel' aer dileguar!

English Translation:

I rest peacefully in the tall, green grass,
And send my gaze upwards for a long time,
Surrounded by the constant hum of crickets,
Enveloped in the wondrous blue of the heavens.
The beautiful white clouds drift by
Through the deep blue, like lovely, quiet dreams;
I feel as though I've already died,
And am floating blissfully through eternal spaces.

Softly she steals out of the trees,
See how she turns everything grey,
And the journey slips quietly with her.

All the lights of this world,
All the flowers, all the colors,
She takes away and steals the sheaves
That were ripe for the reaper's scythe.

She takes everything dear,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes the gold from the rooftops,
And the copper from the cathedral's dome.

The last star in the garland of glitter,
Night takes—night even takes our hearts.

On the day of victory, I met them...
And heard strange words from them:
'Hail, Macbeth, you will be Thane of Cawdor...
And afterwards king!'
I felt torn between terror and joy...
Then they spoke to me of even greater things,
Of a throne, and royal dignity!...
They told me I would have an eternal name...
And then vanished!
The witches disappeared into the air!

Aria: "Vieni! t'affretta!...Or tutti sorgete"

Vieni! t'affretta! Accendere
Ti voglio nel seno quell'ardore
Che ti sospinge a compiere l'eccelso
Fato che t'asigna il rimorso
In questo petto io non provo...
Or tutti sorgete, ministri infernali
Di morte e di duol!
Quale orror, quai momenti di morte!
Sorgete e sprigionatevi dal mondo oscuro!
Vieni notte!...

English Translation

Come! Hurry! I want to kindle in your breast
That fire that urges you to fulfill
The high destiny that awaits you.
Remorse, I feel none in my heart
Of death and sorrow!
What horror, what moments of death!
Rise and release yourself from the dark world! Come Night!
!Now rise all you ministers of hell, Come! Hurry