

*Im Abendrot* (Karl Gottlieb Lappe)

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

O how beautiful is your world, Father, when she shines with golden beams! When your gaze descends and paints the dust with a shimmering glowing, when the red, which flashes in the clouds, sinks into my quiet window! How could I complain, how could I be afraid? How could anything ever be amiss between you and me? No, I will carry in my breast your heaven for all times. And this heart, before it breaks down, shall drink in the glow and the light.

*Auf dem Wasser zu singen* (Leopold, Graf du Stolberg)

In the middle of the shimmer of the reflecting waves glides, as swans do, the wavering boat; ah, on joy's soft shimmering waves glides the soul along like the boat; then from heaven down onto the waves dances the sunset all around the boat. Over the treetops of the western grove waves, in a friendly way, the reddish gleam; under the branches of the eastern grove murmur the reeds in the reddish light; joy of heaven and the peace of the grove is breathed by the soul in the reddening light. Ah, time vanishes on dewy wing for me, on the rocking waves; tomorrow, time will vanish with shimmering wings again, as yesterday and today, until I, on higher more radiant wing, myself vanish to the changing time.

*Litanei* (Johann George Jacobi)

Rest in peace, all souls who have had done with anxious torment, who have fulfilled a sweet dream, who, sated with life and hardly born, have departed from this world: 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! And those that have never smiled on the sunshine, but beneath the moon waited, on thorns, to see God one day, face to face, in the pure light of Heaven: all who have departed from this world, all souls rest in peace!

*An die Musik* (Franz von Schober)

O, wond'rous art, in countless gray and darkened hours, when life's most bitter taste of loneliness was mine, have you transported my heart to warm and happy meadows, and so, you've offered me joy and fierce endurance, your magic beauty, your love, and peace. Sometimes your harp pours forth a sigh of passion, so sweet a blessed chord in melodies of old, then heaven's doors with hours of love does open. Oh, gracious art, for these I thank you so! Oh, gracious music, I thank you so!

Joanne Mouradjian, soprano  
Ann Sears, piano