



Chopin Club
Providence, Rhode Island

Musicales

135th Anniversary Season

Sunday, April 13, 2014 at 2:00 p.m.
Greetings from: Barbara Speer, President

Mary K. Hail Music Mansion
Providence, Rhode Island

Program

Fünf Lieder.....Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Wahre, wahre deinen Sohn, Op. 65 No. 5
(Neue Liebeslieder)

O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück,
Op. 63 No. 8

Wiegenlied, Op. 49 No. 4

Wie Melodien zieht es mir, Op. 105 No. 1

Von ewiger Liebe, Op. 43 No. 1

Patricia Cristofaro, mezzo-soprano
Martin Gardiner, piano*

Three Works.....Fryderyck Chopin (1810-1849)

Nocturne in D flat Major, Op. 27 No.2

Nocturne in B Major, Op. 62 No.1

Polonaise in A flat Major, Op. 53

Philip Martorella, piano

Quartet in G minor K. 478 for piano and strings.....W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Allegro

Andante

Rondo: Allegretto

Meghan O'Connor, violin*
Melody Albanese-Kelly, viola
John Kelly, cello*
Paul Rosenbloom, piano*

*designates guest

Program Chair: Emily Anthony *Stage Manager:* Randy Alsabe

Hospitality & Tea Committee:

Co-Chairs: Mimi and Jim DeCesaris

Jean Buffum, Deborah Concannon, Masako Fidler, Jane Fierstein, Carol Greifer,
Joan Lusk, Lorraine Yaghoobian, Linda Zambrano

*The Chopin Club wishes to acknowledge the ongoing support of the
Friends of the Mary K. Hail Music Mansion for its programs.*

Next Musicales: President's Day Concert • Sunday, May 18, 2014 at 2:00 pm • Mary K. Hail Music Mansion

The Chopin Club is recognized by the IRS as a 501(c)(3) not-for-profit organization.
www.chopinclub.org

ABOUT THE PERFORMERS

Patricia Cristofaro, MD, works as an internist and infectious disease specialist at Providence VA Hospital. She is a long-time member of the Chopin Club, and for many years was also soloist at Beneficent Church.

Martin Gardiner is a consultant in educational research at Brown Center for Human Development, specializing in the effect of music and art education on math and reading development.

Philip Martorella received his musical education at the Mannes College of Music (B.M.), the Juilliard School (M.M.), and the Manhattan School of Music (Music Ed. M.A.) He studied piano with Avraham Sternklar, Nadia Reisenberg, Eugenia Hyman, Sascha Gorodnitzski and Adele Marcus, and piano accompanying studies with Samuel Sanders. Mr. Martorella is currently on the adjunct piano faculty at Rhode Island College, serving as Minister of Music at the First Evangelical Lutheran Church, East Greenwich, RI, and serving as organist at Temple Beth-El, Providence, RI.

Meghan O'Connor is a 2002 graduate of Skidmore College in Saratoga Springs, NY, where she received a BA degree with honors in music and mathematics. She was a recipient of the Filene Music Scholarship as well as the Senior Music Award. Currently, she is a private violin instructor and freelances throughout Southern New England. She has performed with the Eastern Connecticut Symphony, the Rhode Island Pops, and the Rhode Island College Symphony Orchestra. Meghan is a member of the Plymouth Philharmonic Orchestra, Musica Dolce, and is concert master of the Newport County Community Orchestra. In the spring and summer she manages the Box Office and the Library for the Newport Music Festival. This is Meghan's thirteenth year with the Festival and was a performer for the 2010, 2011 and 2013 seasons.

Melody Albanese-Kelly is a music teacher in the Cranston Public Schools System and teaches privately. She plays violin in the New Bedford Symphony, Massachusetts Symphony, Charles River Sinfonietta, Rhode Island College Symphony, and the Ocean State Summer Pops Orchestra, and is a chamber musician with Musica Dolce. She was a member of the Rhode Island Philharmonic string section for 26 years, and concertmaster of the Bel Canto Opera Orchestra. Ms. Albanese-Kelly received her music degrees from New England Conservatory and Rhode Island College.

John Kelly is a retired computer software engineer. He is the principal cellist of the Ocean State Summer Pops Orchestra, and plays in the Massachusetts Symphony, Charles River Sinfonietta, Rhode Island College Symphony, and other community orchestras. He performs with Musica Dolce, Kammerwerke, Jagan Nath and Friends, and other chamber music groups. He was principal cellist of the Bel Canto Opera Orchestra. Mr. Kelly studied cello with Prof. Robert Swenson at the University of Illinois, and has also studied with Lisa Lancaster, Joel Moerschel, and Janet Chapple.

Paul Rosenbloom, Artistic Director and a founding member of Musica Dolce, received his Bachelors of Arts *magna cum laude* in music composition from Harvard, and his Masters and Doctorate from Cornell University. He was principal pianist of the *Filarmonica de Caracas* (Venezuela), as well as head of the piano department at the Caracas Conservatory. He is principal pianist with the Rhode Island Philharmonic Orchestra and is the Artistic Director and composer-in-residence of Musica Dolce. He plays chamber music with Musica Dolce and other groups. He works for EVAS, a firm specializing in adaptive computer technology for the blind and visually handicapped.

Wahre, wahre deinen Sohn

Wahre, wahre deinen Sohn,
Nachbarin, vor Wehe,
weil ich ihn mit schwarzem Aug'
zu bezaubern gehe.

O wie brennt das Auge mir,
das zu Zünden fordert!
Flammet ihm die Seele nicht --
deine Hütte lodert.

O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück

O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
O warum sucht' ich nach dem Glück
Und ließ der Mutter Hand?

O wie mich sehnet auszuruhn,
Von keinem Streben aufgeweckt,
Die müden Augen zuzutun,
Von Liebe sanft bedeckt!

Und nichts zu forschen, nichts zu spähn,
Und nur zu träumen leicht und lind;
Der Zeiten Wandel nicht zu sehn,
Zum zweiten Mal ein Kind!

O zeig mir doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
Vergebens such ich nach dem Glück,
Ringsum ist öder Strand!

Wiegenlied

Guten Abend, gut Nacht,
Mit Rosen bedacht,
Mit Näglein besteckt,
Schlupf unter die Deck':
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will,
Wirst du wieder geweckt.

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,
Von Englein bewacht,
Die zeigen im Traum
Dir Christkindleins Baum
Schlaf nun selig und süß
Schau in Traum's Paradies.

Protect, protect your son,
my neighbor, from woe;
for I go with my black eyes
to enchant him.

O how my eyes burn
to inflame his passion!
If his soul will not ignite,
your hut will catch fire.

Oh, if I only knew the road back,
The dear road to childhood's land!
Oh, why did I search for happiness
And leave my mother's hand?

Oh, how I long to be at rest,
Not to be awakened by anything,
To shut my weary eyes,
With love gently surrounding!

And nothing to search for, nothing to beware of,
Only dreams, sweet and mild;
Not to notice the changes of time,
To be once more a child!

Oh, do show me the road back,
The dear road to childhood's land!
In vain I search for happiness,
Around me but deserted shore!

Good evening, good night,
Bedecked with roses,
Covered with carnations,
Slip under the blanket:
Early tomorrow, God willing,
Will you awake again.

Good evening, good night,
Watched by angels
Who show you in a dream
The Christ-child's tree.
Now sleep blessedly and sweetly,
Gaze into the dream's paradise.

Wie Melodien zieht es

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es,
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgен wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

Dunkel, wie dunkel

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es,
nun schweiget die Welt.
Nirgend noch Licht
und nirgend noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche
sie schweiget nun auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe
der Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten
nach Haus,
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:

"Leidest du Schmach
und betrübest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,
Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
wie wir früher vereinigt sind.
Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind."

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:
"Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.
Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?
Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!"

It moves like a melody,
Gently through my mind;
It blossoms like spring flowers
And wafts away like fragrance.

Yet when it is captured in words,
And placed before the eye,
It pales like a gray mist
And disappears like a breath.

And yet, resting in the rhyme
Hidden still a fragrance,
Which gently from the quiet bud
A moist eye calls forth.

Dark, how dark in forest and field!
It is already evening, the world
now silent.
Nowhere a light
and nowhere smoke.
Yes, and the larks, they are also
Now silent.

A young lad comes out from
the village.
Accompanying his sweetheart
home,
He leads her past the willow bushes,
alking so much, and of so many things:

"If you suffer shame and feel
disturbed,
If you suffer shame by others because of me,
Our love will be severed as quickly Schnell,
As fast as we earlier were united.
Disperse with the rain and with the wind,
As fast as we earlier were united."

Speaks the maiden, the maiden speaks:
"Our love shall never end!
Strong is steel, and iron even more so,
Our love is stronger still.
Iron and steel can be altered in a forge,
But who would transform our love?
Iron and steel can be melted,
Our love must endure forever!"