



2017-2018

CANDLER CONCERT SERIES

VIENNA BOYS CHOIR

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 4 P.M.

SCHWARTZ CENTER FOR PERFORMING ARTS

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inside front cover of program.

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VIENNA BOYS CHOIR

Wiener Sängerknaben

Manolo Cagnin, choirmaster

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 4 P.M.
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This program is made possible by a generous gift from the late
Flora Glenn Candler, a friend and patron of music at Emory University.



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arts

PROGRAM PART I

- Veni creator spiritus (Come, Creator Spirit)* Gregorian Chant
text: ascribed to Hrabanus Maurus
- O Fortuna (O Fortune)* Carl Orff
from: *Carmina burana* (1936) (1895–1982)
- Gloria* Antonio Vivaldi
Opening chorus from: *Gloria* in D, RV 589 (1678–1741)
- Exultate justi (Shout for Joy, You Upright)* Lodovico Grossi da Viadana
Four-part motet (c. 1560–1627)
- Capricciata à tre voci (Short Fancy for Three Voices)* Adriano Banchieri
Contrappunto bestiale alle mente (c. 1568–1634)
(The animals improvise counterpoint), arr. Gerald Wirth
from: *Festino nella sera del Giovedì grasso avanti cena* (1608)
- Duetto buffo per due gatti* Gioachino Rossini
(*Duet in the Buffo Style for Two Cats*) (1792–1868)
arr. Robert Lucas de Pearsall
- La carità (Charity–Love)* (1844) Rossini
text: Louise Colet
- Solo to be announced from the stage
- “Va’, pensiero, sull’ali dorate” Giuseppe Verdi
 (“Fly, Thoughts, on Wings of Gold”) (1813–1901)
Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves text: Temistocle Solera
from the opera *Nabucco* (1842)
- “Inneggiamo, il Signor non è morto” Pietro Mascagni
 (“Let Us Sing, the Lord Is not Dead”) (1863–1945)
Easter Hymn from the opera *Cavalleria rusticana* (1890)
- Jubilate Deo (Rejoice in God)*, op. 157a (1976) Heinz Kratochwil
(1933–1995)

—INTERMISSION—

PROGRAM PART II

- Wo die Zitronen blüh'n (Where the Lemons Blossom)* Johann Strauss II
Waltz, op. 364 (1874) (1825–1899)
arr. Uwe Theimer
- Santa Lucia* (1849) Barcarole from Naples
transcr. Teodoro Cottrau
- O sole mio (My Sun)* (1898) Eduardo Di Capua/Emanuele Alfredo Mazzucchi
(1865–1917)/(1878–1972)
text: Giovanni Capurro
- Volare (To Fly)* (1958) Domenico Modugno
(1928–1994)
text: Domenico Modugno and Franco Migliacci
- Libertango* (1974) Astor Piazzolla
(1921–1992)
arr. Oscar Escalada
- Nella fantasia (In My Mind)* Ennio Morricone
from the film *The Mission* (1986) (b. 1928)
text: Chiara Ferraù; arr. Audrey Snyder
- Mambo Italiano* (1954) Bob Merrill
(1921–1998)
arr. Alan Billingsley
- Tritsch Tratsch (Chitchat)* Johann Strauss II
Fast polka, op. 214 (1825–1899)
text: Tina Breckwoldt; arr. Gerald Wirth
- Kaiserwalzer (Emperor Waltz)* (1889) Strauss II
op. 437 arr. Gerald Wirth
- Unter Donner und Blitz (Thunder and Lightning)* Strauss II
Fast polka, op. 324 (1867–1868) text and arr. Anton Fergussou

PROGRAM IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE

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PROGRAM NOTES

Veni creator spiritus

Veni creator spiritus is a hymn for Whitsunday, a feast commemorating the descent of the Holy Spirit. The text is attributed to Hrabanus Maurus, a famous scholar and theologian. Hrabanus was abbot in Fulda from 822–842, and became bishop of Mainz in 847. He wrote an encyclopedic dictionary in twenty-two volumes, *De Universo*; his scholarship and excellent administration made Fulda an outstanding academic center. He had considerable influence on Charlemagne. He wrote *Veni creator spiritus* around 809; the first mention of the tune, found in the monastery of Kempten in Bavaria, dates to the tenth century.

The hymn is written in iambic metres, in accordance with the rules of Latin poetry. It is used at Pentecost and to mark beginnings, such as confirmation, the ordination of priests, or the election of a new pope. There are versions in many languages: John Dryden (1631–1700) put it into English. The most famous translations into German are by Martin Luther (1483–1546) and by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832), who used it in his play *Faust*. Goethe understood the hymn as an invocation of the universal spirit.

The holy spirit is addressed as Paraclete, from the Greek *parakletos*, which means consoler, adviser, advocate, protector, literally “the one who guides you by the hand.” The “sevenfold gift” refers to the four cardinal virtues derived from Plato’s *Protagoras* (wisdom, temperance, fortitude, and justice), plus three virtues added by St. Ambrose, Augustine of Hippo, and Thomas Aquinas: faith, hope, and love (cf. 1 Corinthians: 13). According to tradition, these were the names of the first three rungs of the ladder on which Jacob ascended to Heaven (Genesis: 28). “The fulfilment of the Father’s promise” in verse three refers to John 14:16, where Jesus says: “I will ask my father, and he shall give you another mainstay to be always with you.”

Veni creator spiritus

Veni creator spiritus
mentes tuorum visita
imple superna gratia
quae tu creasti pectora.

Qui diceris Paraclitus
donum Dei Altissimi,
fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,
digitus paternae dexteræ,
tu rite promissum Patris,
sermone ditans guttura.

Come, Creator Spirit

Come, Creator Spirit,
visit the minds of those who are yours,
fill with the highest grace
the hearts of those whom you have created.

You are called Paraclete, comforter and protector,
you are God’s greatest gift,
the power of life, fire, mercy,
and ointment for the soul.

You are the sevenfold gift,
the right finger of the Father,
the fulfilment of the Father’s promise,
preaching tongue.

O Fortuna

The *Carmina burana* is a collection of medieval songs in Latin, Middle High German and Frankish; the collection contains sacred songs, possibly for pageants, moral songs, satirical songs, songs about love and drinking. It was compiled around 1230, probably for the abbot of the monastery at Seckau in Austria.

The manuscript was discovered in the 1800s in the monastery at Benediktbeuern in Bavaria; it was edited in 1847 by Johann Andreas Schmeller (1785–1852) under its new title *Carmina burana* (*Songs from Benediktbeuern*).

Orff composed his *Carmina* in 1936. He selected twenty-four songs to paint a medieval vision of fortune's wheel, and man's life turning with it from love to death, happiness to misery. The work opens (and closes) with a choral address to Fortuna, the fickle Goddess of Luck and Fate, on whose whims man's lot depends. The *Carmina* were first performed in 1937.

To Orff, the *Carmina burana* signified his "first real work;" he wrote to his publisher to destroy everything else.

O Fortuna

O Fortuna
velut luna
statu variabilis,
semper crescis
aut decrescis;
vita detestabilis nunc obdurat
et tunc curat
ludo mentis aciem,
egestatem, potestatem
dissolvit ut glaciem.

Sors immanis et inanis,
rota tu volubilis,
status malus
vana salus
semper dissolubilis,
obumbrata et velata
michi quoque niteris;
nunc per ludum
dorsum nudum
fero tui sceleris.

Sors salutis et virtutis
michi nunc contraria
est affectus et defectus
semper in angaria.
Hac in hora
sine mora
corde pulsum tangite;
quod per sortem
sternit fortem
mecum omnes plangite!

O Fortune

O Fortune,
Changeable
as the moon,
You are forever waxing
Or waning.
Detestable life, now it thwarts,
And then it takes care
Playfully of the mind's desire,
Poverty, power
Are melted like ice.

Fate—oppressive and inane,
whirling wheel:
you are wicked.
Health is vain and
Always fades,
dark and veiled
you plague me, too.
Now, through your games,
I carry a bare back
as a result of your malice.

Fate, with regard to health and virtue
Is now turned against me,
It is inflated and deflated,
always under pressure.
And now, this hour,
without hesitation,
pluck the quivering strings.
That through (the vagaries of) fate
the virtuous man falls
you may all bemoan with me.

Gloria

The *Gloria* is part of the Mass ordinary; the words date to the early Middle Ages. Antonio Vivaldi wrote at least three settings, of which two survive. RV 589 is a hugely popular piece: There are more than one hundred recordings of it (including one by the Vienna Boys Choir), and it has been used to great effect in several films, *Shine* (Scott Hicks 1996), *The Hunter* (2011), and *Songs along the Silk Road*, Curt Faudon's 2008 film about the Vienna Boys Choir.

Antonio Vivaldi wrote his *Glorias* around 1715 for the orphans at the Pio Ospedale della Pietà where he was employed as a music teacher and composer. The Ospedale was initially founded as a hostel for Crusaders. After the Crusades, it changed into a charity for orphans and abandoned girls. Unwanted infants could be left at the scaffetta, an early form of baby hatch. There were four ospedali in Venice, their purpose was to provide for abandoned and orphaned children. Boys were taught a trade, and girls were given a formal musical education. All four ospedali had choirs, all four competed with each other, trying to hire the best musicians in Venice. During the seventeenth century, the Ospedale della Pietà in particular became famous for its girls' choir and sixty-strong all-girl orchestra. Vivaldi joined the Ospedale's staff in 1703 as a young priest. His health was so poor that he was given a dispensation from celebrating Mass; and he was unable to play wind instruments. But he was known as a violin virtuoso, and had extensive musical knowledge. Vivaldi taught violin and music theory and composed as maestro di coro for his charges—he wrote motets, choral works, and later, concerti. Under his direction, the girls' choir and orchestra became more famous than ever.

The girls played behind a screen to aristocratic audiences. Tourists flocked to Venice to hear them perform. In 1770, long after Vivaldi's death, Jean-Jacques Rousseau attended a concert. He described the experience in his *Confessions*; the playing behind a screen, the beauty and impact of the music, the layout of the buildings, and finally, meeting the musicians.

Gloria

Gloria in excelsis Deo

Gloria

Glory be to God on high

Exultate justi

Lodovico Grossi was born in Viadana near Parma and is mostly known simply as Lodovico da Viadana. He was a Franciscan monk and held a number of musical posts in churches and cathedrals in Mantua, Cremona, Concordia, and Fano; he spent time in Munich, Padova, and Rome.

Most of Viadana's musical output is sacred, written for the church liturgy. The music closely follows the texts; Viadana offers an interpretation of the words. Stylistically, his works show the transition from Renaissance to early Baroque music. While he probably did not invent the basso continuo, he is certainly one of the first composers to use it.

Exultate justi is a tuneful and imaginative setting of Psalm 33 (32): 1–3; a “Hymn to Providence.” It was published in 1602 in Viadana's *Concerti ecclesiastici*, the first vocal score with basso continuo, figured bass. The motet is in three parts, perhaps already in the baroque concert style. The first part is homophonic, the middle is polyphonic. Double and triple meters alternate, and Viadana uses the voices to imitate the harp and lyre mentioned in the psalm text. The motet ends with a return to the homophonic first part; it is a repetition of the opening verse.

Exultate justi

Exultate, justi, in Domino;
rectos decet collaudatio.
Confitemini Domino in cithara;
in psalterio decem chordarum psallite illi.
Cantate ei canticum novum;
bene psallite ei in vociferatione.

Shout for Joy, You Upright

Shout for joy in the Lord, you upright;
praise comes well from the honest.
Give thanks to the Lord on the harp,
Play for him on the ten-stringed lyre.
Sing to him a new song;
Sing to him sweetly with a loud voice.

Capricciata à tre voci

Born in Bologna, Banchieri studied music with Gioseffo Guami at St. Marc's in Venice. At age nineteen, Banchieri entered the Olivetan order. He worked as organist and composer and wrote a number of widely known musical treatises, which discuss the latest in contemporary music theory and show Banchieri to be a radical thinker, ready to experiment with new ideas.

In 1614, Banchieri founded the *Academia dei Floridi*; members discussed music and arts and performed for each other. Banchieri, who went by the name of "Il dissonante" at the academy, wrote a number of "madrigal comedies," miniature operas for the group; his texts display a quirky sense of humour.

"Festino" is a carnival farce, a collection of twenty pieces. This is the story: On his way to the feast, Modern Pleasure meets Old Rigour: "an old man with a mouse-eaten beard, wearing a hat suitable for boiling vegetables in and swathed in a schoolmaster's gown with a great bundle of old parchment strapped to his back." Old Rigour is dead set against the festivities, "because your newfangled music breaks all proper rules of composition." But Modern Pleasure insists that intelligent people want new ideas, and even has sound advice about what Old Riggy should do with his scholarly bundle: "If I were you, I would sell your old papers to the grocer. They would make excellent pickle for fish."

The two adversaries then launch into their musical comedies to prove their respective points. "Capricciata" and "Contrappunto" are two of them, featuring singing animals. The text is written in Latin-Italian macaronic verse, a made-up mix of the two languages. A dog, a cat, a cuckoo, and an owl deliver harmonic proof how one can go new ways and stick to the ground rules of solid counterpoint. Just for fun.

Capricciata à tre voci

Nobili spettatori
Udete hor hora quattro belli humori.
Un cane, un gatto,
 un cucco, un chiu per spasso
Far contrapunto a mente sopra un basso.
Fa la la . . .

Nulla fides gobis similiter
 est zoppis,
si squerzus bonus est, super annalia scribe.

Short Fancy for Three Voices

Noble spectators,
You will presently hear four beautiful humorists,
A dog, a cat,
 a cuckoo, an owl will for fun
Improvise a counterpoint on a bass line.
Fa la la . . .

Never trust the ones with a hump,
 nor the ones that limp.
If this joke is good, write about it in the annals.

Duetto buffo per due gatti

Gioachino Rossini was born in Pesaro, Italy; both his parents were musicians. His given name was "Giovacchino;" he himself preferred the spelling Gioachino. As a child, he played violin and harpsichord; he also had a beautiful voice. In 1804, as a twelve-year-old, Rossini had his first public appearance with his mother in the theater at Imola. The same year, he wrote his first pieces of chamber music. In 1805, the Rossinis moved to Bologna, where Rossini attended the Liceo Musicale. One of his fellow students was Gaetano Donizetti. In 1810, Rossini moved to Venice; two years later, his first opera opened there. By 1829, Rossini had written thirty-nine operas—enough to last "the Swan of Pesaro" for a lifetime. He then focused on chamber music and sacred pieces; a number of smaller late compositions show a great sense of humor.

The famous "Cats duet" was compiled in 1825 by English composer Robert Lucas de Pearsall (1795–1856) under the pseudonym G. Berthold, using melodies from Rossini's 1816 opera *Otello*. It is a hugely popular show piece for two soloists who meow at each other coloratura-style.

La carità

The three sacred pieces of 1844 were written when Rossini was headmaster of the Liceo Musicale in Bologna; they deal with the three God-given theological virtues Faith, Hope, and Charity, bestowed on humans through baptism. Rossini chose poems by three different writers.

Louise Colet was a Romantic poet, and in her heyday one of the most talked-about ladies in the French literary scene—she very likely knew Rossini. Born in Aix-en-Provence, she married the musician Hippolyte Colet in order to escape the provinces; in Paris, she had a number of affairs. Among her lovers was Gustave Flaubert, eleven years her junior. Their affair, off and on, lasted for eight years; some letters of their correspondence survive. They fell out eventually over the publication of *Madame Bovary*: Colet felt that the title character was indeed an unflattering portrait of herself.

La carità

O caritate, virtù del cor,
Tu l'uomo infervori di santo ardor.
Tu l'affratelli, e nei martir
Consoli il povero de' suoi sospir.

Iddio rivélasi solo per te:
Tu ispiri al misero del ben la fe'.
L'alma che accendesi del tuo fervor
Spande suglio uomini divin fulgor.

Allor che il mondo tua voce udrà,
Di guerra il fremito si spegnerà;
L'ira, l'orgoglio fian vinti allor
Da un sacro vincolo d'eterno amor.

Charity-Love

Oh, charity, virtue of the heart,
you fill mankind with holy ardour,
you unite men, and in their sufferings
you console the poor.

God reveals himself only through you,
you inspire faith in the wretched.
The soul that is ignited by your fervour
spreads divine splendour among men.

So long as the world hears your voice,
it will spare itself the atrocity of war,
wrath and pride will be vanquished
By the sacred bond of eternal love.

Va', pensiero, sull'ali dorate

Va', pensiero has a text inspired by the Biblical psalm 137, sung by the exiled Jews in Babylon during the reign of King Nebukadnezzar II (634–532 BC); Nabucco or rather Nabucodonosor in Italian. The psalm—well-known as “By the rivers of Babylon”—gives voice to the yearning for home.

Giuseppe Verdi wrote his opera at a difficult and painful time; his wife and children had just died. The director of La Scala more or less forced the libretto on Verdi. Legend has it that Verdi happened to open the libretto at *Va', pensiero*. During the first rehearsal, the stagehands shouted their approval, banging their tools in support: Everyone could relate to the powerful music and text. At Verdi's funeral cortege in Milan, passers-by burst into an impromptu version of *Va', pensiero*, and when Verdi was buried a month later, Arturo Toscanini conducted an eight hundred-strong emotional chorus.

Va', pensiero, sull'ali dorate

Va', pensiero, sull'ali dorate.
Va', ti posa sui clivi, sui colli,
ove olezzano tepide e molli
l'aure dolci del suolo natal!

Del Giordano le rive saluta,
di Sionne le torri atterrate.
O mia Patria, sì bella e perduta!
O membranza sì cara e fatal!

Arpa d'or dei fatidici vati,
perché muta dal salice pendi?
Le memorie nel petto riaccendi,
ci favella del tempo che fu!

O simile di Solima ai fati,
traggi un suono di crudo lamento;
o t'ispiri il Signore un concerto
che ne infonda al patire virtù!

Fly, Thoughts, on Wings of Gold

Fly, thought, on wings of gold,
go and rest on the slopes and hills
where, warm and mild,
the sweet airs of our native land waft.

Greet the banks of Jordan,
and the fallen towers of Zion.
Oh, my country, so beautiful and lost,
memories, so dear and fateful.

Golden harp of our seeing prophets,
why do you hang silently on the willow?
Light up the memories in our hearts,
tell us of times past.

And like Jerusalem
lament loudly;
may the Lord inspire you with music
to endure the suffering.

Inneggiamo, il Signor non è morto

Pietro Mascagni was only twenty-seven when his one-act opera *Cavalleria Rusticana* made him famous overnight—the opera did so well that Mascagni was able to live off the royalties for the rest of his life. The story, which revolves around “normal” people, is set in Sicily in the 1890s; it is a contemporary soap opera dealing with love, jealousy, duels, and tragic deaths.

At the beginning of the scene, a church choir sings the Latin Easter hymn, *Regina Coeli*, and the villagers respond with a chorus of their own, “Let us sing, the Lord is not Dead.” There is a jubilant soprano solo, and in the end, both choirs join forces.

Inneggiamo, il Signor non è morto

Inneggiamo, il Signor non è morto!
Ei fulgente ha dischiuso l’avel.
inneggiamo al Signore risorto
oggi asceso alla gloria del ciel.

Let Us Sing, the Lord is Not Dead

Let us sing, the Lord is not dead!
Praise the Lord in his splendor!
Let us sing to the Lord who is risen,
and ascends to the glory of the sky!

Jubilate Deo

Heinz Kratochwil, a professor at Vienna’s University of Music, described his own compositions as “exploring boundaries;” as he combines old and new styles of music, serious and popular styles. His works use elements of church modes, polyphony, jazz, and avant garde.

His *Jubilate Deo*, a setting of psalm 100, a psalm of praise sung at the procession into the Temple, was written in 1976 for the Vienna Boys Choir.

Jubilate Deo

Jubilate Deo omnis terra,
Servite Domino in laetitia!
Intrate in conspectu ejus,
 intrate in exultatione,
quia Dominus ipse est Deus.
Jubilate Deo, Amen.

Rejoice in God

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness:
Come before his presence,
 come singing.
For the Lord himself is God.
Make a joyful noise unto the Lord. Amen.

Wo die Zitronen blüh'n

Johann Strauss II, also known as the “waltz king,” is undoubtedly the most famous member of his musical family. At least four family members were active as composers: his father Johann (1804–1849), Johann himself and his brothers Josef (1827–1870) and Eduard (1835–1916). When Strauss was ten years old, his father became Hofball-Musikdirektor (music director at the Court Balls). A high honor, but father Strauss did not want his sons to become musicians (a rather suspect profession) and enrolled his son in a trade academy. The young Strauss, aided and abetted by his mother, had music lessons behind his father's back. At nineteen, he founded his own very successful orchestra. Much of Strauss's music is influenced by gypsy music and Jewish Klezmer music. There is an inherent ambiguity in his music: Strauss, who made the entire city of Vienna dance, was a nervous, ill-tempered, and lonely man, and he could not dance.

Wo die Zitronen blüh'n consists of a slow introduction, three two-part waltz sections, and a coda. It was composed in 1874, for an Italian tour of Strauss and the Langenbach Orchester. It was first performed under the title *Bella Italia (Beautiful Italy)* in Turin on May 9 of that year. Strauss renamed it later for its Austrian premiere; the new title was taken from a quote from Goethe's novel *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*. On June 27, 1874, the waltz was performed publicly by the soprano Marie Geistinger, who had a text written for the occasion.

Wo die Zitronen blüh'n

Du wonniges Land, vom Zauber umhüllt,
du glücklicher Strand, mit Wundern erfüllt,
ihr Düfte so reich, ihr Düfte so süß,
Italien, du Paradies.

Du lachende Au im sonnigen Schein,
du Himmel so blau, du schattiger Hain,
wie freudig, wie gern gedenke ich dein,
nah dir oder fern.

Deinen Klang, deinen Sang
glaub' ich immer zu hören
bald hinaus, jubelnd laut,
lieblich kosend, süß und traut.

Woge des Meeres küsst den Strand,
kühlend den heißen Sand,
dort schirmt ein Hain vor Sonnenglühen
wo die Zitronen blüh'n.

Where the Lemons Blossom

You lucky country, shrouded in magic,
you happy beach, full of wonders,
you rich scents, you sweet scents,
Italy, you are paradise.

You cheerful green basking in sunshine,
you blue sky, you shady grove,
how happily, gladly I think of you,
no matter where I am.

Your sound, your song,
I always think I hear it,
sometimes loudly, full of joy,
lovely and soothing, sweet and dear.

The wave from the sea comes to kiss the beach,
cools the hot sand,
and a grove shelters
the lemon blossoms from the sun.

Santa Lucia

Teodoro Cottrau (1827–1879), a native of Naples, was a close friend of the composers Bellini and Donizetti. In 1848 he became joint owner of his father's publishing firm. Cottrau transcribed around fifty traditional Neapolitan melodies (he is alleged to have worked on up to three songs a night). *Santa Lucia* is the most famous. Enrico Caruso, who was born in Naples in 1873, used to sing it as an encore. Caruso made a classic recording of the song, and there is another interesting version by Elvis Presley.

The term "barcarolle" is used to describe, strictly speaking, boating songs sung by Venetian gondoliers; Cottrau transferred the term to *Santa Lucia*. The lyrics refer to a waterfront district of Naples, Borgo Santa Lucia.

Santa Lucia

Sul mare luccica l'astro d'argento,
placida è l'onda, prospero il vento.
Venite all'agile barchetta mia!
Santa Lucia!

O dolce Napoli, o suol beato,
ove sorridere volle il creato
tu sei l'impero dell'armonia!
Santa Lucia!

Santa Lucia

The silver star shines over the sea,
the wave is gentle, the wind is good.
Come to my swift boat.
Santa Lucia!

Sweet Naples, blessed soil,
where creation is smiling,
you are the realm of harmony.
Santa Lucia!

O sole mio

According to legend, Eduardo Di Capua was in Odessa, on tour with a Neapolitan orchestra and feeling homesick, when he had the idea for the melody of *O sole mio*, to which he later added Capurro's words. True or not, Di Capua's inspired melody is known and sung the world over. What we now feel is a quintessential Neapolitan tune, did however not generate an income for its creators. The piece was entered in a competition; it came in second, and the rights passed to the publishing house who backed the competition. Di Capua and Capurro both died destitute. In 2002, an Italian court found in favor of Emanuele Alfredo Mazzucchi's heirs, acknowledging Mazzucchi's role as coauthor of the melody. The rights to *O sole mio* now lie with his family until 2042.

O sole mio

Che bella cosa na jurnata 'e sole,
n'aria serena doppo na tempesta!
Pe' ll'aria fresca pare già na festa...
Che bella cosa na jurnata 'e sole.
Ma n'atu sole, cchiù bello, oi ne'.
O sole mio sta nfronte a te!

Quando fa notte e 'o sole se ne scenne,
me vene quase 'na malincunia;
sotto 'a fenesta toia restarria
quanno fa notte e 'o sole se ne scenne.
Ma n'atu sole, cchiù bello, oi ne'.
O sole mio sta nfronte a te!

My Sun

What a beautiful thing is a sunny day,
the clear air after a storm!
The fresh air feels like a feast,
what a beautiful thing a sunny day is.
There is no sun more beautiful (than this),
Oh my sun that shines on you!

When night falls and the sun goes down,
I get a whiff of melancholy,
under your window I stay,
when night falls and the sun goes down.
There is no sun more beautiful (than this),
Oh my sun that shines on you!

Volare

Volare is a ballad written by Domenico Modugno and Franco Migliacci, possibly inspired by the paintings of Marc Chagall. It has a quintessentially Italian feel to it.

Volare was the Italian entry for the 1958 Eurovision Song Contest; the same year, it won its authors a Grammy for Song of the Year and for Record of the Year. It has been covered by countless artists, including Louis Armstrong, Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra, David Bowie, Luciano Pavarotti, and numerous football fans around the globe. The lyrics may vary, but the song invariably makes both singers and listeners smile.

Volare

Penso che un sogno così non ritorni mai più,
mi dipingevo le mani e la faccia di blu.
Poi d'improvviso venivo dal vento rapito,
e incominciavo a volare nel cielo infinito.

Volare, oh oh,
cantare, oh oh oh oh.
Nel blu dipinto di blu,
felice di stare lassù.

E volavo volavo felice
più in alto del sole ed ancora più su
mentre il mondo pian piano spariva
lontano laggiù.
Una musica dolce suonava soltanto per me.

Volare, oh oh
cantare, oh oh oh oh.
Nel blu dipinto di blu
felice di stare lassù.

Ma tutti i sogni nell'alba svaniscono perché
quando tramonta la luna li porta con sé.
Ma io continuo a sognare negli occhi tuoi belli
che sono blu come un cielo trapunto di stelle.

Volare, oh oh
cantare, oh oh oh oh.
Nel blu degli occhi tuoi blu
felice di stare quaggiù.

E continuo a volare felice
più in alto del sole ed ancora più su
mentre il mondo pian piano scompare
negli occhi tuoi blu
La tua voce è una musica dolce
che suona per me.

Volare, oh oh
cantare, oh oh oh oh.
Nel blu degli occhi tuoi blu
felice di stare quaggiù.
Nel blu degli occhi tuoi blu
felice di stare quaggiù.

To Fly

I think that dream like that will never come back:
I had painted my hands and face blue,
And suddenly I found myself swept up by the wind
And I began to fly into the endless sky

To fly, oh, oh, oh,
To sing oh, oh, oh,
In the blue painted blue
Happy to stay up there.

And I flew and flew happily,
higher than the sun and ever higher,
While the world down below
slowly disappeared,
With sweet music playing just for me.

To fly, oh, oh, oh,
To sing oh, oh, oh,
In the blue painted blue
Happy to stay up there.

But all dreams vanish at dawn, for
When the moon sets, it takes them along,
But I carry on dreaming in your beautiful eyes,
That are blue as the sky studded with stars

To fly, oh, oh, oh,
To sing oh, oh, oh,
In the blue of your blue eyes
Happy to stay down here.

And I keep flying, happily
higher than the sun and ever higher,
While the world down below slowly disappears,
In your blue eyes.
Your voice is sweet music,
sounding for me

To fly, oh, oh, oh,
To sing oh, oh, oh,
In the blue of your blue eyes
Happy to stay down here
In the blue of your blue eyes
Happy to be down here with you

Libertango

Libertango was written by Ástor Piazzolla in 1974 and originally performed by a tango ensemble composed of bandoneón, piano, Hammond organ, marimba, flutes, bass guitar, electric and acoustic guitars, strings, and percussion instruments.

The title is a blend of the words libertad (“freedom”) and tango and might roughly be translated as “free tango;” the composition is not a classical tango anymore, nor is it a tango nuevo yet.

It has been performed by different instruments and instrumental ensembles. Yo Yo Ma included it in his *Piazzolla* album, and Grace Jones performed it in a reggae arrangement with lyrics written by herself and Barry Reynolds.

There is an a cappella arrangement written for the Swingle Singers. The arrangement by Oscar Escalada is for three-part chorus (SSA) and piano. There are no lyrics, the voices mimic different instruments, while the piano has the basic tango rhythm.

Nella fantasia

Gabriel's *Oboe* is the main theme from Roland Joffé's 1986 film *The Mission*, starring Jeremy Irons and Robert de Niro. The film soundtrack was composed by Ennio Morricone, earning him an Academy Award nomination and a Golden Globe for best original score. The haunting tune has since been performed by a number of orchestras and covered by Yo-Yo Ma, Holly Gornik, and Brynjar Hoff, among others. In 1998, Sarah Brightman asked Morricone for permission to add a text in order to sing it. The result was *Nella fantasia*, with Italian lyrics.

In the film, Irons's character, Father Gabriel, is seen playing the oboe by a waterfall. He hopes to win over the Guaraní tribe with music. While the tribesmen are intrigued, their chief breaks the oboe, taking music criticism to a new level.

Nella fantasia

Nella fantasia io vedo un mondo giusto,
Lì tutti vivono in pace e in onestà.
Io sogno d'anime che sono sempre libere,
Come le nuvole che volano,
Pien' d'umanità in fondo all'anima.

Nella fantasia io vedo un mondo chiaro,
Lì anche la notte è meno oscura.
Io sogno d'anime che sono sempre libere,
Come le nuvole che volano.

Nella fantasia esiste un vento caldo,
Che soffia sulle città, come amico.
Io sogno d'anime che sono sempre libere,
Come le nuvole che volano,
Pien' d'umanità in fondo all'anima.

In My Mind

In my mind I see a just world,
where everyone lives in peace and in honesty.
I dream of souls which are always free,
Like flying clouds
Full of love in the depths of the soul.

In my mind I see a bright world,
where even the night is less dark.
I dream of souls which are always free,
Like flying clouds.

In my mind forms a warm wind,
which blows through the cities, like a friend.
I dream of souls which are always free,
Like flying clouds
Full of love in the depths of the soul.

Mambo Italiano

Bob Merrill wrote the song for Rosemary Clooney. The text with its fake Italian, also by Merrill, pokes lighthearted fun at what at the time was “understood” to be Eye-talian, by playing with stereotypes and mocking itself at the same time. Note that mambo—like rhumba—is in truth a Cuban dance, and enchiladas do not hail from Napoli.

Under time pressure, Merrill allegedly wrote the song on a paper napkin in an Italian restaurant in New York City; he used the restaurant’s pay phone to communicate the melody, rhythm, and lyrics to the pianist in the recording studio. Clooney’s recording became a hit, reaching number ten in the United States charts, and—for three weeks—number one in the UK singles charts in 1955. It was covered by countless artists, including Dean Martin and Bette Midler. In 2011, Lady Gaga sampled the introduction for her song *Americano*. It is also the title of a Canadian comedy film produced in 2003.

Mambo Italiano

A girl went back to Napoli
Because she missed the scenery
The native dances and the charming songs
But wait a minute, something’s wrong
Hey, mambo! Mambo Italiano!
Go, go, go you mixed up siciliano
All you calabraise-a do the mambo like a crazy
Hey, mambo, don’t wanna tarantella
Hey, mambo, no more a mozzarella
Hey, mambo! Mambo Italiano!

Try an enchilada with a fish baccalà and then a
Hey gumba, I love a how you dance rhumba
But take a some advice paisano
Learn how to mambo
If you gonna be a square
You ain’t a gonna go nowhere
Hey, mambo! Mambo Italiano!

Go, go, Joe, shake like a Giovanni
E lo che se dice you get happy in the feets
When you mambo Italiano
Shake-a Baby shake-a cause I love a when you take a me
Mama say “stop-a or I’m gonna tell papa”
And a hey jadrool you don’t a have to go to school
Just make-a like a big bambino
It’s a like a vino
Kid you good a lookin’, but you don’t a-know what’s cookin’ till you
Hey mambo, Mambo Italiano
Ho, ho, ho, you mixed up Siciliano
it’s a so delish-a ev’rybody come capisce
How to mambo Italianoooooo!
'Ats nice!

Tritsch Tratsch

Tritsch Tratsch is the title of a vaudeville by Johann Nestroy, first performed in 1833. In 1858, Viennese journalists created a satirical newspaper by the same name; *Tritsch Tratsch* poked fun at famous people. On March 21, 1858, the paper printed a humorous portrait of Johann Strauss, speculating about his yearly visits to Russia. Strauss spent the summers in Pawlowsk with his orchestra, performing for the holidaymakers there. The paper obliquely hinted at an affair with a Russian woman, and the gossip spread through Vienna like wildfire. Strauss penned the polka as an answer.

Tritsch Tratsch was composed between August and November of 1858 and was first performed in a public house called the Great Siskin in the Spittelberg area of Vienna on November 24. The Viennese media printed notices about the piece's composition, its first performance and also its publication; a most unusual amount of publicity for a short piece of music—nineteenth-century hype.

There are a number of texts for *Tritsch Tratsch*. The text sung by the Vienna Boys Choir deals with gossip mongering and what it can do to people, ending with a tongue-in-cheek bow to Plato.

The cheerful polka has sometimes been put to unexpected use: it features in the James Bond movie *Moonraker*, where it accompanies Bond alias Roger Moore, gliding across St. Marc's Square in a hovercraft.

The Vienna Boys Choir has performed this popular piece—a signature tune for Austrian musicians—twice at the New Year's Day Concert of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, in 1988 and in 1998, and the boys performed it again on January 1, 2012.

(Text and translations follow on next page.)

Tritsch Tratsch

Er ist–man sagt–(Ach, Klatsch–und Tratsch)
Man hat sich schon beschwert
Er fragt–man klagt (Wir sind–empört)
Das ist doch unerhört.

Er meint–es scheint (Nur Klatsch–und Tratsch)
Er stellt sich gern zur Schau
Man glaubt–man meint (Wie schön–ist das)
Ich weiss es nicht genau.

Gerüchte brodeln ganz ungeniert
raffiniert, kommentiert
auf einmal fühlt man sich exponiert
wie es denn das nur passiert?

Das hat man noch nie vernommen!
Ist das schon mal vorgekommen?
Wie sind wir hierher gekommen,
hier an diesen Punkt?

Das Gehirn geht im Kreis
Der Verstand liegt auf Eis
während sie die Mär verbreiten

(Trio)
Wenn sie kleine Erbsen zählen
Um die anderen zu quälen
Zwischen Schwert und Worten wählen
wollen sie nur zeigen
dass sie tüchtig sind.

Treiben sie es auf die Spitze,
feixen, frozzeln, reissen Witze,
reden sich in Dauerhitze,
um sich zu beweisen,
dass sie wichtig sind.

Wir kommen jetzt so richtig erst in Fahrt
Inzwischen geht es wirklich hart auf hart
Wir streiten um des alten Kaisers Bart
Ja, um des Kaisers Bart.

(Coda)
Es ist ein Gerücht.
Was weiss man denn?
Man weiss doch nichts.
Das weiss ich!

Chitchat

He is–they say (That's gossip–more gossip)
They have already complained
He asks–they moan (We are–outraged)
This is simply not on!

He says–it seems (Just gossip–more gossip)
He likes to show off and pose
They believe–they surmise (How nice–that is)
I don't exactly know.

Rumors fly about shamelessly
Tricky, annotated,
And all of a sudden you feel utterly exposed
How did that happen?

This is totally unheard of
Has something like this happened before
How did we get here,
To this point?

The mind walks in circles
Brain totally numb
While they continue to spread tales

(Trio)
When they get worked up over peanuts,
Just to torture others,
Choose between sword and words,
They only want to show
How efficient they are.

When they carry on
Smirking, taunting, cracking jokes,
Blathering on forever,
They want to prove to themselves
That they are important.

We are just getting started
Now we are really talking
We fight over nothing,
Yes, over nothing.

(Coda)
It is merely a rumour.
What do you know?
We know nothing.
That I do know!

Kaiserwalzer

Johann Strauss composed *Kaiserwalzer* for the inauguration of a new concert hall, Königsbau, in Berlin in 1889. The Austrian Emperor Franz Joseph had visited the German Emperor Wilhelm II that year, toasting him with the phrase “hand in hand,” and Strauss had originally intended to use the quote as title. His publisher Fritz Simrock suggested the catchier title *Kaiserwalzer*. It sounded far more imperial and had the added advantage that it could be taken to refer to either monarch. *Kaiserwalzer* was first performed in Berlin on October 21, 1889, with Strauss himself conducting.

Right from the beginning, the majestic waltz proved extremely popular with audiences everywhere; it is one of Strauss’s best known pieces. There are three feature films that make extensive use of the music; they even use its name as their title. Among them is a 1948 film by Billy Wilder starring Bing Crosby.

The Vienna Boys Choir has been singing this particular waltz since the 1920s. In 1953, they recorded it for the soundtrack of Franz Antel’s movie by the same name. In the film, it is sung before Empress Elisabeth (“Sisi”).

Kaiserwalzer

Wenn Wien erwacht in Frühlingspracht
Im Wienerwald Vogelsang hallt,
dann sei bereit, liebe Maid,
denn s’ist jetzt holde Frühlingszeit.

Burschen, Mädels, alt und jung vereint,
freu’n sich alle, Sonne wieder scheint.
Liebe, Küsse, holde Seligkeit,
denn so liebt der Wiener Frühlingszeit.

Klingen Walzer von ferne
Die er tanzt, ach so gerne
Nimmt er’s Mädels gleich fest unter’n Arm
Das macht den beiden warm.

Und mit leichten Schritten
Fast mit Elfeleins Tritten
Dreh’n sich beide im Tanz.

Von dieser Melodei wird man ganz verrückt
Eins, zwei, drei, tralalei,
singt das Herz dabei.

Seht, das ist unser Wien
Dort geboren ich bin,
Vater, Mutter sind dort,
s’ist ein himmlischer Ort.

Stephansdom und der Ring,
Preislied darauf nun erkling,
o Wien, Perle von Schönheit,
bleib so in Ewigkeit.

Emperor Waltz

When spring begins in Vienna,
You hear birdsong in the woods,
Be ready, dear maiden,
It is spring time!

Lads and lasses, old and young together,
Everyone is cheerful, the sun shines again.
Love and kisses, happiness,
That’s how the Viennese like their spring.

You hear waltz music from afar:
The young man likes to dance
And takes his girl by the arm
Warming both of them equally.

Light-footed,
Almost like elves,
They both waltz away.

This music can make you quite mad,
One, two, three, tralala,
The heart sings along.

Look, this is our city,
Where I was born.
Father and mother are there,
It is an excellent place.

St. Stephen’s Cathedral, the Ring Road,
Let’s sing to them,
Beautiful Vienna,
May it stay like this forever.

Unter Donner und Blitz

A polka is a quick dance in 2/4 time, danced at various speeds. It is known all over Europe. *Unter Donner und Blitz*, a so-called “fast polka,” was first performed in February 1868 at the Ball of the Hesperus Society in Vienna’s Diana Hall, a concert hall in the second district, under the title *Falling Stars*. The title was changed afterwards: the music seems to depict a thunderstorm, the basses rumble like thunder, and the rhythm suggests flashes of lightning.

The Hesperus Society, who had organized the event, was a club for artists, founded in 1858. Its members were actors, writers, and musicians, among them the three brothers Strauss.

The text tells the story of Mr. Meier, who goes on a hike only to have that spoiled by a thunderstorm. After many mishaps, Meier finally makes it back home only to be greeted by another force of nature: his wife.

Unter Donner und Blitz

Herr Meier flieht die Stadt mit ihrem Qualm
und macht im Sommer Urlaub auf der Alm.

Das Alltagsleben
ist für ihn Tortur,
drum zieht er sich
zurück in die Natur.

Doch ehe er am Ziele angelangt,
verfinstert sich der Himmel, dass ihm bangt,
aus dunklen Wolken zuckt der erste Blitz
und Herr Meier fällt vor Schreck von seinem Sitz.

Was soll er denn jetzt tun?
Wie rettet er sich nun aus dieser Situation?
“Ach Gott, warum muss ausgerechnet heute
so ein Donnerwetter sein?”

Und genau auf meinem Anmarschweg
zur Alm komm ich gerade hier in den Guss,
das ist wirklich kein Genuss.

Wär ich doch lieber an das Meer
gefahren statt zu diesem Berg,
wie ein kleiner Zwerg muss ich hier
diesem üblen Wetter trotzen.

Ach, welch ein Graus,
o Himmel, wär ich doch zu Haus.”

Die Wolken drohen rings umher,
nähern sich ohne Gnad
und mitten in dem Nebelmeer sucht
Herr Meier nach dem rechten Pfad.
Der Sturmwind in den Bäumen pfeift,
wirbelt auf Spreu und Mist,
mit unsichtbaren Händen greift er nach allem,
was beweglich ist.

Thunder and Lightning

Mr. Meier flees the city and its smoke;
he plans to enjoy a few days in the Alps.
Modern everyday life has become
unbearably stressful
and he longs to be outdoors,
surrounded by nature.

But before he arrives at his destination
the sky turns black, which worries Mr. Meier.
At the first flash of lightning from the clouds,
Mr. Meier falls off his seat in terror.

What is he to do?
How can he save himself from this situation?
“Dear God, why does there have to be
a thunderstorm today?”

And to be drenched on my precise path
to the Alpine meadows
is not my idea of fun.

I should have gone to the seaside
instead of the mountains.

I feel like a dwarf faced
with this ghastly weather.

It is horrible.
Heavens, I wish I were home.”

Clouds threaten all around him,
creep relentlessly closer,
and in the midst of the fog,
Mr. Meier tries to find the right path.
The storm howls in the trees,
blowing up twigs and dirt;
clutching with invisible hands
at anything that moves.

Durch den finstern Wald grollt der Donner bald und ganz spitz saust ein Blitz aus der Wolkenwand nah dem Unterstand, den Herr Meier fand.	Thunder rolls through the dark forest and lightning strikes from the clouds right next to Mr Meier's shelter.
Voller Schrecken drauf reißt den Mund er auf, diese Qual ist fatal! In der Finsternis gleitet sein Gebiss fast hinab ins Tal.	He opens his mouth in terror, this feels lethal, and in the darkness his fake teeth drop almost down into the valley.
Herr Meier vom Regen ganz durchnässt diese Alm bald verläßt.	Completely drenched, Mr. Meier leaves the mountains.
Er hat vom Lande nun genug und fährt nach Hause mit dem nächsten Zug.	He has had enough of nature and takes the next train home.
Herr Meier, der zurückkam in die Stadt, des Abends ziemlich lang gefeiert hat, vom Weingenuss nicht helle mehr im Kopf, begibt er sich spät heim, der arme Tropf.	Back in the city, Mr. Meier went out partying; the wine muddled his thinking, and he arrives home rather late, poor soul.
Doch als er leis' die Türe aufgesperrt, sich auszuruhen am heimatlichen Herd, da naht gleich, aus dem Schlummer aufgeschreckt, seine Gattin, die er leider aufgeweckt.	And as he unlocks the door, ever so softly, in order to find some peace and quiet at home, there looms his wife, woken up from her slumber.
Und eh er sich's versah, war das Gewitter da: "Ja, was fällt dir denn ein, so spät nach Haus zu kommen?", funkelt sie ihn an, ihren trauten Mann, "Seit Stunden warte ich hier auf dein Kommen, habe mir die Nacht lauter Sorgen nur gemacht."	And before he could gather his thoughts, a veritable storm breaks out: "How dare you come home this late," his wife tears into him, her dearly beloved, "I have been waiting for hours, been worried sick all night."
Herr Meier steht im Zimmer ganz verdattert und er sucht nach Halt, findet keinen Halm, als dieser Sturm ihm um die Ohren flattert, "Ach," denkt er, "Viel schöner wär's jetzt auf der Alm."	Mr. Meier stands there, dumbstruck, looking for support but finding nothing to cling to, as this storm rages around him. "Well," he thinks, "it was quieter in the Alps."
Und zum guten Schluss er erkennen muss: Schutz vor Blitz und Donner gibt es nicht einmal im besten Haus und damit ist auch die Geschichte aus!	And at long last he has to admit: True shelter before the storm cannot even be found in a good home. And here endeth the lesson!

—Notes compiled by Tina Breckwoldt

VIENNA BOYS CHOIR

The Vienna Boys Choir, renowned as one of the finest vocal ensembles in the world for more than five centuries, is a frequent visitor to North America, performing throughout the country in everything from houses of worship to great concert venues like New York's Carnegie Hall and Chicago's Symphony Hall. The enormously popular chorus is actually comprised of four separate ensembles of boys between the ages of ten and fourteen, totaling one hundred choristers at the Vienna Boys Choir school at any given time. The four choirs are of equal standing, and the group's tours, concerts in Vienna, and audio and video recording projects are shared among them. Each choir has a choirmaster and two tutors who travel with the boys. Approximately eleven weeks of the school year are devoted to touring and each choir member sings about eighty concerts a year. Many of the boys have siblings, fathers, uncles, and even grandfathers who have also been members of the choir.

The Vienna Boys Choir can trace its history as far back as the thirteenth century, but it was formally established at Vienna's Imperial Chapel in 1498 by Holy Roman Emperor Maximilian I. The many incarnations of the group have been performing continuously ever since. The modern Vienna Boys Choir represents quite a departure from the composition of the original medieval choir of six boys. Today's Vienna Boys Choir is comprised of talented young singers from all over the world who are admitted by audition. The choir visiting the United States this fall, led by its conductor Manolo Cagnin, includes boys hailing from Austria, Cambodia, China, France, Germany, Iceland, Italy, Japan, Korea, New Zealand, and the Philippines. The group will be featured in a new film, Curt Faudon's *Good Shepherds*, to receive its North American premiere in the fall.

MANOLO CAGNIN, DIRECTOR



© Lukas Beck

Born in Treviso, Italy, Manolo Cagnin embraced music early in life, studying violin as a child. In later work at the Conservatory of Venice and in Milan, he pursued choral conducting and composition, completing his studies under Kurt Masur and Fabio Luisi in Leipzig. In 2008, Cagnin was named conductor of one of the four touring choirs of the Vienna Boys Choir. He prepares the boys for masses with the Vienna Hofmusikkapelle, for appearances with the Vienna State Opera, for sound and video recordings, and for concerts both in Vienna

and abroad. Cagnin enjoys working with the boys. "They possess character and spirit. This is reflected in the way they make music. The children learn from me, and I learn from them." The repertoire is chosen to match the boys' voices and personalities. The spirited choirmaster enjoys touring and has traveled with the choir to Vietnam, China, Singapore, Ireland, Italy, Spain, Germany, Australia, New Zealand, and North and South America.

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Ticket prices are listed in the following order: Full price/Discount category member price/Emory student price (unless otherwise noted as the price for all students). For more information contact the Arts at Emory Box Office at 404.727.5050, or visit arts.emory.edu.

Thursday, October 26, 8:00 p.m., Emory University Symphony Orchestra and Emory University Chorus, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, free

Saturday, October 28, 8:00 p.m., *Jazz Meets Classics: Songs of Love*, ECMSA: Emerson Series, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, free

Sunday, October 29, 7:00 p.m., Emory's Annual Concerto and Aria Competition, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, free

Thursday, November 2, 8:00 p.m., *Crosscurrents*: Featuring Zakir Hussain, tabla and Dave Holland, bass, Candler Concert Series, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, \$65/\$52/\$10

Wednesday, November 8, 6:00 p.m., and Thursday, November 9, 4:00 p.m., Spanish Art Song Symposium, Performing Arts Studio, 1804 N. Decatur Rd., free

Friday, November 10, 7:00 p.m. and 9:00 p.m., *Bach under the Stars*, ECMSA: Emerson Series, Emory Planetarium, free, limited seating

Friday, November 10, 8:00 p.m., *Sounds of Ibero-America*, Emory Alumni Recital, Performing Arts Studio, 1804 N. Decatur Rd., free

Sunday, November 12, 7:00 p.m., Emory Chamber Ensembles, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, free

Wednesday, November 15, 8:00 p.m., Emory Youth Symphony Orchestra, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, free

Thursday, November 16, 8:00 p.m., Irma Thomas, the Blind Boys of Alabama, and the Preservation Hall Legacy Quintet, Candler Concert Series, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, \$55/\$44/\$10

Friday, November 17, noon, Vijay Venkatesh, piano, ECMSA: Cooke Noontime Series, Michael C. Carlos Museum, free

Saturday, November 18, 8:00 p.m., Emory University Symphony Orchestra and Emory Wind Ensemble, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, free

Tuesday, November 28, 8:00 p.m., Emory Jazz Ensembles, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, free

Friday, December 1, noon, Emory's Young Artists, ECMSA: Cooke Noontime Series, Michael C. Carlos Museum, free

Friday, December 1, 8:00 p.m., and Saturday, December 2, 4:00 p.m. and 8:00 p.m., *A Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols*, Glenn Auditorium, 1652 N. Decatur Rd., \$20/\$15/\$5

Saturday, December 9, 8:00 p.m., and Sunday, December 10, 4:00 p.m., *Christmas with Atlanta Master Chorale*, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, \$35/\$30/\$10

Sunday, December 10, 4:00 p.m., *Santa's Favorite Chamber Music*, ECMSA: Family Series, Michael C. Carlos Museum, free

Friday, January 19, noon, Tchaikovsky's Piano Trio, ECMSA: Cooke Noontime Series, Michael C. Carlos Museum, free

Saturday, January 20, 7:00 p.m., Emory Young Artist Piano Competition final concert, ECMSA: Emerson Series, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, free

Friday, January 26, 7:00 p.m., *Pajama Concert!*, ECMSA: Family Series, Michael C. Carlos Museum, free

Saturday, January 27, 8:00 p.m., Atlanta Community Choral Festival, Atlanta Master Chorale, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, all tickets \$10

Saturday, February 3, 8:00 p.m., Susan Graham, mezzo-soprano, Candler Concert Series, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, \$50/\$40/\$5

Sunday, February 4, 4:00 p.m., *The Bach Bowl!*, Faculty Recital, Schwartz Center, Emerson Concert Hall, free



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2017–2018

 **EMORY | arts**

CANDLER CONCERT SERIES

**ALESSIO BAX, PIANO
CHEE-YUN, VIOLIN**

OCTOBER 7, 2017, 8 P.M.

VIENNA BOYS CHOIR

OCTOBER 22, 2017, 4 P.M.

**CROSSCURRENTS: FEATURING
ZAKIR HUSSAIN, TABLA, AND
DAVE HOLLAND, BASS**

NOVEMBER 2, 2017, 8 P.M.

**IRMA THOMAS,
THE BLIND BOYS OF ALABAMA,
AND THE PRESERVATION HALL
LEGACY QUINTET**

NOVEMBER 16, 2017, 8 P.M.

**SUSAN GRAHAM,
MEZZO-SOPRANO**

FEBRUARY 3, 2018, 8 P.M.

**CHINA NATIONAL SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA FEATURING
TAN DUN, CONDUCTOR**

FEBRUARY 18, 2018, 7 P.M.

MURRAY PERAHIA, PIANO

APRIL 15, 2018, 7 P.M.

CANDLER DANCE EVENT

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APRIL 7–8, 2018

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