

Cylywan Frio



Sunday, February 1st, 3:00 pm

Community Music Center
544 Capp Street, San Francisco

Program

Das Alpenhorn, Heinrich Proch
(1809-1878)

Waldvöglein, Franz Lachner
(1803-1890)

Alphorn, Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Barcarolle, Jacques Offenbach
(1819-1880)

Le Soir, Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

Romance, Alexander Scriabin
(1872-1915)

Caro Mio Ben, Tommaso Giordani 7
(1730-1806)

Sogno, Francesco Tosti
(1846-1916)

Pregghiera, Francesco Tosti

Schmerzen, Richard Wagner 10
(1813-1833)

Träume, Richard Wagner 11

Sylvan Trio

2 Michelle Chang, Soprano
Tom Reicher, Horn

3 David Neuman, Piano
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4 The Sylvan Trio--a chamber ensemble of Michelle Chang, soprano, Tom Reicher, horn, and David Neuman, piano--is dedicated to the exploration and performance of songs, principally "art songs," that were composed or arranged for this unique combination. A simple definition of an "art song" is that it is a poem set to music, and it may be distinguished from songs in general because typically the words of the poem are at least the equal of the music of the composer. It has been said that the composer's task in an art song is to give the poem a "heightened existence" through not only the song's melody but also through the accompaniment of the piano and, in the case of the Trio, the horn.

8 The Sylvan Trio takes its name from the forest associations of the horn. Called "Waldhorn" ("forest horn") in German, the horn traditionally has been the voice of the hunt, of the forest, of the mountains, and, more broadly, of rural life. A number of the songs in the Trio's repertoire exploit these associations: the little bird in the forest in the song by Lachner; the alphorn (the long wooden horn played by shepherds in the Alps) in the songs by Proch and Strauss; and the voice calling the shepherd from the woods in the song by Berlioz.

Das Alpenhorn

Heinrich Proch

Von der Alpe tönt das Horn,
gar so zaubrisch wunderbar.
S'ist dort eine eigne Welt,
nah dem Himmel
schon fürwahr.

Andre Blumen, andre Wolken,
wie in einem Zauberreich;
Nur mein Lieben, nur mein
Leiden bleibt sich ewig, ewig gleich.

Und ich zieh' zur Alpe hin, will
dem eignen Schmerz entflieh'n,
Doch ich denk' an dich zurück,
muß wohl weiter, weiter ziehn.
Und die trüben Melodien
dringen in die Seele mir;
Denn das Glück, das fern ich suche,
find' ich ewig nur bei dir.

The Alpenhorn

Translation © by Sharon Krebs

The horn sounds from the alp
full of magic and delight.
It is indeed a world of its own,
so close to heaven!

Different flowers and different clouds,
as in an enchanted world,
Only my love and my suffering
always, always, stay the same.

And I go towards the alp wanting
to escape my pain,
But my thoughts go back to you,
so I must go on wandering.
And the sad melodies pierce
my very soul,
Because the happiness I seek after,
I can only find with you!

Waldvöglein

Johann Nepomuk Vogl

Das Vöglein hat ein schönes
Loos Im Wald,
Ihm bietet dort so Laub als Moos,
Im Sonnenschein, im Sturmgetos'
Den schönsten Aufenthalt.

Durch Zweige schlüpft es froh und frei dahin,
Und schleicht, im Rohr das Todesblei,
Ein Jäger noch so sacht herbei,
Husch, ist's im Dickicht d'rin'.

Nichts kennt das Vöglein sonst
als Lust und Sang,
Und niemals ist die kleine Brust
Sich eines bitter'n Leid's bewußt,
Kein Kummer macht es bang'.

Ach könnt ich solch ein Vöglein sein im Wald,
Wie schwände all' die Erdenpein,
Wie zöge Lust und Sonnenschein
In's Herz mir da so bald.

Forest Bird

The little bird has a beautiful lot in the forest,
There leaves and moss offer it
the loveliest place to stay,
In sunshine and in the roar of the storm .

It slips happily and freely through the branches ,
And if a hunter creeps along, no matter how
gently he hears the lead of death in the reeds,
And whoosh, it's inside the thicket.
The little bird knows nothing but joy and song,

And its small breast is never aware of bitter
suffering, No sorrow makes it afraid.

Oh, if I could be such a little bird in the forest,
How all the earthly pain would vanish,
How joy and sunshine would quickly
enter my heart.

Alphorn

Julius Kerner

Ein Alphorn hör' ich schallen,
Das mich von hinnen ruft,
Tönt es aus wald'gen Hallen?
Aus blauer Luft?
Tönt es von Bergeshöhe,
Von blumenreichem Tal?
Wo ich nur geh' und stehe,
Hör' ich's in süßer Qual.

Bei Spiel und frohem Reigen,
Einsam mit mir allein,
Tönt's, ohne je zu schweigen,
Tönt tief in's Herz hinein.
Noch nie hab' ich gefunden
Den Ort, woher es schallt,
Und nimmer wird gesunden
Dies Herz, bis es verhallt.

Alpenhorn

Translation © Richard Stokes

I hear the sound of an alpenhorn
That summons me on my way,
Does it sound from the forest?
Does it sound from the blue sky?
Does it sound from the mountain-top?
From a flower-filled valley?
Wheresoever I be,
I hear it in sweet torment.

Whether I'm at play or merrily dancing,
Or altogether alone,
It sounds, never falling silent,
Sounds deep into my heart.
I have never found
The source of the sound,
And this heart will never heal
Until it dies away.

Barcarolle (Les Contes d'Hoffmann)

Jules Barbier

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour,
Souris à nos ivresses,
Nuit plus douce que le jour,
Ô belle nuit d'amour!

Le temps fuit et sans retour
Emporte nos tendresses,
Loin de cet heureux séjour
Le temps fuit sans retour.

Zéphyrs embrasés,
Versez-nous vos caresses,
Zéphyrs embrasés,
Donnez-nous vos baisers!
vos baisers! vos baisers! Ah!

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour,
Souris à nos ivresses,
Nuit plus douce que le jour,
Ô belle nuit d'amour!
Ah! Souris à nos ivresses!
Nuit d'amour, ô nuit d'amour!
Ah!

Barcarole (The Tales of Hoffmann)

Lovely night, oh, night of love
Smile upon our joys!
Night much sweeter than the day
Oh beautiful night of love!

Time flies by, and carries away
Our tender caresses forever!
Time flies far from this happy oasis
And does not return

Burning zephyrs
Embrace us with your caresses!
Burning zephyrs
Give us your kisses!
Your kisses! Your kisses! Ah!

Lovely night, oh, night of love
Smile upon our joys!
Night much sweeter than the day
Oh, beautiful night of love!
Ah! Smile upon our joys!
Night of love, oh, night of love!
Ah!

Le Soir

Alphonse de Lamartine

Le soir ramène le silence.
Assis sur ces rochers déserts,
Je suis dans le vague des airs
Le char de la nuit qui s'avance.

Vénus se lève à l'horizon;
A mes pieds l'étoile amoureuse
De sa lueur mystérieuse
Blanchit les tapis de gazon.

Tout à coup, détaché des cieux,
Un rayon de l'astre nocturne,
Glissant sur mon front taciturne
Vient mollement toucher mes yeux.

Doux reflet d'un globe de flamme,
Charmant rayon, que me veux-tu?
Viens-tu dans mon sein abattu
Porter la lumière à mon âme ?

Descends-tu pour me révéler
Des mondes le divin mystère ?
Ces secrets cachés dans la sphère
Où le jour va te rappeler ?

Viens-tu dévoiler l'avenir
Au coeur fatigué qui l'implore,
Rayon divin, es-tu l'aurore
Du jour qui ne doit pas finir ?

Evening

Translation © Richard Stokes

Evening brings silence.
Seated on these lonely rocks
I follow in the vacant air
The chariot of approaching night.

Venus rises above the horizon;
At my feet, the star of love
With her mysterious light
Whitens the carpets of lawn.

Suddenly from the heavens
A beam from the evening star,
Gliding across my solemn face,
Softly comes to touch my eyes.

Sweet reflection of a ball of flame,
Charming ray, what is your wish?
Are you coming to my despondent heart?
To illuminate my soul?

Are you coming down to show me
The divine mystery of the world?
Those secrets hidden in the sphere
To which day will you recall?

Are you coming to disclose the future, to this
tired heart which implores you?
Divine gleam, are you the dawn
Of the day that has no end?

Caro mio ben

Caro mio ben,
credimi almen,
senza di te
languisce il cor.

Il tuo fedel
sospira ognor.
Cessa, crudel,
tanto rigor!

My Dear Beloved

My dear beloved,
believe me at least,
without you
my heart languishes.

Your faithful one
always sighs.
Cease, cruel one,
so much punishment!

Sogno

Olindo Guerrini

Ho sognato che stavi a' ginocchi,
Come un santo che prega il Signor ...
Mi guardavi nel fondo degli occhi,
Sfavillava il tuo sguardo d'amor.

Tu parlavi e la voce sommessa...
Mi chiedea dolcemente mercè...
Solo un guardo che fosse promessa,
Imploravi, curvata al mio piè.

Io tacevo e coll'anima forte
Il desio tentatore lottò.
Ho provato il martirio e la morte
Pur mi vinsi e ti dissi di no.

Ma il tuo labbro sfiorò la mia faccia...
E la forza del cor mi tradì.
Chiusi gli occhi, ti stesi le braccia...
Ma, sognavo...E il bel sogno svanì.

Dream

I dreamt that you were on your knees
Like a saint praying to the Lord.
You were looking deep into my
With a glowing look of love.

You were speaking quietly,
Asking me sweetly for mercy,
Just one glance that would be a promise,
You begged, curled at my feet.

I stayed silent and, with a strong will,
Fought the irresistible desire.
I had faced martyrdom and death;
Still, I forced myself to say no.

But then your lips touched my face,
And my heart betrayed me.
I closed my eyes, reached out to you;
But I had been dreaming,
and that beautiful dream vanished.

Pregghiera

Giuseppe Giusti

Alla mente confusa
Di dubbio e di dolore
Soccorri, o mio Signore,
Col raggio della fé.

Sollevala dal peso
Che la declina al fango:
A te sospiro e piango,
Mi raccomando a te.

Sai che la vita mia
Si strugge appoco appoco,
Come la cera al foco,
Come la neve al sol.

All'anima che anela
Di ricovrarti in braccio
Rompi, Signore, il laccio
Che le impedisce il vol.
Signor, pietà!

Prayer

To my confused mind
Of doubt and pain
Come to my aid, oh my Lord,
Shine thy light of faith.

Lift from it the weight
That makes it sink into the mud:
I send my sighs and tears to Thee
I entreat Thee.

You know that my life
Is slowly being consumed,
Like the candle wax by the flame,
Like the snow by the sunshine.

To my soul, which yearns
To take refuge in Thy arms,
Ah! Break, Lord, the lace
That prevents it from flying to Thee.
Lord, have mercy!

Schmerzen

Mathilde Wesendonck

Sonne, weinest jeden Abend
Dir die Schönen Augen rot,
Wenn im Meeresspiegel badend
Dich erreicht der frühe Tod;

Doch erstehst in alter Pracht,
Glorie der düstren Welt,
Du am Morgen, neu erwacht,
Wie ein stolzer Siegesheld!

Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen,
Wie, mein Herz, so schwer dich sehn,
Muß die Sonne selbst verzagen,
Muß die Sonne untergehn?

Und gebietet Tod nur Leben,
Geben Schmerzen Wonnen nur:
O wie dank'ich daß gegeben
Solche Schmerzen mir Natur.

Agonies

Translation © Richard Stokes

Every evening, sun, you redden
Your lovely eyes with weeping,
When bathing in the sea,
You die an early death;

Yet you rise in your old splendor,
The glory of the dark world,
When you wake in the morning
As a proud and conquering hero!

Ah, why should I complain,
Why should I see you,
my heart, so depressed,
If the sun itself must despair,
If the sun itself must set?

If only death gives birth to life,
If only agony brings bliss:
O how I give thanks to Nature
For giving me such agony!

Träume

Mathilde Wesendonck

Sag, welch wunderbare Träume
Halten meinen Sinn umfassen,
Daß sie nicht wie leere Schäume
Sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?

Träume, die in jeder Stunde,
Jedem Tage schöner blühen,
Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde
Selig durchs Gemüte ziehn!

Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen
In die Seele sich versenken,
Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:
Allvergessen, Eingedenken!

Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne
Aus dem Schnee die Blüten küßt,
Daß zu nie geahnter Wonne
Sie der neue Tag begrüßt,

Daß sie wachsen, daß sie blühen,
Träumend spenden ihren Duft,
Sanft an deiner Brust verglühen,
Und dann sinken in die Gruft.

Dreams

Translation © Richard Stokes

Say, what wondrous dreams are these,
embracing all my senses, that they have not,
like bubbles, vanished into a barren void?

Dreams, that with every hour bloom more
beautifully each day, and with their heavenly
messages float blissfully through the mind!

Dreams, that with glorious rays penetrate
the soul, there to paint an eternal picture:
forgetting all, remembering just one!

Dreams, like when the Spring sun kisses
blossoms from the snow, so the new day might
welcome them in unimagined bliss.

So they grow and bloom, offering their scent
as in a dream, fading softly away on your breast
and sinking into their grave.

Michelle Chang

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Soprano, music educator, and producer, born and raised in Taiwan. She studied Vocal Performance and Music Education at the University of Music and the Arts in Heidelberg, Germany, sang at the "Zurich Opera House" in Switzerland, co-founded the "Folks Opera Zurich", and has been singing in countless concerts and operas in the USA, Europe, and Asia. She moved to San Francisco in early 2016, where she continues to demonstrate that "Life is better with Music!"

David Neuman

David Neuman balanced a career as an attorney (specializing in employee benefits and executive compensation) with devotion to the piano before retiring from the practice of law to concentrate on music full-time. He studied with the renowned pianist William Corbett Jones and Robert Sheldon (of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music), and studied vocal accompanying with Timothy Bach (also of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music). He has accompanied numerous singers known to Bay Area audiences, including Helen Dilworth, (Cheryl) Susheel Bibbs, Martha Jane Howe, and Peggy Kriha Dye, and performed frequently on programs presented by Bay Area dancer/choreographer Leslie Friedman. He is also experienced in chamber music, having performed in numerous duos and ensembles. He once accompanied the legendary soprano Leontyne Price in a private setting.

Tom Reicher

Tom Reicher has combined a near lifetime of horn playing with a career as an attorney specializing in employee benefits. He has been a member of the North Holland Philharmonic, Concerto Amsterdam, San Jose Symphony, Carmel Bach Festival, Hartford Symphony, San Luis Obispo Mozart Festival, and Berkeley Symphony. However, his musical passion is chamber music, and he has organized and performed with numerous chamber ensembles, including a full recital on the gently rocking barge of Bargemusic, anchored on the East River at the foot of the Brooklyn Bridge, in a program that featured *Auf dem Strom* ("On the River") by Schubert.