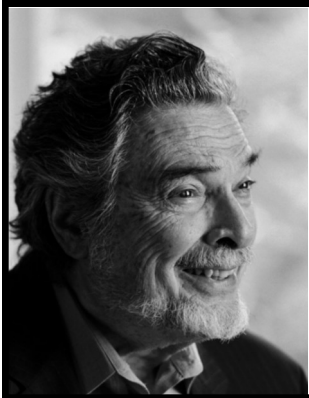


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Wednesday, January 12, 2011 8:00 p.m.

Kulas Hall

FACULTY RECITAL

Jung Eun Oh, soprano

Alicja Basinska, piano

Program

GEORGE F. HANDEL
(1685 – 1759)

“Care Selve” from *Atalanta*
“Endless Pleasure, Endless Love”
from *Semele*

VINCENZO BELLINI
(1801 – 1835)

Vaga luna, che inargenti

FRANZ SCHUBERT
(1797 – 1828)

Romanze aus Rosamunde
Ganymed
An den Mond
Nähe des Geliebten

HUGO WOLF
(1860 – 1903)

Mignon III
Citronenfalter im April

*****Intermission*****

REYNALDO HAHN
(1874 – 1947)

L'Heure exquise
Sopra l'acqua indormenzada
La Barcheta

CLAUDE DEBUSSY
(1862 – 1918)

Deux Romances
1. L'âme évaporée et souffrante
2. Les Cloches

DOMINICK ARGENTO
(b. 1927)

from *Six Elizabethan Songs*
Spring
Sleep
Hymn
Diaphenia

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Texts & Translations

HANDEL

"Care selve"

Care selve, ombre beate,
vengo in traccia del mio cor!

Beloved Woods

Beloved forests, joyous shadows:
I come in search of my heart.

Endless pleasure, endless love

Semele enjoys above
On her bosom Jove reclining
Useless now his thunder lies
To her arms his bolts resigning
And his lightning to her eyes

BELLINI

Vaga luna che inargenti

Vaga luna, che inargenti
queste rive e questi fiori
ed ispiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell'amor;
testimonio or sei tu sola
del mio fervido desir,
ed a lei che m'innamora
conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir,
che se nutro una speranza,
ella è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor,
che una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell'amor.

Lovely Moon

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
On these shores and on these flowers
And breathe to the elements
the language of love,
You are now the only witness
Of my fervent longing,
And to her who fills me with love
can recount my throbs and sighs.

Tell her, too, that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love.

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Jung Eun Oh has appeared as a soloist at the Kennedy Center, with Red {an orchestra} as Der Engl in Heinrich Schütz's *A Christmas Story*, and with the CIM Orchestra in performances of Mahler's Fourth Symphony and Robert Beaser's *The Heavenly Feast*. She has also been featured in compositions of CIM composers at the Cleveland Museum of Natural History and has been a guest artist as Susanna in *Le nozze di Figaro* in Music, Modern and Moving, presented by Ideastream and PBS. Ms. Oh has performed as a guest artist in recitals with members of The Cleveland Orchestra. She has performed as the Sandman and the Dew Fairy in Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel* with Duke University Symphony, as Pamina in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*, as Mademoiselle Silverpeal in *Der Schauspieldirector* and in the title roles of Igor Stravinsky's *Le Rossignol* and Mozart's *La finta giardiniera*. She was praised by The Plain Dealer for portraying Stravinsky's Nightingale with "silvery-timbre, crystal-clear sense of pitch, and vocal agility." For *La finta giardiniera*, The Plain Dealer lauded her "expressive enchantment" and "exceptional accuracy and taste." Ms. Oh holds a master's degree from CIM, as well as an Artist Diploma in vocal performance. At CIM, she has been the recipient of the Irvin Bushman Prize, the Boris Goldovsky Prize in Opera, the Pauline Thesmacher Award, the 2006-2007 Scholarship of The Music and Drama Club of Cleveland and the Helen Curtis Webster Award, among others. In 2006, she won first place in the Leopoldskron vocal competition in Salzburg, Austria and subsequently performed in Schloss Leopoldskron and Schloss Mirabell. Ms. Oh has also sung in master classes of Martin Katz, Frederica von Stade, Helen Donath, Thomas Hampson, Warren Jones, Elly Ameling and Jose van Dam. Before coming to Cleveland, she appeared in Harvard University productions of *The Magic Flute* and Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, while completing the Bachelor of Arts degree program in economics. Formerly trained as a pianist, Ms. Oh premiered two original compositions during her stay at Harvard. In addition, she won numerous vocal competitions while in the Boston area. Ms. Oh was appointed to the CIM faculty in 2008.

Alicja Basinska came to North America from Olesnica, Poland, to study Piano Performance at McGill University in Montreal. Subsequently, at CIM, she earned her Master of Music degree in Collaborative Piano and, in May 2009, her Doctorate of Musical Arts. She is currently a staff accompanist both at CIM and the Oberlin Conservatory, and is a pianist for The Cleveland Orchestra Chorus and the West Virginia Symphony. Ms. Basinska has been a pianist for many competitions and has participated in many music festivals including Aspen Music Festival, Kneisel Chamber Music Festival and Kent-Blossom Music Festival. Her favorite performances include a Chicago radio appearance with violist Leah Ferguson and, in January 2007, performing with Caroline Goulding on *The Martha Stewart Show*.

SCHUBERT

"Romanze" aus Rosamunde

Der Vollmond strahlt auf Bergeshöhn -
Wie hab ich dich vermißt!
Du süßes Herz! es ist so schön,
Wenn treu die Treue küßt.

Was frommt des Maien holde Zier?
Du warst mein Frühlingsstrahl!
Licht meiner Nacht, O lächle mir
Im Tode noch einmal!

Sie trat hinein beim Vollmondschein,
Sie blickte himmelwärts;
"Im Leben fern, im Tode dein!"
Und sanft brach Herz an Herz.

Ganymed

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herze drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!
Daß ich dich fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!
Ach, an deinem Busen
Lieg' ich, schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.

Ich komm', ich komme!
Wohin? Ach, wohin?
Hinauf! strebt's, hinauf.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenden Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In eurem Schosse aufwärts!
Umfangend umfängen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Alliebender Vater!

Romance from "Rosamunde"

The full moon shines on mountaintops -
How badly I missed you!
Oh, sweet heart! How lovely it is
When faithfulness kisses truly.

What good is May's sweet loveliness?
You were my beam of spring!
Light of my night, come, O smile at me
in death just once more.

She entered in the full moon's light,
she then looked heavenwards;
"Whilst living, far - in death I'm yours!"
And peacefully two hearts broke.

Ganymede

How in the morning light
you glow around me,
beloved Spring!
With love's thousand-fold bliss,
to my heart presses
the eternal warmth of sacred feelings
and endless beauty!
Would that I could clasp
you in these arms!
Ah, at your breast
I lie and languish,
and your flowers and your grass
press themselves to my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst of my breast,
lovely morning wind!
The nightingale calls
lovingly to me from the misty vale.

I am coming, I am coming!
but whither? To where?
Upwards I strive, upwards!
The clouds float
downwards, the clouds
bow down to yearning love.
To me! To me!
In your lap, upwards!
Embracing, embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
All-loving Father!

An den Mond

Geuß, lieber Mond, geuß deine Silberflimmer
Durch dieses Buchengrün,
Wo Phantasien und Traumgestalten
immer vor mir vorüberfliehn!

Enthülle dich, daß ich die Stätte finde,
Wo oft mein Mädchen saß,
Und oft, im Wehn des Buchbaums und der
Linde, der goldnen Stadt vergaß!

Enthülle dich, daß ich des Strauchs mich
freue,
Der Kühlung ihr gerauscht,
Und einen Kranz auf jeden Anger streue,
Wo sie den Bach belauscht!

Dann, lieber Mond, dann nimm den Schleier
wieder, und traur' um deinen Freund,
Und weine durch den Wolkenflor hernieder,
Wie dein Verlaßner weint!

Nähe des Geliebten

Ich denke dein, wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer
vom Meere strahlt;
Ich denke dein, wenn sich des Mondes Flimmer
in Quellen malt.

Ich sehe dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege
der Staub sich hebt;
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf dem schmalen Stege
der Wanderer bebt.

Ich höre dich, wenn dort mit dumpfem
Rauschen die Welle steigt.
Im stillen Hain, da geh ich oft zu lauschen,
Wenn alles schweigt.

Ich bin bei dir, du seist auch noch so ferne.
Du bist mir nah!
Die Sonne sinkt, bald leuchten mir die Sterne.
O wärest du da!

To the Moon

Pour, dear moon, pour your silver glitter
down through the greenery of beeches,
where phantasms and dream-shapes
are always floating before me!

Reveal yourself, that I may find the place
where my darling often sat,
and often forgot, in the wind of beech and
linden trees, the golden city.

Reveal yourself, that I may enjoy the bushes
which swept coolness to her,
and that I may lay a wreath upon that pasture
where she listened to the brook.

Then, dear moon, then take up your veil again,
and mourn your friend,
and weep through the clouds
as one abandoned weeps!

Near My Beloved

I think of you when the sunlight shimmers,
beaming from the sea;
I think of you when the moon's gleam
paints the streams.

I see you when, on distant roads,
the dust rises up;
in deep night, when on the narrow bridge
a traveler quivers.

I hear you when there, with a muffled roar,
the waves rise.
In the still grove I go often to listen,
when everything is silent.

I am with you, even if you are so far away.
You are near me!
The sun sinks, and soon the stars will shine
for me. O, if only you were here!

2. Sleep

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish and restore thy light;
With dark forgetting of my care return.

And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn
Without the torment of the night's untruth.

Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:

Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

6. Hymn

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close:

Bless us then with wished sight
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short so ever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

5. Diaphenia

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams;
How blest were I if thou would'st prove
me.

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower loves the
sun's life-giving power: For dead, they
breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia like to all things blessed
When all thy praises are expressed
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king:
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

DEBUSSY

Deux Romances:

L'âme évaporée et souffrante

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,
 L'âme douce, l'âme odorante
 Des lys divins que j'ai cueillis
 Dans le jardin de ta pensée,
 Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée,
 Cette âme adorable des lys?

N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste
 De la suavité céleste
 Des jours où tu m'enveloppais
 D'une vapeur surnaturelle,
 Faite d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,
 De béatitude et de paix?...

Les Cloches

Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord des
 branches délicatement.
 Les cloches tintaient, légères et franches,
 dans le ciel clément.

Rythmique et fervent comme une antienne,
 ce lointain appel
 Me remémorait la blancheur chrétienne
 des fleurs de l'autel.

Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses années,
 et, dans le grand bois,
 Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées,
 des jours d'autrefois.

Romance

The Vanishing and Suffering Soul

The vanishing and suffering soul,
 The sweet soul, the fragrant soul
 Of divine lilies that I have picked
 In the garden of your thoughts,
 Where, then, have the winds chased it,
 This charming soul of the lilies?

Is there no longer a perfume that remains
 Of the celestial sweetness
 Of the days when you enveloped me
 In a supernatural haze,
 Made of hope, of faithful love,
 Of bliss and of peace?

The Bells

The leaves opened on the edge of the
 branches
 delicately.
 The bells tolled, light and free,
 in the clear sky.

Rhythmically and fervently, like an
 antiphon,
 this far-away call
 reminded me of the Christian whiteness
 of altar flowers.

These bells spoke of happy years,
 and in the large forest
 they seemed to revive the withered leaves
 of days gone by.

ARGENTO

*From Six Elizabethan Songs***1. Spring**

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleas-
 ant king: Then blooms each thing, then
 maids dance in a ring,
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-wit-ta woo!

The palm and <ay make country houses
 gay,
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherd pipes all
 day,
 And we hear ay birds tune this merry lay,

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-wit-ta woo!
 The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss
 our feet,
 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
 In every street, these tunes our ears do
 greet,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-wit-ta woo!

WOLF

Mignon III

So laßt mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
 Zieht mir das weiße Kleid nicht aus!
 Ich eile von der schönen Erde
 Hinab in jenes feste Haus.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,
 Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
 Ich laße dann die reine Hülle,
 Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten
 Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
 Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
 Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,
 Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.
 Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;
 Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

Citronenfalter im April

Grausame Frühlingssonne,
 du weckst mich vor der Zeit,
 dem nur in Maienwonne
 die zarte Kost gedeiht!

Ist nicht ein liebes Mädchen hier,
 das auf der Rosenlippe mir
 ein Tröpfchen Honig beut,
 so muß ich jämmerlich vegahn
 und wird der Mai mich nimmer sehn
 in meinem gelben Kleid.

So let me seem, until I become so;
 don't take the white dress away from me!
 From the beautiful earth I hasten
 down into that solid house.

There I will repose a moment in peace,
 until I open my eyes afresh;
 then I will leave behind the spotless
 garment,
 the girdle and the wreath.

And those spirits of heaven
 do not ask whether one is 'man' or
 'woman',
 and no clothes, no robes
 will cover my transfigured body.

Although I have lived without trouble
 and toil,
 I have still felt deep pain.
 Through sorrow I have aged too soon;
 Make me forever young again!

Cruel Spring Sun

Cruel spring sun,
 you wake me before my time;
 my delicate food does not flourish
 until the bliss of May!

If there is no dear girl here
 to offer me a droplet of honey
 from her rosy lips,
 then I must perish miserably,
 and May will never see me
 in my yellow dress.

~ Intermission ~

HAHN

L'heure exquise

La lune blanche
luit dans les bois.
De chaque branche
part une voix
sous la ramée.
O bien aimé....

L'étang reflète,
profond miroir,
la silhouette
du saule noir
où le vent pleure.
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
apaisement
semble descendre
du firmament
que l'astre irise.
C'est l'heure exquise!

Sopra l'acqua indormenzada

Coi pensieri malinconici
No te star a tormentar:
Vien con mi, montemo in gondola,
Andaremo fora in mar.
Passaremo i porti e l'isole
Che circonda la cità:
El sol more senza nuvole
E la luna spuntarà.

Oh! che festa, oh! che spettacolo,
Che presenta sta laguna,
Quando tuto xe silenzio,
Quando sluse in ciel la luna;
E spandendo i caval morbidi
Sopra l'acqua indormenzada,
La se specia, la se cocola,
Come dona innamorada!

Tira zo quel velo e scòndite,
Che la vedo comparir!
Se l'arriva a discoverzarte,
La se pol ingelosir!
Sta baveta, che te zogola
Fra i caveli imbovolai,
No xe turbia de la polvere
De le rode e dei cavai. Vien!

The Exquisite Hour

The white moon
shines in the woods.
From each branch
springs a voice
beneath the arbor.
Oh my beloved...

Like a deep mirror
the pond reflects
the silhouette
of the black willow
where the wind weeps.
Let us dream! It is the hour...

A vast and tender
calm
seems to descend
from a sky
made iridescent by the moon.
It is the exquisite hour!

Over the Tranquil Water

Let not melancholy thoughts
distress you:
come with me, let us climb into our gondola,
and make for the open sea.
We will go past harbours and islands
which surround the city,
and the sun will sink in a cloudless sky
and the moon will rise.

Oh what fun, oh what a sight
is the lagoon
when all is silent
and the moon climbs in the sky;
and spreading its soft hair
over the tranquil waters,
it admires its own reflection
like a woman in love.

Draw your veil about you and hide
for I see the moon appearing
and if it catches a glimpse of you
it will grow jealous!
This light breeze, playing
gently with your ruffled tresses,
bears no trace of the dust raised
by cartwheels and horses.

(continued)

Se in conchigli ai Grevi Venere
Se sognava un altro di,
Forse visto i aveva in gondola
Una zogia come ti,
Ti xe bela, ti xe zovene,
Ti xe fresca come un fior;
Vien per tuti le so lagrme;
Ridiadesso e fa l'amor!

La Barcheta

La note è bela,
Fa presto, o Nineta,
Andemo in barcheta
I freschi a ciapar!
A Toni g'ho dito
Ch'el felze el ne cava
Per goder sta bava
Che supia dal mar.
Ah!

Che gusto contarsela
Soleti in laguna,
E al chiaro de luna
Sentirse a vogar!
Ti pol de la ventola
Far senza, o mia cara,
Chè zefiri a gara
Te vol sventolar.
Ah!

Se gh'è tra de lori
Chi troppo indiscreto
Volesses da pèto
El velo strapar,
No bada a ste frotole,
Soleti za semo
E Toni el so' remo
Lè a tento a menar.
Ah!

If in other days Venus
seemed to the Greeks to have risen from a
shell,
perhaps it was because they had seen
a beauty like you in a gondola.
You are lovely, young
and fresh as a flower.
Tears will come soon enough,
so now is the time for laughter and for
love.

The Little Boat

The night is beautiful.
Make haste, Nineta,
let us take to our boat
and enjoy the evening breeze.
I have asked Toni
to remove the canopy
so that we can feel the zephyr
blowing in from the sea;
Ah!

What bliss it is to exchange
sweet nothings
alone on the lagoon
and by moonlight,
to be borne along in our boat;
you can lay aside your fan, my dear,
for the breezes will vie with each other
to refresh you.
Ah!

If among them
there should be one so indiscreet
as to try to lift the veil
shielding your breast,
pay no heed to its nonsense,
for we are all alone
and Toni is much too intent
on plying his oar.
Ah!