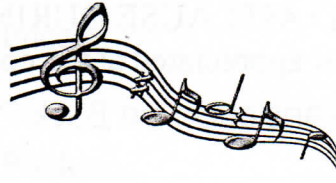




*Footlight Players, Inc.*  
*presents*

# **An Evening of Song**



October 21, 2016  
October 22, 2016

7:30 pm

The Church of The Ascension  
Rockville Centre, New York



*Nathaniel Green*, director  
*Tamara Cashour*, musical accompaniment



## The Program

### Die Schöne Müllerin

Die Schöne Müllerin (The Fair Miller's Maid) (op. 25 D 795) is a song cycle by Franz Schubert, based on poems by Wilhelm Müller.

It is the earliest cycle to be widely performed.

The work is considered one of Schubert's most important song cycles and a pinnacle of *Lied*. Tonight half of the cycle is performed, the whole cycle being an hour in length.

Perhaps the other half might be performed in the future!

WE REQUEST NO APPLAUSE DURING THE SONG CYCLE, but Applause would be most appreciated at the conclusion of the entire work !!!

(see Translation on Back Page)

Nathaniel Green,  
*baritone*

- INTERMISSION -

from *Act Three of Un Ballo in Maschera*,  
opera by Giuseppe Verdi,  
set in 18th century Sweden.

This scene is set beneath a great portrait of the king of Sweden. Renato, counselor and friend of the king, has condemned his wife, wrongly it turns out, for a love affair with the king.

She pleads in the aria "Morro, ma prima in grazia."

Renato, addressing the king's portrait and gesturing to it, pours out his bitterness and grief in the aria "Eri, tu che macchiavi".

Gina Haver,  
*soprano*  
Nathaniel Green  
*baritone*

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever  
from *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*,  
Burton Lane

Susan Panzarella  
*soprano*

Don't Cry For Me Argentina  
from *Evita*, Andrew Lloyd Webber

Susan Panzarella

Ol' Man River from <i>Show Boat</i> , Jerome Kern	Michael Plant <i>bass</i>
Sea Fever musical setting of the <i>John Masefield poem</i> , John Ireland	Michael Plant
The Sound of Music from <i>The Sound of Music</i> , Richard Rodgers	Josephine Haas <i>alto</i>
I Whistle a Happy Tune from <i>The King and I</i> , Richard Rodgers	Josephine Haas
Vissi d'arte from <i>Tosca</i> , Giacomo Puccini	Maureen Smith Setton <i>soprano</i>
Les Chemins de l'amour <i>Valse chantée</i> , Francis Poulenc	Maureen Smith Setton
M'appari, tutt'amor from <i>Martha</i> , Friedrich von Flotow	Juan Franco, <i>tenor</i>
'O Sole Mio <i>Neapolitan song</i> , Eduardo di Capua	Juan Franco
Quando me'n vo' (Musetta's Waltz) from <i>La Bohème</i> , Giacomo Puccini	Alexandra Woodruff <i>soprano</i>
We Kiss in a Shadow from <i>The King and I</i> , Richard Rodgers	Alexandra Woodruff
Unexpected Song from <i>Song and Dance</i> , Andrew Lloyd Webber	Gina Haver
Soliloquy from <i>Carousel</i> , Richard Rodgers	Stuart Whalen <i>baritone</i>
<i>Magnificat</i> by Ronald Boykin <i>sung by:</i> Gina Haver, Maureen Smith Setton, Josephine Haas, Juan Franco, Michael Plant, Nathaniel Green.	

### 1. WANDERING

To wander is the miller's joy.  
To wander.  
He is a poor miller who never  
thought of wandering,  
Wandering.  
We have learned it from the water,  
From the water!  
It never rests by day or night,  
It is always wandering onwards,  
The water.  
We also learn it from the mill wheels,  
The wheels!  
Which never like to stand still,  
Which never get tired of turning,  
The wheels.  
The stones even, heavy as they are,  
The stones!  
They dance along merrily,  
And want to move even faster,  
The stones.  
O wandering, wandering, my joy.  
O wandering!  
Dear master and dear mistress,  
Let me move on in peace,  
And wander.

### 2. WHITHER?

I heard a brook babbling  
From the rocky source,  
Down to the valley it rushes  
So fresh and beautifully clear.  
I do not know what happened to me,  
Who gave me some advice.  
I had to take to the road with my staff.  
Down and always further,  
And always following the brook,  
And it rushes on, ever fresher,  
Ever clearer, the brook.  
Is this really my road?  
O dear brook, tell me where?  
You have with your babbling  
Totally turned my head.  
Why did I speak of babbling?  
This cannot be any babbling:  
It must be the water sprites who are singing  
Their round deep down.  
Let them sing, my friend, let it rush,  
And wander merrily on!  
Mill wheels are turning  
In every clear brook.

### 3. HALT!

I see a mill look out  
Between the alder trees.  
The noise of wheels breaks through  
Above the rushing and singing.  
Welcome, welcome,  
Sweet song of the mill!  
And the house, how cozy!  
And the windows, how bright!  
And the sun, shining so brilliantly  
From the sky!  
O brook, little brook,  
Was it this that you meant?

### 4. THANKS TO THE BROOK

Was it this that you meant,  
My rushing friend?  
Your singing, your ringing,  
Was this what you meant?  
To the maid of the mill  
You led me  
Did I understand you correctly?  
Did she send you?  
Or did you bewitch me?  
I do want to know,  
If she sent you.  
Whatever it may be,  
I give in to it.  
What I was looking for,  
I found it, however it was done.

I asked for work,  
Now I have enough of it,  
For the hands, for the heart,  
Quite enough, quite enough!

### 5. IN THE EVENING

Had I a thousand  
Arms to move!  
Could I guide  
The noisy wheels!  
Could I float  
Through all the groves!  
Could I turn  
All the stones!  
That the maid of the mill  
May notice my faithful mind!  
Alas, my arm is so weak!  
What I lift, what I carry,  
What I cut, what I strike,  
Any helper can do the same.  
And so I sit in the large circle,  
During the quiet, cool evening hour,  
And the master speaks to all:  
Your work has pleased me,  
And the dear girl wishes everyone  
A good night.

### 6. THE CURIOUS ONE

I ask no flower,  
I ask no star,  
They all cannot tell me  
What I wish so much to know.  
I am no gardener,  
The stars are much too high,  
I want to ask my little brook,  
Whether my heart lied to me.  
O little brook of my love,  
How quiet you are today!  
I just want to know one thing,  
One little word alone.  
"Yes" is the one little word,  
The other word is "No."  
Both these words mean  
The entire world to me.  
O little brook of my love,  
How strange you are!  
I do not want to tell anyone.  
Tell me, my brook, does she love me?

### 7. IMPATIENCE

I'd like to cut it into every bark,  
I'd like to carve it into every pebble,  
I'd like to sow it into every flower bed,  
With seeds of cress which quickly betray it,  
I'd like to write it on every white sheet:  
Yours is my heart, and it shall ever remain so!  
I'd like to train a young starling,  
Until he speaks the words clearly and clearly,  
Until he speaks them sounding just like me,  
With the full and hot feeling of my heart,  
Then he would sing clearly through her  
window pane:  
Yours is my heart, and it shall ever remain so!  
I'd like to breathe it into the morning wind,  
I'd like to whisper it through the lively grove;  
O, if only it glowed from every starry flower,  
If it carried the fragrance to her from near and far,  
You waves, can you do nothing but drive  
the wheels?  
Yours is my heart, and it shall ever remain so!  
I thought it was visible in my eyes,  
One should see it burn on my cheeks,  
One could read it from my silent lips,  
Each breath would make it known loudly;  
And she does not notice any of the anxious  
goings-on.  
Yours is my heart, and it shall ever remain so!

### 8. MORNING GREETING

Good morning, my lovely maid of the mill!  
Why did you turn away your little head,  
As if something had happened to you?  
Does my greeting annoy you so much?  
Does my glance upset you so terribly?  
Then I better go away again.  
O let me just stand far away  
And look over to your dear window  
From far away, from quite far away!

You little fair head, come forward!  
Out of your round portal  
Your blue morning stars!

You little eyes, drunk with sleep,  
You little flowers, heavy with dew,  
Why are you afraid of the sun?  
Has the night been so kind to you  
That now you close, bend down and weep  
For her quiet happiness?

Now shake off the veil of dreams  
And rise refreshed and free  
Into God's bright morning!  
The lark whirls through the air,  
And from deep down in my heart  
Love calls sorrow and worries.

### 9. THE MILLER'S FLOWERS

Near the brook many little flowers grow  
Looking out with bright blue eyes,  
The brook is the miller's friend,  
And the eyes of my sweetheart are a light blue.  
Therefore they are my flowers.  
Directly below her little window  
I want to plant some flowers.  
There they will call to her when all is silent.  
And when their heads tilt down to sleep,  
You know what I have in mind.  
And when she closes her eyes  
To find sweet peaceful sleep,  
Then whisper to her in dreamy vision:  
Forget me not!  
That is what I have in mind.  
And when she opens the shutters at dawn,  
Then look up to her with love.  
The dew in your eyes — they should be my tears  
Which I will weep on you.

### 10. RAIN OF TEARS

We sat together so cozily  
In the cool shade of the alders,  
We looked together so cozily  
Down toward the rippling brook.  
The moon had also appeared,  
Followed by the stars,  
And all looked down cozily together,  
Down to the silvery mirror.  
I looked not at the moon,  
Nor at the brilliant stars,  
I only looked at her image,  
And nowhere but her eyes.  
And I saw her nodding and gazing  
Up out of the blissful brook,  
The flowers on the bank, the blue ones,  
They nodded and looked just like her.  
And deep down in the brook  
All the heaven seemed to be;  
And wanted to pull me down,  
Down into its depth.  
And over the clouds and the star  
The brook happily trickled on  
And called with singing and rippling:  
My friend, do follow me!  
Then my eyes filled with tears,  
The mirror became so clouded,  
She said: a shower approaches,  
Good-bye, I am going home.

### 11. MINE!

Dear brook, stop your babbling!  
Wheels, stop your roaring!  
All you happy birds in the woods,  
Large and small, end your melodies!  
Through the grove all over  
Only one verse should be heard:  
The beloved maid of the mill is mine!  
Spring, are these all your flowers?  
Sun, can you not shine more brightly?  
Alas, must I remain all alone  
With my blissful word,  
Misunderstood in all creation?