



**Greater San Diego Music Coterie
Tenth Anniversary Celebration
Sunday, June 27 at 3p.m.
Carroll Canyon Business Park**

Overture <i>from</i> Leichte Lavallerie (1866) (Light Cavalry Overture)	Franz von Suppé (1819-1895)
König Stephan (King Stephan), Op. 117 (1812) - Overture - Siegesmarsch (Victory March) - Schlusschor (Final Chorus)	Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)
Regina Coeli laetare (Queen of heaven, rejoice) <i>from</i> 3 Geistliche Chöre (Sacred Songs), Op. 37, No. 3 (1863)	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Veni sancte spiritus, K. 47 (1768) (Come Holy Spirit)	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Symphony No. 9 in E minor, From the New World, Op. 95, B. 178 (1893) IV. Allegro con fuoco	Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)
3 Gedichte (Poems), Op. 29 (1840) I. Landliches Lied (Country Song) III. Zigeunerleben (Gypsy Life)	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Duetto buffo di due gatti (ca. 1816) (A cat duet)	Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
Tarantella <i>from</i> La Boutique fantasque (1919)	Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)

Irene Marie Patton, soprano
Mary Boles Allen, mezzo-soprano
Greater San Diego Chamber Orchestra and Chorus
Dr. Angela Yeung, director

A free-will donation will be collected at the end of the concert. Donations made payable to the Greater San Diego Music Coterie are tax-deductible as allowable by law.

Join our mailing list, and be the first to hear about our upcoming events. Email Dr. Yeung at ayeung@sandiego.edu, or visit <https://gsdmusicoterie.org>.

Greater San Diego Music Coterie
Dr. Angela Yeung, Director

Greater San Diego Chamber Orchestra and Chorus

Accompanist

Weiyi Xu

Violin I

Florian Sulzmaier, concert master
Susanna Han
Ken Temple
Anne Thompson
Steven Thompson
Carter Wilkerson

Violin II

Marilyn Green, principal
Maricela Cano
Joseph Fong
Kathy Tang

Viola

Leah Schaffer, principal
Sophia Pelling

Cello

Melanie Morrissey, principal

Bass

Andrew Garrett, principal

Flute/Piccolo

Brin Rosenthal, principal

Flute

Jennifer Pelling, principal

Alto Flute/Oboe

Yoshi Satoh, principal

Clarinet

Kenny Xi, principal
Talia Fossa, principal

Bassoon

Nina Gasbarro, principal

Horn

Scott Avenell, principal
Anne Sullivan

Trumpet

Bob Burns, Jr., principal
Jeff Allen

Trombone/Percussion

Tom Weber, principal

Percussion

Trip Sliter

Soprano

Irene Marie Patton, soloist
Christine DeGennaro
Phyllis Lengyel
Cynthia Rhine
Carol Robinson

Alto

Mary Allen, soloist
Brooke Bystedt
Juli Edwards
Susan Gill
Barbara Hart
Kristi Holt
Angela Kanish
Carlye Nystrom
Susan Quesenberry
Karen Soohoo

Tenor

Johnny Hwang
Maggie Smith
Tom Weber

Bass

Tom Beaver
Daniel Valko

Upcoming Concerts (as of June 2021)

(Visit <https://gsdmusicoterie.org> for details and more concerts)

2021 Summer Chamber Music Festival, All Saints Episcopal Church

Opening Concert - Sunday, August 1, 3pm

Closing Concert - Sunday, August 15, 3pm

Missa de Nossa Senhora da Conceição by José Maurício Nunes Garcia

Sunday, October 24, 4pm - St Bart's Episcopal Church

Sunday, October 31, 4pm - United Methodist Church of Vista

Annual Messiah Sing- and Play-Along, St Bart's Episcopal Church

Friday, December 10, 7:30pm AND Sunday, December 12, 4pm

Text and Translation

Beethoven, Final Chorus *from* König Stephan

Heil! Heil unsern Enkeln!
Sie werden schauen,
Was der prophetische Geist erkannt!
Es wird ihr kindliches Vertrauen
Der Krone schönster Diamant!
Wohltaten spendend, täglich neue,
Vergilt der König in ferner Zeit
Die unwandelbare Treue,
Die sein Volk ihm dankbar weiht!

Hail! Hail to our descendants!
They will see
What the spirit of prophecy has discerned.
Their childlike trust will be
The fairest diamond in the crown.
Daily affording fresh blessings
The King will repay, in a far-off time,
The unswerving loyalty
His people gratefully dedicate to him.

Brahms, Regina Coeli laetare *from* 3 Geistliche Chöre (3 Sacred Songs)

Regina coeli laetara,
quia quem meruisti portare resurrexit sicut dixit.
Ora pro nobis Deum. Regina coeli,
gaude et laetara, virgo Maria, quia surrexit
Dominus vero. Alleluja!

Queen of heaven rejoice,
for whom you did merit to bear, He rose as He said.
Pray for us to God.
Queen of heaven, rejoice and be glad, Virgin Mary,
because the Lord is risen indeed. Alleluia!

Mozart, Veni sancte spiritus

Veni sancte Spiritus:
Reple tuorum corda fidelium:
et tui amoris in eis ignem accende.
Qui per diversitatem linguarum cunctarum
gentes in unitate fidei congregasti.
Alleluia.

Come Holy Spirit:
fill the hearts of your faithful,
and kindle your love in them.
You have gathered the
nations together in the unity of faith.
Alleluia.

Schumann, Landliches Lied *from* 3 Gedichte (3 Poems)

Und wenn die Primel schneeweiss blickt
Am Bach aus dem Wiesengrund,
Und wenn am Bach die Kirschblüth' nickt
Und die Vöglein pfeifen im Wald allstund:
Da flickt der Fischer das Netz in Ruh,
Denn der See liegt heiter im Sonnenglanz;
Da sucht das Mäd'el die rothen Schuh,
Und schnürt das Mieder sich eng zum Tanz,
Und denket still,
Ob der Liebste nicht kommen will.
Es klingt die Fiedel, es brummt der Bass,
Der Dorfschulz sitzt im Schank beim Wein,
Die Tänzer drehn sich ohn' Unterlass
An der Lind' im Abendschein.
Und geht's nach Haus um Mitternacht,
Glüh-Würmchen trägt das Laternchen vor;

And when the primrose peeps, white as snow,
From the meadow by the brook,
And when the cherry blossom sways
And the birds in the wood warble without respite:
It is then that the fisherman quietly mends his nets,
For the lake lies happily in the sun,
It is then that the girl looks for her red shoes
And tightens her bodice for the dance,
And silently wonders
Whether her lover, her lover will come.
The fiddle sounds, the double bass drones,
The mayor sips wine at the inn,
The dancers keep spinning round and round
By the lime-tree in the gloaming.
And when at midnight all go home,
The glow-worm holds up his lantern;

Da küsset der Bube sein Dirnel sacht,
Und sagt ihr leis' ein Wörtchen in's Ohr,
Und sie denken Beid',
O du selige fröhliche Maienzeit!

The boy gives his girl a gentle kiss,
And whispers a word in her ear,
And they both think:
O happy, blissful Maytime!

Schumann, Zigeunerleben *from* 3 Gedichte (3 Poems)

Im Schatten des Waldes, im Buchengezweig
Da regt sich's und raschelt und flüstert zugleich;
Es flackern die Flammen, es gaukelt der Schein
Um bunte Gestalten, um Laub und Gestein.
Das ist der Zigeuner bewegliche Schar,
Mit blitzendem Aug' und mit wallendem Haar,
Gesäugt an des Niles geheiligter Flut,
Gebräunt von Hispaniens südlicher Glut.
Ums lodernde Feuer in schwellendem Grün
Da lagern die Männer verwildert und kühn,
Da kauern die Weiber und rüsten das Mahl,
Und füllen geschäftig den alten Pokal.
Und Sagen und Lieder ertönen im Rund,
Wie Spaniens Gärten so blühend und bunt,
Und magische Sprüche für Not und Gefahr
Verkündet die Alte der horchenden Schar.
Schwarzäugige Mädchen beginnen den Tanz;
Da sprühen die Fackeln im rötlichen Glanz,
Heiß lockt die Gitarre, die Cymbel klingt,
Wie wilder und wilder der Reigen sich schlingt.
Dann ruhn sie ermüdet von nächtlichen Reihn;
Es rauschen die Buchen in Schlummer sie ein,
Und die aus der glücklichen Heimat verbannt,
Sie schauen im Traume das glückliche Land.
Doch wie nun im Osten der Morgen erwacht,
Verlöschen die schönen Gebilde der Nacht;
Es scharret das Maultier bei Tagesbeginn,
Fort ziehn die Gestalten, wer sagt dir wohin?

In the shaded wood, among the beech tree's boughs
Things stir and rustle and murmur;
The flames flicker, the glow dances
Round coloured forms, round foliage and stone.
It is the gypsies who throng there
With flashing eyes and waving hair,
Suckled alongside the sacred Nile,
Bronzed by Spain's southern heat.
Around the blazing fire in the burgeoning green
The bold, wild men are stretched,
The women crouch and prepare the meal,
And busily fill the ancient goblet.
And fables and songs sound all around,
Colourful and blooming as the gardens of Spain,
And the old gypsy recites to the listening throng
Her magic spells against famine and danger.
Dark-eyed girls begin the dance;
Torches sparkle in the reddish gleam,
Passionate guitars entice, cymbals sound,
As the dance grows wilder and wilder.
Then, exhausted, they rest from the nightly dance,
The beech trees rustle them to sleep,
And, banished from their native land,
They see in dreams that happy land.
But when the day dawns in the east,
The nocturnal visions fade;
The mule at daybreak paws at the ground,
The figures set off, but who knows where?

Thank you for coming.

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