

SONGS BY FRANZ SCHUBERT

Chor der Engel (Chorus of Angels)

Christ is arisen. Joy be to mortal men.

Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul;
He guideth me in straight paths for His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil,
For Thou art with me,
Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;
Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Widerspruch (Contradiction)

On a narrow path, hemmed by bushes and green branches, it seems so
spacious to me, that my heart feels like bursting.
The walls of the woodland house move outward and the roof of branches
arches over me at dizzying heights.

I swing with the leaves; my freed heart reaches to infinity.
But when, from the heights of the mountain I look out over the
valley, how enclosed I feel in all that space!
The clouds seem to press down upon me.
The evening sky threatens me, and my heart yearns for my little room.

Standchen (Serenade)

Hesitatingly and softly in the still of the night darkness we are
here, our fingers gently curved.
Softly we knock on the door of the beloved one.
But now, increasingly and swellingly, with a unified voice we call
out loudly, don't sleep if the voice of love speaks.
If a wise man should search far and near with a lantern how much
more valuable than gold are our beloved persons to us.
Therefore, when friendship and love speak, don't sleep.
However, what in all the world can compare to sleep?
Therefore, instead of words and instead of gifts, you should now
have your rest.
Yet a greeting, yet a word; the happy tune dies out.
Softly, softly we steal away.

Der Gondelfahrer (The Gondolier)

Moon and stars dance a shimmering, ghostly dance.
Who can then be bound by earthly cares?
Rock thou my boat in the moonbeams and, free from all bonds,
the sea will cradle thee.
From the tower of St. Mark rings the midnight word.
All are sleeping peacefully, only the boatman is awake.

Gott in der Natur (God in Nature)

The Lord is great. The heavens without number are the rooms of
His castle.
His vehicle is storm, and thunder and lightning are the horses.
The sunrise is only the hem of His garment and, with respect to
His glory, the sun is only a flaming light.
He looks upon earth with a gracious glance.
The earth turns green and flowers.
If he scolds, fire emerges from rock, and sea and heavens tremble.

Praise the powerful, the great Lord.
Thou lights of His castle, thy armies of suns, flame up to His glory.
The earth sings His praises.

Gebet (Prayer)

Thou source of all goodness, Thou source of all power,
breathing softly from the blossom, thundering loudly from the battle.
For Thou is prepared everywhere a temple and a festival.
Whoever wants to be led by You is led by You everywhere.
Thou knowest its joy and need.
The candle of home flickers softly.
Glorious death shouts boldly.
I am prepared to die in battle for those things our ancestors
held dear.
I am ready to die, just keep wife and child safe.
The love which I have for wife and child are Thine.
If it can happen peacefully, then, Lord, let it be.
Let peace continue.
If not, then give us light in storm's night.
Thine eternal, love and strength; Thy will be done.
I am ready to go wherever you want me to; into love and also
into battle; to do Thy will in battle and also in the quiet of home.
I will soon rest in Heaven.

Nachtelle (Clear Night)

The night is clear and bright.
The houses stand in silvery enchantment.
I am suffused with a wonderful brightness,
it reigns within me free and clear, without sorrow or plaint.
My heart cannot contain it.
The light within me strains to be free; the last barrier breaks.

* Gott im Ungewitter (God in the Storm)

Thou fearful one, who can stand before You in Your thunder?
The Lord is great, why do we spite Him?
He beckons and we pass out.
He clothes Himself in the black night and the people tremble.
Death awakes.
A winged death waits around His fearful throne.
Glowing redly His hand throws lightning from the dark heights.
Thunder crashes down on the land in a sea of fire.
so that even the firm ground of earth shakes from the anger
of the thunder and all that lives on it and in its depths.
Trembling nature recognizes the Lord and His arm,
so that all around Heaven and earth burn.
Who shall protect me - mortal one - me - dust - if He who is in
Heaven and picks worlds like dry leaves does not protect me?
We have a God full of grace.
Even when He appears angry, He rules with protective patience,
Friend of great persons.

Gott der Weltschöpfer (God the Creator)

Fly up to God above all the spheres,
sing unto the Eternal One, a joyful song.
He ordered the void to give birth and His all-powerful word
was compelling.
From all creatures praise is given to Him, the source of all being.
In Heaven and earth praise to His wise power.
Fly up to God, my song.

* Soloists in Gott im Ungewitter:

Ashley Putnam, Soprano
Sally Carpenter, Alto
Jerrold Vander Schaaf, Tenor
Z. Edmund Toliver, Bass