



June 2, 2023
12:10 p.m.
Sanctuary

Friday Noonday Concert

Cosponsored by Musicians Club of Women

Josephine Stracek, mezzo-soprano • Lillia Woolschlager, pianist

— *Translations begin on page 3* —

Mandoline Régine Poldowski (1879–1932)

En Sourdine

Bruxelles

Cythère

A Dream Rebecca Clarke (1886–1979)

June Twilight

The Seal Man

— 5 Minute Break —

VTEŘINY, op. 18 Vítězslava Kaprálová (1915–1940)

I. Bílým šátkem mává, kdo se loučí

II. Rodný kraj

III. Píseň milostná

IV. Velikonoce

V. Posmrtná variace

VI. Léta mlčí, léta jdou

VII. Můj milý člověče

VIII. Novoroční

Praised for the dark timbre and agile control of her voice, mezzo-soprano **Josephine Stracek** enjoys performing for audiences throughout the United States. She is dedicated to exploring unusual vocal repertoire, sharing new and undiscovered songs with her audiences. Her passion for poetry and language has brought her on a path in discovering art song new and old.

Josephine is a graduate of North Park University and Roosevelt University. A favorite as a recitalist and chamber artist in northern Minnesota, she has been featured in series at the Fairlawn Mansion, Glensheen Mansion and Kitchi Gammi Club. She has appeared as a guest soloist in Handel's *Messiah* with the North Park University Choir at St. Hilary's Church in Chicago. Josephine performs regularly with the Liederspiel Society, a group she founded with the help of three colleagues to perform underrepresented works in both solo and ensemble forms.

Josephine's rich mezzo-soprano voice often enhances sacred services, opera and choral choruses in the Chicago area. She has appeared in several operas including *Zerlina/Don Giovanni* (Mozart), *Helen/Three Sisters Who are Not Sisters* (Rorem), *le Bergère* and *le Rossignol/L'enfant et les sortilèges* (Ravel), *George de Planteville/Bagatelle* (Offenbach), and most recently as *The Mother/Hansel and Gretel* (Humperdinck) with Evanston Chamber Opera.

Lillia Woolschlager is a pianist and oboist in the local Chicago area. As a freelance musician and teaching artist, she has played with various groups including the Civic Orchestra of Chicago, Northbrook Symphony, Oistrakh Symphony, 5th Wave Collective, and Wisconsin Philharmonic. She has performed with the International Music Foundation as part of the Rush Hour concert series, collaborating with world-renowned oboist Alex Klein, as well as the Dame Myra Hess Concert Series with many outstanding musicians. She is an accomplished collaborative pianist, accompanying local university students and professional musicians throughout the city. Lillia is an instructor of piano and oboe with her own private studio, as well as with community music schools Musical Chairs and Music House.

Lillia attended the Crane School of Music in Potsdam, New York, studying with oboist Dr. Anna Hendrickson and pianist Dr. François Germaine. She obtained a dual Bachelor's Degree in Oboe Performance and Musical Studies with a piano pedagogy concentration. During the summer of 2016, Lillia was accepted to the Banff Masterclasses for Winds and Strings in Alberta, Canada where she studied for three weeks with oboist Alex Klein. After graduating from the Crane School, she moved to Chicago to study with Alex Klein at DePaul University. Here she obtained her Master of Music Degree in Oboe Performance, while accompanying her peers on piano in recitals and chamber music performances.

MANDOLINE • Mandolin

Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

The performers of serenades
And their lovely listeners
Exchange insipid comments
Beneath the singing branches.

Tircis and Aminte are there,
And there is the eternal Clitandre,
And there is Damis who for many a cruel woman
Wrote tender verses.

Their short silk jackets,
Their gowns with long trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows

Whirling in ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolins chatters
Amid the shivering of the breeze.

EN SOURDINE • Muted

Paul Verlaine

Calmes dans le demijour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Fondons nos âmes, nos coeurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton coeur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient à tes pieds rider
Les ondes de gazon roux.

Calm in the twilight
Cast by the high branches,
Let us deeply sit in our love
In this profound silence.

Let us join our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses,
With the vague languor
Of the pines and the shrubs.

Half close your eyes,
Cross your arms over your breast,
And from your sleeping heart
Forever rid yourself of all thought.

Let us surrender
To the gently rocking of the breeze
That comes rippling at your feet
In waves across the green grass.

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Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noir tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

And when, solemnly, the evening comes
Black shadows will fall from the oaks,
And the voice of our despair,
The nightingale will sing.

BRUXELLES • Brussels

Paul Verlaine

La fuite est verdâtre et rose
Des collines et des rampes,
Dans un demi-jour de lampes
Qui vient brouiller toute chose.

Slopes and hills fade away
In greenish pink colors
In the half-light of lamps
Which blurs everything together.

L'or sur les humbles abîmes,
Tout doucement s'ensanglante,
Des petits arbres sans cimes,
Où quelque oiseau faible chante.

Gold, in the humble abysses,
Slowly turns blood-red.
Among the tops of the small trees
A bird sings faintly.

Triste à peine tant s'effacent
Ces apparences d'automne.
Toutes mes langueurs rêvassent,
Que berce l'air monotone.

Sadly fades away
The appearance of autumn,
All of my languor is reliving,
Rocking in the monotonous air.

CYTHÈRE • Cythera

Paul Verlaine

Un pavillon à claires-voies
Abrite doucement nos joies
Qu'éventent des rosiers amis;

The latticed arbour
Gently guards our joys
As the friendly rose-trees cool;

L'odeur des roses, faible, grâce
Au vent léger d'été qui passe,
Se mêle aux parfums qu'elle a mis;

The smell of the roses, although weak, is graceful
Upon the light summer wind as it passes,
Mixed in with her perfume;

Comme ses yeux l'avaient promis,
Son courage est grand et sa lèvre
Communique une exquise fièvre;

Coming to her eyes as a promise,
Her courage is great and her lip
Communicates an exquisite fever;

Et l'Amour comblant tout, hormis
La Faim, sorbets et confitures
Nous préservent des courbatures.

And Love fills everything, apart from
Hunger, so they eat sorbets and candies
To preserve them from their aches.

A DREAM

W. B. Yeats (1865–1939)

I dreamed that one had died in a strange place
Near no accustomed hand;
And they had nailed the boards above her face,
The peasants of that land,
And, wond'ring, planted by her solitude
A cypress and a yew:
I came, and wrote upon a cross of wood,
Man has no more to do:
She was more beautiful than thy first love,
This lady by the trees:
And gazed upon the mournful stars above,
And heard the mournful breeze.

JUNE TWILIGHT

John Masefield (1878–1967)

The twilight comes;
the sun dips down and sets,
The boys if done
play at the nets.

In a warm golden glow
The woods are steeped.
The shadows grow;
The bat has cheeped.

Sweet smells the new mown hay;
The mowers pass
Home, each his way,
through the grass.

The night wind stirs the fern,
A nightjar spins;
The windows burn
In the inns.

Dusky it grows. The moon!
The dews descended.
Love, can this beauty in our hearts end?

THE SEAL MAN

John Masefield

And he came by her cabin to the west of the road, calling.
There was a strong love came up in her at that,
and she put down her sewing on the table, and “Mother,” she says,
“There’s no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no door.
There’s no iron, nor no stone, not anything at all
will keep me this night from the man I love.”
And she went out into the moonlight to him,
there by the bus where the flow’rs is pretty, beyond the river.
And he says to her, “You are all of the beauty of the world,
will you come where I go, over the waves of the sea?”
And she says to him: “My treasure and my strength,” she says,
“I will follow you on the frozen hills, my feet bleeding.”
Then they went down into the sea together,
and the moon made a track on the sea, and they walked down it;
it was like a flame before them. There was no fear at all on her;
only a great love like the love of the Old Ones,
that was stronger than the touch of the fool.
She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like flowers,
and she went down into the sea with her man,
who wasn’t a man at all.
She was drowned, of course.
It’s like he never thought she wouldn’t bear the sea like himself.
She was drowned, drowned.

— 5 Minute Break —

I. BÍLÝM ŠÁTKEM MÁVÁ, KDO SE LOUČÍ

A white scarf is waved by the person saying goodbye

Jaroslav Seifert (1901–1986)

Bílým šátkem mává,
kdo se loučí,
Každého dne se něco končí,
Něco překrásného se končí.

S nadějí i bez naděje
Věčně vracíme se domu.

Šetří si slzy a úsměj se uplakanýma očima,
Každého dne se něco počíná,
Něco překrásného se počíná, se počíná.

A white scarf is waved,
by those who say goodbye,
Something ends every day,
Something beautiful ends.

With hope and without hope
We always return home.

Save your tears and smile through teary eyes,
Something is done every day,
Something beautiful is beginning, is beginning.

II. RODNÝ KRAJ • Home Region

Jan Čarek (1898–1966)

Co nejkrásnějšího jsem měl,
Tobě jsem dal.
Potůčků ptačí zpěv,
Líbezných pílí lásku,
Tvé duši světlo hvězd.

Co nejkrásnějšího jsem měl,
Tobě jsem dal, synu můj!

Až dospěl čas
A okouznil tě svět,
Co moří spatřil jsi,
Hor vyšších než jsou mě,
Nebeské zálivy,
Kde fíky horké sluncem
Padají oslíkům na útlá kopýtka.

Co ká moh tobě dát?
Režných klasů zář,
Chudý příkop svůj,
Mateřídoušku svou,
Co já moh tobě dát?

I had the most beautiful thing,
I had you.
Birds are singing,
Diligent love,
Light from your soul.

I had the most beautiful thing,
I was given you, my son!

The time came
And the world enchanted you,
You have seen the seas,
Mountains higher than mine,
Heavenly bays,
Where the figs in the hot sun
Fall on the donkeys' small hooves.

What can I give you?
The glow of the ears of corn,
This poor ditch,
My mother-in-law,
What can I give you?

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Koroptví hejna vzbouzeje,
Až jednou se ke mně vrátíš,
Hlavě tvé dám klid,
Ó synu můj, synu můj.

Partridge flocks awaken,
When you come back to me one day,
You shall have your own peace,
Oh son of mine, son of mine.

III. PÍSEŇ MILOSTNÁ • Love Song

Folk Text

Tři sta ptáčků štěbetálo
V tom lesíku javorovém.
Co to oni povídali,
Aj se hory zelenaly?

Three hundred birds chirped
In the maple grove.
What were they saying,
Even the mountains turned green?

Svítilo se po všem dvoře,
Po všem dvoře až v komoře.
V té komoře bílé lože,
Na tom loži milá leží,
Zlatý prsten v ruce drží.

There was a light all around the yard,
All over the yard and into the chamber.
There is a white bed in that chamber,
My love lies on the bed,
Holding a gold ring in their hand.

Kdo ten prsten snímat bude?
A kdož jinej než můj milej.

Who will take the ring?
Who else but my beloved.

IV. VELIKONOCE • Easter

Fráňa Šrámek (1877–1952)

Aleluja
Po nebi, po zemi světlo proudí,
Stříbrná s modrou vyzvánějí.
Daleký, daleký, šate bílý,
Ulétáš křídly andělskými.
Postříben, pokropen jehnědami
Sám a sám usednu pod jívami.
Písnička smutná je,
Ale je má
Písnička smutná je
Aleluja.

Alleluia
Light flows across the sky and the earth,
Silver with a blue ring.
Far, far, dressed in white,
You fly with angelic wings.
Consumed, sprinkled with dogwoods
Alone and alone I will sit under its lifeforce.
The song is sad,
But he has them
The song is sad
Alleluia

V. POSMRTNÁ VARIACE • Posthumous Variations

VI. LÉTA MLČÍ, LÉTA JDOU • The years are silent, the years go by

Fráňa Velkoborský (1900–1958)

Léta mlčí, léta jdou,
Hrob svůj poklad skrývá,
Smrt si zpívá za vodou,
Když se připozdívá.

The years are silent, the years go by,
The grave conceals its treasures,
Death sings behind the water,
When he gets late.

Jas přiletí oblohou,
Stáří prstem kývá,
Léta mlčí, léta jdou,
Píseň nedoznívá,

Brightness will fly through the sky,
Old age shakes its finger,
The years are silent, the years go by,
The song doesn't fade away.

VII. MŮJ MILÝ ČLOVĚČE • My dear man

Folk Text

Můj milý člověče,
Blížíť se k svítání,
Slyšíš milé kohoutky,
Jak vesele chválí svého Stvořitele,
Pána andělského,
Ano i ti ptáčekové již velebí jeho.

My dear man,
It is getting close to dawn,
Can you hear the sweet sounds,
How joyfully they praise the Creator,
Angel lord,
Yes even the little birds praise him.

At' pro Krista Pána Tobě požehná,
S svými vyvolenými
Věčnou radost dá.

And for Christ's sake he will bless you,
With his elect
He will give eternal joy.

Oko nevidělo,
Ucho nedlyšelo,
Ni člověku na srdce
Kdy jesti vstoupilo,
Jaká radost' čeká každého věrného,
Kterýž právě miloval Pána Boha svého.

Eye did not see,
Ear did not hear,
Not in a person's heart
Does it fully feel,
What joy awaits every faithful one,
Who justly loved the Lord his God.

VIII. NOVOROČNÍ • New Year's

Josef Hora (1891–1945)

Když stráže své čas vyměňuje
V nového roku znamení,
Necht' dobré je,
Co v budoucnu je
Pokryto v jeho mlčení.

When the guards exchange their time
In the new year,
Let them be good,
All that is in the future
Is covered in silence.



Our free Friday Noonday Concert Series is enabled by three generous gifts:
one in memory of **Pamela L. McGaan**, devoted wife and mother, lover of music,
and longtime member of Fourth Church;
one from the estate of **Ann Dow Weinberg**, also a longtime member of Fourth Church
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Upcoming Free Friday Noonday Concerts at Fourth Church

We hope you will join us for future concerts, whether in person or online, where these Noonday concerts are livestreamed—and also available for viewing later—
at www.fourthchurch.org and **YouTube** (www.bit.ly/fpcvideos).

Friday, June 9 12:10 p.m. • Leah Kang, piano

Friday, June 16 12:10 p.m. • Michael Rees, organ

Friday, June 23 12:10 p.m. • Katrina Sudman and Vincent Catalano, duo pianos

Friday, June 30 12:10 p.m. • John Sherer, organ

A complete schedule of upcoming concerts at Fourth Church is available at
www.fourthchurch.org/concerts

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