

Note from OP

In the month of May we launch our third recital in the series Close-Up: Celebrating Mother's Day. Each short program fuses music and stories in an intimate setting, celebrating art and life, giving our community a chance to get Close-Up and personal with OP's talented artists.

Opera Parallèle Close-Up

Online recital series

Celebrating Mother's Day

Thursday, May 6th, 5 PM - Thursday, June 17th, 2021
www.operaparallele.org/closeup

Featuring **Kindra Scharich**, Mezzo Soprano
Accompanied by **Jeffrey LaDeur**, Piano

An die Muzik (To Music)

by Franz Schubert based on the text by Franz Von Schober

Nature, the Gentlest Mother

By Aaron Copland - based on the poem by Emily Dickinson

St. Ita's Vision from the song cycle Hermit Songs

By Samuel Barber - English translation by Chester Kallman

Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter (Blessed be your Mother in Heaven)

By Hugo Wolf

Cantiga

By Mozart Camargo Guarnieri

The Folks Who Live on the Hill

By Jerome Kern - Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II

Texts and Translations

An die Muzik

By Franz Schubert - based on the text by
Franz Von Schober

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen
Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis
umstrickt,

Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb'
entzunden,
Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt,
In eine beßre Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf'
entfloßen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir,

Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir
erschloßen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir!

Nature, the Gentlest Mother

By Aaron Copland - based on the poem by Emily Dickinson

Nature, the gentlest mother
Impatient of no child,
The feeblest or the waywardest, -
Her admonition mild
In forest and the hill
By traveller is heard,
Restraining rampant squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.
How fair her conversation,
A summer afternoon, -
Her household, her assembly;
And when the sun goes down
Her voice among the aisles

To Music

O blessed art, how often in dark hours,
When the savage ring of life tightens
round me,

Have you kindled warm love in my heart,
Have transported me to a better world!
Transported to a better world

Often a sigh has escaped from your harp,
A sweet, sacred harmony of yours

Has opened up the heavens to better
times for me,
O blessed art, I thank you for that!
O blessed art, I thank you!

Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket,
The most unworthy flower.
When all the children sleep
She turns as long away
As will suffice to light her lamps;
Then, bending from the sky,
With infinite affection
And infiniter care,
Her golden finger on her lip,
Wills silence everywhere.

St. Ita's Vision from the song cycle Hermit Songs

By Samuel Barber - English translation by Chester Kallman

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,
"unless He gives me His Son from Heaven
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him".
So that Christ came down to her
in the form of a Baby and then she said:
"Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not a churl
But were begot on Mary the Jewess
By Heaven's light.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
What King is there but You who could
Give everlasting good?
Wherefore I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast."

Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter

By Hugo Wolf

Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter
Die so lieblich dich geboren,
So an Schönheit auserkoren,
Meine Sehnsucht fliegt dir zu!
Du so lieblich von Gebärden,
Du die Holdeste der Erden,
Du mein Kleinod, meine Wonne,
Süsse, benedeit bist du!
Wenn ich aus der Ferne schmachte
Und betrachte deine Schöne,
Siehe wie ich beb' und stöhne,
Dass ich kaum es bergen kann!
Und in meiner Brust gewaltsam
Fühl ich Flammen sich empören,
Die den Frieden mir zerstören,
Ach, der Wahnsinn fasst mich an!

Cantiga

By Mozart Camargo Guarnieri

(Portugese)

Dentro do meu peito tenho
Duas pombas jurity:
Uma morreu de saudades
De tanto chorar por ti,
De tanto chorar por ti,

A outra, mais infeliz,
Bateu asas foi embora.
E lá no campo, perdida,
Ainda hoje canta e chora!

Blessed be your mother in heaven

English Translation by Richard Stokes

Blessed be your mother in heaven,
Who bore you to be so gracious,
You the paragon of beauty –
My yearning wings its way to you!
You, so gracious of gesture,
You, the fairest on earth,
You, my jewel, my rapture,
A blessing on you, my sweet!
When I languish from afar
And behold your beauty,
See how I tremble and groan,
Till I can hardly hide it!
And powerfully in my breast
I feel the flames rise up
That destroy my peace,
Ah, madness takes hold of me!

Inside my chest I have
Two doves:
One died of nostalgia
I cry so much for you,
I cry so much for you,

The other, more unhappy,
Flapped wings went away.
And there in the field, lost,
Even today she sings and cries!

The Folks Who Live on the Hill

By Jerome Kern - Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II

Many men with lofty aims,
Strive for lofty goals,
Others play at smaller games,
Being simpler souls.

I am of the latter brand,
All I want to do,
Is to find a spot of land,
And live there with you.

Someday we'll build a home on a hilltop high,
You and I,
Shiny and new a cottage that two can fill.
And we'll be pleased to be called,
"The folks who live on the hill".

Someday we may be adding a thing or two,
A wing or two.
We will make changes as any fam'ly will,
But we will always be called,
"The folks who live on the hill".

Our veranda will command a view of meadows green,
The sort of view that seems to want to be seen.
And when the kids grow up and leave us,
We'll sit and look at the same old view,

Just we two.
Darby and Joan who used to be Jack and Jill,
The folks who like to be called,
What they have always been called,
"The folks who live on the hill".

Singer Biography

Kindra Scharich has performed more than 200 art songs in 13 languages and over 30 roles ranging from Monteverdi to Philip Glass, including première performances of David Carlson's ***Anna Karenina***, Laura Kaminsky's ***Today It Rains*** and Missy Mazzoli's ***Breaking the Waves***. Her recordings include: ***In meinem Himmel***: The Mahler Song Cycles (2018) ***To my Distant Beloved***: Songs of Beethoven & Schumann (2020) and David Conte's ***Everyone Sang*** (2018) kindrascharich.com