



Cellist Richard Hausmann, composer Johannes Brahms, and Maria Fellingner, patron and photographer, ca. 1889
 Historic photograph from the Archive of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, Vienna

PROGRAM

Liebeslieder-Walzer, Opus 52

- 1 Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes *Solo Quartet & Chorus*
- 2 Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut *Chorus*
- 3 O die Frauen *Tenor/Bass Duet*
- 4 Wie des Abends schöne Röte *Soprano/Alto Duet*
- 5 Die grüne Hopfenranke *Chorus*
- 6 Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel *Solo Quartet*
- 7 Wohl schön bewandt war es *Alto Solo*
- 8 Wenn so lind dein Auge mir *Chorus*
- 9 Am Donaustrande *Chorus*
- 10 O wie sanft die Quelle *Solo Quartet*
- 11 Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen *Chorus*
- 12 Schlosser auf und mache Schlösser *Chorus*
- 13 Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft *Soprano/Alto Duet*
- 14 Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar *Tenor/Bass Duet*
- 15 Nachtigall, sie singt so schön *Chorus*
- 16 Ein dunkler Schacht ist Liebe *Chorus*
- 17 Nicht wandle, mein Licht *Tenor Solo*
- 18 Es bebet das Gesträuche *Chorus*

Neue Liebeslieder-Walzer, Opus 65

- 1 Verzicht, o Herz, auf Rettung *Chorus*
- 2 Finstere Schatten der Nacht *Chorus*
- 3 An jeder Hand die Finger *Soprano Solo*
- 4 Ihr schwarzen Augen *Bass Solo*
- 5 Wahre, wahre deinen Sohn *Alto Solo*
- 6 Rosen steckt mir an die Mutter *Soprano Solo*
- 7 Vom Gebirge Well auf Well *Chorus*
- 8 Weiche Gräser im Revier *Chorus*
- 9 Nagen am Herzen fühl ich *Soprano Solo*
- 10 Ich kose süß mit der und der *Tenor Solo*
- 11 Alles, alles in den Wind *Soprano Solo*
- 12 Schwarzer Wald, dein Schatten *Chorus*
- 13 Nein, Geliebter, setze dich *Soprano/Alto Duet*
- 14 Flammenauge, dunkles Haar *Chorus*
- 15 Zum Schluss: Nun, ihr Musen, genug
 *Solo Quartet & Chorus*

— *Intermission* —

Ein deutsches Requiem, Opus 45

- I Selig Sind, die da Leid tragen
- II Denn alles Fleisch, es ist wie Gras
- III Herr, lehre doch mich
- IV Wie lieblich sind deine Wohnungen
- V Ihr habt nun Traurigkeit
- VI Denn wir haben hie keine bleibende Statt
- VII Selig sind die Toten



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Conductor BOYD JARRELL

Soloists

Christa Pfeiffer, Soprano

Katherine McKee, Mezzo Soprano

Colby Roberts, Tenor

Jeffrey Fields, Baritone

Pianists

Paul Smith Jeffrey Paul

*Please be sure to turn off and put away all cell phones, pagers, and other devices before the performance begins.
Lights from open cell phones can be blinding to performers onstage. Thank you.*

Save the Date!

Celebrate the season with George Frideric Handel's timeless

Messiah

Saturday, December 13, 7:30 p.m. & Sunday, December 14, 3:00 p.m.

James Dunn Theatre, College of Marin

GUEST SOLOISTS

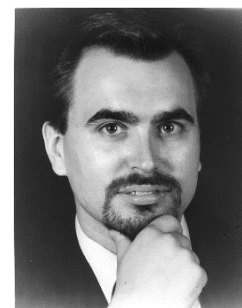
Christa Pfeiffer, Soprano

Christa has been enchanting Bay Area audiences with her pure, effortless singing for over a decade. *San Francisco Classical Voice* wrote that her voice was “like balm to the ears,” and that her “artistry elevated the performance.” Her diverse repertoire extends to over 100 works ranging from Baroque to contemporary and encompassing oratorio, opera, and recital. Recent credits include the title role in Handel’s *Rodelinda*, Bach’s *Christmas Oratorio*, Haydn’s *Creation*, Monteverdi’s *Vespers of 1610*, the roles of Galatea (*Acis and Galatea*) and Amore (*Orphée et Euridice*), Barber’s *Knoxville: Summer of 1915*, Mahler’s *Symphony No. 4*, and Ravel’s *Chansons Madécasses*. In demand throughout the Bay Area and the U.S., she has appeared with American Bach Soloists, American Philharmonic Sonoma County, Berkeley Symphony, Blue Hill Bach (Maine), San Francisco Ballet, Festival Opera, Livermore Opera, Soli Deo Gloria, ChamberMix, and The Albany Consort. Upcoming performances include the role of Clori in Handel’s chamber opera *Clori, Tirsi e Fileno*, as well as his *Dixit Dominus*. She is thrilled to be joining Marin Oratorio again to share in their joy of music. Ms. Pfeiffer, an Oakland native, received a Bachelor’s degree in vocal performance from Eastman School of Music. She lives in Berkeley, where she maintains a busy voice studio.



Colby Roberts, Tenor

Colby has sung with opera companies throughout the country, including Orlando Opera, National Grand Opera, Connecticut Grand Opera, New York Grand Opera, and New Jersey State Opera. His concert performances have taken him across the United States and to Europe and Israel. Bay Area credits include performances with San Francisco Lyric Opera where he sang Alfredo in *La Traviata*, the title roles in *Werther* and *Andrea Chenier*, Rodolfo in *La Bohème*, Pinkerton in *Madama Butterfly* and Cavaradossi in *Tosca*. With Berkeley Opera he sang the role of Rodolfo in *Luisa Miller*, with Livermore Valley Opera he has sung the title roles in *The Tales of Hoffmann* and *Faust* and Rodolfo in *La Bohème*, and with the UC Berkeley Chorus and Orchestra he performed the role of Arbace in a concert performance of *Idomeneo*. He was soloist for Verdi’s *Requiem* at the Mendocino Music Festival, and has performed several roles with San Francisco Opera, including of Sam in *The Ballad of Baby Doe* and Parpignol in *La Bohème*. Recent engagements include Bach’s *St. John Passion* (Evangelista and tenor soloist) at First Lutheran Church in Palo Alto.



Katherine McKee, Mezzo Soprano

Familiar as a soloist, both in concert and on the opera stage, Katherine has performed with American Bach Soloists under the baton of Jeffrey Thomas, Philharmonia Baroque Chorus under the direction of Nicolas McGegan, San Francisco Symphony under the direction of Michael Tilson Thomas, Emil de Cou, and Vance

George, and with the Modesto Symphony, Soli Deo Gloria, San Francisco Choral Society, Oakland Symphony Chorus, Camerata Singers of Monterey, Marin Oratorio, San Francisco Lyric Chorus, U.C. Davis Chorus & Orchestra, and Sacred & Profane. Opera credits include Berkeley Opera, San Francisco Lyric Opera, Spellbound Productions, and Bay Area Summer Opera Theater Institute in such roles as Azucena in *Il Trovatore*, the title role in *Carmen*, Principessa in *Suor Angelica*, and Madame Flora in *The Medium*. A devoted recitalist, she has sung at The Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Music at St. Matthew’s, Pacifica Performances, Capp Street Community Music Center, Holy Innocents’, St. Luke’s, St. David of Wales, and First Presbyterian Church in Alameda. Ms. McKee sings regularly with San Francisco Opera Chorus, American Bach Soloists, Philharmonia Baroque, and San Francisco Renaissance Voices. She also serves the latter organization as assistant conductor, directing the ensemble’s popular Boar’s Head Festival. She is Director of Music at First Lutheran Church in Palo Alto. Recent performances include Pergolesi’s *Stabat Mater* at St. Clare’s Church in Pleasanton. Upcoming engagements include Handel’s *Dixit Dominus* with Soli Deo Gloria on May 31 and June 1, and a program of works by Liza Lehmann in July.



Jeffrey Fields, Baritone

A graduate of the University of Iowa and an Adams Vocal Master Class Fellow at the Carmel Bach Festival (1998), Jeffrey sings regularly as soloist and ensemble member with Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra (since 1999), American Bach Soloists (since 2002), and Carmel Bach Festival (since 1998). Jeffrey made his

Carnegie Hall solo debut in Handel’s *Messiah* in 2007, under Andrew Megill, and returned to Carnegie in 2012 with Aeode Consort. Upcoming solo engagements include Handel’s *Teseo* with Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra at Lincoln Center and Tanglewood, *Messiah* and the *Bach B Minor Mass* with Bach Collegium San Diego, and concerts with Pacific Bach and the Spire Chamber Ensemble. Recent engagements include Purcell’s *Dioclesian* with Philharmonia Baroque, Handel’s *Dixit Dominus* with Bach Collegium San Diego, Haydn’s *Seasons* at U.C. Berkeley, *Bach’s B Minor Mass* with Marin Oratorio, and the Dvorak *Stabat Mater* in San Francisco. Other recent engagements include Handel’s *Alexander’s Feast* under Jeffrey Thomas, Handel’s *Samson* with Philharmonia Baroque, Orff’s *Carmina Burana*, the title role in Mendelssohn’s *Elijah* for Marin Oratorio, and Handel’s *Acis and Galatea* with California Bach Society. Mr. Fields studied and taught voice and singer’s diction at the University of Iowa with Albert Gammon and John van Cura, and was an artist fellow for three seasons at the Bach Aria Festival, Stony Brook, New York. He was a three-time winner of the NATS Central Region auditions. His repertoire includes Marcello in *La Bohème*, Papageno in *Die Zauberflöte*, and King Herod in *Hérodiade*, as well as a broad spectrum of concert works, oratorios, and art songs. Find out more at <http://baritone.org>.



MARIN ORATORIO



Boyd Jarrell, Conductor

With this concert, Boyd Jarrell ends his 10th season as Director of Choral Activities at the College of Marin. A conductor as well as a bass-baritone soloist, he is familiar to California audiences through his appearances with the Berkeley Symphony Orchestra, the Oakland Symphony, and the Santa Cruz Symphony. As a Baroque specialist, Boyd has performed with the California Bach Society, Baroque Choral Guild, American Bach Soloists, and San Francisco Bach Choir. He toured with the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra in Handel's *Acis and Galatea* and performs frequently with the Magnificat Baroque Ensemble. Boyd toured and recorded with the acclaimed conductor Paul Hillier and the Theatre of Voices. He conducted his chamber choir, the California Vocal Academy, in repeat engagements in the prestigious New Music Series at Mills College. Boyd appeared onstage with the San Francisco Ballet singing the music of Brahms in the George Balanchine production of *Liebeslieder-Walzer*. He served at San Francisco's Grace Cathedral as Cantor and Associate Choirmaster for more than 25 years. He has recorded on the Angel/EMI Harmonia Mundi, Gothic, and Koch international labels.

Paul Smith, Pianist

Mr. Smith received his undergraduate education at the Royal College of Music in London, studied piano with John Lill and Bernard Roberts, and spent an additional year at the Vienna Academy. He graduated with a Master's Degree from Dominican College, studying piano with Julian White. Mr. Smith is a faculty member at the College of Marin and Artistic Director of the Contemporary Opera Marin, the Opera program at the College of Marin, specializing in the production of new and modern operas. He is also the founder and Artistic Director of the Music from Marin Summer Festival.



Jeffrey Paul, Pianist

Jeff studied at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music where he earned a Bachelor's Degree in Music with emphasis on piano performance. As staff accompanist at College of Marin, he frequently performs with students and staff as part of Marin Oratorio, College of Marin Chamber Singers, College Chorus, College of Marin Emeritus Chorus, College of Marin Voice Class, and Singers Marin. Jeff is musical director for the First Congregational Church of San Rafael where, in addition to his duties as choirmaster and organist, he assists in the presentation of a concert series featuring world-class artists. He has performed both locally and abroad, including in Scotland, England, and Samoa. Jeff also wears another hat as a broker for Bradley Real Estate in his home town of Mill Valley.



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Rhoda Draws

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 Alice Hofer
 Roberta Jeffrey
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 Ben Bonnländer
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David Hanchette

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 Michael Maeder
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 Marlin Boisen
 Michael Burch
 Michael Carroll
 Bob Dauphin
 Boris De Denko
 Dan Drake
 John Griffin
 Claron Jorgensen
 Thilo Koehler
 Neil Kraus
 Charles Little
 David Long
 Rishi Schweig
 Bob Teichman
 Tom Truchan

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Concertmaster
 Joanna Pinckney
 Gregory Sykes
 Rebecca Wishnia

VIOLIN II

Lynn Oakley, *Principal*
 Daryl Schilling
 Julie Smolin
 Roger Dormann

VIOLA

Meg Eldridge, *Principal*
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CELLO

Carol Rice, *Principal*
 David Wishnia

BASS

Mark Culbertson,
Principal
 David Horn

PIANO

Paul Smith
 Jeffrey Paul

FLUTE

Carol Adee
 Jane Lenoir

OBOE

Jon Arneson
 Esther Hollander

CLARINET

David Treganowan
 Shelley Hodgson

BASSOON

Carla Wilson
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TIMPANI

Ken Crawford



Today's performance features two very different sides of 19th-century composer Johannes Brahms (1833–1897). From the parlor and dance music of the era to the sacred composition often known as the German Requiem, Brahms celebrated the romanticism of the times, inspiring contemporary and future composers, and winning a lasting music's "Three Bs": Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms.

Johannes Brahms: Music to Captivate and Console

On the way from the south German countryside to polite society, the folk dance in three-quarter time known as the *Ländler* became the waltz and settled not only in the ballrooms of Vienna, but also in its parlors and salons. In a time when music in the home had to be produced in the home, and the piano was becoming the centerpiece of music education, there was a market for piano pieces and songs that amateurs—better trained than most consumers of musical entertainment today—could play and sing in intimate social gatherings.

Brahms published his first set of *Liebeslieder-Walzer* (love-song waltzes), Opus 52, for solo voice or voices with four-hand piano accompaniment in 1869, the year he moved from his native Hamburg in northern Germany to Vienna. These quintessentially Viennese pieces seem a kind of tribute to his new home town, where they proved so popular that he brought out a second set, *Neues Liebeslieder*, Opus 65, in 1875.

Unlike other composers of lieder (art songs), such as Schubert, Brahms generally avoided setting texts from recognized classical poets. In the *Liebeslieder*, not only the musical form, but also the lyrics originated from the “folk.” All the song texts except for the last one in Opus 65 are taken from *Polydora*, (*Many Gifts*, 1855) a treasury of world poetry assembled by poet and philosopher G.F. Daumer.

Since the late 18th century, collecting folk traditions (the repository, it was believed, of each people's essential spirit) had been a passion of the Romantic Movement—what the Grimm brothers did for German language and lore being the prime example. By the mid-19th century, the enthusiasm for folklore was feeding into a rising sense of national identity and a yearning for

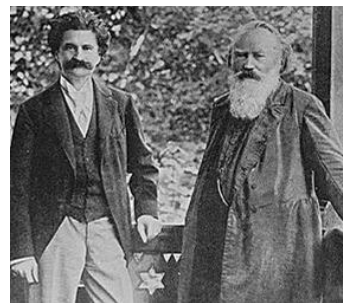
political unity among people who shared a common language and culture, like the German speakers scattered through various German states and the Austrian Empire.

Daumer wrote in his introduction to *Polydora* that his aim in publishing this eclectic collection—which ranged from ancient Greek and Roman lyric poetry to folk songs from as far away as China, Malaya, and Brazil—was to display a “colorful array” of voices from all over the world in a work that was “truly national,” that is, “corresponding to the universality of the German spirit and taste.” In his paraphrases, which made no pretense of being literal translations or reproductions of poetic form, these voices of the folk would, he said, “speak German.”

Choosing from this array for the first set of *Liebeslieder*, Brahms focused on lyrics from Austria's central European neighbors, Hungary, Poland, Russia, and a folk Daumer labeled Russo-Polish, perhaps Ukrainian. In the second set he included more exotic material from Persian, Malay, and other sources. The assortment of waltz songs displays love in many moods and tempos: passionate, dreamy, playful, yearning, bitter, and desperate. If Daumer made them all speak German, Brahms made them all dance Viennese.

The last song of the *Neues Liebeslieder*, “Now, O Muses, Enough,” is the only “art” as opposed to “folk” song in the collection, the text being drawn from *Alexis and Dora* by the preeminent German Romantic, Goethe (1749–1832). The hero of the poem is forced to part from his beloved just as he has fallen passionately in love with her. As he sails away, he sighs, proclaiming that although even the Muses cannot truly depict all the pain and bliss of love, nonetheless, only their arts (music among them) can heal its wounds.

Brahms left a clue in the musical setting that this piece, more than the others, speaks of personal experience. The connection is



made by the six-note motif in the bass line of the lower hand repeated throughout the opening and closing sections of the song (while the upper hand is mostly silent), and picked up by the whole chorus in the final measures. This motif is a quotation

from his *Alto Rhapsody*, published the same year as Opus 65 and, in an ironic gesture, presented as a wedding gift to Julie Schumann, daughter of Robert and Clara, with whom Brahms was said to be deeply in love, on the occasion of her marriage to another man. The *Alto Rhapsody* text comes from another Goethe poem, *A Winter Journey in the Harz Mountains*, in which the poet/singer asks the “father of love” to bestow a musical note that will catch the

ear of an embittered, lonely wanderer, restoring life to his wounded heart.

The power of music to heal and console is displayed on a grand scale in the so-called *German Requiem*, Brahms's major contribution to the genre of large choral works. What makes this a "German requiem"? The German language of the text distinguishes it from the liturgical requiem mass in Latin of the Roman Catholic church of Brahms's time and place in Vienna, but does not make it unique. As the music is rooted in Brahms's study of J.S. Bach and the Baroque, the *Requiem* itself is rooted in the north German Lutheran tradition in which he grew up in Hamburg.

The 16th-century reformer Martin Luther had advocated that Protestant funeral ceremonies should abandon the frightening notions of death as the gateway to judgment and purgatory so prominent in the Catholic mass for the dead. Instead, he favored consoling images of death as promising rest after an arduous life and offering the hope of resurrection. Thus, the music for such occasions should consist of settings of biblical passages and devotional poetry, i.e. chorales, on these themes. Brahms was engaged in the study of early music during the same period that he was working on the *Requiem* and was most likely familiar with Baroque examples, such as J.S. Bach's funeral motets and Heinrich Schütz's *Musikalische exequien (Requiem, 1635/6)*, whose first movement is titled "Concerto in the Form of a German Funeral Mass." He also knew contemporary works in the same tradition, so-called "memorial oratorios" composed for Lutheran observance of the "Sunday of the Dead" at the turn of the church year.

Brahms's *Requiem* was not composed for any particular commemorative event and, like his first symphony, it was a long time in coming to completion. With bits of the composition going back to the 1850s—and perhaps motivated by his friend and mentor Robert Schumann's attempt at suicide and later death in 1856—the composer dedicated intensive effort to it in the period following his own mother's death in 1865. The fifth movement, with its text evoking mother love ("I will comfort you as a mother comforts") was completed last, after the premier in 1868, but in time for the first full performance of the *Requiem* in Leipzig, Bach's home base, in 1869.



Although many of the biblical texts in the *Requiem* are common to funeral pieces, Brahms made the selection from his own thorough knowledge of the German Bible. Chorales are quoted, too—not verbally, but very subtly in musical phrases and in the "chorale prelude" structure of Movements 1 and 2.

At the center of the seven movements (Movement 4) stands the picture of blessedness presented by *Psalm 84*, "How lovely are your

dwelling places," where the dead, declared blessed in Movement 7, and the living who mourn, blessed in Movement 1, will find their home. Within the frame of these two "Blessed" movements, passages from the Old and New Testaments lead from meditations on the frailty of human life to triumphant assurance of rest and joy at its end.

In his correspondence with the theologically trained organist of Bremen cathedral, where the first performance of the *Requiem* was to take place on Good Friday, 1869, Brahms declined a suggestion that

the doctrine of redemption through the death of Jesus Christ should be more explicit in the work. And, as if calling it a "German" requiem implied adhering to a particular theological doctrine, he replied that he might better have called it a "human" requiem. Indeed, Jesus is not named at all, but his words are woven throughout the completed work, from the opening "Blessed are they that mourn," from the *Beatitudes* in the Sermon on the Mount in Matthew's gospel, to the echo in the final movement, "Blessed are the dead," from the book of *Revelation*. The "dwelling places" of Movement 4 evoke Jesus's promise in John's gospel, commonly read at funerals: "In my father's house are many dwelling places.... I go to prepare a place for you." Likewise, the mother's comfort in Movement 5 is Jesus's assurance to his disciples in the same gospel passage: "I will see you again, and your hearts will rejoice." The words speak not only in German, but in the universal language of human feeling.

—Polly Coote

Source: Leaver, Robin A., "Brahms's Opus 45 and German Protestant Funeral Music," *Journal of Musicology*, Vol. 19, No. 4 (Fall 2002), pp. 616-640.



IMAGES Opposite: (left) Johannes Brahms at age 20, 1853; (right) with composer, "Waltz King" Richard Strauss, 1894. **Above:** (center) with friends in the Fellingner family garden, 1893; (bottom) in his prime, 1889.

LIEBESLIEDER-WALZER, Opus 52 (1869)

1. Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes, das mir in die Brust, die kühle, hat geschleudert mit dem Blicke diese wilden Glutgefühle! Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen, willst du, eine Überfromme, rasten ohne traute Wonne, oder willst du, daß ich komme? Rasten ohne traute Wonne, nicht so bitter will ich büßen. Komme nur, du schwarzes Auge. Komme, wenn die Sterne grüßen.

Speak, maiden, whom I love; who, with just one glance, hurled wild feelings into my once aloof heart! Will you not soften your heart? Would you remain chaste, or shall I come to you? To remain without sweet bliss—I would never ask such bitter penance. So come, dark eyes, when the stars greet you.

2. Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut, heftig angetrieben; wer da nicht zu seufzen weiß, lernt es unterm Lieben.

Against the stones the stream rushes, powerfully driven. Those who do not know to sigh there will learn it when they fall in love.

3. O die Frauen, o die Frauen, wie sie Wonne tauen! Wäre lang ein Mönch geworden, wären nicht die Frauen!

O women, how they melt one with bliss! I would have become a monk long ago if it were not for women.

4. Wie des Abends schöne Röte möcht ich arme Dirne glühn, Einem, Einem zu Gefallen, sonder Ende Wonne sprühn.

Like the evening's lovely red, would I, a poor maiden, like to glow, to please one boy and then radiate bliss forever.

5. Die grüne Hopfenranke, sie schlängelt auf der Erde hin. Die junge, schöne Dirne, so traurig ist ihr Sinn! Du höre, grüne Ranke! Was hebst du dich nicht himmelwärts? Du höre, schöne Dirne! Was ist so schwer dein Herz? Wie höbe sich die Ranke, der keine Stütze Kraft verleiht? Wie wäre die Dirne fröhlich, wenn ihr der Liebste weit?

The green hops vine winds along the ground. The young, fair maiden, so mournful are her thoughts! Listen, green vine: Why do you not raise yourself heavenwards? Listen, fair maiden: Why is your heart so heavy? How can the vine raise itself when nothing lends it strength? How can the maiden be merry when her sweetheart is far away?

6. Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel nahm den Flug zum Garten hin, da gab es Obst genug. Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär, ich säumte nicht, ich täte so wie der. Leimruten-Arglist lauert an dem Ort; der arme Vogel konnte nicht mehr fort. Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär, ich säumte doch, ich täte nicht wie der. Der Vogel kam in eine schöne Hand, da tat es ihm, dem Glücklichen, nicht and. Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär, ich säumte nicht, ich täte doch wie der.

A little bird flew into the garden; there was fruit there. If I were that pretty little bird, I would not tarry. I would do just as he did. Malicious lime twigs lurked there. The poor bird could not escape. If I were that little bird, I would have hesitated; I would not have done that. The bird came into a beautiful girl's hand, and she did not harm him, the lucky thing. If I were a pretty little bird, I would not linger. I would do just as he did.

7. Wohl schön bewandt war es vor ehe mit meinem Leben, mit meiner Liebe; durch eine Wand, ja, durch zehn Wände erkannte mich des Freundes Sehe. Doch jetzo, wehe, wenn ich dem Kalten auch noch so dicht vorm Auge stehe, es merkt's sein Auge, sein Herze nicht.

Fair and contented was I with my life and my sweetheart. Through a wall, yes, through ten walls, did my friend's gaze recognize me. But now, oh woe, if I am with that cold boy, no matter how close I stand before him, neither his eyes nor his heart notice.

8. Wenn so lind dein Auge mir und so lieblich schauet, jede letzte Trübe flieht welche mich umgrauet. Dieser Liebe schöne Glut, laß sie nicht verstieben! Nimmer wird, wie ich, so treu dich ein andrer lieben.

When your eyes look at me so gently and lovingly, you chase away every anxiety that troubles my life. The lovely glow of this love: do not let it disappear! No one else will ever love you as faithfully as I.

9. Am Donaustrande, da steht ein Haus, da schaut ein rosiges Mädchen aus. Das Mädchen, es ist wohl gut gehegt, zehn eiserne Riegel sind vor die Türe gelegt. Zehn eiserne Riegel das ist ein Spaß; die spreng ich als wären sie nur von Glas.

On the banks of the Danube there stands a house, and looking out is a pink-cheeked maiden. The maiden is well guarded: ten iron bolts have been placed on the door. But ten iron bolts are but a joke; I will snap them as if they were glass.

10. O wie sanft die Quelle sich durch die Wiese windet! O wie schön, wenn Liebe sich zu der Liebe findet!

O how gently the stream winds through the meadow! O how lovely it is when love finds love!

11. Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen mit den Leuten; Alles wissen sie so giftig auszudeuten. Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich lose Triebe; bin ich still, so heißt's, ich wäre irr aus Liebe

No, there's just no getting along with people; they always think the worst of everything. If I am merry, they say I cherish loose urges; if I am quiet, they say I'm crazed with love.

12. Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser, Schlösser ohne Zahl; denn die bösen Mäuler will ich schließen allzumal!

Locksmith, get up and make your locks, locks without number; for I want to lock up all the evil mouths!

13. Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft, sucht nach einem Aste; und das Herz, ein Herz, ein Herz begehrt's, wo es selig raste.

The little bird rushes through the air, searching for a branch; my heart desires a heart on which it can blessedly rest.

14. Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar, blickt der Mond hernieder! Die du meine Liebe bist, liebe du mich wieder!

See how clear the waves are when the moon gazes down. You who are my love, you love me back!

15. Nachtigall, sie singt so schön, wenn die Sterne funkeln. Liebe mich, geliebtes Herz, küsse mich im Dunkeln!

The nightingale sings so beautifully when the stars are twinkling. Love me, my beloved heart; kiss me in the dark!

16. Ein dunkeler Schacht ist Liebe, ein gar zu gefährlicher Bronnen; da fiel ich hinein, ich Armer, kann weder hören noch sehn, nur denken an meine Wonnen, nur stöhnen in meinen Wehn.

Love is a dark shaft, a dangerous well; and I, poor man, fell in. I can neither hear nor see, I can only think about my bliss; I can only moan in my woe.

17. *Nicht wandle, mein Licht, dort außen im Flurbereich! Die Füße würden dir, die zarten, zu naß, zu weich. All überströmt sind dort die Wege, die Stege dir; so überreichlich tränkte dorten das Auge mir.*
Do not wander, my light, out there in the field! Your feet, your tender feet, would get too wet, too soft. All flooded are the paths there, and the bridges, so much did my eyes weep.

18. *Es bebte das Gesträuche, gestreift hat es im Fluge ein Vögelein. In gleicher Art erbebet die Seele mir, erschüttert von Liebe, Lust und Leide, gedenkt sie dein.*
The bushes are trembling; they were brushed by a little bird in flight. In the same way, my soul trembles, overcome by love, pleasure, and sorrow, as it thinks of you.

NEUE LIEBESLIEDER-WALZER

Opus 65 (1875)

1. *Verzicht, o Herz, auf Rettung, dich wagend in der Liebe Meer! Denn tausend Nachen schwimmen zertrümmert am Gestad umher!*
Relinquish, o heart, all hope of rescue from the sea of love. For a thousand boats float wrecked about its shores.

2. *Finstere Schatten der Nacht, Wogen und Wirbelgefahr! Sind wohl, die da gelind rasten auf sicherem Lande, Euch zu begreifen im Stande? Das ist der nur allein, welcher auf wilder See stürmischer Öde treibt, Meilen entfernt vom Strande.*

Dark shades of night; dangers of waves and whirlpools! Can those who rest so mildly on firm ground understand? No: only one who is tossed about on the wild sea's stormy desolation, miles from the shore.

3. *An jeder Hand die Finger hatt' ich bedeckt mit Ringen, die mir geschenkt mein Bruder in seinem Liebessinn. Und einen nach dem andern gab ich dem schönen, aber unwürdigen Jüngling hin.*

On each hand were my fingers bedecked with rings from my loving brother, and one after another I lost them to that handsome but unworthy lad.

4. *Ihr schwarzen Augen, ihr dürft nur winken Paläste fallen, und Städte sinken. Wie sollte stehn in solchem Strauss, mein Herz, von Karten das schwache Haus?*

You, black eyes—you need only beckon and palaces fall and cities sink. How should my heart withstand such strife, inside its weak house of cards?

5. *Wahre, wahre deinen Sohn, Nachbarin, vor Wehe, weil ich ihn mit schwarzem Aug' zu bezaubern gehe. O wie brennt das Auge mir, das zu zünden fordert! Flammet ihm die Seele nicht, deine Hütte lodert.*

Neighbor, protect your son from woe, for I come with my black eyes to enchant him. O how my eyes inflame his passion! If his soul does not ignite, your hut will catch fire.

6. *Rosen steckt mir an die Mutter, weil ich gar so trübe bin. Sie hat Recht, die Rose sinket, so wie ich entblättert hin.*

Mother gave me roses because I am so troubled. She is right: roses droop just as I do, wilting away.

7. *Vom Gebirge Well' auf Well' kommen Regengüsse, und ich gäbe dir so gern hunderttausend Küsse.*

From the mountains, gushing rain comes wave upon wave, and I would gladly give you a hundred thousand kisses.

8. *Weiche Gräser im Revier, schöne stille Plätzchen! O wie lind ruht es hier Sich mit einem Schätzchen!*

Soft grass in my favorite places, fair, quiet spots! O how pleasant it is to linger with one's darling!

9. *Nagen am Herzen fühl ich ein Gift mir; kann sich ein Mädchen ohne zu fröhnen zärtlichem Hang, fassen ein ganzes wonne beraubtes Lebenentlang?*

I feel a poison in my heart. Must a maiden ignore her tender inclinations and live a life robbed of bliss?

10. *Ich kose süß, mit der und der, und werde still und kranke; denn ewig, ewig kehrt zu dir, o Nonna, mein Gedanke!*

I share my love with this girl and that, and grow quiet and sick at heart, for always, toward you my thoughts turn, o Nonna.

11. *Alles in den Wind sagst du mir, du Schmeichler! Alle sammt verloren sint deine Müh'n, du Heuchler! Einem andern fang' zu lieb stelle deine Falle! Denn du bist ein loser Dieb, denn du buhlst um alle!*

All that you say to me is lost to the wind, flatterer! All your efforts are lost, pretender! Go set your trap for another. For you are a loose thief; you have been with them all.

12. *Schwarzer Wald, dein Schatten ist so duster! Armes Herz, dein Leiden ist so drückend! Was dir einzig wert, es steht vor Augen? Ewig untersagt ist Huldvereinung.*

Dark forest, your shade is so gloomy! Poor heart, your sorrow presses so heavily! The only thing of value is standing before your eyes; eternally forbidden is that union with love.

13. *Nein, Geliebter, setze dich mir so nahe nicht! Starre nicht so brünstiglich mir in's Angesicht! Wie es auch im Busen brennt, dämpfe deinen Trieb, dass es nicht die Welt erkennt, wie wir uns so lieb.*

No, my love, don't sit so near me! Don't look so lovingly at my face! However much your heart may burn, let not the world see how much we love each other.

14. *Flammernaube, dunkles Haar, Knabe wonnig und verwogen, Kummer ist durch dich hinein, in mein armes Herz gezogen! Kann in Eis der Sonne Brand, sich in Nacht der Tag verkehren? kann die heisse Menschenbrust atmen ohne Glutbegehren? Ist die Flur so voller Licht, dass die Blum' im Dunkel stehe? Ist die Welt so voller Lust, dass das Herz in Qual vergehe?*

Flaming eyes, dark hair, sweet, audacious boy: Because of you my poor heart toils with sorrow! Can the sun's fire make ice, or turn day to night? Can the loving heart of a man breathe without glowing desire? Is the field so full of light that the flowers stand in darkness? Is the world so full of joy that the heart is abandoned to torment?

15. *Nun, ihr Musen, genug. Vergebens strebt ihr zu schildern, wie sich Jammer und Glück wechseln in liebender Brust. Heilen könnet die Wunden ihr nicht, die Amor geschlagen; aber Linderung kommt einzig, ihr Guten, von euch.*

Now, you Muses, enough. In vain you strive to tell how misery and happiness both can dwell in a loving breast. You cannot heal the wounds that love has caused, but solace can come only from you, if you are kind.

EIN DEUTSCHES REQUIEM, Opus 45 (1860)



I MATTHEW 5:4
Selig sind, die da Leid tragen, denn sie sollen getröstet werden.
Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

PSALM 126:5-6
Die mit Tränen säen, werden mit Freuden ernten. Sie gehen hin und weinen und tragen edlen Samen, und kommen mit Freuden und bringen ihre Garben.
He that goes forth and weeps, bearing precious seed, shall surely come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

II 1 PETER 1:24

Denn alles Fleisch ist wie Gras und alle Herrlichkeit des Menschen wie des Grasses Blumen. Das Gras ist verdorret und die Blume abgefallen.

For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withers, and the flower falls away.

JAMES 5: 7

So seid nun geduldig, lieben Brüder, bis auf die Zukunft des Herrn. Siehe, ein Ackermann wartet auf die köstliche Frucht der Erde und ist geduldig darüber, bis er empfahe den Morgenregen und Abendregen.

Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandmen waits for the precious fruit of the earth, and has long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain.

1 PETER 1:25

Aber des Herrn Wort bleibet in Ewigkeit.

But the word of the Lord endures forever.

ISAIAH 35:10

Die Erlöseten des Herrn werden wieder kommen, und gen Zion kommen mit Jauchzen; ewige Freude wird über ihrem Haupte sein; Freude und Wonne werden sie ergreifen und Schmerz und Seufzen wird weg müssen.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall have joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

III PSALM 39:4-7

Herr, lehre doch mich, daß ein Ende mit mir haben muß, und mein Leben ein Ziel hat, und ich davon muß.

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, that I may know how frail I am.

Siehe, meine Tage sind einer Hand breit vor dir, und mein Leben ist wie nichts vor dir. Ach, wie gar nichts sind alle Menschen, die doch so sicher leben. Sie gehen daher wie ein Schemen, und machen ihnen viel vergebliche Unruhe; sie sammeln und wissen nicht wer es kriegen wird. Nun Herr, wess soll ich mich trösten? Ich hoffe auf dich.

Behold, thou hast made my days as a handbreadth; mine age is as nothing before thee. Surely every man walks in a vain show. Surely they are disquieted in vain. He heaps up riches and knows not who shall gather them. And now, Lord, what do I wait for? My hope is in thee.

WISDOM OF SOLOMON 3:1

Der Gerechten Seelen sind in Gottes Hand und keine Qual rühret sie an.

But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there no torment shall touch them.

IV PSALM 84:1.2.4

Wie lieblich sind deine Wohnungen, Herr Zebaoth! Meine seele verlangst und sehnst dich nach den Vorhöfen des Herrn; mein Leib und Seele freuen sich in dem lebendigen Gott. Wohl denen, die in deinem Hause wohnen, die loben dich immerdar.

How great are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longs, yea, even faints for the courts of the Lord. My heart and my flesh cry out for the living God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: They will always praise thee.

V JOHN 16:22

Ihr habt nun Traurigkeit; aber ich will euch wieder sehen und euer Herz soll sich freuen und eure Freude soll niemand von euch nehmen.
And ye, now therefore have sorrow. But I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and no man will take your joy from you.

ECCLESIASTICUS 51: 27

Sehet mich an: Ich habe eine kleine Zeit Mühe und Arbeit gehabt und habe großen Trost funden.

Ye see how for a little while I labor and toil, yet have I found much rest.

ISAIAH 66:13

Ich will euch trösten, wie Einen seine Mutter tröstet.

As one whom his mother comforted, so will I comfort you.

VI HEBREWS 13:14

Denn wir haben hie keine bleibende Statt, sondern die zukünftige suchen wir.

For here have we no continuing city, but seek one to come.

1 CORINTHIANS 15:51-55

Siehe, ich sage euch ein Geheimnis: Wir werden nicht alle entschlafen, wir werden aber alle verwandelt werden; und dasselbige plötzlich, in einem Augenblick, zu der Zeit der letzten Posaune. Denn es wird die Posaune schallen, und die Toten wervandelt werden. Dann wird erfüllet werden das Wort, das geschrieben steht: Der Tod is verschlungen in den Sieg. Tod, wo ist dein Stachel? Hölle, wo ist dein Sieg?

Behold, I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump. For the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

REVELATION 4:11

Herr, du bist Würdig zu nehmen Preis und Ehre und Kraft, denn du hast alle Dinge geschaffen, und durch deinen Willen haben, sie das Wesen und sind geschaffen.

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power, for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.

VII REVELATION 14:13

Selig sind die Toten, die in dem Herren sterben, von nun an. Ja, der Geist spricht, daß sie ruhen von ihrer Arbeit; denn ihre Werke folgen ihnen nach.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

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