

Excerpts from Schiller Birthday Celebration Concert Program

Reading from Schiller (All readings by Dikran Tulaine)

The artist is indeed the son of his time, but bad for him, if he is at the same time its pupil or even yet its favorite. . . . How does the artist preserve himself before the corruption of his time, which surrounds him from every side? . . . He despises its judgment. He glances upwards towards his dignity and the law, not downwards towards Fortune and need. . . . (If you) give the world, upon which you act, the direction towards the good, so will the calm rhythm of time bring its development.

—Friedrich Schiller, *Aesthetic Education*, Letter 9

Bach: *Prelude and Fugue in A minor*
Yuting Zhou, piano

Anyhow Arr. Evelyn LaRue Pittman
Schiller Institute NYC Chorus
Diane Sare, Director

Readings from Schiller and Shakespeare

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme; But you shall shine more bright in these contents Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.

—William Shakespeare, *Sonnet #55*

Humanity has lost its dignity, but art has saved it and preserved it in meaningful stone; the truth lives on in illusion, and from the copy, the original will be restored.

—Friedrich Schiller, *Aesthetic Education*, Letter 9

Hold On! Arr. Eugene Thamon Simpson
Schiller Institute NYC Chorus
Diane Sare, Director

Reading from Schiller, *Singer's Farewell*

Springtime wakes, the warming meadows spring
To cheerful life, stirred youthfully to motion,
The heavens ring, as choirs gaily sing, The airs
perfumed by nectar's fragrant potion, And young
and old emerge, their souls rejoicing To feast
with eye and ear and glad emotion. Springtime
flees! To seeds shall blooms be turning, And all
that's come shall e'er be thence returning.

Brahms: *Dem dunkeln Schoss*
Schiller Institute NYC Chorus
John Sigerson, Director

Reading from Schiller

When grief gnaws at our heart, when melancholy poisons out solitary hours: when we are revolted by the world and its affairs: when a thousand troubles weigh upon our souls, and our sensibilities are about to be snuffed out underneath our professional burdens—then the theater takes us in and within its imaginary world we dream the real one away; we are given back to ourselves; our sensibilities are reawakened; salutary emotions agitate our slumbering nature, and set our heart pulsating with greater and vigor. Here, the unfortunate, seeing another's grief, can cry out his own: the Jolly will be sober, and the secure will grow concerned. The delicate weakling becomes hardened into manhood, and here the first tender emotions are awakened within the barbarians breast. And then at last—O Nature! what a triumph for you!—Nature, so frequently trodden to the ground, so frequently risen from the ashes! when man at last, and all districts and regions and classes, with all his chains of fad and fashion castaway, and every bond of destiny rent asunder and then becomes his brother's brother with a *single* all embracing sympathy, resolved once again into a single species, for getting himself and the world, and reapproaching his own heavenly origin. Each takes joy in others delights, which then, magnified in beauty and strength, are reflected back to him from 100 eyes, and now his bosom has room for a *single* sentiment, and this is: to be truly *human*.

—Friedrich Schiller,

Theater Considered as a Moral Institution

Beethoven: *Choral Fantasia*, Op. 80
My-Hoa Steger, piano
John Sigerson, Director Schiller Institute NYC
Chorus and Orchestra

Reading from Schiller

Love alone . . . is a free emotion, for her pure source flows from the seat of freedom, from our divine nature.

Beethoven: *Mass in C Major*, Op 86
John Sigerson, Director Schiller Institute NYC
Chorus and Orchestra