

PRAIRIE UNITARIAN-UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY

February 5, 1984

Order of Service

MUSIC AMONG FRIENDS: FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828) - coordinated by Warren Hagstrom

Overture: Symphony #4, first movement (1816)

1. "Heidenröslein" -- Doleta Chapru accompanied by Michael Briggs
2. From a piano sonata -- Joe Laurence
3. "Serenade" -- Louise Vogel accompanied by <sup>Joe Laurence</sup> Michael Briggs
4. From "Moments Musicaux" (1823-27) -- The Woodwing Group
5. "Der Lindenbaum" (1827) -- The Congregation, accompanied by Susan Hagstrom
6. Theme from the "Trout" Quintet (1819) arranged for Mandolin -- George Calden  
Some recorded songs, if time allows
7. "Allegretto" (1827) -- Susan Hagstrom  
"To my dear friend Walcher for remembrance."
8. "Du bist die Ruhe" (1823) -- Doleta Chapru~~s~~ accompanied by Michael Briggs

HEIDENRÖSLEIN (words by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Sah eid Knab ein Roslein stehn  
Roslein auf der Heiden,  
war so jung und morgenschon,  
lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,  
sah's mit vielen Freuden.  
Roslein, Roslein, Roslein rot,  
Roslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,  
Roslein auf der Heiden!  
Roslein sprach: Ich steche dich,  
dass du ewig denkst an mich,  
und ich will's nich leiden.  
Roslein, Roslein, Roslein rot,  
Roslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach  
's Roslein auf der Heiden;  
Roslein wehrte sich und stach,  
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,  
musst es eben leiden.  
Roslein, Roslein, Roslein rot,  
Roslein auf der Heiden.

One a boy a wild rose spied,  
In the hedge-row growing,  
Fresh in all her youthful pride,  
When her beauties he descried,  
Joy in his heart was glowing,  
Little wild rose, wild rose red,  
In the hedge-row growing.

Said the boy, "I'll gather thee,  
In the hedge-row growing!  
Said the rose, "Then I'll pierce thee  
That thou may'st remember me,  
Thus reprood bestowing."  
Little wilde rose, wild rose red,  
In the hedge-row growing.

Thoughtlessly he pull'd the rose,  
In the hedge-row growing;  
But her thorns their spears oppose,  
Vainly he laments his woes,  
With pain his hand is glowing.  
Little wild rose, wild rose red,  
In the hedge-row growing.