

LYRICS & *Dialogues*

TUESDAY, MARCH 17 2026
7:00PM



JORDAN WILLIAMS
PIANO

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH OF SELMA
2026 ARRANTS STREET
SELMA, CA 93662

WORKS BY SPOHR, MUCZYNSKI
AND BRAHMS

FREE ADMISSION
DONATIONS ACCEPTED



ELTON CHONG
CELLO



VITALII PRUSAK
CLARINET



VALERIE LOERA
SOPRANO

First Christian Church of Selma presents...

Lyrics and Dialogues

Valerie Loera, Soprano
Vitalii Prusak, Clarinet

Elton Chong, Cello
Jordan Williams, Piano

Program

Duet for Obligato Eyeglasses
(arr. for clarinet and cello)

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827)

6 Deutsches Lieder for Voice, Clarinet, and Piano, Op. 103

Louis Spohr (1784–1859)

- I. Sei still mein Herz
- II. Zwiengesang
- III. Sehnsucht
- IV. Wiegenlied
- V. Das heimliche Lied
- VI. Wach auf

2 Songs for Voice, Cello, and Piano, Op. 91

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

- I. Gestillte Sehnsucht
- II. Geistliches Wiegenlied

— INTERMISSION (5 MIN) —

Trio in A minor for Clarinet, Cello, and Piano, Op. 114

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

- I. Allegro
- II. Adagio
- III. Andantino grazioso
- IV. Allegro

Tango for Clarinet and Cello

Ruth Schonthal (1924–2006)

Fantasy Trio for Clarinet, Cello, and Piano, Op. 26

Robert Muczynski (1929–2010)

- I. Allegro energico
- II. Andante con espressione
- III. Allegro deciso
- IV. Andante molto e sostenuto—Allegro

Song Translations

6 Deutsches Lieder, Op. 103

Sei still mein Herz

Ich wahrte die Hoffnung tief in der Brust,
Die sich ihr vertrauend erschlossen,
Mir strahlten die Augen voll Lebenslust,
Wenn mich ihre Zauber umflossen,
Wenn ich ihrer schmeichelnden Stimme gelauscht,
Im Wettersturm ist ihr Echo verrauscht,
Sei still mein Herz, und denke nicht dran,
Das ist nun die Wahrheit, das Andre war Wahn.
Die Erde lag vor mir im Frühlingstraum,
Den Licht und Wärme durchglühte,
Und wonnetrunken durchwallt ich den Raum,
Der Brust entsproßte die Blüte,
Der Liebe Lenz war in mir erwacht,
Mich durch rieselt Frost, in der Seele ist Nacht.
Sei still mein Herz, und denke nicht dran,
Das ist nun die Wahrheit, das Andre war Wahn.
Ich baute von Blumen und Sonnenglanz
Eine Brücke mir durch das Leben,
Auf der ich wandelnd im Lorbeerkranz
Mich geweiht dem hochedelsten Streben,
Der Menschen Dank war mein schönster Lohn,
Laut auf lacht die Menge mit frechem Hohn,
Sei still mein Herz, und denke nicht dran,
Das ist nun die Wahrheit, das Andre war Wahn.

Zwiegesang

Im Fliederbusch ein Vöglein saß
In der stillen, schönen Maiennacht,
Darunter ein Mägdlein im hohen Gras
In der stillen, schönen Maiennacht.
Sang Mägdlein, hielt das Vöglein Ruh',
Sang Vöglein, hört' das Mägdlein zu,
Und weithin klang
Der Zwiegesang
Das mondbeglänzte Thal entlang.
Was sang das Vöglein im Gezweig
Durch die stille, schöne Maiennacht?
Was sang doch wohl das Mägdlein gleich
Durch die stille, schöne Maiennacht?
Von Frühlingssonne das Vögelein,
Von Liebeswonne das Mägdlein.
Wie der Gesang
Zum Herzen drang,
Vergess' ich nimmer mein Lebelang!

Be still, my heart

I once harbored hope deep in my breast
Which, trusting, unlocked to her;
My eyes were radiant with joie de vivre
While her magic encircled me.
But when I harkened to her beguiling voice
The echo died away in the storm.
Be still, my heart, and give it no thought:
This now is reality, the rest was delusion.
Earth lay before me in a spring dream
Suffused with warmth and light,
And drunk with joy I wafted through space,
Blossoms burst forth from my breast;
Love's springtime awakened in me.
Now frost shudders through me; in my soul it is night.
Be still, my heart, and give it no thought:
This now is reality, the rest was delusion.
Out of sunshine and flowers I built myself
A bridge through life
Passing over which, laurel-crowned,
I devoted myself to the noblest of strivings.
Man's gratitude was my finest reward;
The crowd laughs aloud now with impudent scorn.
Be still, my heart, and give it no thought:
This now is reality, the rest was delusion.

In the lilac bush a little bird sat

In the lilac bush a little bird sat
In the quiet, lovely May night;
Below, a maiden sat in the high grass
In the quiet, lovely May night.
When the maiden sang, the little bird was quiet,
When the little bird sang, the maiden listened,
And over a long distance rang out
Their duet
Alongside the moon-bright valley.
What was the little bird singing in the branches
Through the quiet, lovely May night?
For that matter, what was the maiden singing
Through the quiet, lovely May night?
Of the spring's sun sang the little bird,
Of the splendor of love sang the maiden.
How that song
Exhilarated my heart,
I will never forget for the rest of my life!

Sehnsucht

Ich blick' in mein Herz und ich blick' in die Welt,
Bis von schwimmenden Auge die Thräne mir fällt,
Wohl leuchtet die Ferne mit goldenem Licht,
Doch hält mich der Nord -- ich erreiche sie nicht --
O die Schranken so eng, und die Welt so weit,
Und so flüchtig die Zeit!
Ich weiß ein Land, wo aus sonnigem Grün
Um versunkene Tempel die Trauben glühn,
Wo die purpurne Woge das Ufer beschäumt,
Und von kommenden Sängern der Lorbeer träumt;
Fern lockt es und winkt dem verlangenden Sinn,
Und ich kann nicht hin.
O hätt' ich Flügel, durch's Blau der Luft
Wie wollt' ich baden im Sonnenduft!
Doch umsonst! Und Stunde auf Stunde entflieht --
Vertraure die Jugend -- begrabe das Lied --
O die Schranken so eng, und die Welt so weit,
Und so flüchtig die Zeit!

Wiegenlied

Alles still in süßer Ruh,
Drum, mein Kind, so schlaf auch du!
Draußen säuselt nur der Wind:
Su, susu! schlaf ein, mein Kind!
Schließ du deine Äugelein,
Laß sie wie zwei Knospen sein!
Morgen, wenn die Sonn' erglüht,
Sind sie wie die Blum' erblüht.
Und die Blümlein schau' ich an,
Und die Äuglein küß' ich dann,
Und der Mutter Herz vergißt,
Daß es draußen Frühling ist.

Das heimliche Lied

Es gibt geheime Schmerzen,
Sie klaget nie der Mund,
Getragen tief im Herzen
Sind sie der Welt nicht kund.
Es gibt ein heimlich Sehnen,
Das scheuet stets das Licht,
Es gibt verborgne Tränen,
Der Fremde sieht sie nicht.
Es gibt ein still Versinken
In eine innre Welt,
Wo Friedensauen winken,
Von Sternenglanz erhellt,
Wo auf gefallen Schranken
Die Seele Himmel baut,
Und jubelnd den Gedanken

I look in my heart and I look at the world

I look in my heart and I look at the world
Till out of my clouded eyes a tear falls.
Though the distance glows with golden light,
The north wind tells me I shall not reach it.
Ah! How narrow our confines, how wide the world,
And how fleeting is time!
I know a land where in sun-filled greenery
Grapes gleam among sunken temples,
Where the purple wave covers the shore with foam
And laurels dream of singers to come.
It lures from afar and beckons my longing soul,
And I cannot go there!
If I had wings to fly through the blue
How I would wish to bathe in sun's fragrance!
But in vain! Hour flees upon hour;
Pass your youth in mourning, bury your song.
Ah! How narrow our confines, how wide the world
And how fleeting is time!

All is still in sweet repose

All is still in sweet repose,
Therefore, my child, you, too, must sleep.
Outside is but the rustle of the wind,
Sh, sh, sh, go to sleep, my child.
Close your little eyes,
Let them be two little buds.
Tomorrow when the sun shines,
They will blossom like flowers.
And I gaze at the little flowers,
And I kiss the little eyes,
And a mother's heart forgets
That it is spring outside.

The secret song

There are secret pains
Whose lament is never tongued;
Borne deep in the heart
They are unknown to the world.
There is a secret longing
That always shies from the light;
There are hidden tears
A stranger does not see.
There is a quiet sinking
Into an inner world
Where peaceful meadows beckon,
Lit by the gleam of stars,
Where, all boundaries fallen,
The soul raises Heaven

Das heimliche Lied (cont'd)

Den Lippen anvertraut.
Es gibt ein still Vergehen
In stummen, öden Schmerz,
Und Niemand darf es sehen,
Das schwergedrückte Herz.
Es sagt nicht was ihm fehlet,
Und wenn's im Grame bricht,
Verblutend und zerquälet,
Der Fremde sieht sie nicht.
Es gibt einen sanften Schlummer,
Wo süßer Frieden weilt,
Wo stille Ruh' den Kummer
Der müden Seele heilt.
Doch gibt's ein schöner Hoffen,
Das Welten überfliegt,
Da wo am Herzen offen
Das Herz voll Liebe liegt.

Wach auf!

Was stehst du bange
Und sinnest nach?
Ach! schon so lange
Ist Liebe wach.
Hörst du das Klingen
Allüberall?
Die Vöglein singen
Mit süßem Schall.
Aus Starrem sprießet
Baumblättlein weich,
Das Leben fließet
Um Ast und Zweig.
Das Tröpflein schlüpfet
Aus Waldesschacht,
Das Bächlein hüpfet
Mit Wallungsmacht.
Der Himmel neiget
In's Wellenklar,
Die Bläue zeigt
Sich wunderbar.
Ein heit'res Schwingen
Zu Form und Klang,
Ein ew'ges Fügen
Im ew'gen Drang!
Was stehst du bange
Und sinnest nach?
Ach! schon so lange
Ist Liebe wach.

The secret song (cont'd)

And with jubilation
Confides its thoughts to the lips.
There is a quiet passing
Into silent, desolate pain,
And no one is allowed to see
That heavy-pressed heart.
It does not say what it needs,
And though it breaks with grief,
Tortured to death and bleeding,
The stranger does not see it.
There is a gentle slumber
Where sweet peace abides,
Where quiet rest heals the cares
Of the weary soul.
There is yet a lovely hoping
That soars above all worlds,
Where, open to another heart,
The heart lies filled with love.

Awaken!

Why do you stand there
brooding with fear?
Ah, so long
does love stay awake!
Do you hear the ringing
all around?
The birds are singing
with such sweet sounds.
Soft leaves are sprouting
from the rigid branches,
Life is flowing
through bough and twig.
Little drops are gliding
from the forest hollows,
The brook leaps
with abundant strength.
The heavens bow
towards the clear waves,
The blueness
is wondrously revealed,
A bright flourish
of shape and sound,
An endless yielding
to endless impulse.
Why do you stand there
brooding with fear
Ah, so long
does love stay awake!

Zwei Gesänge, Op.91

Gestillte Sehnsucht

In goldnen Abendschein getaucht,
Wie feierlich die Wälder stehn!
In leise Stimmen der Vöglein hauchet
Des Abendwindes leises Wehn.
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.
Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh!
Du Sehnen, das die Brust beweget,
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?
Beim Lispeln der Winde, der Vögelein,
Ihr sehnenen Wünsche, wann schlaft ihr ein?
Ach, wenn nicht mehr in goldne Fernen
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen
Mit sehndem Blick mein Auge weilt;
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.

Geistliches Wiegenlied

Die ihr schwebet
Um diese Palmen
In Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heil'gen Engel,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.
Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem
Im Windesbrausen,
Wie mögt ihr heute
So zornig sausen!
O rauscht nicht also!
Schweiget, neiget
Euch leis' und lind;
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.
Der Himmelsknabe
Duldet Beschwerde,
Ach, wie so müd' er ward
Vom Leid der Erde.
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm
Leise gesänftigt
Die Qual zerrinnt,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Assuaged longing

Bathed in golden evening light,
How solemnly the forests stand!
The evening winds mingle softly
With the soft voices of the birds.
What do the winds, the birds whisper?
They whisper the world to sleep.
But you, my desires, ever stirring
In my heart without respite!
You, my longing, that agitates my breast –
When will you rest, when will you sleep?
The winds and the birds whisper,
But when will you, yearning desires, slumber?
Ah! when my spirit no longer hastens
On wings of dreams into golden distances,
When my eyes no longer dwell yearningly
On eternally remote stars;
Then shall the winds, the birds whisper
My life – and my longing – to sleep.

A sacred cradle-song

You who hover
Around these palms
In night and wind,
You holy angels,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.
You palms of Bethlehem
In the raging wind,
Why do you bluster
So angrily today!
O roar not so!
Be still, lean
Calmly and gently over us;
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.
The heavenly babe
Suffers distress,
Oh, how weary He has grown
With the sorrows of this world.
Ah, now that in sleep
His pains
Are gently eased,
Silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

Grimmige Kälte
Sauset hernieder,
Womit nur deck' ich
Des Kindleins Glieder!
O all ihr Engel,
Die ihr geflügelt
Wandelt im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein kind.

Fierce cold
Blows down on us,
With what shall I cover
My little child's limbs?
O all you angels,
Who wing your way
On the winds,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

Artist Bios

Elton Chong is an accomplished cellist based in Las Vegas, Nevada. Elton holds a B.A. in Cello Performance and History from California State University, Fresno and completed his M.A. in Cello Performance from California State University, Fresno under Dr. Thomas Lowenheim. He has performed in masterclasses with celebrated cellists such as Lynn Harrell, Tsuyoshi Tsutsumi, Mark Kosower, Brinton Averil Smith, Emilio Colon, and Thomas Landschoot. He is currently pursuing his Doctoral of Musical Arts Degree at University of Nevada, Las Vegas studying with Dr. Andrew Smith.

Elton is an active performer and teacher in Las Vegas and the Central Valley including guest roles with the Fresno Philharmonic and Sequoia Symphony. He is currently an adjunct instructor and orchestra conductor for Reedley College. His past positions include cello instructor at Sunnyside High School, University High School, and the Fresno Music Academy and Art, as well as appearing as a guest soloist for the St. John's Cathedral choir, the First Christian Church of Selma Recital Series, UNLV Nextet New Music Series, and UNLV Chamber Players.

Valerie Elizabeth Loera is a Mexican-American Soprano from Fresno, California. She currently serves as adjunct voice professor at Fresno City College, teaching applied voice instruction. In August 2020, Ms. Loera founded the Voces del Valle collaborative, a group of Central Valley musicians dedicated to the promotion and performance of Latin American song. She also gave a recital of Spanish zarzuela and Mexican art songs by Manuel Ponce as part of the First Christian Church of Selma California Recital Series. Ms. Loera has performed with Camerata California as the mezzo-soprano soloist in Mozart's Regina Coeli and Handel's Messiah. Ms. Loera has appeared in Sacramento State's production of Gian Carlo Menotti's Amelia goes to the ball and Seymour Barab's A Game of Chance. She was the recipient of the 2018 Kristina Townsend Memorial Competition Award and was a finalist in the 2018 Student Artists Performance category for Sacramento State's Festival of New American Music. She has frequently appeared as the mezzo soloist with Capella Antiqua, most notably in Bach's Herz und Mund und Tat und Leben, Bach's Meine Seel erhebt den Herren, Handel's Messiah and Haydn's Stabat Mater. In past seasons, Ms. Loera has been a featured soloist in John Corgliano's Fern Hill and Haydn's Lord Nelson Mass with Camerata California. Ms. Loera holds a Bachelor of Arts degree in Vocal Performance from Fresno State and a Masters of Music degree in Vocal Performance from Sacramento State.

Vitalii Prusak is a dynamic clarinetist and educator currently serving as a Graduate Assistant in Bryan Conger's Clarinet Studio at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. Equally at home as a soloist and ensemble performer, Vitalii is known for his commitment to artistic growth and technical excellence. His performances reflect a bold, competitive spirit—constantly seeking new challenges, repertoire, and settings that push the boundaries of traditional clarinet playing. Vitalii has performed as the Principal Clarinet with the Las Vegas Opera, Las Vegas Sinfonietta, and the UNLV Wind, Symphony, and Chamber Orchestras, as well as different smaller ensembles (some on the Eb and/or Bass Clarinets), contributing to performances that span from core symphonic literature to contemporary collaborations.

Jordan Williams is an active pianist across the San Joaquin Valley. Since 2009 he has been Minister of Music and pianist for the First Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) in Selma; and has served as pianist and worship music leader and director for St. Joseph's Catholic Church from 2013-2018. He also served as music director/pianist for the musical theatre productions of Reedley's River City Theatre Company, the Selma Arts Center, CenterStage Clovis, and Fresno State; and as pianist for opera productions of Opera Modesto and the California Opera Association. He also serves as the pianist for the Retired Teachers' Chorus (Fresno), Fresno Choral Artists, and Meridian Voices (Bakersfield). In addition, Jordan organizes musical events in Selma, such as an annual Christmas Concert in collaboration with his sister, Jessica Williams, where funds are raised for local community benefit organizations. Furthermore, Jordan freelances as a collaborative artist, working with other artists in the Fresno area; is the Artistic Director of the Selma Community Church Choir (an ecumenical ensemble established in 2016 with his colleague, Michael Gutierrez); and is also coordinator of a concert series in Selma, giving local artists opportunities to perform and offer the community with a variety of classical and contemporary recitals since 2017.

Jordan received both his Master of Arts Degree (2016) and Bachelor of Arts Degree (2014) in Piano Performance from California State University, Fresno, where he was under the direction of Andreas Werz, Professor of Piano at the university. In 2018, he also studied collaborative piano in Germany in an intensive summer program with American pianist Peter Nelson.