THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON  
THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS  

Present

MARGARET RUSSELL, mezzo-soprano  
assisted by  
Nancy Failor Vancil, piano  
Christopher Arpin, harpsichord  
Greg Savage, viola

in a

SENIOR RECITAL

Sunday, May 22, 1977  
Music Auditorium, 8:00 PM

**PROGRAM**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Tape No. 1-8505</th>
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<td><strong>BACH</strong></td>
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<td>7:10</td>
<td>Cantata No. 53: &quot;Schlage doch, gewünschte Stunde&quot;</td>
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| (1685-1750) | Dale Huggins, violin  
Gail Huggins, violin  
Paul Horne, cello  
Dennis Van Zandt, hand bells |
| **ROSSI**  | La gelosia  
(1598-1653) |
| 4:10 |  |
| **BLOW**  | The Self Banished  
(1649-1708) |
| 1:20 | When Daisies Pied; When Icicles Hang by the Wall  
Paul Horne, cello |
| **ARNE**  |  |
| 3:45 | When Daisies Pied; When Icicles Hang by the Wall  
Paul Horne, cello |
| (1710-1778) |
| **BRAHMS**  | Two songs for alto, viola and piano  
Gestillte Sehnsucht  
Geistliches Wiegenlied  
Greg Savage, viola  
(1833-1897) |
| 10:40 |

**INTERMISSION**

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<tr>
<th>Tape No. 2-8506</th>
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| **WOLF**  | Mörike Lieder  
(1860-1903) |
| 15:20 | Fussreise  
Schlafendes Jesuskind  
Im Frühling  
Verborgenheit  
Mausfallensprühlein |
| **BIZET**  | Chanson d'avril  
(1838-1875) |
| 14:25 | Adieux de l'hotesse arabe  
La Chanson du fou  
Tarentelle |

Margaret Russell is a student of Leon Lishner.
Schlage doch

Sound forth, long-awaited hour, o happy day! Angels! Come take me to live with Jesus in perfect peace. Let me hear the last hour tolling, that calls my soul away.

Gelosia

Jealousy, creeping serpent-like into my heart, do not enter where true love burns. What do you want from me--to stop loving? Depart from me! But you cruelly remain at the gates of my heart. Love is stronger than you. I am contented, so depart.

Gestillte Sehnsucht

In twilight, when the woods stand solemnly, the birds and wind whisper the world to sleep. Our hearts, constantly yearning, are without rest. Oh, when my spirit no longer hastens in distant dreams, then the birds and wind will whisper my life away.

Geistliches Wiegenlied

Ye angels hovering in the night wind, make still the tree tops. Hush the raging winds for my child is sleeping. The child of heaven is weary from the sorrows of the earth. Through sleep, his grief flows away.

Fussreise

When I go walking in the morning, my spirit sings like birds in the arbor. The soul must not be so sinful as some claim, if it can still love and praise as it did in the dawn of creation. May my whole life be as a gently tiring morning walk.

Schlafendes Jesuskind

Blessed Son of the Virgin, how calmly you sleep on this wooden pillow of anguish. Even as a baby you bear the glory of the Father. Could one but picture the wondrous visions that you are dreaming!

Im Frühling

As I lie on this hill in spring, the birds and clouds fly overhead, the sun's rays intoxicate my being, but I long for you, who like the breeze have no home. The bees hum, but vague yearnings fill me as I remember days which will never return.

Verborgenheit

O world, tempt me not with gifts of love. Leave me alone in my bliss and pain. An unknown grief aches within but away through tears, I see the sun's loving light.

Mausfallenspruchlein

Dear mice, my tiny guests! Won't you call tonight by moonlight? Take care not to pinch your tails in the door. We'll sing and dance till daybreak, and my old cat will dance with us, too. Do you hear me?

Chanson d'avril

Arise! Spring has begun! The rustling garden, the flowers and butterflies, have reawakened Love. Leave behind your heavy winter coat. Let's walk in the dew and speak of love under the blossoming trees.

Adieu de l'hôtesse arabe

Since nothing can hold you in this happy land, neither peace, abundance nor love, alas, farewell. If only you were one who dreams of adventure but stays home! We would gladly have served you on our knees, if you had wished. In your travels, think of us, for here in our desert home, we will remember you.
love, alas, farewell. If only you were one who dreams of sweet
We would gladly have served you on our knees, if you had wished. In your travels,
think of us, for here in our desert home, we will remember you.

Chanson du fou

O fortune seeker, beware of the night! The earth is dark and treacherous.
Robbers follow you. The women of the woods and goblins of the air go roving
about in the moonlight.

Tarantelle

Tra la la, the butterfly takes flight while the flower stands gracefully.
Like waves which erase the wake of a passing boat, your soul stands untouchable
while your love, the butterfly, has flown away.