

Compact disc  
V63  
2014  
2-29

NONCIRC CD# 17,413

Monday February 29, 2016 – 7:30pm – Brechemin Auditorium

The University of Washington School of Music  
presents a

### Voice Division Recital

CD#17,414

#### Program

- |    |                                  |  |
|----|----------------------------------|--|
| 1  | Remarks, T. Harper               |  |
| 2  | Asturiana 1:56                   | Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)                    |
| 3  | Spring Sorrow 1:16               | John Ireland (1879-1962)                       |
|    |                                  | Kyle Ueland, tenor<br>Victoria Sutton, piano   |
| 4  | Blow, blow thou winter wind 1:45 | Thomas Arne (1710-1778)                        |
| 5  | Wie Melodien zieht es mir 1:59   | Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)                    |
|    |                                  | Erica Meyer, soprano<br>Victoria Sutton, piano |
| 7  | Twelve Oxen 1:46                 | John Ireland (1879-1962)                       |
| 6  | Love's Philosophy 1:22           | Roger Quilter (1877-1953)                      |
|    |                                  | Zachary Buker, tenor<br>Victoria Sutton, piano |
| 8  | Già il sole dal gange 2:14       | Alessandro Scarlatti (1659-1725)               |
| 9  | Per la gloria 2:38               | Giovanni Battista Bononcini (1670-1747)        |
|    |                                  | Tiema Qian, tenor<br>Megan McElroy, piano      |
| 10 | Across the Western Ocean 2:36    | arr. Celius Dougherty (1902-1986)              |
| 11 | Piacere d'Amore 3:01             | Giovanni Martini (1706-1784)                   |
|    |                                  | Andrew Chiu, tenor<br>Emily Witt, piano        |

12 Comment disaient-ils 2:00 Franz Liszt (1811-1886)  
13 Enfant, si j'étais Roi 3:03

Denna Good-Mojab, soprano  
Ingrid Verhulsdonk, piano

14 Youth and Love from "Songs of Travel" 3:18 Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)  
15 Whither must I wander from "Songs of Travel" 3:30

Patrick Borrer, tenor  
Ingrid Verhulsdonk, piano

16 Evocation 2:56 Pauline Garcia Viardot (1821-1910)  
17 If I... 2:10 Lori Laitman (\*1955)

Yoojeong Cho, soprano  
Emily Witt, piano

18 In der Fremde I from "Liederkreis" Op. 39 1:36 Robert Schumann (1810-1856)  
19 Roadside Fire from "Songs of Travel" 2:11 Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Chris Kouldukis, baritone  
Steven Damouni, piano

20 Vergib uns unsre Schuld from "Vater Unser" 3:24 Peter Cornelius (1824-1874)  
21 Rejoice Greatly from "The Messiah" 6:11 George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Amy Kuefler, soprano  
Andrew Romanick, piano

~~With the same heart, I said, I'll answer thee from "Sonnets of the Portuguese"~~  
~~Till Frigga~~ Libby Larsen (\*1950)  
Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Dakota Miller, soprano  
Emily Witt, piano



Please join us for our next Voice Division Recital on Monday May 16, 2016.



Please turn off all pagers and cell phones as well as other electronic devices.

## Translations

### Asturiana

To see if it would console me,  
Tie me up to a green pine  
To see if it would console me  
Upon seeing me cry, it cried.  
The pine tree, because it was green,  
Upon seeing me cry, it cried.

### Wie Melodien zieht es mir

It moves like a melody,  
Gently through my mind;  
It blossoms like spring flowers  
And wafts away like fragrance.

But when it is captured in words,  
And placed before my eyes,  
It turns pale like a gray mist  
And disappears like a breath.  
And yet, remaining in my rhymes  
There hides still a fragrance,  
Which mildly from the quiet bud  
My moist eyes call forth.

### Già il sole dal gange

Already, from over the Ganges, the sun  
Sparkles more brightly  
And dries every drop  
of the dawn, which weeps.

With the gilded ray  
It adorns each blade of grass;  
And the stars of the sky  
It paints in the field.

### Per la gloria

For the glory of adoring you I want to love you, O dear eyes.  
Loving I will suffer, but always I will love you,  
Yes, yes, in my suffering, I will suffer, I will love you, dear eyes.

Without hope of delight, vain affection it is to sigh,  
But your sweet rays who could ever gaze upon  
And not, and not love you? I will suffer, I will love you, dear eyes!

### Placer d'Amore

The pleasure of love only lasts one moment;  
The regret of love lasts one's whole life.

I left everything for the ungrateful Sylvie;  
She leaves me and takes another lover.

The pleasure of love only lasts one moment;  
The regret of love lasts one's whole life.

"As long as this water flows softly  
Toward this brook that borders the plain  
I will love you," repeated Sylvie to me.  
The water still flows, she has changed however.

The pleasure of love only lasts one moment;  
The regret of love lasts one's whole life.

### Comment disaient-ils

"How," asked the men,  
"can we flee the Spanish police  
in our small boats?"  
"Row," replied the women.

"How," asked the men,  
"can we forget strife,  
misery and danger?"  
"Sleep," replied the women.

"How," asked the men,  
"can we enchant beautiful women  
without love potions?"  
"Love," replied the women.

### Enfant, si j'étais roi

Child, if I were king I would give the empire,  
and my chariot, and my scepter, and my kneeling people,  
and my golden crown, and my porphyry baths,  
and my fleets that the sea could not hold,  
for one of your glances!

If I were God, earth and heaven with the waves,  
the angels, the demons bent before my law,  
and the chaos of the fertile deep,  
eternity, space, the heavens and the worlds  
for a kiss from you!

### In der Fremde

Where once at home I laid my head  
storm clouds fill the air,  
but Father and Mother are long since dead  
and no one remembers me there.

How soon, how soon and with what ease  
the time of rest draws near:  
the wind will rustle through the trees  
and none will remember me here.

### Vergib uns unsre Schuld

At night, when stormy winds blow wildly  
And remorse wakes within you,  
Then, your heart quakes in darkest night  
As painfully as has never shaken.

You struggle, in deepest breast despairing,  
For nothing comforts, for nothing brightens,  
Because through the gale, still clearly speaks  
Your own heart, accusing you.

After all if the gale then be silent  
And balmy breezes prevail,  
When the soul feels deep remorse,  
It quakes as tho'twer stormy, on a quiet day.

Then, little bird praise God-almighty  
And sing brightly to him above,  
Your song drones on the ear however  
With harsh notes revealing your guilt.

### Till Frigga

Your wealth does not tempt me nor thy pearl have I sought.  
Only Frigga's heart tempts me.

A boundless world with its suns all of gold, its diamond sheen is worthless.  
The only world of rapture is when I am enclosed in her pent-up breast.

What has she borrowed from dust, what has she got from heaven?  
What is painted by evening or by flowery morning's hand?

Thought grows dizzy when in her eyes I gaze,  
As though I experience an unmeasured trance  
by the kiss of her purple mouth.

Where have you been, laughing angel, where?  
Until you came down to earth in the sweet form of Frigga  
Making lovely my wandering here.

Sometimes gloom falls on the way and thorns shoot forth.  
Sometimes the soul sighs.  
How sweet it is then to be freed from this yoke  
and be tied to your sweet embrace.

Earth caresses my feet, sweet as a spring wind.  
Life's encumbering weight feels as light as a bubble.  
And the fast swelling pulses rock the soul to the sweet rest of the Gods.