

No. 103
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THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS

Present

CHARLOTTE GARRETSON, soprano

in a

GRADUATE RECITAL

assisted by

Thomas Coleeke, tenor

Sandra Bleiweiss, piano

Monday, June 9, 1975

Music Auditorium, 8:00 PM

PROGRAM

Tape No. 1-7793

HUGO WOLF.....ITALIENISCHES LIEDERBUCH *all for CH 7-6-75.*

Auch kleine Dinge **NG**
Ein Ständchen Euch zu bringen
Mein Liebster singt
Heb' auf dein blondes Haupt
Ihr seid die Allerschönste
Wie lange schon war immer
mein Verlangen
Gesegnet sei, durch den die
Welt entstand
Man sagt mir, deine Mutter
woll' es nicht
Und willst du deinen Liebsten
sterben sehen
Du denkst mit einem Pächchen
Mein, junger Herr

Selig ihr Blinden
Wer rief dich denn?
Hoffärtig seid Ihr, schönes Kind
Wir haben beide
Num lass uns Frieden schliessen
Dass doch gemalt all' deine
Reize wären
Mir ward gesagt, du reisest in
die Ferne
Der Mond hat eine schwere Klag'
erhoben
Mein Liebster ist so klein
Ihr jungen Leute
Geselle, woll'n wir uns in
Kutten hüllen

31:20
35:15

INTERMISSION

Tape No. 2-7794

Und steht Ihr früh am Morgen
auf
Ich esse nun mein Brot nicht
trocken mehr
Mein Liebster hat zu Tische
mich geladen
Ich liess mir sagen
Schon streckt' ich aus im Bett
die müden Glieder
Heut' Nacht erhob ich mich um
Mitternacht
Gesegnet sei das Grün
Was für ein Lied soll dir
gesungen werden
O wär dein Haus durchsichtig
wie ein Glas
Wenn du mich mit den Augen
streifst
Sterb' ich, so hüllt in
Rumen meine Glieder

Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigt
zum Himmel auf
Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter
Wohl Kenn' ich Euren Stand
Wie viele Zeit verlor ich
Wie soll ich fröhlich sein
Du sagst mir, dass ich keine
Fürstin sei
Lass sie nur gehn
Was soll der Zorn
Nicht länger kann ich singen
Schweig' einmal still
O wüsstest du, wie viel ich
deinetwegen
Verschling' der Abgrund
Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten
Wohnen

41:27
40:49

GRADUATE RECITAL

assisted by
 Thomas Goleeke, tenor
 Sandra Bleiweiss, piano

Monday, June 9, 1975

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PROGRAM

Tape No. 1-7793

HUGO WOLF.....ITALIENISCHES LIEDERBUCH *All for CH 7-6-75,*

Auch kleine Dinge **NG**
 Ein Ständchen Euch zu bringen
 Mein Liebster singt
 Heb' auf dein blondes Haupt
 Ihr seid die Allerschönste
 Wie lange schon war immer
 mein Verlangen
 Gesegnet sei, durch den die
 Welt entstand
 Man sagt mir, deine Mutter
 woll' es nicht
 Und willst du deinen Liebsten
 sterben sehen
 Du denkst mit einem Pädchen
 Mein, junger Herr

35:15

Selig ihr Blinden
 Wer rief dich denn?
 Hoffärtig seid Ihr, schönes Kind
 Wir haben beide
 Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen
 Dass doch gemalt all' deine
 Reize wären
 Mir ward gesagt, du reisest in
 die Ferne
 Der Mond hat eine schwere Klag'
 erhoben
 Mein Liebster ist so klein
 Ihr jungen Leute
 Geselle, woll'n wir uns in
 Kutten hüllen

Tape No. 2-7794

INTERMISSION

Und steht Ihr früh am Morgen
 auf
 Ich esse nun mein Brot nicht
 trocken mehr
 Mein Liebster hat zu Tische
 mich geladen
 Ich liess mir sagen
 Schon streckt' ich aus im Bett
 die müden Glieder
 Heut' Nacht erhob ich mich um
 Mitternacht
 Gesegnet sei das Grün
 Was für ein Lied soll dir
 gesungen werden
 O wär dein Haus durchsichtig
 wie ein Glas
 Wenn du mich mit den Augen
 streifst
 Sterb' ich, so hüllt in
 Blumen meine Glieder

41:27
 40:49

Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst
 zum Himmel auf
 Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter
 Wohl Kenn' ich Euren Stand
 Wie viele Zeit verlor ich
 Wie soll ich fröhlich sein
 Du sagst mir, dass ich keine
 Fürstin sei
 Lass sie nur gehn
 Was soll der Zorn
 Nicht länger kann ich singen
 Schweig' einmal still
 O wüsstest du, wie viel ich
 deinetwegen
 Verschling' der Abgrund
 Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten
 Wohnen

Charlotte Garretson is a student of Leon Lishner.

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree
 of Doctor of Musical Arts.

INTRODUCTION AND PROGRAM NOTES
by Charlotte Garretson

The *Italienisches Liederbuch* of Hugo Wolf is one of his most prominent works and is quite representative of his genius, a genius which might be defined as an ability to perfect the miniature. Ernest Newman writes: "Those of us who have worked unceasingly at Wolf's songs...have no hesitation in putting him at the head of the song-writers of the world."

During his lifetime, 242 songs for voice and piano were published, plus an opera and other works. He was prolific although sporadic, sometimes composing two or three songs in one day, only to follow with months - and in one case, two years - of total silence.

Wolf's uniqueness rests with his ability to intimately interrelate poetic meaning and musical expression. With such interrelationship between poetry and music, Wolf was exceedingly particular in his poetic selections. The poems of the *Italienisches Liederbuch*, mainly anonymous, were translated into German by Paul Heyse. Eric Sams calls the poems "short, often repetitive and sometimes trivial: but the collection as a whole succeeds in creating a vivid picture of a true and real world.---From this Wolf creates an apotheosis of popular song, raised to the highest pitch of art."

As he composed, Wolf chose the poems in no particular order. He did seven of them in the last part of 1890, fifteen more after a delay of one year, and then after a delay of more than four years, composed the remaining twenty-four in slightly more than one month.

Since Wolf composed these songs in no particular order, performers are free to choose their own. Tonight, we will do the 1890-91 songs as Part I before intermission (with the exception of the first song, which was written in 1896); the 1896 songs will follow. Within each part, songs that dealt with a particular theme were grouped together. Part I is an almost classic sequence of serenade, argument, reconciliation, and the departure as the young man goes off to war. Part II introduces the humorous songs with their touches of mockery, followed by a group of exceedingly beautiful love songs, and then, at the end, a few "final" statements.

The first song, "Auch kleine Dinge", is a most appropriate introduction to this collection of tiny jewels of song. The theme is the worth of little things, and it speaks of the pearl, the olive and the rose. As Gerald Moore said: "Wolf perceived the communicating function of music and its analogies with language." As Wolf intended, I hope we speak to you!

1. Even little things can delight, can be precious. Consider the pearl, the olive-fruit, and how sweetly smells the rose.

2. I came to bring you a serenade, if the master has no objections. If she is already in bed, let her know that her sweetheart came by, and that in a day of 24 hours I miss her 25!

3. My lover sings outside the house and I must lie listening here in bed. I have wept a broad stream of tears by my bed, a flood of tears of longing. The tears of blood have blinded me.

4. Raise your fair head and do not sleep. I will tell you four important things: that you are breaking my heart; I want only to belong to you; I entrust my salvation to you; and last, my soul loves only you.

5. You are the loveliest of all things, lovelier than May and the flowering meadows. You surpass Orvieto's cathedral and Viterbo's fountain, and the Cathedral of Siena must bow before you. You are so rich in charm and grace, not even Siena's Cathedral is your peer.

6. How long I have yearned to have a musician as a lover! Now God has sent me one, all pink and white, and with gentle mien he bows his head and plays the violin.

7. Praise him through whom the world arose; how surely he created on all sides. He made the ocean with its endless deeps; he made the ships which glide over it; he made Paradise with eternal light; he made beauty and your face.

8. They tell me your mother is against it, so stay away, do what she wishes. Oh, dearest, no! Defy her, come to me, secretly. Come more often than before. Don't listen to her, come every day.

9. If you would see your lover die, do not bind your hair. Let it fall free over your shoulders like threads of pure gold, touched by the breeze. Beautiful is your hair, gold threads, silken threads, and beautiful is she who combs it.

10. You think that you can catch me with a thread, or with one look? I've caught others who flew higher, believe me. I am in love, but not with you.

11. No young sir, this will not do at all: one should try to behave properly. I'm good enough for week-days, but you want someone better for Sundays. If you keep on like this your week-day sweetheart will be giving you her notice.

12. Blessed are the blind who cannot see the beauties that inflame us: blessed the deaf who laugh at the plaints of those in love: blessed the dumb who cannot tell to women the hunger of their hearts: blessed the dead who have peace from the pangs of love.

13. Who called you? Who sent for you? Go to the sweetheart who better pleases you. The visits you pay me I gladly spare. Go where your thoughts and senses are. Who called you? Who sent for you?

14. Arrogant you are, and disdainful of your suitors. You answer a greeting as if it cost you dearly. You are not Alexander's daughter, and if you do not want gold, take tin; if you do not want love, take contempt.

15. We have both long been silent: suddenly speech returned to us. The Angels brought peace again. God's Angels of love came by night and brought peace to my heart.

16. Now let us make peace, we have quarreled too long. If you will not, I will yield. Peace is made between kings and princes, between princes and soldiers. Is what great men can do beyond the powers of two contented hearts?

17. Would that all your charms had been painted and a heathen prince had found the picture. He would lay his crown in your hands and his whole realm could be converted. In the whole land it would be decreed that all shall be Christian and love you. And every heathen would be converted and be a good Christian and love you.

18. They tell me you are traveling far. Where, my beloved life? With tears I will accompany you, with tears bedew your path. Think of me and hope will give me light. With tears I am always by your side - think of me, do not forget, dear heart.

19. The moon has made a serious complaint and laid the matter before the Lord. She will no longer stay in Heaven; you have robbed her of her radiance. When she last counted the stars, two were missing; two of the loveliest you have stolen: the two eyes there, which dazzle me.

20. My lover is so small that without bending he sweeps my room with his hair. When he went into the garden, he was frightened by a snail. When he rested, a fly knocked him head over heels. A curse on all flies, snails and midges and on having to bend down so low to take his kisses.

21. You youngsters, now you're off to war please take care of my sweetheart. See that he is brave under fire - he has never been to war. Don't let him sleep in the open. Don't, please, let him sleep under the moon; he'd die, he's not used to it.

22. Friend, let's disguise ourselves as monks and creep from door to door: "Give to a poor monk for Jesus' sake." Oh dear Father, you must come later, a daughter of mine lies ill. And if she is ill, let me go to her; she should not die untended. Let me look after her, that she may unbosom her confession to me. Close door and window, that none disturb us, while I hear the poor child's confession!

INTERMISSION

23. When you rise early from your bed, you drive the clouds from the heavens and cherubim vie to bring you shoes and raiment. When you go to Mass, the people are drawn to you and the lamps are kindled by your glance. You take holy water, make the Sign of the Cross, and bend the knee. Oh how radiantly it becomes you. Grace and blessedness are your gifts from God. Beauty's palm has been given to you.

24. No longer do I eat dry bread, a thorn is stuck in my foot. In vain I look for someone to love me. Even if it were only an old little fellow who showed me a little love and respect, an upstanding greyhead about my own age, I mean an old little fellow of somewhere about 14!

25. My sweetheart invited me to a meal without a home to receive me in, without wood or fireplace to boil or bake, and the pan was broken. No hope for a trace of wine, he had no glasses. The table was narrow, the bread like stone and the knife completely blunt.

26. I was told that handsome Toni is starving himself to death. Since he has suffered the pangs of love he takes seven loaves for every molar. After a meal he eats a sausage and seven loaves, and if Tonina does not ease his pains, we are faced with famine and inflation.

27. Just as I had stretched my weary limbs in bed your image stood before me, beloved. I spring up, put on my shoes again and wander through the town with my lute. I sing and play, many listen, I pass quickly by. Many a maid has been moved while the wind wafts song and sound away.

28. Last night I rose at midnight and found my heart had crept secretly away. I asked: "Heart, where are you going so violently?" It said it had gone only to see you. Now see how I love you: my heart forsakes my breast to see you.

29. Blessed be green and those who wear it! I shall have a green dress, spring meadows wear green; my darling wears green; the huntsman wears green. Green is my lover's habit; green beautifies all things; every lovely fruit has once been green.

30. What song shall be sung that is worthy of you? Where can I find it? I would prefer to dig it out of the earth, a song as yet unsung by human voice. A song that neither man nor woman has ever heard or sung, not even the oldest people.

31. Oh if your house were transparent as glass. Then I could always see you, and would gaze at you with my whole soul. I would send more glances than the drops in the rivers of March, more than all the drops in rain!