

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

The School of Music and the Office of Lectures and Concerts

present

Saturday, March 6, 1971

Music Auditorium, 3:00 P.M.

SENIOR RECITAL

Linda Knowles, *Soprano**
and
Nancy Yeager, *Pianist*

Reel No. 5999

ROBERT SCHUMANN
(1810-1856) 29 00

Frauenliebe und Leben, Opus 42 (1840)
Seit ich ihn gesehen
Er, der Herrlichste von Allen
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Süsser Freund, du blickest
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan

ARTHUR HONEGGER
(1892-1955) 29 00

Saluste du Bartas (1941)
Le Château du Bartas
Tout le long de la Baïse
Le départ
La promenade
Nérac en fête
Duo

Intermission

SIGTENHORST MEYER
6 10 00

From Five Sacred Songs, Opus 21 (1924)
Ah Nay, Omniscient God!
I Once Believed
Eternal Good

DOUGLAS MOORE
(b.1893)

Under the Greenwood Tree

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS
(1872-1958) 47 23

Silent Noon

ROGER QUILTER

Love's Philosophy

* Linda Knowles is a candidate for the Bachelor of Arts Degree in Music, and is a student of Florence Mesler

Woman's Love and Long

"Since I Have Seen Him"

Since I have seen him, I believe that I am blind. Everywhere I look I see only him. His image is before me as in a dream--coming out of darkness and growing brighter and brighter.

Everything around me seems pale and colorless. Rather than play with my sisters, I prefer to weep and dream in my little room. Since I have seen him, I believe that I am blind.

"He, the Noblest of All"

He is the noblest of all--so gentle and so good; firm lips, clear eyes, bright reason, and firm courage! As each bright and glorious star shines in the deep blue sky, he shines brightly and gloriously in my heaven, although high and far away.

Pursue your course as I consider your greatness with humility, joy, and sadness. Do not hear my silent prayer for your happiness. Do not allow me, a lowly maiden, to know higher more glorious stars.

The most worthy girl of all will be your choice and I will bless her many thousand times. Then I will rejoice and weep. I will be so happy. Supposing my heart should break; what does it matter?

"I can not Grasp It or Believe It"

I can not grasp it or believe it. It has enchanted me like a dream. Why should he choose me from among all women?

I dreamed that he said, "I will be yours forever". I think I am still dreaming. It can never be!

Oh, let me die in this dream, nestled on his breast. I will die this glorious death with never-ending tears and joy.

"The Ring"

Oh, ring upon my finger! My beautiful golden ring! I press you to my lips and heart.

My childhood had vanished; I found myself lost and alone in desolate space.

Oh, ring upon my finger, you first made me view life's unending deep meaning for woman. I will live for him, serve him, always be near him, give myself to him, and seek his approval.

"Help Me, My Sisters"

Help me, my sisters, adorn me on this happy day. Wind the beautiful garland around my forehead, while I wait with contentment and happiness. Even if my beloved would lie in my arms, still he would cry impatiently with longing in his heart for this day.

Help me, sisters, to make all my annoying fears vanish so I may see him without fear. Be to the fountain of joy.

Be near me, my beloved! Give me the radiance of your smile. Let me in meekness and devotion unite with you, my magnificent one.

Scatter him with flowers, my sisters. Bring him fresh rosebuds. But, my sisters, I am sad to leave you, although I leave your ranks in joy!

"Sweet Friend"

Sweet friend, you look at me in wonder. Can you not imagine why I am crying? Oh, I wish I could stop crying! I am afraid and yet so full of joy! I wish I could say with words how I feel. Come and bury your face on my breast and I want to whisper in your ear all that I am feeling.

Now do you know why I was crying? Shouldn't you know, too, you beloved one! Stay upon my heart, feel its beating, so that I can press you closer to me.

Here, by my bed, there is room for the cradle, where you will see my dream. The morning is coming when the dream will awake, and there, I shall behold your image.

"In my Heart, On my Breast"

In my heart, on my breast, my blissful darling! Happiness is love and love is happiness, I have said and I will always believe it. No one can love so much as she who gives the child nourishment. Only a mother knows what love and happiness is. Oh, how I pity men who can never feel the happiness of motherhood.

You, lovely angel, you gaze at me and smile. In my heart, on my breast, my blissful darling!

"Now, for the First Time, You Have Given Me Pain"

Now, for the first time you have given me pain. Cruelly and uncompassionately you sleep in death. To me the world is lonely and void. I have loved you and lived for you--I am alive no more. I withdraw into myself, the veil falls. There I have you and my lost happiness--you, my world!

Saluste du Bartas

"The House of Bartas"

This gentleman, a Frenchman with a proud appearance, writes beautiful verses. He has the renown and gallantry of a brother at Mon Luc. The young poet is hoping that he will become famous someday. Glory descends upon the earth to show the exaltation of the gods; a proud Frenchman.

"All Along the Baise"

All along the Baise which unceasingly writes poetry, Saluste du Bartas dreams of Cidalyse walking with tiny steps. Further along the Baise is the exquisite sovereign, Marguerite. Queen, someone is courting you. Won't you love him?

"The Farewell"

He is running the risk of leaving the old manor with her--with her beauty, red lips, dark skin--what a picture of elegance! On his hat there is a feather which is blown by the evening. Everyone--admire her! Come quickly to see this picture of elegance!

"The Stroll"

On a burning day of summer, Marguerite of Navarre prepares herself for a stroll. She prepares with great care for she loves her beauty very much. In Nerac there is excitement! The princess is preparing herself for a stroll. Page, Leave your guitar since she is so enchanting.

"A Festival in Nerac"

What is this on the lawn? The people are dancing gaily. They are running to see the queen. But what does one see? Like a charming mirage, hundreds of couples are being drawn by love. But hush! She is coming.

"The Couple"

The love to which all are invited will reunite the poet and Marguerite in the end. As in a dream, they are captive to the beautiful destiny of love. With the fervor of a rite he takes her hand. Eros illumines them from within.

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