

No. 71
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THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS

Present

NEIL VOSBURGH, *tenor*

accompanied by

Kristof Iverson, *piano*

in a

GRADUATE RECITAL

Music Auditorium, 8:00, PM

Monday, May 22, 1978

PROGRAM

Tape No. 1-9007

SCARLATTI
(1660-1725)

1:35 Toglietemi la vita ancor

4:20 O dolciissima speranza

HANDEL
(1685-1759)

4:12 Lascia Ch'io pianga (Rinaldo)

1:50 Let Me Wander Not Unseen (L'Allegro)

SCHUBERT
(1797-1828)

3:17 Romance aus Rosamunde

3:39 Die Taubenpost (Schwanengesang)

BRAHMS
(1833-1897)

1:44 Sontag

3:25 Wie bist du meine Koenigin

EDOUARD LALO
(1823-1892)

3:05 Aubade (Le Roi d'Ys)

Tape No. 2-9008

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS
(1872-1958)

INTERMISSION

24:25 Songs of Travel

The Vagabond

Let Beauty Awake

The Roadside fire

Youth and Love

In Dreams

The Infinite Shining Heavens

Whither Must I Wander

Bright Is the Ring of Words

I Have Trod the Upward and the

Downward Slope

F. PAOLO TOSTI
(1846-1916)

4:18 L'ultima canzone

Neil Vosburgh is a student of Maurice Stern.

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Music.

All used
C.H. 7-23-78.

TRANSLATIONS

SCARLATTI

Toglietemi la vita ancor

Take my life away again, cruel heavens
if you want or wish,
Abduct or take away my heart if you want.

Deny me the rays or beams of the day,
severe or harsh sun or sphere,
If you let me wonder with sorrow or grief,
take away, take away, take away my life again.

O Dolcissima Speranza

Oh sweet hope or expectation, you are the
refreshment, relief or restoration
of my breast, to extinguish the poison,
Come and assist me to be constant or faithful.

HANDEL

Lascia Ch'io pianga (Recitative and Aria, from "Rinaldo")

Armida, pitiless Armida, with fiendish force,
you have abducted me from my heavenly happiness,
And here with eternal sorrow, you hold me alive
in tormented inferno.
Lord, Ah, have pity, let me weep.

Aria Largo

Let me weep, my cruel fate
and let me breathe freedom
Let me weep, my cruel fate,
and let me breathe freedom.
Let me break or crush these chains of sorrow
of my martyrdom, for pity's sake.

SCHUBERT

Romance of Rosamunde

The full moon shines on mountain heights,
how I have longed for you!
Oh, my sweetheart, it is so sweet, when true
love kisses true!
What avails the lovely grace of May?
You were my Spring ray of sunlight!
Light of my night, O smile on me,
once more in death!

She entered in the full moonlight,
she gazed heavenwards,
(In life afar, in death I am yours.)
and softly our hearts broke.

SCHUBERT (cont.)

Die Taubenpost (The Pigeon Post)

I have a carrier pigeon in my pay,
it is so devoted and faithful,
It never fails to reach its destination,
nor flies beyond it.

I send a thousand times daily to carry news,
it flies past many a loved spot,
Straight to my Darling's house.

There it peeps in at the window,
espies her glance and step,
Gayly delivers my greetings and collects hers.

I need write no more letters,
I give it even my tears,
It surely would not misdeliver them,
so zealously does it serve me.

By day, by night, when awake or dreaming,
it is indifferent to all,
As long as it can remain journeying,
it feels itself well recompensed.

It never grows tired or jaded,
the course is ever new to it.
It needs no inducement, no reward,
the bird is true to me.

Therefore I keep it loyally too in my heart
thus assured of the fairest prize,
It is called desire! Do you know it?
The true heart's messenger.

BRAMMS

Sontag

I haven't seen my love for an entire week,
I saw her on a Sunday standing in front of her
door, one of a thousand maidens, one of
a thousand hearts.

Would to God, would to God I were with her today.

So throughout the entire week I haven't forgotten
her laughter;

I saw her on a Sunday going into church, one
of a thousand beautiful maidens, one of
a thousand hearts.

Would to God, would to God I were with her today!

Wie buist du, meine Koenigin

How art thou, my queen, through your tender
goodness, my Joy,
If thou but smile, Spring's perfumed air wafts
through my spirit, my Joy, my Joy!

Shall I compare you to the luster of a
fresh bloomed rose?

Oh, over all that blooms is your bloom
my Joy, my Joy!

Through desolute wilderness
wandering and green, shadows
spreading themselves,
Although terrible unending heat
broods there, you are my Joy!
Let me die within your arms and
although the agony of death
shall rage within my breast,
You are my Joy, my Joy!

LALO

Vainement, ma bien-aimée from "Le Roi d'Ys"

Recitative and Aria

In order to assuage these jealous guardians,

oh, let me recount my pain and my emotions.

Vainly my beloved, one could believe that

I am despairing.

Near your closed door I wish again to swell.

Suns will be able to be extinguished and

nights replace the days without accusing

you or pitying me.

There I will stay always, I know your soul

is sweet.

And the hour soon will come when your hand

which pushed me away will grasp mine.

Do not be too long in letting yourself

be tender.

If Rose Ann does not arrive soon, I'm

going, alas, to die.