

MELVYN POLL has developed an active career in Europe and America on both the operatic and concert stages. He began his career in West Germany and sang several seasons with the Israel National Opera before making his American debut with the New York City Opera as Lieutenant Pinkerton in *Madama Butterfly*. While engaged there, he also sang the tenor leads in *La Boheme*, *Faust*, *La Traviata*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Among his concert performances are Verdi's *Requiem* with the Denver Symphony, Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* with the Musikselskabet Harmonien in Bergen, Norway, and Beethoven's Symphony No.9 with the American Symphony at Carnegie Hall. His most recent appearance was in Handel's *Messiah* with the Seattle Symphony. In June, Poll will join Gerard Schwarz and the Seattle Symphony again in Mozart's *Davidde Penitente*.

PAUL R. OLSON is organist/choirmaster at Holy Trinity Lutheran Church on Mercer Island and serves as organist/choirmaster at Temple de Hirsch Sinai in Seattle. Olson holds degrees in music from Pacific Lutheran University and University of Oregon. He has done additional studies at Eastman School of Music. Paul is active as a recitalist, accompanist and chamber musician. He was organist for the 1980 Oregon Bach Festival with Helmuth Rilling.

At the 1988 Aspen Music Festival Olson was organist for the Festival Symphony and principal accompanist for the Aspen Choral Institute. He will again serve in these capacities for the 1989 Aspen Festival. He will be featured in recital at St. Thomas Church, New York City, next month. Currently he is in the doctoral program at the University of Washington where he is a student of Abraham Kaplan and Dr. Carole Terry.

UPCOMING CONCERTS:

- February 28, Madrigal Singers and Collegium Musicum, 8:00 PM, Meany Theater
- March 2, University Jazz Combos, 8:00 PM, Brechemin Auditorium
- March 6, The Contemporary Group, 8:00 PM, Meany Theater
- March 7, University Percussion Ensemble, 8:00 PM, Studio Theater
- March 8, University Wind Ensemble & Symphonic Band, 8:00 PM, Meany Theater



School
of
Music
University
of
Washington

its 39th program of the 1988-89
season:

P655
1989
2-26

MELVYN POLL
tenor

accompanied by

PAUL R. OLSON
piano

February 26, 1989
8:00 PM
Brechemin Auditorium

PROGRAM

DAT # 11,410
Cassette # 11,411

Transcribed by P. Florida

A. SECCI
(1761-1883)

LUNGI DAL CARO BENE

F. DURANTE
(1684-1755)

VERGIN TUTTA AMOR

G. TORELLI
(1650-1708)

TU LO SAI

FRANZ SCHUBERT
(1797-1828)

AN SILVIA, Opus 106, No. 4

GANYMED, Opus 19, No. 3

STÄNDCHEN, Opus posth.,
No. 4

AUFENTHALT, Opus posth.,
No. 5

RICHARD STRAUSS
(1864-1949)

ALLERSEELEN, Opus 10, No. 8

NICHTS, Opus 10, No. 2

HEIMLICHE AUFFORDERUNG,
Opus 27, No. 3

ZUEIGNUNG, Opus 10, No. 1

Cass side A
side B

INTERMISSION

ROGER QUILTER
(1877-1953)

THREE SHAKESPEARE SONGS,
Opus 6

Come Away Death
O Mistress Mine
Bow, Blow, Thou
Winterwind

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY, Opus 3,
No. 1

PAOLO TOSTI
(1846-1916)

NON T'AMO PIU

SOGNO

'A VUCHELLA

L'ALBA SEPARA DALLA LUCE
L'OMBRA

Encores 1)
2)

LUNGI DAL CARO BENE

When far from my dearest, life seems a heavy burden...

VERGIN, TUTTA AMOR

Oh Virgin full of compassion, hear the voice of a sinner and have pity on me...

TULO SAI

Well you know what love you owe me...

AN SILVIA/TO SILVIA

Tell me, what is Silvia
that the meadow extols her?
Dainty and fair I see her coming,
a sign of heaven's favour is
that all are subject to her.

Is she fair and kind as well?
Refreshing her gentle child-like charm
Cupid hastens to her eyes,
there cures his blindness
and tarries in sweet peace.

Therefore to Silvia, sound, O song
to sweet Silvia's renown;
long has she won every grace
that earth can grant:
garlands bring her and sound of strings!

SHAKESPEARE

GANYMED/GANYMEDE

How in the morning radiance
you glow upon me from all sides,
Spring, beloved!
With love's thousandfold bliss
to my heart thrusts itself
your eternal ardour's
sacred feeling,
beauty unending!

Might I clasp you in these arms!

Ah, at your breast
I lie, languish,
and your flowers, your grass
thrust themselves to my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst of my bosom,
sweet morning wind!
The nightingale calls me
lovingly from the misty vale.

I come, I come! Whither? Ah, whither?

Upwards! Upwards the strive.
The clouds float
down, the clouds
bow down to yearning love.
To me! To me!
In your lap
upwards! Embracing embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
All-loving Father!

JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE

STÄNDCHEN/SERENADE

Gently imploring go my songs
through the night to you;
down into the quiet wood,
beloved, come to me.

Slender tree-tops stir and whisper
in the moon's light;
of any betrayer, hostile, listening,
have no fear, my love.

Can you hear the nightingales call?
Ah! You they are imploring
with those sweet lamenting notes,
imploring you for me.

They understand the heart's longing,
know the agony of love,
move with their silver notes
every tender heart.

Let your heart, too, be moved,
beloved, listen to me,
trembling, I await you,
come, make my happiness!

LUDWIG RELLSTAB

AUFENTHALT/RESTING PLACE

Raging river, roaring forest,
towering rock, my resting place.
As wave succeeds wave,
so my tears flow ever anew.

The high tree-tops surge and heave,
just as unceasingly throbs my heart,
and like the rock's age-old ore,
my grief stays ever the same.

LUDWIG RELLSTAB

P655

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ALLERSEELLEN/ALL SOULS

Place on the table the fragrant
mignonettes,
bring here the last of red asters,
and let us speak again of love,
as long ago in May.
Give me the hand that I may secretly
clasp it,
and if it is observed by others, I will
not mind;
give me one of your sweet glances,
as long ago in May.
Today each grave is flowering and
fragrant,
once a year is All Souls' Day, -
come to my heart that I again may
have you,
as long ago in May.

HERMANN VON GILM

NICHTS/NOTHING

You say I should name her,
My queen of the realm of song?
What fools you are,
I know her less than you!
You ask me the color of her eyes,
You ask me about the sound of her
voice,
You ask about her walking, dancing,
carriage,
Ah, what do I know of that!
Is not the sun the source
Of all life, of all light?
And what do we know of it,
I and you and everyone! Nothing,
nothing!

HERMANN VON GILM

HEIMLICHE

*AUFFORDERUNG/SECRET
INVITATION*

Come, lift the sparkling cup
To your lips,
And drink at the joyous feast
To your heart's content.
And, as you lift it,
Throw me a secret glance;
Then will I smile and then
Drink as quietly as you!
And quietly, as I do,
Examine the crowd about us
Of intoxicated drinkers,

Do not look down upon them,
No, lift the sparkling cup
Filled with wine,
And let them enjoy
Their noisy feast.

But after you've gaily dined
And quenched your thirst,
Then leave the festive scene
Of riotous merry-makers,
And stroll into the garden
Towards the rosebushes;

There I will await you
After the old custom,
And will recline against your
breast,
'Ere you know it,
And drink your kisses,
As in days of yore,
And entwine in your hair
The splendor of a rose;
Oh, come, you wondrous,
Longed-for night!

JOHN HENRY MACKAY

ZUEIGNUNG/DEVOTION

Ah, you know it, dear soul,
that far from you, I languish,
love causes hearts to ache, —
To you my thanks!
Once, drinking to freedom,
I raised the amethyst cup,
and you blessed the drink, —
to you my thanks!
Your exorcised the evil spirits in it,
so that I, as never before,
cleansed and freed, sank upon your
breast,
to you my thanks!

HERMANN VON GILM

NON T'AMO PIU

Do you remember the day we met;
your promises? You were my sole
thought. I would have given up
everything for you. But now I seek
another ideal. I love you no more...

COGNETTI

SOGNO

I dreamed that you knelt, like a saint
praying to God. You looked at me
with love in your eyes...

LORENZO STECCHETTI

A VUCHELLA

Yes, your moth is like a little flower.
Come, give me a kiss, you passionate
little mouth...

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

L'ALBA SEPARA DALLA LUCE

L'OMBRA

Dawn separates light from shadow
and my delight from my desire. I do
not want to see the day for love of my
dream and the night...

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO