

Compact disc

NONCIRC CD# 17,769

V63

Monday May 15, 2017 - 7.30pm - Brechemin Auditorium

2017

The University of Washington School of Music

5-15

presents a

Voice Division Recital

CD#17,770

Program

1 Widmung 2:05

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

2 Ah, mai non cessate 1:20

Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

Tiema Quian, tenor

Yu-Chi Lee, piano

3 Là-bas, vers l'église 1:12

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

4 Quel galant m'est comarable 0:50

5 Tout gai! from "Cinq Mélodies Populaires Grecques" 0:53

Madeline Woolever, soprano

Andrew Romanick, piano

6 Du bist die Ruh' 5:20

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

7 Honor and Arms from "Samson" 3:35

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Davis Ferrero, tenor

Andrew Romanick, piano

8 Will there really be a morning? 2:17

Richard Handley (*1931)

9 Zeffiretti lusinghieri from "La clemenza di Tito" 4:31

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Sadie Quinsaas, soprano

Emily Gantt, piano

10 Nuits d'Étoiles 2:45

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

11 Per pietà, bell'idol mio 2:18

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

Arrienne Noland, soprano

Emily Gantt, piano

12 The Vagabond from "Songs of Travel" 2:52

13 Non siate ritrosi from "Cosi fan tutte" 1:39

Yen-Chu Chiu, baritone

Emily Gantt, piano

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

14 Die Männer sind méchant 2:20

15 Amor from "Cabaret Songs" 3:03

Kristina Terwilliger, soprano

Emily Gantt, piano

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

William Bolcom (*1938)

16 Rain has fallen 2:21

17 Sleep now 2:47

18 I hear an Army 2:31

Joshua Lutman, tenor

Jimmy Goeijenbier, piano

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

19 La fioraia fiorentina 4:14

~~20 The Year's at the Spring 5:54~~

Christine Oshiki, soprano

Megan McElroy, piano

Giacomo Rossini (1792-1868)

Amy Beach (1867-1944)

21 Heart, we will forget him 2:19

22 I felt a funeral in my brain from "Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson" 2:11

23 Love in the Thirties 3:38

24 The total stranger in the garden from "Cabaret Songs" 2:17

Dakota Miller, soprano

Emily Gantt, piano

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

William Bolcom (*1938)



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

TRANSLATIONS

Widmung

You my soul, you my heart, you my bliss, o you my pain,
You the world in which I live; you my heaven, in which I float,
O you my grave, into which I eternally cast my grief.

You are rest, you are peace, you are bestowed upon me from heaven.
That you love me makes me worthy of you;
Your gaze transfigures me before you;
You raise me lovingly above myself, my good spirit, my better self!

Ah, mai non cessate

Ah, never cease from your talking,
Oh, desired lips which I madly want;
with your words I want to make
a sweet pillow on which I will sleep.

Oh, blessed dreams that no one ever dreamed,
that, sleeping on that pillow, I will make;
sleeping and dreaming, close to your heart,
the sweet, desired dream of love.
Ah! Sleeping, dreaming of love!

Là-bas, vers l'église

Down there by the church,
by the church of Saint Sideros,
the church, oh Holy Virgin,
church of Saint Constantine,
they are gathered,
buried in infinite numbers
of the world, oh Virgin saint,
the bravest people in the world!

Quel galant m'est comparable

What gallant can compare with me, of all you see passing by?
Tell, Lady Vassilikil! See, hanging on my belt,
pistols and a curved sword... And it is you whom I love!

Tout gai!

All merry! Merry, ha, all merry, beautiful legs, tireli, dance,
Beautiful legs, the pottery dances, tra la la la....

Du bist die Ruh'

You are peace, the mild peace,
You are longing and what stills it.

I consecrate to you full of pleasure and pain
As a dwelling here my eyes and heart.

Come live with me,
And close quietly behind you the gates.

Drive other pain out of this breast
May my heart be full with your pleasure.

The tabernacle of my eyes by your radiance
alone is illumined, O fill it completely!

Zeffiretti lusinghieri

Gently caressing zephyrs,
oh fly to my beloved
and tell him I adore him
and to keep his heart true to me.

And you plants and tender flowers
which my bitter tears water,
tell him that you never saw
a love more rare beneath the sky.

Nuits d'Étoiles

Starry night, beneath your pinions,
beneath your breeze and your perfumes,
Lyre, in sorrow, softly sighing, I dream of a love long past.
Melancholy, so sadly tranquil, fills with gloom my poor weary heart.
And I hear your dear soul, my darling, quivering in the dreamy wood.
I watch this, your small fountain, your blue eyes like the sky;
This rose, it is my dear hope, and these fair stars; they are your eyes.

Per pietà, bell'idol mio

Have Pity, my beautiful idol
Do not say that I am ungrateful;
Unhappy and unfortunate enough has heaven made me.

That I am faithful to you,
That I burn under the gaze of your beautiful eyes,
Love knows it, God knows it, my heart and your heart know it.

Non siate ritrosi

Don't be bashful, charming little eyes;
send two flashes of love for a moment over here.
Make us happy, love us,
And we will make you very happy also.
Look, touch, observe everything;
we're two dear madmen,
we're strong and well made,
and as everyone can see,
whether by merit or by chance,
We have a fine foot,
a fine eye, a fine nose -
Look: a fine foot, observe: a fine eye,
touch: a fine nose, observe everything;
And these mustaches can be called
manly triumphs, plumes of love -
triumphs - plumes - mustaches -

Die Männer sind méchant

Men are faithless, you told me, mother: He's a young rascal!
I wouldn't believe you until I had tormented myself sick.
Yes, now I know he really is, I'd simply misjudged him.
You told me, mother: 'Men are faithless!'

Yesterday, as dusk fell silently, in the grove outside the village
I heard a whispered 'Good evening!' And a whispered 'Many thanks!'
I crept up and listened, stood there as if transfixed:
It was he, with another - 'Men are faithless!'

O mother, what torture! It must be said, it must!
It didn't just stop at whispering, It didn't just stop at greetings!
From greetings it went to kisses, from kisses to holding hands,
From holding hands . . . ah, dear mother, 'Men are faithless!'

La fioraia fiorentina

The most beautiful flowers you can buy,
children, lovers, and newlyweds:
my roses are fresh, they don't die like love does.

Alas! Help, implores my mother, poor little thing
and from me she hopes only for bread and not for gold.