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No. 115  
Pat

# FLORENCE MESLER

Lyric-spinto Soprano

and

# IRA JONES

Tenor

with

# J. WILLIAM CLARKE

Pianist

# R. WILLIAM HUMPHREYS

Violist

and

# JOHN SUNDSTEN

and

# MICHAEL YOUNG,

Composers

IN CONCERT

for the

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF TEACHERS OF SINGING

Northwest Workshop- University of Washington

Tuesday, July 27, 1971

## Program

### IRA JONES

- Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)      Sonntag (from Uhland's folksongs)  
Ständchen (Kugler)  
O liebliche Wangen (Fleming)  
Feldelmsamkeit (Almers)  
Botschaft (Daumer)
- Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)      Four Hymns for Tenor,  
Viola and Piano:  
Lord! Come Away, (Taylor)  
Who is this fair one? (Watts)  
Come, Love, come Lord (Crashaw)  
Evening Hymn (Bridges, fr. Greek)

### INTERMISSION

### FLORENCE MESLER

- Claude Debussy (1862-1918)      Ariettes Oubliées (1888; Verlaine)  
C'est l'extase...  
Il pleure dans mon coeur...  
L'ombre des arbres...  
Chevaux de bois...  
Green  
Spieen
- \*Michael Young (1939- )      Songs from the Proverbs, Op. 21 (1971)  
Fear Ye the Lord  
Trust  
Abominations  
Wealth  
A Virtuous Woman
- \*John Sundsten (1899- )      The Tryst, Op. 37 (1971)  
(Kim Si-sup, 15th C. Korean monk  
translated by David P. Mesler)  
Spring and Autumn  
Parting  
The Bridge  
A New Song
- (\*Premiere, with  
composer at piano)

ARIETTES OUBLIÉES (Forgotten Airs)

Paul Verlaine

C'EST L'EXTASE (This is ecstasy)

This is subdued ecstasy, the fatigue that comes from loving, the sighing of forests embraced by breezes, the chorus of little voices through gray branches. Oh, the faint, cool murmur -- rustling and whispering -- reminiscent of a sweet voice breathed by moving grass, or, as you might say, the muted rolling of pebbles under swirling eddies. This soul which laments itself in such subdued complaint -- is it not ours? Say that it is mine, and yours -- whence breathes this humble hymn on this mild evening ... so softly.

IL PLEURE DANS MON COEUR (Tears fall in my heart)

Tears fall in my heart like rain upon the city. What is this languor that moves me so deeply? O gentle sound of rain on earth and rooftops! For a heart grown weary -- O sound of rain! Tears fall for no reason in my despondency. What! No betrayal? This mourning has no cause. It is truly the most intense of suffering -- not to know why, to be with neither love nor hate ... my heart bears so much pain.

L'OMBRE DES ARBRES (The shadow of trees)

The shadow of trees in the misty river dies away like smoke, while in the air, among the real branches, turtle doves lament. How much, O traveler, this pallid scene stared back at your pale self -- and how sadly they wept in those high branches ... over your drowned hopes.

### CHEVAUX DE BOIS (Merry-go-round)

Turn, turn, good wooden horses, Make a hundred turns, a thousand. Turn and go on turning... to the tune of the oboes. The rosy-cheeked child and pallid mother, the lad in black and girl in pink -- each one doing his thing, getting his Sunday's pennyworth. Turn, turn, horses of their choosing, while at the fringe of all your turning squints the eye of the cunning pickpocket. Turn to the tune of the vanquishing trumpet. It is astounding how it intoxicates to go thus in a silly circle, with empty stomachs and pounding heads -- heaped upon with discomfort, yet happy in the crowd. Turn, hobby-horses, with never a need for spurs to keep you at a gallop. Turn, turn on, with no hope of hay. And hurry, horses of their fancy. Already the supper-bell is ringing -- night which falls and disperses the crowd of gay drinkers whose thirst has made them famished. Turn, turn round! The velvet heavens slowly deck themselves with stars of gold. The church-bell tolls mournfully. Turn to the gay beat of drums... turn on and on!

### GREEN

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches... here, too, my heart which does not beat, except for you. Do not tear it apart. To your lovely eyes may its humble offering be sweet. I come still covered with dew that the morning wind has chilled on my brow. Suffer me in my fatigue, reposing at your feet, to dream of cherished moments that refresh. On your young breast cradle my head still throbbing to your last kisses. Let it find calm from the sweet tempest, that I may sleep a little, while you rest.

### SPLEEN

The roses were all red, the ivy all black. Dearest, when you but move, all my despair is reborn. The sky was too blue, too fender -- the sea too green, the air too sweet. I fear to be abandoned... alas!