

No. 105
Phil

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS

Present

JULIE ANN CARPENTER, *soprano*

accompanied by

LYNN KIDDER, *piano*

in a

SENIOR RECITAL

Monday, August 14, 1978

Music Auditorium, 8:00 PM

Tape No. 1 - 9107

P R O G R A M

DIETRICH BUXTEHUDE *9:57*
(1637-1707)

Singet dem Herrn (Cantata No. 1)

Mary Tarr, *violin*
Germaine Morgan, *cello*
George Shangrow, *harpsichord*

W.A. MOZART
(1756-1791)

6:33 { *2:36* An Chlöe *arr.*
1:40 Als Luisa die Briefe ihres ungetreuen
Liebhabers verbrannte
1:57 Warnung *No arr.*

RICHARD STRAUSS
(1864-1949)

8:06 { *Einerlei arr.*
Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden
Schlagende Herzen

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS *7:28*
(1872-1958)

Merciless Beauty: three rondels for soprano,
two violins and cello

Janet Showalter, *violin*
Mary Tarr, *violin*
Germaine Morgan, *cello*

Tape No. 2 - 9108

INTERMISSION

CLAUDE DEBUSSY *17:22*
(1862-1918)

Ariettes oubliées
C'est l'extase
Il pleure dans mon coeur
L'ombre des arbres
Chevaux des bois
Green
Spleen

JOAQUIN TURINA *7:37*
(1882-1949)

Tres poemas, Op. 81
Olas gigantes
Tu pupila es azul
Besa el aura

Julie Carpenter is a student of Marianne Weltmann.

Psalm 98

Sing to the Lord a new song
because He has performed wondrous things!
His right hand and His holy arm have
gained him victory.
The Lord has made known His salvation;
He has unveiled His righteousness in
the sight of the nations.
He has remembered His loving kindness
and His faithfulness to Israel's descendants.
All the ends of the earth have
witnessed the salvation of our God.
Make a joyful sound to the Lord,
all ye lands;
Sing and praise him!

"To Chloë"

When love gazes from your blue,
bright, open eyes,
and with joy of gazing into them
my heart throbs and glows;
when I hold you and kiss
ardently your rosy cheeks,
dear maiden, and clasp
you trembling in my arms,

maiden, maiden, and press
you firmly to my breast
which at the very last,
only at death, will let you go -
then is my enraptured gaze overshadowed by a sombre cloud,
and I sit, then, weary,
but blissful, beside you.

"On Louise's Burning Her Faithless Lover's Letters"

Begotten by ardent fantasy,
brought in a rapturous hour
into the world, perish,
children of melancholy!

To flames you owe your being,
to flames I now restore you,
and all those rapturous songs,
for ah, not for me alone he sang!

Now you burn, and soon, my dears,
no trace of you will here remain.
But ah, the man who wrote you,
may yet long still burn in me.

"Warning"

Men look ever for sly morsels,
if left to themselves,