

Monday November 20, 2006 – 7:30pm – Brechemin Auditorium

The University of Washington School of Music
presents a

Voice Division Recital



In commemoration
of the 150th anniversary
of the death of
Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Special Guest Lecturer:
Professor George Bozarth

Program

1 Comments, T. Harper (1:20)

2 The Illustrious Schumanns
Presented by Professor George Bozarth (5:45)

Falismsane
from Myrten

Gregory Carroll, baritone
Françoise Papillon, piano

3 Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Aus meinen Tränen fließen
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
from Dichterliebe
Bryan Almond, tenor
Rie Ando, piano (4:31)

4 ~~Ich will meine Seele tauchen~~
Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
from Dichterliebe
Justin Beal, tenor
Sarah Beardsley, piano (3:05)
→ Und wussten's
die Blumen

5 Seit ich ihn gesehen
Ich kann's nicht fassen (3:29)
from Frauenliebe und -leben
Kelsey Bergey, mezzo-soprano
Dainius Kepezinskas, piano

6 Die beiden Grenadiere
Widmung *from Myrten* (6:20)
Jon Farmer, baritone
Heeyeon Cha, piano

7 In der Fremde
Intermezzo
Waldesgespräch (5:56)
from Liederkreis op.39

Jeremy Irland, bass
Rhonda Kline, piano

8 Mignon in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*
Presented by Professor George Bozarth (4:11)

9 Er ist's
Mit Myrten und Rosen *from Liederkreis op. 24* (5:11)
Cecile Farmer, soprano
Erh-Chia Wei, piano

10 Stöhne Wiège meiner Leiden *from Liederkreis op. 24* (6:05)
Röselein, Röselein
Ellen Pepin, soprano
Tomoko Maki, piano

11 Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
So laßt mich scheinen (5:03)
from Wilhelm Meister
Madeline Biddle, soprano
Ah-Ra Yoo, piano

12 Kennst du das Land
Heiß mich nicht reden (7:21)
from Wilhelm Meister
Maria Mannisto, soprano
Thomas Joyce, piano

Talismane

God is the east!
God is the west!
Northern and southern lands
Rest in the peace of His hands.

He, the only Just-One,
Desires for everyone what is right.
Of each of His hundred names
Let this one (Just-One) be highly praised! Amen.

I am confused by my wandering;
But you know how to disentangle me.
When I act, when I write,
You show me the path to righteousness!

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May
When all the buds burst open,
There, from my own heart,
Burst forth my own love.

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May
When all the birds are singing,
So have I confessed to her
My yearning and my longing.

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

From my tears sprout forth
Many blooming flowers,
And my sighing becomes joined with
The chorus of the nightingales.

And if you love me, dear child,
I will send you so many flowers;
And before your window should sound
The song of the nightingale.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them all once in love's bliss.
I love them no more, I love only
The Small, the Fine, the Pure the One;
I love only them.

She herself, the source of all love,
Is the rose, lily, dove, and sun
I love only that which is small,
Fine, pure, the one, the one!

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

When I gaze into your eyes,
All my pain and woe vanishes;
Yet when I kiss your lips,
I am made wholly and entirely healthy.

When I lay against your breast
It comes over me like longing for heaven;
Yet when you say, "I love you!"
I must cry so bitterly.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

I want to delve my soul.
Into the cup of the lily;
The lily should give resoundingly
A song belonging to my beloved.

The song should shudder and tremble
Like the kiss from her lips
That she once gave me
In a wonderfully sweet hour.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

There is a fluting and fiddling
With trumpets blaring in;
At a wedding dances
She who is my heart's whole love.

There is a ringing and roaring,
A drumming and sounding of shawms
In between which sob and moan
The lovely little angels.

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Since I saw him
I believe myself to be blind,
Where I but cast my gaze,
I see him alone.
As in waking dreams
His image floats before me,
Dipped from deepest darkness,
Brighter in ascent.

All else dark and colorless
Everywhere around me,
For the games of my sisters
I no longer yearn,
I would rather weep,
Silently in my little chamber,
Since I saw him,
I believe myself to be blind.

Ich kann's nicht fassen

I can't grasp it, nor believe it,
A dream has bewitched me,
How should he, among all the others,
Lift up and make happy poor me?

It seemed to me, as if he spoke,
"I am thine eternally,"
It seemed - I dream on and on,
It could never be so.

O let me die in this dream,
Cradled on his breast,
Let the most blessed death drink me up
In tears of infinite bliss.

Die beiden Grenadiere

Two grenadiers were returning to France,
From Russian captivity they came.
And as they crossed into German lands
They hung their heads in shame.

Both heard there the tale that they dreaded
most,
That France had been conquered in war;
Defeated and shattered, that once proud host,
And the Emperor, a free man no more.

The grenadiers both started to weep
At hearing so sad a review.
The first said, "My pain is too deep;
My old wound is burning anew!"

The other said, "The song is done;
Like you, I'd not stay alive;
But at home I have wife and son,
Who without me would not survive."

What matters son? What matters wife?
By nobler needs I set store;
Let them go beg to sustain their life!
My Emperor, a free man no more!

Promise me, brother, one request:
If at this time I should die,
Take my corpse to France for its final rest;
In France's dear earth let me lie.

The Cross of Valor, on its red band,
Over my heart you shall lay;
My musket place into my hand;
And my sword at my side display.

So shall I lie and hark in the ground,
A guardwatch, silently staying
Till once more I hear the cannon's pound
And the hoofbeats of horses neighing.

Then my Emperor will pass over my grave;
Each clashing sword, a flashing reflector.
And I, fully armed, will rise up from that grave,
The Emperor's, the Emperor's protector!"

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!

In der Fremde

From the direction of home,
Behind the red flashes of lightning
There come clouds,
But Father and Mother are long dead;
No one there knows me anymore.

How soon, ah, how soon will that quiet time come,
When I too shall rest, and over me
The beautiful forest's loneliness shall rustle,
And no one here shall know me anymore.

Intermezzo

Your blissful, wonderful image
I have in my heart's depths;
It looks so freshly and joyously
At me in every moment.

My heart sings mutely to itself
An old, beautiful song
That soars into the air
And hastens to your side.

Waldesgespräch

It is already late, it is already cold;
Why do you ride alone through the wood?
The wood is vast and you are alone,
You fair bride! I will lead you home.

"Great are the deceit and cunning of men;
My heart has broken for pain.
The forest horn strays here and there,
O flee! You do not know who I am."

So richly decked are mount and lady,
So wondrously fair the young form;
Now I recognize you - God stand by me!
You are the Witch Loreley.

"You recognize me well - from the lofty cliffs
My castle gazes down into the Rhine.
It is already late, it is already cold -
You shall never again leave this wood."

Er ist's

Spring lets its blue ribbon
Flutter again in the breeze;
A sweet, familiar scent
Sweeps ominously through the land.
Violets are already dreaming,
And will soon arrive.
Hark! In the distance - a soft harp tone!
Spring, yes it is you!
I have heard you!

Mit Myrten und Rosen

With myrtle and roses, lovely and pretty,
with fragrant cypresses and gold tinsel,
I would decorate this book like a coffin
and bury my songs inside it.

O if only I could bury my love there as well!
On the grave of Love grows the blossom of peace;
It blooms and then is plucked, -
Yet it will bloom for me only
When I am myself in the grave.

Here now are the songs which, once so wild,
Like a stream of lava that flowed from Etna,
Burst from the depths of my heart,
And spray glittering sparks everywhere!

Now they lie mute and death-like,
Now they stare coldly, pale as mist,
But the old glow will revive them afresh,
When the spirit of love someday floats above
them.

And in my heart the thought grows loud:
The spirit of love will someday thaw them;
Someday this book will arrive in your hands,
You, my sweet love in a distant land.

Then shall the songs' magic spell be broken,
And the white letters shall gaze at you;
They'll gaze beseechingly into your lovely eyes,
And whisper with sadness and a breath of love.

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden

Pretty cradle of my sorrows,
Pretty tombstone of my rest,
Pretty town - we must part, -
Farewell! I call to you.

Farewell, you holy threshold,
Across which my darling would tread;
Farewell! you sacred spot
Where I first saw her.

Would that I had never seen you,
Lovely queen of my heart!
Never would it then have happened,
That I would now be so wretched.

I never wished to touch your heart,
I never begged for love;
All I wished was to lead a quiet life
Where your breath could stir me.

Yet you yourself pushed me away from you,
With bitter words at your lips;
Madness filled my senses,
And my heart is sick and wounded.

And my limbs are heavy and sluggish;
I'll drag myself forward, leaning on my staff,
Until I can lay my weary head
In a cool and distant grave.

Röselein, Röselein

Little rose, little rose.
Must you have thorns?
I fell asleep once by a shady brooklet,
And had such a sweet dream,
I saw in the golden sunshine
A rose without thorns.
I picked it and delicately kissed it
"Thornless rose!"

I woke up and looked around,
"If it were only here. Where can it be?"
All around in the sunlight
There were only roses with thorns!
And the brooklet laughed at me;
"Leave off with your dreaming,
Mark this well, mark this well,
Roses will always have thorns."

Nur wer die Sehnsuch kennt

Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From all joy,
I look into the firmament
In that direction.

Ach! he who loves and knows me
Is far away.
I am reeling,
My entrails are burning.
Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!

So laßt mich scheinen

So let me seem, until I become so;
Don't take the white dress away from me!
I am hastening from the beautiful earth
Down to that hard house.

There I can rest a little while in tranquility,
Then a fresh vision will open up;
I will leave behind the pure covering,
The girdle and the wreath.

And those heavenly beings
Don't concern themselves with man and woman,
And no clothes, no robes
Cover the transfigured body.

True, I have lived without trouble and toil,
Yet I have felt enough deep pain.
Through sorrow I have aged too early;
Make me forever young again!

Kennst du das Land

Knowest thou where the lemon blossom grows,
In foliage dark the orange golden glows,
A gentle breeze blows from the azure sky,
Still stands the myrtle, and the laurel, high?
Dost know it well?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
Would I with thee, oh my beloved, fare.

Knowest the house, its roof on columns fine?
Its hall glows brightly and its chambers shine,
And marble figures stand and gaze at me:
What have they done, oh wretched child, to thee?
Dost know it well?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
Would I with thee, oh my protector, fare.

Knowest the mountain with the misty shrouds?
The mule is seeking passage through the clouds;
In caverns dwells the dragons' ancient brood;
The cliff rocks plunge under the rushing flood!
Dost know it well?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
Leads our path! Oh father, let us fare.

Heiß mich nicht reden

Don't ask me to speak; ask me to be silent.
For my secret is my duty.
I want to reveal my true self to you,
But fate will not allow it.

At the right time, the sun's course drives away
The gloomy night, and it must brighten.
The hard rock opens up its bosom;
The earth lets forth its deep hidden springs.

A man seeks rest in the arms of a friend,
There can the heart pour out in lament.
But a vow seals my lips,
And only a God has the power to open them.



*Please join us on Monday February 12, 2007
at 7:30pm in Brechemin Auditorium
for our next Voice Division Recital:*

*A tribute to Valentine's Day
with love songs
from classical vocal literature
of the past 3 centuries.*