

No. 89  
gary

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS

Present

KYRA MARIA CLEFTON, *mezzo-soprano*

assisted by

Daniel Brenner and Lynn Kidder, *pianists*

in a

SENIOR RECITAL

June 4  
Sunday, ~~April 9~~, 1978

Music Auditorium, 3:00 PM

Tape No. 1-9044

PROGRAM

LULLY  
(1632-1678)

5

Cadmus et Hermione (1637)

*Cet aimable séjour*

*On a beau fuir l'amour*

*La peine d'aimer*

*Amants, aimez vos chaines*

SCHUMANN  
(1810-1856)

21

Frauenliebe und -leben (1840)

*Seit ich ihn gesehen*

*Er, der Herrlichste von Allen*

*Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben*

*Der Ring*

*Helft mir, ihr Schwestern*

*Süsser Freund, du blickest*

*An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust*

*Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan*

Tape No. 2-9045

INTERMISSION

MOZART  
(1756-1791)

2:50

Canzonetta: *Ridente la calma* (1775)

MUSSORGSKY  
(1839-1881)

10:45

Songs and Dances of Death (1875)

*Lullaby*

*Serenade*

DANIEL BRENNER  
(b. 1933)

11:45

Visions: A Thought Cycle (1978)\*

7-15

\*premiere performance

Kyra Clefton is a student of Maurice Stern.

## TRANSLATIONS

### Cet aimable sejour

This lovely hideaway, so peaceful and dark, offers silence and shade to those who wish to avoid the noise and the heat of the day. Ah, if only it were as easy to find an asylum from love!

### On a beau fuir l'amour

One is well to flee from love, though he can't really be avoided; any defense against his arrows is in vain. One is spared a lot of pain if by giving in without resisting.

### La peine d'aimer

The pain of love is charming, and there is not a single heart exempted from paying its inevitable price. So don't let love frighten you; its more scary than it is bad.

### Amours, aimez vos chaines

Lovers, love your chains, your cares and sighs; love takes note of your pains and measures your pleasures. Without a loving flame, life is without flavor. Who can touch a soul that love hasn't touched? He causes alarms and sells his charms at a high price, but for such a great good, all troubles seem like nothing to pay.

### Frauenliebe und -leben (A Woman's Love and Life)

#### Seit ich ihm gesehen

Since I first saw him, I think I must be blind; wherever I look, I see only him; as if in a trance, his image hovers over me, emerging from the deepest gloom even brighter. All else is dark and colorless in my surroundings; my sisters' games interest me no longer; I would rather weep quietly in my room. Since I first saw him, I think I must be blind.

#### Er, der Herrlichste von Allen

He, the noblest of all, how kind, how good he is! Gentle mouth, clear eyes, bright temper and steady mood. Just as, in the far-off blue, yonder star shines bright and splendid, so he shines in my heaven, bright and splendid, sublime and remote. Go your way; let me only look at your brightness, humbly gaze upon it in happiness and sorrow. Heed not my silent prayers, dedicated only to your happy future; a lowly girl you may not know, oh high star of splendor! Only the worthiest of all may be made happy by your choice, and I will bless her a thousand times. Then will I rejoice and weep; eternal bliss will then be mine, and if my heart should break--break, my heart; what does it matter! He, the noblest of all, how good, how kind he is! Gentle mouth, clear eyes, bright temper and steady mood, how gentle, how good!

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan

Now you have hurt me for the first time, but deeply. You sleep, you hard and pitiless man, the sleep of death. Forsaken, I look around me; the world is empty. I have loved and been loved; my life no longer exists. I withdraw into my most inward self; the veil falls. There I keep you and my lost happiness; you, my whole world.

### Songs and Dances of Death

#### Lullaby

The child is moaning, the candle, burning low, casts a dim light. The mother has sat up all night, rocking the cradle. With the first light of dawn, death knocks on the door. Trembling, the mother looks around and hears "Don't fear, my dear, it is morning, and with crying, worrying and loving, you are tired. Rest and sleep for a while; I'll watch in your place. You have failed to soothe the child; I'll sing him a better song." "Be quiet! The baby is restless agin; it breaks my heart." "He'll soon be asleep in my arms; hush, baby, hush." "The child gets paler, his breathing becomes weaker; oh, do keep silent, I beg thee!" "This is good; soon his suffering will be over; hush, baby, hush." "Go away, accursed death; you will kill my child with your caresses!" "No, I'll only put him to sleep peacefully; hush, baby, hush!" "Have pity on me; stop your terrible singing, if only for a moment." "You see, he sleeps now, and will no longer waken; Hush, baby, hush."

#### Serenade

Enchanting langour, blue night, trembling twilight of spring... With bowed head, the sick girl listens to the murmurs in the stillness. Sleep has not closed her eyes. Everything stays quiet around. And in the passionate silence of the spring midnight, a song is heard under her window: "In the darkness of cruel captivity, your youth is fading away. I an errant knight, unknown to you, by magic power will free you. Come look at yourself; you are beautiful! With rosy cheeks and dark tresses that envelop your body like a cloud. The light of your blue eyes is brighter than the skies and the fires. Your breath is hot as midday air. You charm me; I have cast a spell over you with my song. Your whisper was calling me, and now your knight is here to claim his supreme reward. Your body is soft and your charm enchanting; Oh I will strangle you in my strong embrace; to my passionate whisper, listen...be silent...you are mine!"

#### Ridente la calma

Tranquility returns to my soul; only a token of anger and fear remain. Come to bind me, my good one, in the sweet chains so welcome to my heart. Tranquility returns to my soul; only a token remains of anger and fear.

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

I can't understand it, I can't believe it, I must be fooled by a dream!  
How, from all the others, can he have chosen and blessed me? It seems  
as if he has said "I am forever yours." It seems I must still be dreaming;  
for it can never be so. Oh, let me die in this dream, cradled in his em-  
brace; let me drown in tears of endless joy! I can't understand it, I  
can't believe it, I must have been fooled by a dream; I must have been  
fooled by a dream!

Der Ring

You ring on my finger, my little golden ring, I press you devoutly to my  
lips and to my heart. I had reached the end of childhood's lovely peace-  
ful dream. I found myself alone and lost in an endless wasteland. You  
ring on my finger, you taught me then, you opened my eyes to life's in-  
finite worth. I will serve him, live for him, belong to him totally;  
I will give myself to him and find myself transfigured in his radiance.  
You ring on my finger, my little golden ring, I press you devoutly to my  
lips and my heart.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Help me, oh sisters, kindly adorn me, serve me, the happy one, today.  
Busily twine about my brow the blossoming myrtle. Before, when I lay,  
contented and happy, in the arms of my loved one, he still would be long-  
ing, impatiently awaiting this day. Help me, o sisters, help me to banish  
a foolish fear, so that I may meet him with eyes clear, he the source of  
my joy. Have you, my love, appeared to me? Do you give me, o sun, your  
brightness? Let me reverently and humbly make obeisance to my master.  
Scatter flowers before him, o sisters, present him with budding roses.  
But you my sisters, I leave with sadness, but depart with joy from your  
ranks.

Susser Freund

Sweet friend, you gaze at me in astonishment; can you not understand why  
I am crying? Let the unfamiliar jewel of the moist pearl tremble brightly  
in my eye. How fearful my bosom, how blissful! Could I but say it with  
words! Come and bury your head here on my breast; I want to whisper to  
you all my joy. Now do you see why I am weeping? Stay at my heart, feel  
its beat, that I may press you closer and closer to me. Here at my bed  
there is space for the cradle, where it may hide my lovely dream; the  
morning will come when the dream awakes and your image smiles out at me;  
your image.

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

At my heart, at my breast, you my joy, you my bliss! Happiness is love;  
love is happiness; now that I've said it, I'll never take it back. I con-  
sidered myself completely happy, but now I am still happier. Only she who  
nurses and loves the child whom she feeds--only a mother knows what love  
and happiness mean. O how I pity men, who cannot feel a mother's joy! You  
lovely, lovely angel, you! You look at me with a smile, and laugh. On my  
heart, on my breast, you, my wonder, you, my happiness!