

No. 115
Betty

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS

Present

MARIANNE WELTMANN, soprano
assisted by
NEAL O'DOAN, piano
and
WILLIAM McCOLL, clarinet

in a

FACULTY RECITAL
for the benefit of the
SCHOLARSHIP FUND OF THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Tuesday, November 16, 1976

Meany Theater, 8:00 PM

Tape No. 1-8254

PROGRAM
I 15:14

SCHUBERT
(1797-1828)

La Pastorella
Liebe Schwärmt auf Allen Wegen
An die Nachtigall
Der Schmetterling
Wonne der Wehmuth
Klärchens Lied
Suleikas Zweiter Gesang

II 5:14

Totus in corde lanqueo

William McColl, assisting artist

Tape No. 2-8255

INTERMISSION
III 12:03

DEBUSSY
(1862-1918)

Pantomime
Clair de lune
Pierrot
Apparition

IV

MAHLER
(1860-1911)

Liebst du um Schönheit 2:27
appl.

STRAUSS
(1864-1949)

Sie Wissens Nicht
Für Fünfzehn Pfennige } 5:13

V 8:30

BELLINI
(1801-1835)

Malinconia, ninfa gentile

VERDI
(1813-1901)

Lo Spazzacamino appl.

RESPIGHI
(1879-1936)

Stornellatrice

MASCAGNI
(1863-1945)

M'ama...non m'ama

Encores:

1. Schubert - Seligkeit 2:07
2. Mozart - Warmung 1:54

Used
for CH 11-27-76.

all used
for
CH 12-4-76.

I. La Pastorella (The Shepherdess) - poem by Goldoni

The shepherdess sings gaily while tending her sheep on the meadow. If only her shepherd were to accept her innocent love, her joy would be complete!

Liebe Schwärmt auf allen Wegen (Ariette of Claudine from "Claudine of Villa Bella" by Goethe)

Love swarms along every path, faithfulness dwells alone. Love rushes toward you, faithfulness must be sought out.

An die Nachtigall (To the Night) - M. Claudius

He lies sleeping in my arms, my guardian spirit has sung him to sleep. Now in joy and mirth I can enjoy every flower and leaf. Nightingale, take care lest your song awaken my love.

Der Schmetterling (The Butterfly) - F. Schlegel

Why shouldn't I dance effortlessly, surrounded by charming shimmering colors, here in green nature? My colorful wings are shiny, the scent of the blossoms is sweet. I nibble the blossoms, you cannot stop me! How great the pleasure of hovering frivolously above hill and dale! When you see the dusky clouds of evening, the air seems golden, the meadows more verdant. I nibble the blossoms, you cannot save them!

Wonne der Wehmuth (Joy of Melancholy) *Goethe

Do not dry up, tears of eternal love!

How empty and dead the world appears alone to the half-dried eye!

Do not dry, tears of unhappy love!

Klärchens Lied (Clara's Song) from "Egmont" - Goethe

To be joyful, sorrowful, pensive, yearning anxiously in suspended anguish,
Exultant unto heaven,

Depressed unto the death...

Happy alone is the soul that loves!

Suleikas Zweiter Gesang (Suleika's Second Song) from Goethe's "Westöstlicher Divan"

How I envy you your wings, O Westwind, for you can tell my love how I suffer afar
The movement of your wings awakens a silent yearning in my breast.

Flowers, meadows, woods and hills shed a tear when they are touched by your breath.

Yet your mild gentle breeze cools my aching eyelids.

Ah, I would die for pain, had I not hope of seeing him again!

Hasten then to my beloved, speak gently to his heart.

But avoid saddening him and conceal my suffering from him.

Tell him, but be modest, that his love is my life.

That both of these will be filled with joy, at his proximity.

II. Totus in corde lanqueo

I yearn with my whole heart, I burn with the divine love of God.

Never have I ceased loving him, inflamed by his sacred fire.

Neither Heaven nor Hell could deter me from the love of Christ.

The Debussy cycle, published posthumously in 1926 in Paris, was actually written in the years 1882-84 and dedicated to Mme. Marguerite Vasnier, of whom Debussy was enamored in his youth. The poems of the first three songs deal with the pranks of commedia dell'arte characters, while the fourth unites impressionistic symbolism with a Wagnerian line.

Pantomime - P. Verlaine

Pierrot, who is no romantic swain like Clitandre, empties his flask and gulps down a pie, while down the avenue Casandra sheds a private tear for her disinherited nephew. That rogue Harlequin does four pirouettes after seducing Colombine, who, while dreaming, is surprised to hear sighing in the breeze and the voices in her own heart.

Clair de lune (Moonlight) - P. Verlaine

Your soul is like a choice landscape, where masqueraders and dancers flit by, playing the lute, almost sad, in their fantastic disguises. Singing in the minor mode of conquering love and of the good life, they do not seem to believe in their happiness, and their songs mingle with the calm moonlight, so sad and lovely which makes birds dream and large slender fountains sob with ecstasy amid the marble statues.

Pierrot - Th. de Banville

Good old Pierrot is watched by the crowd, after Harlequin's wedding, as he follows a young girl gracefully clad, down the boulevard, lost in thought. His provoking glances are of no avail. Meanwhile, the mysterious slinky white moon, with bulls' horns, takes great pleasure in observing the scene and casts a glance out of the corner of her eye at her friend Jean Gaspard.

Apparition (Vision) - S. Mallarmé

The moon grew sad. Weeping seraphs, dreaming amid the calm of scented flowers, with bow in hand evoked from dying violets white sobs, gliding down over blue petals. It was the day of your first kiss. My daydreams were torturing me, with the perfume of sadness, leaving, without regret or disappointment, the harvest of a dream in the hearth of the harvester. I wandered aimlessly, my eyes glued to the pavement, when you appeared, radiant, with the sun in your hair, on the street, in the night...and I thought you were the haloed fairy who used to pass through my sweet dreams of spoiled childhood, dropping white bouquets of perfumed stars from her barely-closed hands, like snow.

III. Liebst du um Schönheit - F. Rückert

If you love for beauty, don't love me. Love the sun for her golden hair.
 If you love for youth, don't love me. Love the springtime, young again each year.
 If you love for wealth, don't love me. Love the mermaid for her many shining pearls.
 If you love for love..oh, yes, then love me!
 Love me ever, as I shall ever love you!

Sie Wissens Nicht - O. Panizza

The little bird dwelling in the tree does not know that it is the lovely nightingale. The young girl living in a garret on the fourth floor does not know that she is the loveliest girl in town. But far below, strolls a man whose heart is breaking. He sobs up to the girl and the nightingale. They know it not.

Für Fünfzehn Pfennige - from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" - Arnim and Brentano

A girl who wants a suitor had better dig him out of the ground - for 15 cents. She dug up a suitor who had so much money that he bought her everything she wanted - for 15 cents. He bought her a broad-brimmed hat to shield her from the sun - for 15 cents. "Stay with me, and I will give you all my earthly possessions - 15 cents."

Für Fünfzehn Pfennige (continued)

"You can keep your possessions. No other girl would want you anyhow - for 15 cents" Keep your good advice. You have no respect for true love. Your heart is like a pigeon-coop: one flies in and the other flies out - for 15 cents!"

V Malinconia, ninfa gentile (poet unknown)

Melancholy, gentle nymph, I dedicate my life to you and your desires. For he who entertains evil is not born to enjoy true pleasure. I begged the gods for fountains and hills. If only they would hear me, I could live contented. But my vain desires do not even enable me to cross this fountain or this hill. No, never!

Lo Spazzacamino (The Chimney sweep) - Maggioni

Chimneysweep! I'm black and ugly, rubbing off dirt on everyone who comes near me. My clothing is sloppy and I go around barefoot. But if there is a happier person on earth, I'd like to know about it! Chimneysweep! Ladies, gentlemen, I'll save you from fire for just a few pennies! I rise with the sun and fill the streets with my shouts. No enemies have I! Then I climb up on the rooftops and slide down into the houses. At the mention of my name, little boys are filled with terror and awe.

Stornellatrice (Wordplay) - Zangarini

What's the good of my singing: Flowering birch, I wish you were the sun and I a star, so we could walk around Heaven, caring about nothing.

Just then, the echo comes back: Nothing?

What's the use of my singing: Lovelies of flowers, you are my love of past and present. You are my love that lives on forever.

Just then, the echo answers: Ever?

M'ama, non m'ama (He loves me, he loves me not) - words by "X"

He loves me, he loves me not, loves me, loves me not.

You can keep picking petals, till you tire of the game.

He loves me, loves me not, loves me, loves me not--what? he loves me not?

What answer did the love riddle give--that I don't love you?

Well, let's try once more. Doubtless there is a petal missing from this flower!