

# UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

The School of Music and the Office of Lectures and Concerts

present

LINDA ALLISON-HASLACH, *Soprano*

in a

GRADUATE RECITAL

assisted by

John Murphy, *Piano*

Sunday, April 9, 1972

Music Auditorium, 3:30 P.M.

## PROGRAM

10 Reel No. 1 - 6548

HENRY PURCELL 6:40  
(1659-1695) 6:30

We Sing to Him

Ah! how pleasant 'tis to love  
I saw that you were grown so high  
Come all ye songsters

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART 8:44  
(1756-1791) 8:45

Scena ed Aria (K.528)

Bella mia fiamma, addio!

GUSTAV MAHLER 12:36  
(1860-1911) 12:10

Selbstgefühl

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft  
Nicht Wiedersehen!  
Lob des hohen Verstande

RH  
4-20-72.

11 Reel No. 2 - 6549

GEORGE SHANGROW 4:50  
(b. 1951)

INTERMISSION

One dark night (1972)

Carmina (1972)

10:22

A Letter from Roland of Tierges  
to his Editor upon Quitting Writing  
for Holy Orders, 1453  
Afterward we sleep in Italic  
Earth is an empty eye  
A quiet place

Poet, ROBERT D. HASLACH (b. 1946)

XAVIER MONTSALVATGE *11:55* Cinco Canciones Negras (c. 1958-1962)

(b. 1912)

*11:55*

*Cuba Dentro de un piano* CH 4-30-72.

Poet, RAFAEL ALBERTI

*Punto de Habanera (Siglo XVIII),*

Poet, NESTOR LUJAN

*Chevere*

Poet, NICOLAS GUILLEN

*Cancion de cuna para dormir a un negrito*

Poet, ILDEFONSO PEREDA VALDES

*Canto Negro*

Poet, NICOLAS GUILLEN

Special thanks to: George Shangrow, *Harpsichord*  
Philip Carlsen, *Cello*  
Deede Evans, *Violin*  
Robert Kechley, *English Horn*  
Leslie Uhlig, *Flute*

In partial fulfillment of the requirements  
for the degree of Master of Music in Voice.  
Linda Allison-Haslach is a student of Florence  
Mesler.

Bella mia fiamma, addio!

Facing death, the singer laments parting from the beloved one.

Selbstgefuhl: I just don't know what is the matter. I have plenty to eat, and money to spend, yet I don't care. I suppose marriage might be the answer, but I can't stand squealing brats! So I asked the doctor, what's UP? He said, "my diagnosis; You are a fool my friend, that's what's the matter." Well...now I know what's the matter!

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft: I breathed a gentle scent. In the room stood the branch of linden, a gift from a dear hand. How lovely was the scent of linden.

Nicht Wiedersehen: A young man leaves his sweetheart, promising to return the following summer. He returns to find her buried in the churchyard. She has died of grief. Ade.

Lob des hohen Verstands: We witness a singing contest between a cuckoo and a nightingale. The judge? a jackass. He has such big ears that he can judge singers very well. Who is the winner?

One dark night

a star, a moon, and a branch  
met on the flat blue black of the sky.

The moon reached out its halo  
and encircled the branch,  
and the branch cast its black on the moon  
And the star, with pin-point unbending  
light,  
watched the moon from the crook of the  
branch;  
the star, a terrible microscopic eye,  
watched the branch from the halo of the  
moon.

Carmina

1. Roland of Tierges to his editor, 1365,  
upon abandonment of writing for holy  
orders

How quickly doth an image cheapen and  
decay  
grow thick and wooden  
and forget what charged to say.

What words convey what mind doth see?  
None I can choose, and none you may read.

Carmina continued

2. Afterward we sleep  
in Italic:  
two light-limbed figures,  
left without haste,  
strewn out in delicate rest,  
barely fill the white expanse:

we shed our dark boldness  
to the thick swelling  
demands of night.

3. Earth is an empty eye  
staring through a lense of tears  
into empty space:  
none see her, none receive  
the comfort of her wisdom.  
None relieve her fears

4. A quiet place  
smooth water flowing near  
meadow, flowers, and several pines.

How often, running by,  
have I passed this place  
I wanted to find:

a quiet place  
smooth water flowing near  
meadow, flowers and several pines.

#### Cinco Canciones Negras

1. Cuba on a Keyboard: This song refers to the Americanization of Cuba during the Spanish-American War (1898).

When my mother wore a strawberry ice for a hat and the ships' smoke was still cigar smoke, from dark Vuelta--Abajo leaves...a parrot at the piano tried to sing tenor. Tell me, where is the flower that man lusts for so much? Now shines no more the blue pearl of the Antilles; But then--ah, but then was when they took si and made it into yes.

2. Habanera Strain: The creole girl goes by in her white crinoline. How white it is! Sailors, get a look at her!

3. A Man with a Scar: A man scarred with a razor becomes himself a razor. He slashes at the moon, at the dark and at songs, until they are gone; and then he slashes away at the body of his bad black woman!

4. Cradle song to put a negro child to sleep: My tiny black child who won't go to sleep: little coffee bean with pretty freckles. Close your eyes or the white bogey man will eat you up!

5. Negro Song: The solongo from the Congo struts by, the black, black man struts by. The songo solongo from the Congo dances the Yambo on one foot.