

THE
UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
P R E S E N T S

01-073
Box 122
B4793
1982
6-2
DUB

ANNE ROSE BERGSMA, *soprano*

accompanied by

Glenda Williams, *piano, harpsichord*

assisted by

Beatrice Kaufman, *bassoon*

Julie Oster, *clarinet*

in a

SENIOR RECITAL

Wednesday, June 2, 1982

Music Auditorium, 8:00 P.M.

CD TRACK

P R O G R A M

~~Tape 10,433~~
[1] PURCELL (1659-1695)

If Music be the Food of Love
Sweeter than Roses
I Attempt from Love's Sickness 6

[2] SCHUMANN (1810-1856)

Frauenliebe und Leben
Seit ich ihn gesehen
Er, der Herrlichste von allen 22'
Ich kann's nicht fassen
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Süsser Freund
An meinen Herzen
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

~~Tape 10,434~~
[3] FRANCIS POULENC (1899-1963)

INTERMISSION
Fiançailles pour Rire 13'
La Dame d'Andre
Dans L'herbe
Il Vole
Mon Cadavre est doux comme un Gant
Violon
Fleurs

[4] WILLIAM BERGSMA (b. 1921)

Four Songs
This is the Key to the Kingdom
The Head, from the Well of Life 9'
Frolic's Song
Hokey Pokey, Whiskey, Thum

Beatrice Kaufman, *bassoon*
Julie Oster, *clarinet*

Anne Rose Bergsma is a student of Mary Curtis-Verna.
Julie Oster is a student of William McColl.

Text Translations

Frauenliebe und Leben/A Woman's Love and Life

Seit ich ihn Gesehen/Since I have seen him

Since I have seen him, I believe I am blind: whither I am looking, I see him alone; like in a waking dream, his image floats before me, rising from deepest darkness, brighter and brighter. Everything else around me is light and colorless, the games of my sisters I want to share no more, I would rather weep silently in my little chamber; since I have seen him, I believe I am blind.

Er, Der Herrlichste von Allen/He, The Most Glorious of All

He, the most glorious of all, how kind he is, how good! Gentle mouth, clear eyes, clear mind and firm courage, even as in yonder blue depth, shines bright and glorious that star, so is he in my heaven, bright and glorious, sublime and far. Wander, wander along your course, only to look at your light, only to look at it humbly, only to be blissful and sad! Do not bear my silent prayer, offered for your happiness; you must not know me, humble maiden, noble star of glory! Only the worthiest of all may your choice make happy, and I will bless the noble one, many thousand times. I shall rejoice and I shall weep then, blissful, blissful I am then, even though my heart should break, break, o heart, what does it matter?

Ich Kann's Nicht Fassen, Nicht Glauben/I cannot Grasp, nor Believe it.

I cannot grasp, nor believe it, a dream must have me bewitched, how could be from among all others have exalted and blessed poor me? It seemed to me that be had spoken: "I am forever yours," It seemed to me that I am still dreaming, for it can never be thus. Oh let me die in my dream, cradled on his breast, let me drink blissful death in tears of infinite joy.

Du Ring an Meinem Finger/You Ring on My Finger

You ring on my finger, my little golden ring, I press you devoutly to my lips, devoutly to my heart. My dream had come to an end, childhood's peaceful, lovely dream, I found myself lonely and lost in empty, infinite space. You ring on my finger, you taught me only then, you opened to my eyes, life's infinite, deep value. I want to serve him, live for him, wholly belong to him, give myself and find myself transfigured in his splendour.

Helft Mir, Ihr Schwestern/Help Me, My Sisters

Help me, my sisters, kindly adorn me, serve me, the happy one, today. Wind zealously around my forehead, the lovely wreath of myrtle in bloom. When I contented, with a joyful heart, formerly lay in my beloved's arms, he always invoked, his heart filled with yearning, impatient by this very day. Help me, my sisters, help me cast out a foolish anxiety; that I with bright eyes may receive him, him the source of all happiness. Have you, my beloved, come to me, do you, sun, give me your light? Let me devoutly, let me humbly, let me bow to my master and lord. Strew, sisters, strew flowers before him, budding roses offer to him. But you, sisters, I greet with sadness, joyfully parting from your midst.

Susser Freund/Sweet Friend

Sweet friend, you look amazed at me, you cannot understand how I can weep: let the moist pearl's adornment with playful clarity tremble in my eyes. How frightened is my heart, how with rapture filled, if I only knew the words to tell it to you; come and hide your face here on my breast, let me whisper on your ear all my delight. Now you know the tears that I must shed, should you then not see them, you beloved, beloved man? Stay near my heart, feel its throbbing, so that I may clasp you only firmer and firmer. Here by my bed the cradle will have its place, where it may in silence hide my lovely dream; there will come a morning when the dream awakens, and from the cradle you image will smile up at me, your image!

An Meinem Herzen, An Meiner Brust/On My Heart, On My Breast

On my heart, on my breast, you my delight, you my joy! Happiness is love and love is happiness, I have said it and won't take it back. I deemed myself so fortunate, but I am more than happy now. Only she who suckles, only she who loves the child to whom she gives nourishment; only a mother can know, what it means to love and to be happy, oh how sorry I am for the man, who cannot feel a mother's bliss. You dear, dear angel you, you look at me and you smile at me!

Nun Hast Du Mir Den Ersten Schmerz Getan/Now You Have Caused Me The First Pain

Now you have caused me the first pain, that really hurt. You sleep, you hard and cruel man, the sleep of death. The now forsaken woman stares into a void, the world is empty, empty. I have loved and I have lived, I do not live any more. I silently withdraw into myself, the veil is falling, then I have you and my lost happiness, you, my world!

Fiancailles Pour Rire/Whimsical Betrothal

La Dame D'Andre/Andre's Woman Friend

Andre does not know the woman whom he took by the hand today. Has she a heart for the tomorrows, and for the evening has she a soul? On returning from a country ball did she go in her flowing dress to seek in the hay stacks the ring for the random betrothal? Was she afraid, when night fell, haunted by the ghosts of the past, in her garden, when winter entered by the wide avenue? He loved her for her colour, for her Sunday good humour. Will she fade on the white leaves of his album of better days?

Dans L'Herbe/In the Grass

I can say nothing more nor do anything for him. He died for his beautiful one he died a beautiful death* outside under the tree of the Law in deep silence in open countryside in the grass. He died unnoticed crying out in his passing calling calling me. But I was far from him and because his voice no longer carried he died alone in the woods beneath the tree of his childhood. And I can say nothing more nor do anything for him.

Il Vole/He Flies

As the sun is setting it is reflected in the polished surface of my table it is the round cheese of the fable in the beak of my silver scissors. But where is the crow? It flies. I should like to sew but a magnet attracts all my needles. On the square the skittle players pass the time with game after game. But where is my lover? He flies. I have a thief for a lover, the crow flies and my lover steals, the thief of my heart breaks his word and the thief of the cheese is not here. But where is happiness? It flies. I weep under the weeping willow I mingle my tears with its leaves. I weep because I want to be desired and I am not pleasing to my thief. But where then is love? It flies. Find the rhyme for my lack of reason and by the roads of the countryside bring me back my flighty lover who takes hearts and drives me mad. I wish that my thief would steal me.

Mon Cadavre est Doux Comme un Gant/My Corpse is as Limp as a Glove

My corpse is as limp as a glove limp as a glove of glace kid and my two hidden pupils make two white pebbles of my eyes. Two white pebbles in my face two mutes in the silence still shadowed by a secret and heavy with the burden of things seen. My fingers so often straying are joined in a saintly pose resting on the hollow of my groans at the centre of my arrested heart. And my two feet are the mountains the last two hills I saw at the moment when I lose the race that the years win. I still resemble myself children bear away the memory quickly, go, go, my life is done. My corpse is as limp as a glove.

Violon/Violin

Enamoured couple with the misprized accents the violin and its player please me. Ah! I love these wailings long drawn out on the cord of uneasiness. In chords on the cords of the hanged at the hour when the Laws are silent the heart, formed like a strawberry, offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

Fleurs/Flowers

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms, flowers sprung from the parenthesis* of a step, who brought you there flowers in winter powdered with the sand of the seas? Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves the beautiful eyes are ashes and in the fireplace a heart beribboned with sighs burns with its treasured pictures.

Four Songs for Voice Bassoon, and Piano

This is the Key to the Kingdom
 In That Kingdom is a city.
 In That city is a town.
 In That street there is a street.
 In That street There winds a lane.
 In That lane there is a yard.
 In that yard There is a house.
 In That house awaits a room.
 In That room There is a bed.
 On That bed there is a basket,
 A basket of flowers.
 Flowers in The basket,
 Basket on The bed,
 Bed in The chamber, chamber in The
 house
 House in The weedy lane, lane on The
 broad street,
 Steet in the high town, town in the
 city,
 City in The Kingdom.
 This is The Key to The Kingdom.

The Head from The Well of Life

Gently dip, but not too deep
 For fear you make The golden beard to
 weep.
 Fair maiden white and red,
 Comb me smooth and stroke my head
 And Thou shalt have some cocklebread,
 And every hair a sheaf shall be
 And every sheaf a golden tree.

Frolic's Song

Whenas, whenas, whenas,
 The rye reach to the chin,
 And chop cherry ripe within,
 Strawberries swimming in the cream,
 And schoolboys playing in The stream,
 Then-o, Then-o, Then-o,
 My true love said,
 Til That time come again,
 She could not live a maid.

Hokey Pokey, Whiskey, Thum

Hokey pokey, whiskey, thum.
 How do you like potatoes done?
 Boiled in whiskey, boiled in rum?
 Says the king of The cannibal Islands.