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1977

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Box 107

The University of Washington

The School of Music and the Office of Lectures and Concerts

No. 48
Phil

present

Peter Schindler, tenor

Christopher Arpin, piano

Tom Dziekonski, violin

Lisa Gowdy, violin

Peter Kenote, viola

Paul Horne, 'cello

in a

Graduate Recital

University Unitarian Church

Sunday, April 17, 1977 — 8:00 p.m.

Peter Schindler, Grad. 4-17-77.

—PROGRAM—

Tape No. 1-8443

Deposuit potentes from *Magnificat* 2:10

J. S. Bach

The Lord hath put down the mighty from their seats and hath exalted the humble and meek.

Sul le sponde del Tebro 3:11

A. Scarlatti

Recit: Mesto, Stanco e spirante
Aria: Infelici miei lumi

Sad, exhausted, and sighing with grief, Aminta spoke to his eyes.
Unhappy eyes, open your gates to the tears of my heart.

Flammende Rose, Zierde der Erden 6:27

G. F. Händel

Colorful rose, the enchanted display of brilliant gardens, surely God put His hand to your creation.

On Wenlock Edge 20:57

R. Vaughan-Williams

On Wenlock Edge
From far, from eve and morning
Is my team ploughing?
Oh, when I was in love with you
Bredon Hill
Clun

Not for KUOW

INTERMISSION

Tape No. 2 - 8444

Dein Angesicht Op. 127, No. 2

R. Schumann

I have seen your dear face in a dream. It is so fair, yet full of pain. Soon death's kiss will make your ruby lips pale.

Der arme Peter Op. 53, No. 3

R. Schumann

I. Hans and Grete dance at their wedding shouting with joy. Peter watches, mute and pale as chalk. "Ah, were I not so sensible, I would do away with myself."
II. "My heart is almost broken. I go to where Grete is that she might heal me. When I look into her eyes I must hurry away. I climb into the mountains to be alone. Then I stand still and weep."
III. Poor Peter walks by, slowly, pale and shy. The people who see him pass whisper "could he have come from the grave?" No, he goes to his grave. He has lost his beloved. The grave is the best place for him to rest until judgment day.

CH 8-28-77.

Schöne Wiege Op. 24, No. 5

R. Schumann

Beautiful city, we must part. Farewell you sacred place where first I saw her. I wish I had never seen you! Then I would not suffer so much. I only wished to be near you, but with cruel words you drove me away. Madness and pain rage through my senses. I will soon lay my head in a cool grave.

10:44 ↓

La Bonne Chanson Op. 61 23:04

G. Fauré

Une Sainte en son aureole

A saint, a great lady, all that words may express of grace and love, gentle patrician harmony. I see, I hear all these things in her Carlovingian name.

Puisque l'aube grandit

Since morning has come and you have turned your heart towards me, let us walk hand in hand on gentle paths. I will sing simple songs. I dream of no other paradise.

La lune blanch luit dans les bois

The moon shines in the forest. Forest voices speak to us. Oh, Beloved! this is the exquisite hour.

J'allais par des chemins perfides

While I walked uncertain paths your hands were my guide. When dawn was near, your glance was the sun. I was lonely, your voice urged me onward. Love has united us in joy.

J'ai presque peur, en vérité

I almost fear. My life is so entwined with yours since our meeting last summer. Your slightest gesture is my law. I fear you might send me away. If I should no longer see you, the pain would be endless. In spite of these fears, I repeat to myself endlessly that I love you.

Avant que tu ne t'en ailles

Pale morning star, before morning comes, make my thoughts shine far away in my beloved's dreams. Hurry for here's the golden sun!

Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été

On a clear summer day your beauty will be enhanced by the sun's rays. Under the blue sky we will be happy and excited. When evening comes, the stars will smile benevolently on this wedded pair.

N'est-ce pas?

We will walk gaily but slowly down the road isolated in our love. Our two hearts will be nightingales singing at night. We live without fear, child-like in our love. Is it not so?

L'hiver a cessé

Winter is over. The light dances in the clear sky. The saddest heart must give way to the joy scattered in the air. For a whole year I have had spring in my soul. Let summer, autumn, and winter come. Every season will be lovely because of you.

Encore : 1:44

Peter Schindler is a student of Marianne Weltmann.

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Music.