

No. 74  
Phil

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS

Present

PAMELA HRUSKA, *soprano*

*accompanied by*

Glenda Williams, *piano*

*in a*

SENIOR RECITAL

Wednesday, May 24, 1978

Music Auditorium, 8:00 PM

*Tape No. 1-9013*

MOZART  
(1756-1791)

SCHUBERT  
(1797-1828)

*Tape No. 2-9014*

DEBUSSY  
(1862-1918)

SAMUEL BARBER  
(b. 1910)

PROGRAM

Das Veilchen 2:21  
Ridente la calma 3:32  
Alma grande e nobil core 4:48

Lachen und weinen 1:31  
Im Frühling 3:42  
Seligkeit 1:52  
Auf dem See 3:07

INTERMISSION

Beau soir 2:33  
Mandoline 1:25  
Romance 2:05  
Fantoche ~~1:24~~

Despite and Still 11:39

*A Last Song* (Robert Graves)  
*My Lizard* (Theodore Roethke)  
*In the Wilderness* (Robert Graves)  
*Solitary Hotel* (James Joyce: *Ulysses*)  
*Despite and Still* (Robert Graves)

Pamela Hruska is a student of Mary Curtis-Verna.

## PROGRAM NOTES

### I MOZART

"Das Veilchen" A violet stood in the meadow. It was a fine little violet! Along came a shepherdess, with light step and a lively spirit, singing. "Oh," thought the violet, "if only I were Nature's most beautiful flower, if only for a little while! Then the maiden would pick me and press me to her bosom!" But as the shepherdess approached, she paid no attention to the violet---and stepped on it! The violet sank and died, but even so was glad. "I die at her feet!" The poor violet... It was a fine little violet.

"Ridente la Calma" Let the smiling calm be awakened in the soul, and let there remain no trace of anger and fear. My beloved, you come to tighten the sweet chains that hold you to my heart.

"Alma grande e nobil core" A great soul and noble heart scorns the likes of him. I am a lady accustomed to magnificence and I know how to make myself respected. Go. Speak to that ingrate. Tell him that I am still faithful. But he does not merit pardon. Truly, I wish to avenge myself.

### II SCHUBERT

"Lachen und Weinen" Laughing and weeping at every hour depends, in the matters of love, upon so many a reason. In the morning I laughed for joy. And why I now weep in the evening's light is not known to me. Weeping and laughing at every hour depends, in the matters of love, upon so many a reason. In the evening I wept for grief; and why can you now awake in the morning with laughter, I must ask you, oh heart.

"Im Frühling" (In Spring)  
Quietly I sit on the side of the hill;  
the sky is so clear;  
the breeze plays in the green valley  
where I in the first light of spring  
once was so happy;  
where I walked at her side  
so intimate and so near,  
and deep in the dark rock-spring  
saw the beautiful heaven, blue and bright,  
and saw her in that heaven.

"Im Frühling" Continued.

See how the colorful spring already  
looks out of the buds and blossoms!  
Not all the flowers are the same to me,  
I like best to pick from the branch  
from which she picked!  
For all is as it used to be,  
the flowers, the fields,  
the sun shines no less brightly,  
no less cheerfully floats in the spring  
the blue image of heaven.

Only the will and the fancy change,  
pleasure turns to strife;  
the happiness of love flees away  
and only love remains behind--  
love and alas, sorrow!  
Oh, if I were only a bird  
there on the hillside meadow,  
then I would stay in the branches here  
and sing a sweet song about her  
all summer long.

"Seligkeit" (Happiness)  
Joys without number  
Bloom in heaven's hall.  
There are angels and transfigured ones  
As the fathers learned.  
Oh, there I would like to be  
And always be happy.

To each one laughs intimately a heavenly bride.  
The harp and psaltery sound.  
And everyone dances and sings.  
Oh, there I would like to be  
And always be happy.

I would rather stay here  
If only Laura would give me a laughing glance  
That says my sorrow is over.  
Happy I would be with her  
And would always stay at her side.

"Auf dem See" (On the Lake)  
And fresh nourishing new blood  
I absorb from the free world  
As Nature is so lovely and good  
That it holds me to its bosom.  
The waves cradle our boat  
And mountains cloudy in the heavenland  
Come to meet our course.  
Eyes, my eyes, why do you sink down?  
Golden dreams, do you come again?  
Away with you dreams even though you are so golden.

"Aur dem See" Continued.

Here also are love and life.

A thousand hovering stars look down on the waves.  
Soft mist drinks around the towering distances.  
The morning wind flys around the shadowed bay,  
And in the lake are mirrored the ripening fruits.

III DEBUSSY

"Beau Soir" (Beautiful Evening)

When, in the setting sun, the streams are rosy,  
And when a warm breeze floats over the fields of grain,  
A counsel to be happy seems to emanate from all things  
And rise toward the troubled heart;  
An advice to enjoy the pleasure of being alive,  
While one is young and the evening is beautiful,  
For we shall go as this wave goes--  
It, to the sea; we, to the grave.

"Mandoline"

The serenading swains and their lovely listeners  
exchange insipid remarks under the singing boughs.  
There is Tiris and there is Aminta, and the eternal  
Clitander, and there is Damis, who for many cruel  
ladies fashions many tender verses. Their short silken  
vests, their long dresses with trains, their elegance,  
their gaiety and their soft blue shadows whirl madly  
in the ecstasy of a moon rose and gray, and the Mandoline  
chatters amid the trembling of the breeze.

"Romance"

The fleeting and suffering soul,  
The gentle soul, the fragrant soul  
Of these devine lilies which I gathered  
In the garden of your thoughts,  
Whither have the winds driven it,  
That adorable soul of the lilies?  
Is there no fragrance remaining  
Of the heavenly loveliness  
Of these days when you enveloped me  
In a celestial haze,  
Fashioned of hope, of faithful love,  
Of blessedness and of peace?

"Fanteches" (Phantoms)

Scaramouche and Pulcinella,  
Whom wicked intentions have brought together,  
Are dark figures gesticulating in the moonlight,  
While the excellent Doctor from Bologna  
Is leisurely gathering healing herbs in the dark grass,  
While his pretty daughter  
Beneath the bowers, stealthily glides, scantily dressed,  
In quest of her handsome Spanish pirate,  
Whose distress an amereus nightingale proclaims at the top  
of its voice.