

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

Present

VALERIE BODDINGTON, *soprano*

in a

SENIOR RECITAL

assisted by

CHRISTOPHER ARPIN, *harpsichord and piano*  
RUSSELL PAIGE, *viola da gamba*

Monday, April 7, 1975

Music Auditorium, 8:00 PM

Tape No. 7666

PROGRAM

PURCELL 9:52  
(c.1658-1695) 9:57

We Sing to Him CH 6-22-75.  
Music for A While  
Sweeter than Roses  
What can We Poor Females Do

WOLF  
(1759-1824) 8:45

Der Gärtner  
Zitronenfalter im April  
Das Verlassene Mägdlein  
Mausfallen-Sprüchlein  
Er Ist's

INTERMISSION

RAVEL  
(1875-1937) 7:35

Cinq Mélodies Populaires Grecques  
Chanson de la mariée  
Là-bas, vers l'église  
Quel Galant m'est comparable  
Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques  
Tout Gail

KAGEN 11:38  
(1909-1964) 11:50

Because I Could not Stop for Death CH 6-22-75.  
I'm Nobody  
A June Day  
War is Kind  
Miss T

Valerie Boddington is a student of Leon Lishner.  
Christopher Arpin is a student of Randolph Hokanson and Silvia Kind.  
Russell Paige is a student of Eva Heinitz

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## PROGRAM NOTES

Wolf

Five Poems by Moricke

Der Gartner (the Gardener)

Upon her white steed, down a green bower'd way, a princess comes riding as fair as the May. The sand that I strewed, where those stately hoofs go like gold in the sunshine is bravely a glow. O rose colored hood dancing up dancing down pray waft me in secret one plume for mine own. And wouldst thou as guerdon one sweet blossom from me, take thousands, take all, for they bloom but for thee.

Zitronenfalter im April (Butterfly in April)

Oh cruel sun that's shining, why art thou so unkind, for joys of May I'm pining, no food can I now find. If but a maiden I could find, who's offer me her lips so kind, I'd suck sweet honey there, but I must die, oh sad to say, and shall not live to sport in May in yellow robes so fair.

Das Verlassene Madglein (the forsaken Maiden)

When stars are shining yet, must I rise and fire make, out of my bed I get, long before daybreak. Often I sit and stare at sparks gaily shining heavy my heart with care, filled with repining. Ah, then, it comes to me, thou faithless lover, that I did dream of thee, the dream is over.

Mausfallen-Spruchlein (The Mouser's Magic Verses)

Tiny guests and tiny house, Mistress Mouse or Mister Mouse, won't you kindly call tonight, when the moon shines clear and bright. Close window and door; on entering, my dear, do you hear? do you hear? lest your tail get a nipping! We'll feast till break of day, and sing a roundelay, then gaily go tripping! Witt witt! Witt witt! Tabby, my old cat, he'll dance, an you permit, do you hear? do you hear?

Er Ist's (Song to Spring)

Spring doth let her colors fly, wafts them through the breezes gaily; well known perfumes greet us daily, earth doth pulse with ecstasy. Violets so shy, dream of near awakening. Hark, from far a sound of melody! Spring has come at last! Radiant all earth making! Spring has come!

Ravel

Cinq Mélodies Populaires Grecques

Chanson de la mariée (Wake up, My Dear)

Wake up my dear, wake up my dear, my bonny birdie, Ah, wake up my dear, wake up my dear, my bonny dirdie, Spread thy white wings 'tis morning. With thy beautiful love, this heart of mine is burnt! A ribbon, love, I bring to thee, say, wilt thou wear it? Binding thy hair, thy hair as bright as gold. Love, come let us marry, we are young and gay! Dearest, do not tarry, None will say us nay.

Là-bas, vers l'église (Out There, Where the Church Tower)

Out there, where the church tower, Tower of Ayio Sidero, doth shine, oh blessed Virgin, doth shine, Ayio Costandino the people have come, from all parts of the world they come in crowds, oh blessed Virgin, the faithful and pious people.

Quel galant m'est comparable (Which Gallant can Compare with Me?)  
Which gallant, which gallant can compare with me, Love, of all you see pass by?  
Say, oh, proud Vasiliki? See my sword, the sword I draw so freely, see my  
pistols bright and new. . . And, oh love, I love you.

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques (Song of the Lentisk Gatherers)  
Oh, my best beloved, My heart's treasure, my dearest one, oh, my joy,  
Thou whom I love so well. Thou'rt like an angel come from Heaven. And  
when thou comest dear, Like angel bright with smiling eyes, Like an angel  
fair in the clear sunshine. Then, oh love, am I worn with sighing.

Tout gai!

Be gay, gay, Love be gay, so gay, Love so gay. See, the moonshines, ti-re-li, so  
brightly; Come and dance, love, come and trip so lightly. Tra la la la la.