

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

Present

THE UNIVERSITY CHORALE
Abraham Kaplan, conductor

accompanied by
Beverly Moore, pianist

No. 127
Betty - Tom

Monday, December 4, 1978

Meany Theater, 8:00 PM

PROGRAM

Tape No. 1 - 9183

POULENC 10:32
(1899-1963)

Not for KUOW

Christmas Motets

O magnum mysterium
Quem vidistis pastores
Videntes stellam
Hodie Christus natus est

BACH 20:30
(1685-1750)

Motet No. 3: *Jesu, meine Freude*

Chorale
Es ist nun nichts
Chorale
Denn das Gesetz
Trotz
Ihr aber seid nicht Fleisch
Chorale
So aber Christus in euch ist
Gute Nacht
So nur der Geist
Chorale

Tape No. 2 - 9184

BRAHMS 26:00
(1833-1897)

INTERMISSION

Liebeslieder Walzer

Nancy and Neal O'Doan, pianists

Rede Maedchen
Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut
O, die Frauen
Wie des Abends...
Die gruene Hopfenranke
Ein kleiner, huebscher Vogel
Wohl schoen bewandt
Wenn so lind dein Auge mir
Am Donaustrande
O wie sanft
Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen mit den
Leuten
Schlosser auf!
Voegelein durchrauscht die Luft
Sieh wie ist die Welle klar,
Nachtigall
Ein dunkler Schacht
Nicht wandle, mein Licht
Richard Russell, tenor
Es bebet das Gestrduche

LOVE SONG WALTZES

Johannes Brahms

1

Oh give answer, maiden fairest, thou whose smile my heart entrances, who hast slain me with thy glances, tell me, hath thy heart relented? Or like cloistered nun, contented, wilt thou dwell by love forsaken? Say, how long must I entreat thee, say, oh fairest, wilt thou, wilt thou meet me?

Nay, to dwell by love forsaken, give a doom for which I care not. Wistful eyes, take heart, despair not, when the stars are bright I'll meet thee, when they're bright I'll meet thee.

2

O'er the rocks the tide beats high, lash'd thro' many a furrow; If thou ne'er hast learnt to sigh, if thou ne'er hast learnt to sigh, love will teach thee sorrow.

3

Dark eye'd maiden, dark eye'd maiden with all fond delights o'er laden! Long the staff and cowl had won me had thy witching not undone me, hadst thou not undone me, undone me!

4

Like the sunset's crimson splendour I would glow with beauty's fire, If one heart to me were tender joy unending I'd inspire.

5

Thou tender trailing ivy, why creep so low thy branches green?

Thou damsel young and dainty, why is so sad thy mien?

Oh say, thou glist'ning ivy, why is't thou does not heav'nward rise?

Oh say, thou damsel dainty, why melts thy heart with sighs?

What ivy can grow heav'nward with none to give it strength or stay? Or how can a maid have pleasure while he she love's away!

6

Was once a pretty tiny birdie flew where fruit in garden fair hung bright to view.

If that a pretty tiny bird I were I'd fly away and seek yon garden fair.

Limetwigs and treach'ry all its branches bore, Ah, hapless birdie, thou wilt fly no more!

Limetwigs and treach'ry all its branches bore, Ah, hapless birdie, thou wilt fly no more,

Ah, birdie, thou wilt fly no more, no more, no more. If that a pretty tiny bird I were, I think of yonder garden I'd beware.

If that a pretty tiny bird I were, I think of yonder garden I'd beware, I'd beware, I'd beware. That birdie came in hand of ladye bright, And there be had full store of fond delight.

If that a pretty tiny bird were I, like him to yonder garden straight I'd fly.

7

How sweet, how joyous dawn'd each morrow, when he was kind for whom I sorrow; Then would he stand beneath my bower, nor lock nor wall to part had power, But, woe betide me! when now I look on his cold averted face beside me, he doth not heed that my heart is sore.

8

When thy glance is fond and kind, and thou smilest on me, care and trouble flee behind, in thy smiles I sun me; keep alight this fire of joy, that it may not perish! Ne'er will other lover prove what for thee I cherish.

9

In wood embower'd, 'neath azure sky, a rosy maid looks from lattice high. Well guarded is she with lock and key, with ten iron bars is that maiden's doorway made fast. What, ten iron bars are a jest to me, as tho' they were glass they shall shatter'd be. In wood embower'd 'neath azure sky, a rosy, rosy maid looks from lattice high.

10

Oh how soft yon murm'ring stream thro' the meadow gliding! Oh how sweet, when fond eyes beam love and trust abiding! Oh how sweet when fond eyes beam love and trust abiding, love and trust abiding.

11

No, there is no bearing with these spiteful neighbours; all one doest interpret wrongly each one labours. Am I merry? then by evil thoughts I'm haunted, am I sad? they say I am with love demented, love demented. No, there is no bearing with these spiteful neighbours, all one doest interpret wrongly each one labours.

12

Locksmith, ho, a hundred padlocks, bring me padlocks, padlocks great and small! sland'rous lips with them I'll fasten, I will fasten, fasten once for all.

12

Bird in air will stray afar will stray afar seeks a sheltered bower; So the heart a heart must find ere its life can flower.

14

Bright thy sheen, oh lucent ware, as yon moon above thee! Thou, whose heart alone I crave, maiden dearest, love me!

15

Nightingale, thy sweetest song, sounds when night is darkling. Love me, oh my heart's delight, when no star is sparkling, in darkness.

16

Ah, love is a mine unfathom'd, a bottomless well of affliction; I gazed and fell in, oh sorrow! Since then of sense I'm bereft,

Ah, love is a mine unfathom'd, unfathom'd; a bottomless well of affliction; I gazed and fell in, oh sorrow! Since then of sense I'm bereft, bereft.

I sigh for a happy morrow, a happy morrow, but groaning is all that's left.

I sigh for a happy morrow, but groaning, but groaning is all that's left.

17

Nay tarry, sweetheart, nor seek thou the flow'ry mead, 'tis for thy tender feet to wander too wet so heed. Over the pathways, O'er the grasses hath fall'n a show'r, where I went weeping tears abundant in morning hour.

18

A tremor's in the branches, a bird has brush'd his pinions thro' yonder tree. And thus my heart within me thro' all its depths is trembling; in love and joy and sorrow, in love and joy and sorrow, I think of thee, I think of thee.

Chorale

Jesus, dearest Master,
Thou my spirit's Pastor,
Shepherd of my soul!
Ah! how long in anguish
Must my heart thus languish
'Til it gains its goal.
Beacon bright, my heart's delight,
Far beyond all earthly treasure
Thy regard I measure.

Chorus - Adagio

So there is no damnation for the spirits
So there is now, now,
No damnation for the spirits
Is no damnation now for them
Who to Jesus Christ are true,
They who seek not after Hammon
Seek for him alone.

Chorale

Under Thy protection,
From the foe's subjection,
I am every free.
Tho' the fiend assail me
Nor aught else avail me
Jesus stands by me!
Tho' in life the storm and strife
High with hellish horrors heap me,
Jesus safe will keep me.

TERZETT

So now the Law, the Law that
Is of the spirit, living
In Christ the Savior
Liberated me from out the Law
Of sin and dissolution

Chorus Verse 3

Hence, ye fiends ferocious
Hence, thou death atrocious
Hence, thou fear, and cease
Rage ye, rage ye foes and threat me,
Nay ye will not fret me,
Here I sing in peace.
Light so vast leaves me aghast:
Earth's abysses may not mumble
Tho' they loud would rumble.

Allegro - Fugue

Ye are not of the flesh but of the
spirit The flesh abides not in you
Ye are not of the flesh, not of the
flesh but of the spirit
If there the Holy Spirit abideth.

Andante

Who-so the spirit doth not have
He is not of Christ
Is not of Christ, is not of Jesus
Christ

Chorale

Hence ye earthly riches
Health that Jan bewitches
Jesus, Thee I crave.
Hence ye empty splendor,
I will not surrender,
Never be thy slave.
Death and pain do I disdain
Nor will any trial grieve me
But that Jesus leave me.

Terzett

If Jesus Christ abide in thee
therefore
If Christ abide in thee
Then is thy body dead
For thine evil doing,
The spirit in thee is living,
Because of righteousness in thee

Quartet - Chorale

Quartet Chorale

Fare thee well, o pleasure
That we mortals treasure,
Thou art naught to me.
Fare thee well wrong going
I will come a-wooing
Never more to thee
Fare thee well, thou empty shell
Thine enchantment I must sever,
Fare thee well forever.

Chorus - Adagio

If in your hearts still God's
spirit,
That hath raised up Jesus from the
dead,
Is now dwelling,
So will He, the God who thus
Hath raised our Lord and Saviour
Jesus from the dead,
Quicken by this same spirit
Your mortal bodies,
By His spirit, that doth dwell
in you always.