

KAREN MARRA, *mezzo-soprano*

in a

GRADUATE RECITAL *
assisted by

Donald Foster, *pianist*

PROGRAM

R#1-466) 4664
SCHUTZ 5:33 Herr Unser Herrscher, *cantata* R.H. 7-13-67.
(1585-1672)

Dorothy Davenport, *violin I*
Joanna Jenner, *violin II*
Laurie Tuttle, *cello*
Donald Foster, *harpsichord*

BRAHMS 10:54 Zwei Lieder R.H. 7-20-67
(1833-1897)

Gestillte Sehnsucht
Geistliches Wiegenlied
David Campbell, *viola*

WOLF 7:06 Mausfallen-Spruechlein R.H. 7-20-67.
(1860-1903)

Nun wandre, Maria
Er ist's

ROSSINI
(1792-1868) Una voce poco fa, from II Barbieri di Siviglia

INTERMISSION

ROSSINI 9:22 La Regata Veneziana R.H. 7-20-67
(1792-1868)

Anzoleta avanti la regata
Anzoleta co passa la regata
Anzoleta dopo la regata

R#2-4665
NED ROEM 9:28 Poems of Love and the Rain R.H. 9-28-67.
(1924)

PROLOGUE: from The Rain Donald Windham
Stop all the Clocks, Cut Off
The Telephone W. H. Auden
The Air Is The Only Howard Moss
Love's Stricken "Why" Emily Dickinson
The Apparition Theodore Roethke
Do I Love You Jack Larson
In The Rain e. e. cummings
Song For Lying In Bed During a
Night Rain Kenneth Pitchford
EPILOGUE: from The Rain

* In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts in Music. Student of Leon Lishner.

SONG TEXTS AND PARAPHRASES

Mausfallen-Spruechlein: (Mouse trap verses) The child walks around the trap speaking, "Tiny guests, tiny house, dear Miss or Mister Mouse, do come over tonight, when the moon shines! Close the door carefully and watch your tail! After dinner we will sing and dance! My old cat may join us, do you hear?"

Nun wandre, Maria, nun wandre nur fort: (Now wander, Mary) Now wander sweet Mary, nor fear. The cocks begin to crow and the city of Bethlehem is within sight.

Er ist's: (It is he) Spring flings her azure banner, and perfumes waft once more their fragrant wings. Violets in the ground dream of early waking. Spring is here at last! Spring is come!

Una voce poco fa: (Recently I heard a voice) from "II Barbieri di Siviglia" by Rossini. Rosina has just received a note in which the mysterious stranger, who has been serenading, attests his love for her. His wooing has inspired her love, and gayly she sings of her delight in the discovery. "Recently I heard a voice. Oh, it has touched my heart. I am sore wounded and Lindor 'twas who hurled the dart."

La Regata Veneziana: 1. Before the regata - on the platform, see the flag. Bring it to me before evening, or don't show yourself among men. On the deck is Momolo, do not hesitate. Go, push the gondola and you can't miss first prize. Go to it and remember your dear one who looks at you in anxious trepidation. 2. During the Regata - I am here, don't you see? Bent are they over the oars. Alas, the finish line is still far. The mountain wind turns from the north. I tremble all over, the current is in their favor; he is second, ah, what agitation! Courage! Row! Before the finish line unleash all your strength, and no one will beat you. He has surpassed them all! Ah! He looks at me! 3. After the regata - take a kiss, and another one, dear Momolo, from the bottom of my heart. Ah, I saw you look at me as you were passing and I was consoled. A flag is a nice prize when it is red. No one in all Venice disclaims you as winner.