

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

The School of Music and the Office of Lectures and Concerts

present

No. 77
Betty

JON FREDERICKSON, *Horn*

in a
SENIOR RECITAL

Friday, May 24, 1974

Kane 210, 8:00 P.M.

Assisted by

Roupen Shakarian, *Tenor*
Elizabeth Dziekonski, *Violin*
Claire Sokol, *Cello*
Michael Bridgham, *Piano*
Howard Hoff, *Piano*

and

Violin

Tina Lowe
Linda Scott
Joan Kunkel

Viola

Janet Lynch
Judith Nelson
Doris Lederer

Cello

Rebecca Parker
Sara Lickey

Bass

Marlys Erickson

Tape No. 1-7372

PROGRAM

FRANZ STRAUSS *10:12*
(1822-1905) *8-2*

Prelude, Theme and Variations, Opus 13

Howard Hoff, *Piano*

RH 6-8-74.

JOSEPH HAYDN *8:17*
(1732-1809) *8:17*

Divertimento a tre for Violin, Horn
and Cello

Theme and variations
Finale: Allegro

INTERMISSION

Tape No. 2-7373

LUDWIG van BEETHOVEN 13:02 Sonata for Horn and Piano, Opus 17

(1770-1827)

12:59

Allegro moderato

CH 12-1-74

Poco adagio, quasi andante

Rondo: *Allegro moderato*

Michael Bridgham, Piano

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

(b.1913)

22:40
22:40

Serenade for Tenor Solo, Horn and
and Strings, Opus 31

CHB-25-79

Prologue

Pastoral (Cotton)

Nocturne (Tennyson)

Elegy (Blake)

Dirge (Anon, 15th century)

Hymn (Ben Johnson)

Sonnet (Keats)

Epilogue

Jon Frederickson is a student of Christopher Leuba.

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

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

JON FREDERICKSON

recital

24 May, 1974

BRITTEN
(b. 1913)

Serenade for Tenor Solo, Horn and
Strings, Opus 31

1. Prologue Horn alone, to be played on natural harmonics
2. Pastoral (Cotton

The day's grown old; the fainting Sun
Has but a little way to run
And yet his Steeds, with all his skill,
Scarce lug the chariot down the hill.

The shadows now so long do grow
That brambles like tall cedars show;
Mole hills seem like mountains, and the ant
Appears a monstrous elephant.

A very little, little flock
Shades thrice the ground that it would stock;
Whilst the small stripling following them
Appears a mighty Polypheme.

And now on benches all are sat,
In the cool air to sit and chat
Till Phoebus, dipping in the West,
Shall lead the world the way to rest.

3. Nocturne (Tennyson)

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long night shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory:

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Bugle, blow; answer, echoes, answer, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing.

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Bugle, blow; answer, echoes, answer, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow for ever and forever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying.

4. Elegy (Blake)

O Rose, thou art sick
The invisible worm
That flies in the night
In the howling storm,
Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy;
And his dark, secret love
Does thy life destroy

5. Dirge (Anon., 15th century)

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and fleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
Every nighte and alle,
To Whinnymuir thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gav'st hos'n and shoon,
Every nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If hos'n and shoon thou ne'er
gav'st nane,
Every nighte and alle,
The whinnies sall prick thee to
the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinnymuir when thou may'st
pass
Every nighte and alle,
To Brig o'Dread thou comst at last
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brig o'Dread when thou may'st
pass,
Every nighte and alle,
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at
last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gav'st meat or drink
Every nighte and alle,
The fire sall never make thee shrink;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st
nane,
Every nighte and alle,
The fire will burn thee to the bare
bane,
And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and fleet and candle-light,
And Christe receive thy saule.

6. Hymn (Ben Johnson)

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep.

Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made,
Heav'n to clear when day did close:
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short so-ever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

7. Sonnet (Keats)

O soft embalmer of the still midnight
Shutting with careful fingers and benign
Our gloom-pleas'd eyes, embower'd from the light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine:
O soothest Sleep ! if so it please thee, close
In midst of this thine hymn my willing eyes,
Or wait the "Amen" ere thy poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling charities.
Then save me, or the passed day will shine
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes,
Save me from curious Conscience, that still lords
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;
Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,
And seal the hushed Casket of my Soul.

8. Epilogue: Horn alone, off stage (natural harmonics)