

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

Present

MARGARET RUSSELL, *mezzo-soprano*

assisted by

Nancy Failor Vancil, *piano*
Christopher Arpin, *harpsichord*
Greg Savage, *viola*

in a

SENIOR RECITAL

Sunday, May 22, 1977

Music Auditorium, 8:00 PM

PROGRAM

Tape No. 1-8505

BACH *7:10*
(1685-1750)

Cantata No. 53: "Schlage doch, gewünschte
Stunde"

CH 10-9-77.

Dale Huggins, *violin*
Gail Huggins, *violin*
Greg Savage, *viola*
Paul Horne, *'cello*
Dennis Van Zandt, *hand bells*

ROSSI *4:10*
(1598-1653)

La gelosia

BLOW *1:20*
(1649-1708)

The Self Banished

ARNE *3:45*
(1710-1778)

When Daisies Pied; When Icicles Hang by the Wall

Paul Horne, *'cello*

BRAHMS *10:40*
(1883-1897)

Two songs for alto, viola and piano
Gestillte Sehnsucht
Geistliches Wiegenlied

Greg Savage, *viola*

Tape No. 2-8506

INTERMISSION

WOLF *15:20*
(1860-1903)

Mörike Lieder

Fussreise
Schlafendes Jesuskind
Im Frühling
Verborgeneheit
Mausfallensprüchlein

BIZET *14:25*
(1838-1875)

Chanson d'avril
Adieux de l'hotesse arabe
La Chanson du fou
Tarentelle

CH 7-10-77.

Margaret Russell is a student of Leon Lishner.

Schlage doch

Sound forth, long-awaited hour, o happy day! Angels! Come take me to live with Jesus in perfect peace. Let me hear the last hour tolling, that calls my soul away.

Gelosia

Jealousy, creeping serpent-like into my heart, do not enter where true love burns. What do you want from me--to stop loving? Depart from me! But you cruelly remain at the gates of my heart. Love is stronger than you. I am contented, so depart.

Gestillte Sehnsucht

In twilight, when the woods stand solemnly, the birds and wind whisper the world to sleep. Our hearts, constantly yearning, are without rest. Oh, when my spirit no longer hastens in distant dreams, then the birds and wind will whisper my life away.

Geistliches Wiegenlied

Ye angels hovering in the night wind, make still the tree tops. Hush the raging winds for my child is sleeping. The child of heaven is weary from the sorrows of the earth. Through sleep, his grief flows away.

Fussreise

When I go walking in the morning, my spirit sings like birds in the arbor. The soul must not be so sinful as some claim, if it can still love and praise as it did in the dawn of creation. May my whole life be as a gently tiring morning walk.

Schlafendes Jesuskind

Blessed Son of the Virgin, how calmly you sleep on this wooden pillow of anguish. Even as a baby you bear the glory of the Father. Could one but picture the wondrous visions that you are dreaming!

Im Frühling

As I lie on this hill in spring, the birds and clouds fly overhead, the sun's rays intoxicate my being, but I long for you, who like the breeze have no home. The bees hum, but vague yearnings fill me as I remember days which will never return.

Verborgenheit

O world, tempt me not with gifts of love. Leave me alone in my bliss and pain. An unknown grief aches within but away, through tears, I see the sun's loving light.

Mausfallensprüchlein

Dear mice, my tiny guests! Won't you call tonight by moonlight? Take care not to pinch your tails in the door. We'll sing and dance till daybreak, and my old cat will dance with us, too. Do you hear me?

Chanson d'avril

Arise! Spring has begun! The rustling garden, the flowers and butterflies, have reawakened Love. Leave behind your heavy winter coat. Let's walk in the dew and speak of love under the blossoming trees.

Adieu de l'hôtesse arabe

Since nothing can hold you in this happy land, neither peace, abundance nor love, alas, farewell. If only you were one who dreams of adventure but stays home! We would gladly have served you on our knees, if you had wished. In your travels, think of us, for here in our desert home, we will remember you.

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We would gladly have served you on our knees, if you had wished. In your travels,
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Chanson du fou

O fortune seeker, beware of the night! The earth is dark and treacherous.
Robbers follow you. The women of the woods and goblins of the air go roving
about in the moonlight.

Tarantelle

Tra la la, the butterfly takes flight while the flower stands gracefully.
Like waves which erase the wake of a passing boat, your soul stands untouchable
while your love, the butterfly, has flown away.