

No. 14
Susan

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
The School of Music and the Office of Lectures and Concerts
present a

Graduate Voice Recital

JEAN SCRIBNER

Soprano

with

ALBERTO RAFOLS

Piano

Saturday

February 17, 1973

Music Auditorium

8:00 P.M.

Complimentary

Miss Scribner is a student of Leon Lishner.

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

PROGRAM

Reel No. 1-6879₄

I

KOMM IN MEIN HERZENSHAUS, BWV 80RH 8-30-73 J. S. Bach
(1685-1750)

3:43

Come into my heart's house.
 Lord Jesus, my desire.
 Drive world and Satan out
 and let Your spirit
 shine anew in me.
 Away, vile sin's terrors!
 Away, away!

SEUFZER, TRÄNEN, KUMMER, NOT, BWV 21

CH 8-19-73

J. S. Bach

4:27

Sighing, weeping, sorrow, care,
 anxious yearning, fear of death,
 nag and gnaw my aching heart,
 tear my troubled soul apart.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S EXPOSTULATION

CH 8-19-73

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

7:34

Roupen Shakarian, *Harpsichord*
 Cathy Strong, *Violoncello*
 Robert Kechley, *Oboe*

II

LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLENCH 8-26-73 Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

17:02

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht

It will be a sad day for me when my love marries. I
 shall go to my dark room. I will weep for my love.
 Blue flower, do not fade; sweet bird, sing upon the
 heath. How beautiful the world is! Bloom no more,
 sing no more. Spring is over; there is no more
 singing. As I go to sleep I shall think of my
 sorrow.

Ging heut Morgen über's Feld

Today I went across the fields; there was dew on
 the grass. The merry chaffinch said to me: Good
 morning! The world is beautiful. Sing! The
 bluebells in the field are swinging their heads in
 greeting. The world is full of sunshine; sound and
 color, flower and bird-little and small-are drenched

in sun. It is a happy world. Will happiness come to me?
No! That I know: never will it come.

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer

I have a glowing dagger in my breast which cuts deep and pains me even in joy and happiness. Why must I support this cruel guest? It is never still-by day or night. When I look up to the sky I see her two blue eyes. When I go into the fields I see her golden hair far off. When I wake I hear her silvery laughter. I wish I was lying on my dark bier, never to open my eyes again.

Die zwei blauen Augen

My love's two blue eyes have sent me out into the world and I must say goodbye to my home. Why did you ever look on me? Now I am full of sorrow and grief for ever. I have gone out into the night over the dark heath. No one said farewell to me. My comrades were love and sorrow. On the road stood a linden tree where I first found peace in sleep. Its blossoms fell upon me and I was happy again. Over! Gone were love and grief and dreams.

INTERMISSION

Reel No. 2-6880₅

III 15:37

LIEBESBOTSCHAFT

15:29

CH 7-29-73.

Franz Schubert
(1768-1824)

Murmuring brooklet, so silvery and bright, Are you hurrying to my beloved, so gaily and swiftly? Ah, faithful brooklet, be my messenger; Carry to her the absent one's greetings.

All the flowers that she tends in her garden, And wears so charmingly on her bosom, And her roses of glowing crimson... Brooklet, refresh them with your cooling stream.

When on your bank, deep in reverie, And thinking of me, she lets fall her head, Comfort the sweet one with friendly glances, For her lover will soon come back to her.

When the sun sinks with rosy gleam, Cradle the darling to sleep; Murmur her to sweet repose with your eddying, Whisper dreams of love to her.

GEHEIMES

Franz Schubert

Over my love's eyes so sparkling, all the people are quite puzzled; I, the knowing one, however, I'm aware what is its meaning.

For it means:--I love that one man, And not this or any other. Let it be, all you kind people, All your puzzling, your enquiring!

True indeed, with mighty powers Does she look around in circle;
Yet, she only tries to tell him of the next sweet loving hour.

DER NEUGIERIGE

Franz Schubert

I ask it of no flower, I ask it of no star: None of them
could tell me what I would so gladly learn.

I am no gardener, either, and the stars are too high above, So
I will ask my brooklet Whether my heart has deceived me.

O brooklet dear, How mute you are today! I would know one thing
only...One word again and again.

"Yes" is the one little word, The other is "no"; The two of
them contain the whole world for me.

O brooklet dear, How strange you are! I won't repeat what you
tell me. Say, brooklet, does he love me?

LACHEN UND WEINEN

Franz Schubert

Laughing and crying at any hour rest with love on many a
ground. In the morning I laughed with joy, And why I now am
crying At evening's lighted lamp, Is a puzzle, even to me.

Crying and laughing at any hour rest with love on many a
ground. In the evening I would cry with pain; And why you can
wake up In the morning with laughter, That I must ask you,
my heart.

DIE JUNGE NONNE

Franz Schubert

How fiercely the storm howls among the treetops! The rafters
rattle, the house trembles; The thunder rolls, the lightning
flashes! And the night is as dark as the grave!

So without cease, there was tumult till lately within me also.
My life was a ferment, as now the storm, My limbs were trembling,
as now the house, Love flamed in me, as now the lightning, And
my soul was dark as the grave!

Now rage on, o wild and violent storm! In my heart there
is calm. The loving bride awaits the Bridegroom, cleansed in the
testing fire, Espoused to Eternal Love. I await my Saviour with
longing gaze; Come, Heavenly Bridegroom, and fetch the bride!
Release my soul from its earthly prison! Hark, the bell peals
softly from the tower, Its sweet tones summon me with infinite
power to eternal heights! Alleluia! Alleluia!

FIANCAILLES POUR RIRE

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

La Dame D'André

16:35
16:38

C.H. 7-29-73.

Andre does not know the lady that he is taking today by the hand. Has she a heart for tomorrow and for the evening has she a soul? Returning from a country dance, did she go wearing a vague dress, looking in the furniture for the ring of her chance engagement? Had she fear at nightfall, haunted by the shadows of yesterday, in the garden, as the winter entered by the grand avenue? He loved her for her color, for her good Sunday humor. Will she fade with the white pages of his album of better times?

Dans l'Herbe

I can say nothing more nor do anything more for him. He is dead of his beauty, he is dead of his natural death.

Outside, under the tree of the law in complete silence, in the middle of the countryside, in the grass, he is dead, unnoticed.

Crying his passing, calling, calling me. But since I was far from him and since his voice no longer carried, he died alone in the woods under the tree of infancy and I can say nothing more, nor do anything more for him.

Il Vole

Upon going to bed the sun reflects on the varnish of my table. It is the round cheese of the fable in the beak of my gilded scissors. But where is the crow? He flies.

I would like to sew but a magnet is attracting all my needles. On the square the bowlers from match to match pass the time. But where is my lover? He flies.

It is a thief that I have for a lover. The crow flies and my lover steals away. The thief of hearts isn't true to his word. The cheese thief is gone. But where is happiness? It flies.

I weep under the weeping willow. My tears mingle with the leaves. I weep because I want to be wanted And I am not pleasing to my thief. But where then is love? It flies.

Find the rhyme of my derangement, and by the country paths, bring me back my fickle love, who takes hearts and makes me lose my reason. I want my thief to steal me.

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

My corpse is soft like a glove, soft like a glove of icy skin and my clouded eyes resemble white pebbles.

Two white pebbles for eyes. In the silence two muets, shaded-still by a secret. And heavy with the dead weights of images.

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant (continued)

My fingers so many times spread apart are joined in an attitude of prayer, pressed to the bosom of my sorrows, to the knot of my arrested heart.

And my two feet are mountains, the last two that I saw at the time when I lost the race that the years won.

My likeness resembles me-children take it away quickly. Go, go, my life is finished. My corpse is soft like a glove.

Violon

Amorous couple-with such strange accents, the violin and its player please me. Ah! I love these walls straining on an uneasy string.

With chords on the hangman's rope, at the time when laws are silent. The heart shaped like a strawberry, offers itself to love as an unknown fruit.

Fleurs

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms, flowers left by the parenthesis of a step-Who brings you these flowers in wintertime, sprinkled with the sand of the seas?

Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves. The beautiful eyes are of cinder, and in the chimney, a heart wrapped in sobs, burns with saintly images.

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms, Who brings you these flowers in wintertime, sprinkled with the sand of the seas?