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2015
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Monday May 18, 2015 – 7:30pm – Brechemin Auditorium

The University of Washington School of Music
presents a

Voice Division Recital

CD # 17,201

Program

- 1 Remarks Tom Harper
- 2 Vedrai carino from "Don Giovanni" 2:13 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
3 Amorosi miei giorni 3:24 Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)
Jocelyn Beausire, soprano
Lauren Tokunaga, piano
- 4 Il fervido desiderio 2:12 Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
5 Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen 2:19 Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
Addie Francis, soprano
Casey Cross, piano
- 6 Deh! Vieni, non tardar from "Le Nozze di Figaro" 3:29 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
7 Sure on this Shining Night 1:50 Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Alison Johnson, soprano
Megan McElroy, piano
- 8 Spring from "Six Elizabethan Songs" 1:31 Dominick Argento (*1927)
9 Dirge 3:07
10 Hymn 3:26
Sarah Moran, soprano
Megan McElroy, piano
- 11 Spleen 1:57 Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
12 Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen from "Der Freischütz" 3:36 Maria von Weber (1786-1826)
Michelle Bretl, soprano
Casey Cross, piano

13 En Sourdine from "Fêtes Galantes" 2:29
14 Fantoche 1:14
15 Clair de lune 2:56

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Denna Good-Mojab, soprano
Megan McElroy, piano

16 In Flanders Fields 3:02
17 Tom Sails Away 2:33
18 He is there 3:13

Charles Ives (1874-1954)

Dakota Miller, soprano
Jane Heinrichs, piano

19 Non so piu cosa son' from "Le Nozze di Figaro" 3:06
20 Ich lade gern mir Gäste ein from "Die Fledermaus" 2:59

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Johann Strauss (1825-1899)

Margaret Boeckman, mezzo-soprano
Casey Cross, piano

22 Non piu andrai from "Le Nozze di Figaro" 3:29
21 Trade Winds 2:31

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Frederick Keel (1871-1954)

Andrew Larson, baritone
Emily Witt, piano



Please join us here in Brechemin Auditorium

Monday, October 19, 2015

for a special evening of art song

devoted entirely to **Gabriel Fauré**.



Please turn off all pagers and cell phones as well as other electronic devices.

Translations

Vedrai carino

You will see, my dear, if you'll be good the cure, I have for you!
It's natural. It won't make you feel bad,
and no apothecary can prescribe it.
It's a certain balm I carry within me which I can give you, if you'll try it.
You want to know where I keep it?
Then feel it beating, put your hand here.

Amorosi miei giorni

My amorous days, who could ever forget you,
now that, adorned with all the blessings,
you give peace to my heart and perfume to my thoughts?
To be able, so, as life advances,
to fear no longer the anxieties of a life of deceptions,
with this hope alone:
That one look of his may be all my splendor
and one smile of his may be all my treasure!
Who could be more blessed than I,
not having beside her a sweet and dear beloved object,
so that she cannot yet say she knows what love is?
Ah, may I so, as life advances,
fear no longer the anxieties of a life of deceptions,
with this hope alone:
That one look of his may be all my splendor
and one smile of his may be all my treasure!

Il fervido desiderio

When will that day come when I shall be able to see
once more what my loving heart so desires?
When will that day come
when I shall clasp you to my heart,
lovely flame of love, my very soul?

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen

He came in storm and rain,
my anxious heart beat against his.
how could I have known,
that his path should unite itself with mine?

He came in storm and rain,
he boldly stole my heart.
Did he steal mine? Did I steal his?
Both came together.

He came in storm and rain,
Now has come the blessing of spring.
My love travels abroad,
I watch with cheer, for he remains mine, on any road.

Deh! Vieni, non tardar

The moment finally arrives
When I'll experience joy without haste
In the arms of my beloved...
Fearful anxieties, get out of my heart!
Do not come to disturb my delight.
Oh, how it seems that to amorous fires
The comfort of the place,
Earth and heaven respond,
As the night responds to my ruses.

Oh, come, don't be late, my beautiful joy
Come where love calls you to enjoyment
Until night's torches no longer shine in the sky
As long as the air is still dark
And the world quiet.
Here the river murmurs and the light plays
That restores the heart with sweet ripples
Here, little flowers laugh and the grass is fresh
Here, everything entices one to love's pleasures
Come, my dear, among these hidden plants.
Come, come!
I want to crown you with roses.

Spleen

Tears fall in my heart
as it rains on the town.
What is this languish
that pervades my heart?

Oh, the soft sound of the rain
on the ground and on the roofs!
For a heart which grows listless
oh, the song of the rain!

Tears fall without reason
in my heart which sickens.
What! No betrayal?
My grief is without reason.

It is truly the worst pain
to not know why,
without love and without hatred,
my heart feels such pain.

Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen

If a slim young boy comes walking by,
blond of hair or brown,
bright eyes and red cheeks,
ah, he is certainly easy to look at!

Of course one drops her eyes down to the bodice,
in the modest maiden's ways;
but secretly raises one of them again,
when the boy is not aware.

Should we find each other's glances,
well, what harm does that do?
One does not become immediately blind from that,
even though one may become a little red.

A little glance here and a glance over there,
until the mouth dares to say something too!
He sighs: beautiful one! She says: beloved!
Soon it is bridegroom and bride.

Always closer, dear people!
You want to see me in a wedding garland?
Truly, that is a nice little bride,
and the young boy no less handsome!

En Sourdine

Calm in the half-light
That the high branches make,
Let us penetrate our love
With this profound silence.

Let us melt our souls together,
our hearts and our ecstatic senses,
Among the vague languors
Of the pine and strawberry trees.

Close your eyes half-way;
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your sleepy heart
Drive away all cares forever.

Let us be persuaded
By the gentle, rocking wind,
That comes to your feet to ripple
The waves of russet grass.

And when solemnly the evening
Shall fall from the dark oaks,
Voice of our despair,
The nightingale will sing.

Fantoches

Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
brought together by some evil scheme,
gesticulate darkly beneath the moon.

Meanwhile, the learned doctor
from Bologna slowly gathers
medicinal herbs in the brown grass.

Then his sassy-faced daughter
sneaks underneath the arbor
half-naked, in quest

Of her handsome Spanish pirate,
whose distress a languorous nightingale
deafeningly proclaims.

Clair de lune

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Charmed by maskers and revelers
Playing the lute and dancing and almost
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises!

Even while singing, in a minor key,
Of victorious love and fortunate living
They do not seem to believe in their happiness,
And their song mingles with the moonlight,

The calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
Which sets the birds in the trees dreaming,
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
The tall slender fountains among the marble statues!

Non so piu cosa son'

I no longer know what I am or what I do,
One minute I'm on fire, the next I'm frozen,
Every woman makes me blush,
Every woman makes my heart beat faster.

At the mere mention of love, of delight,
I become disturbed, my heartbeat changes,
I try to speak of love
I feel a desire which I cannot explain.

I no longer know what I am or what I do,
One minute I'm on fire, the next I'm frozen,
Every woman makes me blush,
Every woman makes my heart beat faster.

I speak of love awake
I speak of love in my dreams,
To the water, the shadows, the mountains,
To the flowers, the grass, the fountains,
To the echoes, the air, the winds,
That the sound of vain speech is
carried away with itself.

And if nobody listens,
I speak of love to myself!

Ich lade gern mir Gäste ein

I like to invite guests,
One lives quite well at my house,
He enjoys himself, as he likes
Often until the light of day.
Although I am bored most of the time,
Whatever one says or does;
In that, what I allow myself as host,
I will not tolerate in guests!
And should I see anyone looking bored
Here in my home,
I will seize him shamelessly
And throw him out the door.
And ask me, I beg you
Why then this I do?
It's simply my custom.
Each to his own taste!

When I sit with others over wine
Emptying bottle after bottle,
Everyone with me must be thirsty,
Otherwise I become crude.
And if I'm pouring glass after glass,
I tolerate no contradiction;
I can't stand it when they yell:
I don't want to; I have enough!
Anyone who doesn't keep drinking with me
And refuses like a ninny,
I throw, quite unashamedly,
The bottle at his head.
And would you ask me please,
Why I do that?
It's just my custom,
Each to his own taste!

Non plu andrai

You won't go any more, amorous butterfly,
Fluttering around inside night and day
Disturbing the sleep of beauties,
A little Narcissus and Adonis of love.
You won't have those fine feathers any more,
That light and jaunty hat,
That hair, that shining aspect,
That womanish rosy color!
Among soldiers, by Bacchus!
A huge moustache, a little knapsack,
Gun on your back, sword at your side,
Your neck straight, your nose exposed,
A big helmet, or a big turban,
A lot of honor, very little pay.
And in place of the dance
A march through the mud.
Over mountains, through valleys,
With snow, and heat-stroke,
To the music of trumpets,
Of bombards, and of cannons,
Which, at every boom,
Will make bullets whistle past your ear.
Cherubino, go to victory!
To military glory!