

The School of Music  
presents the 42nd program of the 1990-91 season

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## Faculty Artist Recital

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B468  
1991  
1-22

Emilie Berendsen  
Mezzo-Soprano

*With*

Lisa Bergman, piano  
Felix Skowronek, flute

*And*

The University Scholarship String Quartet  
Sunny Lee Kim, violin      Scott Ligocki, viola  
Anne-Marie Hoffman, violin      Terry Cook, cello

January 22, 1991  
8:00 PM, Meany Theater

School  
of  
Music  
  
University  
of  
Washington



DAT # 11,733

CASS # 11,734

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# Program

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DAT  
ID2 JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833 - 97)

- 8'37"  
Des Liebsten Schwur, Op. 69, No. 4  
(1877; Aus dem Böhmischen, trans. Josef Wenzig)  
Der Schmied, Op. 19, No. 4 (1858; Johann Ludwig Uhland)  
Therese, Op. 68, No. 1 (1877-9?; Gottfried Keller)  
Staendchen, Op. 106, No. 1 (1886; Franz Kugler)  
Der Gang zum Liebchen, Op. 48, No. 1  
(1868; Aus dem Böhmischen, trans. Josef Wenzig)

ID3 OTTORINO RESPIGHI 1879 - 1936)

Il Tramonto (1914; Percy Blythe Shelley)  
Pometto Lirico per Canto e Quartetto d'Archi

14'16"

CASS SIDE A ——— Intermision ———  
SIDE B

ID4 CHARLES EDWARD IVES (1874 - 1954)

Aeschylus and Sophocles (1922; Landor, from *Hellenic Dialogues*)  
for voice, string quartet, and piano

Sunrise (1926; C. E. Ives)  
for voice, violin, and piano

18'06"

The One Way (1921; C. E. Ives)  
for voice and piano

Old Home Day (1920; C. E. Ives)  
for voice, flute, and piano

ID5 FRANZ LISZT (1811 - 1886)

Es war ein Koenig in Thule (1842/56; Wolfgang von Goethe)

11'22"  
Freudvoll und Leidvoll (1844/48; Wolfgang von Goethe, from *Egmont*)

O lieb', so lang du lieben kannst (1845; Freiligrath)

## Song Texts

### Des Liebsten Schwur (The Lover's Vow) Bohemian poem – trans. Josef Wenzig

If it wouldn't make my father sulk in and out of bed,  
I would tell him whom I met in the garden.  
Well sulk, Father, and go on sulking:  
I met my sweet heart out there in the garden.

Oh, and if my father wouldn't make another fuss,  
I would tell him what my sweetheart gave me.  
Well, make a fuss Father, little old Daddy,  
he gave me a kiss, and then another.

And if father's ears wouldn't hum with surprise,  
I would tell him what my sweetheart promised me.  
Well you can be surprised, Father, and then even more surprised;  
but you'll be happy to give me away eventually.

My sweetheart promised me so firmly and surely,  
before he tore himself from my embrace;  
I'd have at most to stay at home  
until the wheat ears sprout merrily in the field.

### Der Schmied (The Blacksmith) Ludwig Uhland

I hear my sweetheart swinging his hammer; it thunders, it clangs, it resounds in the distance, like peals of bells, through alleys and square.	At the black hearth there sits my darling, but if I go past, then the bellows whistle, the flames flare up, and blaze all about him.
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### Therese Gottfried Keller

You beardless boy, what are you gazing at me for? What are your eyes doing, Asking such a question?	All the councillors in the town, and all the wise men in the world, stand dumbfounded at the question that your eyes asked!
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There's a seashell lying  
on the top of your cousin's cupboard.  
Put your ear to it  
and you'll hear something!

### Staendchen (Serenade) Franz Kugler

The moon looms over the mountain, so apt for folk in love. In the garden a fountain ripples; all else is silence, far and wide.	Near the wall in the shadows stand three students, with flute and fiddle and zither, and sing and play there.
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The sounds glide up to that loveliest girl  
and softly enter her dreams.  
She looks at her fair beloved,  
and whispers "Forget me not!"

Der Gang zum Liebchen (The Path to the Beloved)  
Bohemian poem – trans. Josef Wenzig

The moon shines down,  
I must go again  
to my beloved;  
how does she fare?

Alas, she's despairing,  
and wailing and wailing  
that she will never  
in all her life see me again!

The moon went down,  
I hurried off smartly,  
and hurried so that no-one  
should steal my beloved away.

You doves, coo;  
you breezes, whistle,  
so that no-one  
may steal my beloved away!

Il Tramonto (The Sunset)  
*Percy Blythe Shelley*

There late was One within whose subtle being,  
As light and wind within some delicate cloud  
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,  
Genius and death contented. None may know  
The sweetness of the joy which made his breath  
Fail, like the trances of the summer air,  
When, with the Lady of his love, who then  
First knew the unreserve of mingled being,  
He walked along the pathway of a field  
Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er,  
But to the west was open to the sky.  
There now the sun had sunk, but lines of gold  
Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points  
of the far level grass and nodding flowers  
And the old dandelion's hoary beard,  
And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay  
On the brown mossy woods — and in the east  
The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose  
Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,  
While the faint stars were gathering overhead.—  
'Is it not strange, Isabel,' said the youth,  
'I never saw the sun? We will walk here  
To-morrow; thou shalt look on it with me.'

That night the youth and lady mingled lay  
In love and sleep — but when the morning came  
The lady found her lover dead and cold, —  
Let none believe that God in mercy gave  
That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild,  
But year by year lived on — in truth I think  
Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,  
And that she did not die, but lived to tend  
Her aged father, were a kind of madness,  
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.  
For but to see her were to read the tale  
Woven by some subtlest bard, to make hard hearts  
Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief;—  
Her eyes were black and lusterless and wan:  
Her eyelashes were worn away with tears,  
Her lips and cheeks were like things dead — so pale;  
Her hands were thin, and through their wandering veins

And weak articulations might be seen  
Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self  
Which one vexed ghost inhabits, night and day,  
Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!

'Inheritor of more than earth can give,  
Passionless calm and silence unproved,  
Whether the dead find, oh, not sleep! but rest,  
And are the uncomplaining things they seem,  
Or live, or drop in the deep sea of Love;  
Oh, that like thine, mine epitaph were — Peace!  
This were the only moan she ever made.

**Aeschylus and Sophocles (from "Hellenic Dialogues" — *Landor*)**

Sophocles: "We also have our pest of them which  
buzz about our honey,  
darken it, and sting;  
We laugh at them for under hands like ours,  
without the wing that Philoctetes shook,  
our single feather crushes the whole swarm.  
I must be grave;  
Hath Sicily such charms above our Athens?  
Many charms hath she,  
But she hath Kings. Accursed be the race!"

Aeschylus: "But where Kings honour better men than they,  
Let Kings be honoured too.  
The Laurel crown surmounts thee  
Wear it, and farewell, farewell."

**Sunrise (C. E. Ives)**

A light low in the East,  
As I lie there, it shows but does not move,  
A light, a light as a thought forgotten comes again.

The forest world is waking,  
A thousand leaves are beginning to gleam.  
Later on, as I rise, it shows through the trees  
And lights the dark grey rock  
And something in the mind, and brings the quiet sky.

And tomorrow, tomorrow the light, as a thought,  
Forgotten comes again, again,  
And with it ever, the hope of the New Day.

**The One Way (C. E. Ives)**  
The True Philosophy of all Nice Conservatories  
of Music and Nice "MUS. DOC'S"  
"IMBCDGDAMLILY"

Here are things you've heard before,  
Turned out daily by the score,  
Pretty rhymes you know,  
How gently on the ear

They bring a smile or bring a tear,  
Do re me fa me re do.

CHORUS: When we go amarching  
Down thro' life and the Street,  
O loud and free must the music be  
With tunes to match the feet.  
Now a softer cadence,  
Now we change the key,  
Just to stage a comeback  
To the main strain of our glee.  
So if you'd go amarching  
To Fortune or to Fame,  
Perhaps the safest way's to play the same old game.

Tunes we've often heard before,  
Snatches of a dozen more,  
Jingles row on row,  
When borne upon the ear,  
They bring a smile or bring a blear,  
Do re me fa mi re do.

CHORUS: When we go amarching  
Down the aisle or the Street,  
O nice and sweet must the music bleat,  
With time to match the feet.  
Now a softer cadence,  
Now we change the key,  
Just to stage a comeback  
To the nice key of our glee.  
So if you'd go amarching  
To Fortune or to Fame,  
The safest way's to play the same old game.  
Hola! Huzza! Je ne sais pas!

#### Old Home Day (*C. E. Ives*)

Go my songs!  
Draw Daphnis from the city.

A minor tune from Todd's opera house  
Comes to me as I cross the square, there,  
We boys used to shout the songs  
That rouse the hearts of the brave and fair.

CHORUS: As we march along down Main street,  
beside the village band,  
The dear old trees, with their arch of leaves,  
seem to grasp us by the hand.  
While we step along to the tune of an Irish song,  
Glad but wistful sounds the old church bell,  
For underneath a note of sadness,  
"Old home town" farewell.

A corner lot, a white picket fence,  
Daisies almost everywhere, there,  
We boys used to play "One old cat",  
And base hits filled the summer air.

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### Upcoming Concerts

**Guest Artist Recital; James Sifferman, piano; January 25, 8:00 PM**  
Brechemin Auditorium

**Wind Ensemble and Symphonic Band; February 5, 8:00 PM, Meany Theater**

**Keyboard Debut Series; February 14, 8:00 PM, Brechemin Auditorium**

**Early Music Festival; February 16, 11 AM to 5 PM; Brechemin Auditorium**

**Early Music Festival: Edward Hansen, organ; February 16, 8:00 PM,**  
Walker-Ames Room (Kane Hall)

**Early Music Festival: The Musical-Poetical Club; February 17, 3:00 PM,**  
Brechemin Auditorium