

THE UNIVERSITY OF  
WASHINGTON  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
P R E S E N T S

G 95  
1996  
5-3



# Glenn Guhr

*baritone*

with

**Phyllis Kim**

*piano*

assisted by

**Darlene Franz**

*oboe*

Friday, May 3, 1996  
8:00 pm  
Brechemin Auditorium

Dolby B

## PROGRAM

### Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Music for a while (*Oedipus*, Z.583, ?1692)  
 Ah! how pleasant 'tis to love (Z.353, 1688)  
 Let the dreadful engines (*Don Quixote*, Z.578, 1694-95)  
 If music be the food of love (First Setting, Z.379A, 1692)

Phyllis Kim, piano

### Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

*Ich habe genug* (BWV 82, 1727)

Aria: Ich habe genug

Recitative: Ich habe genug!

Aria: Schlummert ein

Recitative: Mein Gott, wann kommt das schöne "Nun"

Aria: Ich freude mich auf meinen Tod

Phyllis Kim, piano; Darlene Franz, oboe

## INTERMISSION

### Gabriel Urbain Fauré (1845-1924)

*La bonne chanson* (Op. 61, 1894)

1. Une Saint en son aurore
2. Puisque l'aube grandit
3. La lune blanche luit dans les bois
4. J'allais par des chemins perfides
5. J'ai presque peur, en vérité
6. Avant que tu ne t'en ailles
7. Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été
8. N'est-ce pas?
9. L'hiver a cessé

Phyllis Kim, piano

There will be a reception in the Faculty Lounge following the recital.

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Musical Arts in Vocal Performance. Mr. Guhr is a student of Julia Patrick.

To request disability accommodations, contact the Office of the ADA Coordinator at least ten days in advance of an event: 543-6450 (voice), 543-6452 (TTY), 685-3885 (fax).

## NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

Purcell was best known early in his short career as a composer of sacred music and occasional songs. After the composition of *Dido and Aeneas*, he composed primarily for the theater. However, his work in that area was almost exclusively limited to the composition of incidental music for plays. *Dido* remained his only through-composed opera.

*Music for a while* is one of several pieces that Purcell contributed as incidental music to *Oedipus* (1678), a play by John Dryden and Nathaniel Lee. Purcell's songs were probably written for the 1692 revival. The original setting of "Music for a while" was for male alto.

*Music for a while*  
 Shall all your cares beguile:  
 Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd,  
 And disdain'd to be pleas'd,  
 Till Alecto free the dead

*From their eternal bands,*  
 Till the snakes drop from her head  
 And the whip from out her hands.  
*Music for a while*  
 Shall all your cares beguile.

*Ah! how pleasant 'tis to love* first appeared in 1688 in *Vinculum Societatis*, Book II and also *Banquet of Musick*, Book II in a slightly differing version.

*Ah! how pleasant 'tis to love,*  
 Ev'ry moment does improve:  
 Joys surprising now I meet,  
 Nothing like love so charming sweet.

*Some do make a god of pleasure,*  
 Others worship hoarded treasure  
 While the lover's still addressing  
 To his nymph, for ev'ry blessing.

Purcell composed *Let the dreadful engines* as part of incidental music for the play *The Comical History of Don Quixote* (Part I, 1694) by Thomas D'Urfey. The play originally employed a great deal of music. However, only the songs, composed by Purcell and John Eccles, survive. The success of Part I led to a second part later that same year and a third the following. Part III contains Purcell's well-known mad song "From rose bow'rs." "Let the dreadful engines" is another mad song sung by the character Cardenio "in a wild posture" (Act IV, scene 1).

*Let the dreadful engines of eternal will,*  
 The thunder roar and crooked lightning kill,  
 My rage is hot as theirs, as fatal too,  
 And dares as homid execution do.  
 Or let the frozen North its rancour show,  
 Within my breast far greater tempests grow,  
 Despair's more cold than all the winds can blow.

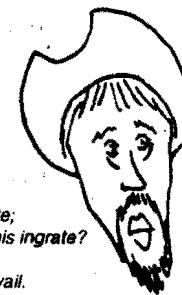
*Can nothing warm me?*  
 Yes, Lucinda's eyes,  
 There Etna, there Vesuvio lies,  
 To furnish Hell with flames,  
 That mounting reach the skies.

*I glow, but 'tis with hate;*  
 Why must I burn for this ingrate?  
 Cool it then and rail,  
 Since nothing will prevail.

*Ye powers, I did but use her name,*  
 And see how all the meteors flame;  
 Blue lightning flashes round the Court of Sol,  
 And now the globe more fiercely burns  
 Than once at Phaeton's fall.

*When a woman love pretends,*  
 'Tis but till she gains her ends,  
 And for better and for worse  
 Is for marrow of the purse,  
 When she jilts you all and all,  
 Proves a slattern or a whore,  
 This hour will tease and vex,  
 And will cuckold ye the next.  
 They were all contrived in spite,  
 To torment us, not delight;  
 But to scold and scratch and bite,  
 And not one of them proves right,  
 But all are witches by this light.  
 And so I fairly bid 'em and the world good night.

*Ah! where are now those flow'ry groves,*  
 Where Zephyr's fragrant winds did play?  
 Where guarded by a troop of Loves,  
 The fair Lucinda sleeping lay:  
 There sung the nightingale and lark,  
 Around us all was sweet and gay;  
 We ne'er grew sad till it grew dark,  
 Nor nothing feared but short'ning day.



**If music be the food of love:** Purcell wrote three settings of this poem by Col. H. Heveningham. This first setting appeared in *Gentleman's Journal*, June, 1692.

*If music be the food of love,  
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;  
For then my list'ning soul you move  
To pleasures that can never cloy.  
Your eyes, your mein, your tongue declare  
That you are music ev'rywhere.*

*Pleasures invade both eye and ear,  
So fierce the transports are, they wound,  
And all my senses teased are;  
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,  
Sure I must perish by your charms,  
Unless you save me in your arms.*

**Ich habe genug**

Bach composed this solo church cantata in 1727 while cantor at St. Thomas Church in Leipzig. The setting was intended for the Feast of the Purification of Mary. The text and music reflect a personalization of the words of Simeon, "Lord now let thy servant depart in peace, having seen thy will." The original scoring calls for baritone, oboe, violins I and II, viola, organ, and continuo.

**Aria: Ich habe genug**

*I have enough.  
I have the Savior, the hope of the pious, taken into my longing arms.  
I have enough.  
I have looked on him,  
My faith has impressed Jesus upon my heart.  
Now I wish, today even, with joy to depart from here.*

**Recitative: Ich habe genug!**

*I have enough  
My trust is this alone, that Jesus might be mine and I his  
In faith I hold to him, for I see, like Simeon, the gladness of that life beyond.  
Let us join with this man's burden.  
Ah! that my departure were here.  
With joy I would say to you, oh world: I have enough.*

**Aria: Schlummert ein**

*Slumber on, you weary eyes,  
Fall in soft and calm repose.  
World, I live here no longer,  
I have no part in you which my soul could offer comfort.  
Here I must reckon with sorrow,  
But there I shall witness sweet repose and quiet rest.*

**Recitative: Mein Gott! wann kömmt das schöne Nun!**

*My God! when comes that blessed Now!  
When I shall walk in peace  
And rest in the cool earth's sand and in your bosom?  
My farewell is made,  
World, good night!*

**Aria: Ich freue mich auf meinen Tod**

*I rejoice in my death.  
Ah, would that it had already come.  
I will then escape all the woe which confines me in the world.*

**La bonne chanson**

Fauré's song cycle is a setting of excerpts from a collection of poems by Paul Verlaine published under the same name in 1870. Verlaine had written these poems at the time of his marriage to Mathilde Maute, and the poems expressed his abundant sense of love and joy in that romance. Unfortunately, his joy was not to last, as Mathilde left him when he was arrested for the attempted murder of his friend Arthur Rimbaud.

1. Une Saint en son auréole

*A Saint in her halo,  
A Chatelaine in her tower,  
All that a human word may express  
Of grace and love;*



*And with this, the rare charm  
Of a fresh triumphant smile  
Blooming in the purity of the swan  
And the blushes of a woman-child;*

*The golden sound which is heard  
Of the horn in the distant woods,  
Combined with the tender pride  
Of the noble ladies of long ago;*

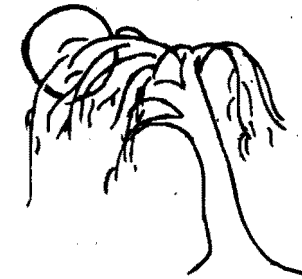
*The pearly sheen, white and rose,  
A gentle patrician harmony,  
I see, I hear all these things  
In her Carolingian name.*

2. Puisque l'aube grandit

*Since dawn is breaking, since daybreak is here,  
Since, after evading me for so long, hope consents  
To turn towards me who is pleading and imploring,  
Since all this happiness is ready to be mine,*

*I wish to be guided by you, beautiful eyes filled with sweet flames,  
Led by you, oh hand in which my own hand trembles,  
I will walk ahead, be it by mossy paths  
Or roads made rough by rocks and boulders;*

*And as if to beguile the slowness of the journey,  
I will sing simple songs, I tell myself  
That no doubt she will listen without displeasure;  
And truly I wish for no other paradise.*



3. La lune blanche luit dans les bois

*The white moon  
Shines in the woods;  
From each branch  
Comes a voice  
Under the boughs...*

*The pool reflects,  
Deep mirror,  
The silhouette  
Of the black willow  
Where the wind is weeping...*

*O beloved.*

*Let us dream, this is the hour.*

*A vast and tender  
Peacefulness  
Seems to descend  
From the firmament  
Made indescent by the moon...*

*This is the exquisite hour.*

4. J'allais par des chemins perdus

I walked along treacherous paths,  
Sadly uncertain,  
Your dear hands were my guides.

Palely on the far horizon  
Shone a faint hope of dawn;  
Your gaze was the morning.

No sound, except his own footsteps,  
Encouraged the traveller.  
Your voice said to me: "Walk on!"

My fearful heart, my sombre heart  
Wept, alone, on the sad way;  
Love, deliciously triumphant,

Has united us in joy.

5. J'ai presque peur, en vérité

I am almost afraid, in truth,  
So closely I feel my life enlaced  
With the radiant thought  
That held my soul last summer,

So much does your image, forever dear,  
Inhabit my heart, all yours,  
This heart whose only desire  
Is to love and to please you;

And I tremble, pardon me  
For telling you so frankly,  
When I know that a word, a smile  
From you is now my law.

And that a gesture from you suffices,  
A word or a slight glance,  
To plunge my whole being into mourning  
For my celestial illusion.

But if I could no longer look upon you,  
The future would be sombre for me  
And filled with countless sorrows,  
Except for one immense hope,

Immersed in the supreme happiness  
Of telling myself again and again,  
Despite returning sadness,  
That I love you, that I love you!

6. Avant que tu ne t'en ailles

Before you disappear,  
Pale star of the morning;  
—A thousand quail  
Sing, sing in the thyme!—

Turn towards the poet  
Whose eyes are full of love;  
—The lark  
Mounts to the sky with the day!—



Turn your glance steeped  
By the dawn in its azure;  
—What joy  
Among the fields of ripe corn!—

And make my thoughts shine  
Yonder, far away, oh! far away!  
—The dew  
Gleams brightly on the hay!—

Into the sweet dream where stirs  
My still sleeping love...  
—Haste, haste,  
For here is the golden sun!—

7. Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été

So, it will be on a clear summer day,  
The great sun, accomplice of my joy,  
Will make, among the satin and silk,  
Even lovelier your dear beauty;

The completely blue sky, like a high tent,  
Will tremble sumptuously in long folds  
On our two faces, pale  
With the emotions of happiness and anticipation;

And when the evening comes, the air is soft,  
Playing caressingly among your veils,  
And the peaceful gaze of the stars  
Smiles beneficently on the married pair.

8. N'est-ce pas?

Is it not so? gaily and slowly we will walk along the way,  
The modest path which has shown us smiling hope,  
Caring little if we are unnoticed or if we are seen.

Isolated in love as if in a dark woods,  
Our two hearts, breathing peaceful tenderness,  
Will be two nightingales singing in the evening.

Without concern about our future  
Destiny, we will walk along with even steps,  
And hand in hand, with the child-like souls

Of those whose love is unalloyed. Is it not so?

9. L'hiver a cessé

Winter is ended, the light is warm  
And dances, from the earth to the clear sky,  
The saddest heart must give in  
To the immense joy spreading through the air.

For a year I have had spring in my soul  
And the green return of the sweet blossomtime,  
Like a flame encircling a flame,  
Adds perfection to my perfection.

The blue sky extends, rises and crowns  
The unchangeable bliss where my love rejoices.  
The season is beautiful, and my part is good  
And all my hopes have their day.

Let summer come! Let come again  
Autumn and winter! And each season  
Will charm me, oh you who adorn  
This fantasy and this thought!

