

University of Washington
School of Music

presents

V378
1990
3-3

A DOCTORAL CHORAL RECITAL

DIANNE VARS, Conductor

assisted by

Minako Fukase, piano

and

The Chorus

Sopranos: Michaela Gurevich, Deirdre K. Jasper, Deborah Pierce, Nancy Williamson
Altos: Cynthia Beitmen, Gretchen Hubbert Bjork, Mary M. Davis, Patricia Star, Sheila Teeter
Tenors: Brian Fairbanks, Daniel Dunne, Joseph Mele, Greg Teeter, Daniel Wilson
Basses: Mark Carlson, Gabriel Dumitrescu, Keith McKenzie, Loren W. Pontén

Saturday, March 3, 1990
8:00 p.m.
Brechemin Auditorium

PROGRAM

O sacrum convivium! (1937)

Olivier Messiaen

Motet, Op. 74, No. 1 (1877) -

Johannes Brahms

"Warum ist das Licht gegeben dem Mühseligen?"

- I. Lento ed espressivo
- II. Poco piu mosso
- III. Lento e piano
- IV. Chorale

Three Spirituals -

There is a Balm in Gilead (1939)

arr. William L. Dawson

Give Me Jesus (1978)

arr. Wendell Whalum

John Saw duh Numbuh (1963)

arr. Shaw-Parker

Soloist: Michaela Gurevich

INTERMISSION

Peter Quince at the Clavier (1980)

Dominick Argento

- I. Poco maestoso ma piacevole
- II. Andantino rapsodico
- III. Presto e leggero, quasi scherzo
- IV. Adagio assai

Pianist: Minako Fukase

Dianne Vars is a student of Abraham Kaplan.

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Musical Arts in Choral Conducting.

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TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

O sacrum convivium!

O sacred communion! In which the body of Christ is consumed: the memory of his passion is renewed: the mind is filled with grace: and a pledge is given to us of the glory to come. Alleluia.

Warum ist das Licht gegeben dem Mühseligen?

I. Job 3: 20-23

Why is light given to him that is in misery, and life to the bitter in soul;
Who long for death, but it comes not; and dig for it more than for hid
treasures;
Who rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they can find the grave?
Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, whom God has hedged in?

II. Lamentations 3: 41

Let us lift up our hearts with our hands to God in heaven.

III. James 5: 11

Behold, we count them happy who were steadfast. Ye have heard of the
patience of Job, and have seen the purpose of the Lord; that the Lord is
compassionate and merciful.

IV. attrib. Martin Luther

In peace and joy I near my goal, If God is willing;
And faith fills all my heart and soul; Calm and stilling.
The Lord God hath promised me
That death is but a slumber.

PETER QUINCE AT THE CLAVIER

I

Just as my fingers on these keys
Make music, so the selfsame sounds
On my spirit make a music, too.

Music is a feeling, then, not sound;
And thus it is that what I feel,
Here in this room, desiring you,

Thinking of your blue-shadowed silk,
Is music. It is like the strain
Waked in the elders by Susanna.

Of a green evening, clear and warm,
She bathed in her still garden, while
The red-eyed elders watching, felt

The basses of their beings throb
In witching chords, and their thin blood
Pulse pizzicati of Hosanna.

II

In the green water, clear and warm,
Susanna lay.
She searched
The touch of springs,
And found
Concealed imaginings.
She sighed,
For so much melody.

Upon the bank, she stood
In the cool
Of spent emotions.
She felt, among the leaves,
The dew
Of old devotions.

She walked upon the grass,
Still quavering.
The winds were like her maids,
On timid feet,
Fetching her woven scarves,
Yet wavering.

A breath upon her hand
Muted the night.
She turned—
A cymbal crashed,
And roaring horns.

III

Soon, with a noise like tambourines,
Came her attendant Byzantines.

They wondered why Susanna cried
Against the elders by her side;

And as they whispered, the refrain
Was like a willow swept by rain.

Anon, their lamps' uplifted flame
Revealed Susanna and her shame.

And then, the simpering Byzantines
Fled, with a noise like tambourines.

IV

Beauty is momentary in the mind—
The fitful tracing of a portal;
But in the flesh it is immortal.

The body dies: the body's beauty lives.
So evenings die, in their green going,
A wave, interminably flowing.
So gardens die, their meek breath scenting
The cowl of winter, done repenting.
So maidens die, to the auroral
Celebration of a maiden's choral.

Susanna's music touched the bawdy strings
Of those white elders; but, escaping,
Left only Death's ironic scraping.
Now, in its immortality, it plays
On the clear viol of her memory,
And makes a constant sacrament of praise.

— Wallace Stevens