

Two Love Songs

6 AMOR DE MI ALMA (2001) (*sung in Spanish*) 6:41 Z. RANDALL STROOPE

You are the love of my soul, I was born only to love you;
 My soul has formed you to its measure, I want you as a garment for my soul.
 Your very image is written on my soul, such indescribable intimacy I hide
 even from you.
 All that I have I owe to you, for you I was born, for you I live, for you I must
 die, and for you I give my last breath.

7 BENEDICTION 4:13 KATHLEEN SKINNER

8 COMMENTS, Boers
The Lighter Side of Love

9 REJECTION Op. 125 no. 1 1:35 JOHN GARDNER

10 FROG WENT A COURTIN' 2:59 arr. J. P. JACKMAN

UNIVERSITY CHAMBER SINGERS

SOPRANO

Laura Cervinsky
 Lindsay Enbysk
 Maggie Godwin
 Johanna Grimsson
 Leslie Lewis
 Amy Marsh
 Michelle Ross
 Amber Sudduth
 Deanna Waldon
 Taryn Webber

TENOR

Benjamin Brody
 Chris de Leon
 Patrick Johnson
 Timothy Keller
 Jason Liu
 Andrew Seifert
 Chris Sigman
 Brendan Tuohy

ALTO

Elizabeth Bullman
 Yunju Chang
 Elizabeth Dahl
 Vanessa Gerads
 Linda Gingrich
 Helen Markopoulous
 Jana Marlow
 Mindy Nolls
 Alison Pearsall
 Eva Wolff
 Hannah Won

BASS

Jason Anderson
 Patrick Clark
 Ryan Dye
 Danny Figgins
 Paul Kramer
 Preston Madden
 Simon Poon
 José Rugio
 Leo Sanker
 Handel Shin
 Heath Thompson



University of Washington
 THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

DATE #14,432

C435
 2003
 6-3

presents

ROMANZEI

Featuring
THE CHAMBER SINGERS
 GEOFFREY BOERS, CONDUCTOR
 Linda Gingrich, assistant conductor
 Michelle Chang, piano

June 3, 2003

7:30 PM

Meany Theater

CD #14,433

PROGRAM

11 Madrigals of Love and War

MADRIGAL OP. 35 8:05 GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845-1924)
 Women, cruelty is your way, with your mocking smiles.
 Love now, don't love tomorrow.
 Men, heartless, you are; you only scorn our love. Love
 now don't love tomorrow.
 You'll learn, I could have loved you today.
 It is such madness, those whom we love flee from us, while
 we flee from those who adore us.

2 COMMENTS, G. BOERS
 3 MADRIGALI AMOROSI E GUERRERI CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI
 (*sung in Italian*) 18:02 (1567-1643)

Hor ch'el ciel e la terra

Now that the sky, earth and wind are silent, and all the
 beasts are held captive by sleep,
 The starry chariot of night circles round, an in its bed the sea
 lies calm.
 I awaken, I burn with passion, I weep for her—she whose
 visage forever is before me,
 To my sweet pain. I am in a warlike quandary, full of anger
 and pain, only when I think of her do I have any peace.

Così sol d'una chiara fonte

Thus, just as from the waters comes both the sweet and the bitter, a single hand both restores and wounds me. Because my torment knows no end, a thousand times a day I die and a thousand times revived, longing for my healing which seems so far away.

Movete al mio bel suon

Move your graceful feet to my playing: with roses scattered in your lovely hair, leave the bed of the Istro, let the nymphs join the dance. Away with the clouds and storms, let the gentle murmuring breezes create an echo to my song.

May the world resound with praise of the valiant deeds of Ferdinand: He, mounted on his winged steed has hastened across the hills and hardened earth, he scattered to the wind and covered the meadows with crimson blood.

Ardo avampo

I burn and am on fire: come running neighbors and friends to the site of the blaze.

Stop the thief, go to the fire! And you oh church towers, why are you still silent?

Ring out bells, warn other of this danger—I request pity for my fierce fires! Two beautiful eyes are the thief, and Love is the arsonist.

All remedies are false and vain. Everyone says to me, "For such a burning love, you should allow your heart to be burnt to ashes, and be quiet!"

4 SE PER HAVERVI, OIME (1987) 4:21 MORTEN LAURIDSEN
If alas I gave you my heart, there was born in me that passion,
Cruel lady, which burns me everywhere so that I am all aflame,
And if loving you bitter torment makes me die of sorrow, wretched me!
What shall I do without you who are my every joy?

5 COMMENTS, Boers

PAUSE

6 HYMN TO ST. CECILIA OP. 27 10:50 BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976)

CD#14,434

INTERMISSION

1 COMMENTS, Boers

2 TWO MOTETS (1994) (sung in Latin) 6:04 WILLIAM HAWLEY

Mosella

What color that shoal, with the late shadows banished by Hesperus,

and verdure filling the hills of the Mosella! Everything floats, rippling together in motion, the distant vine leaf trembles, and the grape swells in the glittering waters.

Te Vigilans Oculis

My eyes watch for you, by night my soul desires you, alone and overcome, I have seen myself with you, in the imagination of sleep: in dreams you appear—if only you would truly come to me.

3 COMMENTS, Boers

German Romantic Songs

4 LIEBESLIEDER WALTZER 9:14 JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833-1897)

1. *Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes*
Answer lovely maiden, are your glances trying to tell me of your desire?
Will you awaken to your love for me, or would you rather keep me burning?
3. *O die Frauen*
Oh, these women, how they lead me to heaven!
I would have been a monk if it were not for them!
4. *Wie des Abends schöne Röte*
My weary spirit would glow like the evening's sunset,
if only someone would love me.
5. *Die grüne Hopfenranke*
The tender vine wanders, why are you drooping?
The young damsel has a heavy heart, why are you grieving?
How can the vine grow without food,
how can the damsel rejoice when her love has strayed?
9. *Am Donaustrande*
On the shore of the Danube stands a house, a fair maiden looks out. She is guarded with ten bars of iron, so she will not escape.
If I must break them I will split them as if they were only glass.
11. *Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen*
No I will not listen to them, all of them talk about it and criticize. They say if I am happy I am evil minded, if I am sad I am foolish!

5 DIE NACHTIGALL (sung in German) 3:00 ALBAN BERG (1885-1935)

It happens that the nightingale has sung the whole night through, From its sweet notes echoing and re-echoing, The roses have burgeoned.
She was once a madcap; now she walks deep in thought, holding her sun-hat in her hand, and quietly endures the sun's glow and knows not what to begin.
It happens that the nightingale has sung the whole night through; from its sweet notes echoing and re-echoing the roses have burgeoned.