

# UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

The School of Music and the Office of Lectures and Concerts

present

No. 45  
Greg.

VALERIE YOCKEY, *Soprano*

in a  
GRADUATE RECITAL

assisted by  
Chris Arpin, *piano*

Friday, April 19, 1974

Music Auditorium, 8:00 P.M.

*Tape No. 1-7298*

## PROGRAM

HENRY PURCELL  
6:12

If Music be the Food of Love (*first setting*)  
Rondo (I attempt from love's sickness to fly)  
Sweeter than Roses

GABRIEL FAURÉ  
8:54

Lydia  
Mandoline  
Prison  
Après un Rêve

RICHARD STRAUSS  
(1864-1856)  
14:29

Ich trage meine Minne  
Morgen  
Nacht  
Allerseelen  
Schlagende Herzen

*Tape No. 2-7299*

## INTERMISSION

ROBERT SCHUMANN  
(1810-1856)

Liederkreis Cycle Op. 39

22:47

<i>In der Fremde</i>	<i>Auf einer Burg</i>
<i>Intermezzo</i>	<i>In der Fremde</i>
<i>Waldeggespräch</i>	<i>Wehmut</i>
<i>Die Stille</i>	<i>Zwielicht</i>
<i>Mondnacht</i>	<i>In Walde</i>
<i>Schöne Fremde</i>	<i>Frühlingsnacht</i>

Valerie Yockey is a student of Leon Lishner.

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirements for  
the degree of Master of Arts.

VALERIE YOCKEY  
PROGRAM NOTES  
Friday, April 19, 1974

GABRIEL FAURE

Lydia

Lydia on your rosy cheeks,  
And on your neck, so fresh and white,  
Flow sparkingly  
The fluid golden tresses which you  
Loosen.  
This shining day is the best of all;  
Let us forget the eternal grave,  
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,  
Sing on your blossoming lips.  
A hidden lily spreads unceasingly  
A divine fragrance in your breast;  
Numberless delights  
emanate from you, young goddess,  
I love you and die, oh my love;  
Kisses have carried away my soul!  
Oh Lydia, give me back life.  
That I may die, forever die!

Mandoline

The serenading swains  
And their lovely listeners  
Exchange insipid remarks  
Under the singing boughs.  
There is Tircis and there is Aminta,  
And the eternal Clitander,  
And there is Damis, who for many  
Cruel ladies  
Fashions many tender verses.  
Their short silken vests.  
Their long dresses with trains,  
Their elegance, their gaiety  
And their soft blue shadows  
Whirl madly in the ecstasy  
Of a moon rose and gray,  
And the mandolin chatters  
Amid the trembling of the breeze.

Prison

The sky above the roof is so blue, so calm...  
A tree above the roof rocks its crown...  
The bell, in the sky that one sees, softly rings,  
A bird, on the tree that one sees, plaintively sings...  
My Lord, my Lord! Life over there is simple and quiet!  
This peaceful clamour comes from the town...  
What have you done, of you, who now weeps endlessly,  
Say! What have you done, you, with your youth?

Après un Rêve

In a slumber charmed by your image  
I dreamed of happiness, ardent mirage;  
Your eyes were more tender, your voice pure and clear  
You were radiant like a sky brightened by sunrise;  
You were calling me, and I left the earth  
To flee with you towards the light;  
The skies opened their clouds for us,  
Splendors unknown, glimpses of divine light...  
Alas! Alas, sad awakening from dreams!  
I call to you, oh night, give me back your illusions;  
Return, return with your radiance,  
Return, oh mysterious night!

STRAUSS

Ich trage meine Minne (I carry my Love)

I carry my love, Mute with rapture,  
In my heart and my mind wherever I go.  
Yes, our encounter, Dearest one,  
Cheers through all the days allotted to me.  
Though skies are grim, and jet-black is the night,  
Brightly shines my love's sunlike splendour.  
And though deceitful is the sinful world, and it grieves me,  
Its wretchedness will be blinded by your snow-like innocence.

Morgen! (Tomorrow)

And on the path that I will follow,  
It shall again unite us, happy ones,  
Upon this sun-breathing earth...  
And to the wide shore, with its blue waves,  
We will quietly and slowly descend,  
Speechless, we shall look into each other's eyes,  
And upon us will descend the muted silence of happiness...

Nacht (Night)

Out of the forest comes the night,  
Quietly she moves in from behind the trees;  
She oversees all around her,-  
Beware now!  
All the lights of the world,  
All the flowers, all the colors, she extinguisher;  
She steals the sheaves from the fields;  
She takes everything that is lovely,  
Steals the silver from the streams,  
From the copper dome of the cathedral  
She takes away its gold.  
The spray of flowers stands plundered,  
Draw closer, soul to soul;  
Oh, I am afraid the night will steal  
You, too, from me.

Allerseelen (All Souls' Day)

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,  
Bring here the last of red asters,  
And let us speak again of love,  
As long ago in May.  
Give me the hand that I may secretly clasp it,  
And if it is observed by others, I will not mind;  
Give me one of your sweet glances,  
As long ago in May.  
Today each grave is flowering and fragrant,  
Once a year is All Souls' Day,-  
Come to my heart that I again may have you,  
As long ago in May.

STRAUSS

Schlagende Herzen (Throbbing Hearts)

A youth was going through meadows and fields,  
Kling, klang, his heart did beat;  
On his finger shone a golden ring.  
Kling, klang, his heart did beat;  
Oh, meadows, oh fields, how beautiful you are!  
Oh, hills, oh, forests, how beautiful!  
How good and beautiful are you,  
Golden sun in the skies you appear  
Kling, kling, kling, klang, his heart did beat.  
The youth hurried with lively step,  
Kling, klang, his heart did beat.  
He took with him many a laughing flower,  
Kling, klang, his heart did beat.  
Over meadows and fields blows the wind of Spring,  
Deep in my heart blows the wind of Spring,  
That drives me toward you gently, softly.  
Kling, klang, his heart did beat.  
Midst meadows and fields a maiden stood,  
Kling, klang, his heart did beat;  
She shielded her eyes with her hand, to look afar,  
Kling, klang, her heart did beat.  
Over meadows and fields,  
Over forests and hills,  
To me, to me, he is hastening,  
Oh, if he only were already with me!  
Kling Klang, kling klang, her heart did beat.

SCHUMANN

In Foreign Land

From my homeland, in the wake of red lightning  
The clouds are drifting here,  
But my father and mother are long dead,  
No one knows me there any more.  
How soon, oh how soon will the quietude come,  
When I too will rest, when I too will rest,  
And above me rustles the lovely solitude of the woods,  
And no one knows me here any more...

Intermezzo

Your image wondrously lovely  
I carry deep in my heart,  
It looks so fresh and cheerful  
Upon me all the time.  
My heart sings silently within itself  
An old, beautiful tune,  
That soars into the air  
And hurriedly flies to you.

### Dialogue in the Woods

"It is already late, it is already cold,  
Why do you ride lonely through the woods?  
The wood is large, you are alone,  
You lovely bride! I guide you home."

"Great is men's cunning and deceit,  
With sorrow my heart has been broken,  
The hunter's horn sounds here and yon,  
Oh flee! Oh flee! you know not who I am."

"So richly adorned are steed and woman,  
So wondrously fair, so wondrously fair the young body;  
I know you now, may God help me!  
You are the sorceress Lorelei!"

"You know me well, from the rock on high  
My castle looks silently into the Rhine.  
It is already late, it is already cold,  
Nevermore will you leave this wood."

### The Silence

No one knows and no one divines it,  
How happy, how happy I am!  
Oh if but one, but one knew it,  
None other should ever know!  
It is not as still out in the snow,  
As silent and as hushed  
Are not the stars on high,  
As the secret thoughts of mine.  
I wish I were a little bird  
Flying over the sea,  
Over the sea and further on,  
Till in Heaven I would be!

### Moonlight Night

It seemed as if the sky  
Had silently kissed the earth,  
That she in the shimmer of blossoms  
Could only dream of him.  
The breeze blew over the fields,  
The grain stalks gently surged,  
The forests rustled softly,  
So starbright was the night.  
And my soul unfolded  
Its pinions so wide,  
Flew over the silent lands,  
As if it were flying home.

### Beautiful Stranger

The tree-tops rustle and shiver,  
As if at this time now,  
By the half buried walls,  
The old gods were making the round.  
Here behind the myrtle bushes,  
In hidden dusky splendor,  
What do you say, confused as in dreams,  
To me, phantastic night?

The stars all sparkle on me  
With a burning glance of love,  
Intoxicatedly the distance speaks,  
As if speaking of future great happiness!

#### In A Stronghold

Gone to sleep while keeping watch  
Sits up there the ancient knight;  
Over yonder rain is falling,  
And the wood rustles through the trellis.  
Inward grown his beard and hair,  
Turned to stone his breast and ruffle,  
He sits many hundred years  
Aloft in the silent cell.  
Outside it is still and peaceful,  
Everyone has moved to the valley,  
Little woodbirds lonely sing  
In the empty window arches.  
Down below a wedding party sails  
In the sunshine on the Rhine;  
The musicians play so gaily,  
And the lovely bride is weeping.

#### In Foreign Lands

I hear the brooklets rushing  
In the forest here and yon,  
In the forest, midst the rushing,  
I know not where I am.  
The nightingales are singing  
Here in the solitude,  
As if they wanted to tell  
About the beautiful old days.  
The moon's shimmering light is moving,  
As if I could see below  
The castle lying in the valley,  
Yet it is so far away!  
As if there might in the garden  
Filled with roses white and red,  
My sweetheart be waiting for me,  
Yet she has been so long dead...

#### Melancholy

Sometimes I may be singing  
As if I were full of joy,  
But secretly tears are flowing,  
And then my heart feels free.  
The nightingales will sing,  
When spring breezes play outside,  
Their melody of yearning  
Out of their prison's tomb.  
Then all the hearts are listening,  
And everyone is glad,  
But none can feel the sorrows,  
The bitter grief in the song.

### Twilight

Twilight starts to spread its pinions,  
Fearfully the trees are moving,  
Clouds drift by like heavy dreams,  
What does all this dreading mean?  
If you dearly love a doe,  
Do not let it graze alone,  
Hunters roam in the woods, and blow their horns,  
Voices wander here and yon.  
If you have a friend on earth,  
Do not trust him at this hour,  
Friendly with his eyes and lips,  
He plots war in treacherous peace.  
What today goes down so tired,  
Rises newly born tomorrow.  
Many things are lost at night-time,  
Be on guard, alert and watchful!

### In The Forest

Along the mountain a wedding party moved,  
I heard the singing of birds,  
Many riders flashed by, the bugle called,  
That was a merry hunt!  
And ere I knew, it had all faded,  
Night covers the land around,  
From the mountains only the forest still rustles,  
And I shiver in the depth of my heart...

### Spring Night

Above the garden through the breezes  
I heard birds of passage fly.  
That means scents of spring are coming,  
On the grounds the blossoms start.  
I would like to shout for you, to weep,  
It seems to me it cannot be!  
Ancient miracles shine again  
With the moonlight in my room.  
And the moon, the stars proclaim it,  
And the woods rustle in a dream,  
And the nightingales are singing:  
"She is yours, she is your own!"