

UNIVERSITY SYMPHONY  
Peter Erös, conductor  
Johan Louwersheimer, assistant conductor

**Violin I**

Sunny Lee  
Xiao-po Fei  
Andrew Yeung  
Keh-Shu Shen  
Kyung Sun Chee  
Coral Overman  
Louanne Bean

**Violin II**

Daniel Perry  
Kevin He  
Connie Rosenquist  
Jeff Yang  
Kjell Sleipness  
John Powelson  
Deepti Babu

**Viola**

Donna Fogle  
Greg Savage  
Haiying Li  
Denise Martel  
Angela Engebretsen  
Leah Irby  
Jeanne Drumm  
Carrie Jo Adams  
Chelsea Murray

**Cello**

Parke Burgess  
Zoltan Stefan  
Cheryl Bushnell  
Joseph Kim  
Stacy Philpott  
Loren Dempster  
Gretchen Yanover  
Lan-June Wang

**Bass**

Olav Hekala  
Claudia Chen  
Mark Jasper  
Brad Hartman  
Aron Taylor  
Pat Pulliam  
Megan Cleary

**Flute**

Megan Lyden  
Sabra Weber  
Libby Gray

**Oboe**

Molly Sandvick  
Stacy Pengra  
Taina Karr  
Kristine Kiner

**English horn**

Cheryl Carrera

**Clarinet**

Joel Barbosa  
Jodi Orton

**Bass clarinet**

Kathryn Suther

**Bassoon**

Jeff Eldridge  
Jennifer Smith  
Brian Wirt

**Horn**

Tony Miller  
Jennifer J. Barrett  
Donald J. Ankney  
Todd Brooks

**Trumpet**

Sam Mann  
Colby Hubler  
Matt Armstrong

**Trombone**

Chad A. Kirby  
Stephen Wampler  
Nathaniel Oxford

**Tuba**

Scot Johanson

**Piano**

Tim Schwarz

**Harp**

Melissa Walsh

**Timpani**

Gunnar Folsom

**Percussion**

Michael Ganyo  
Mark Wilbert  
Patrick Roulet



School  
of  
Music  
University  
of  
Washington

University of Washington  
THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

presents

S99  
1993  
Y-20

# THE UNIVERSITY SYMPHONY

PETER ERÖS, conductor

JOHAN LOUWERSHEIMER,  
assistant conductor

*with guest artist*

EMILIE BERENDSEN,  
mezzo soprano

8:00 PM  
April 20, 1993  
Meany Theater

DAT

12 TRAGIC OVERTURE, Op. 81..... 1340

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

Johan Louwersheimer, *conductor*

13 WESENDONK SONGS..... 1820

Richard Wagner  
(1813-1883)

- 1. *The Angel*
- 2. *Stand Still!*
- 3. *In the Hothouse*
- 4. *Sorrows*
- 5. *Dreams*

Emilie Berendsen, *mezzo-soprano*

INTERMISSION

CASS SIDE A  
SIDE B

14 SYMPHONY #7..... 2814

Sergey Prokofiev  
(1891-1953)

- Moderato*
- Allegretto*
- Andante espressivo*
- Vivace*

1. **The Angel**  
 In the early days of childhood  
 I often heard that there were angels  
 who would exchange the sublime bliss of  
 heaven  
 for the sun of earth:  
 that, when a sorrowful heart timidly  
 languishes, hidden from the world,  
 that, when it is silently bleeding to death,  
 and pining away in streams of tears,  
 that, when its prayer ardently  
 entreats only for salvation,  
 then the angel floats downward,  
 and lifts it gently toward heaven.  
 Yes, even for me an angel descended,  
 and on shining plumage  
 he now carries my spirit  
 far from every sorrow, heavenward!

2. **Stand Still!**  
 Rushing, roaring wheel of time,  
 you measurer of eternity;  
 you shining spheres in the vast universe,  
 that encircle the earthly globe;  
 all-eternal creation, cease,  
 enough of becoming, let me be!  
 Halt, procreating power,  
 original purpose, which forever creates!  
 Stop the breathing, still the craving,  
 be silent for only a second!  
 Quickening pulse, restrain the beat;  
 end, eternal day of the will!  
 so that in blissful, sweet forgetfulness  
 I may taste of all raptures!  
 When eye drinks ecstatically in eye,  
 soul is swallowed up entirely in soul;  
 essence in essence finds itself again,  
 and the end of all expectation is proclaimed;  
 lips fall mute in astonished silence  
 no further desire will the soul engender,  
 man perceives the sign of eternity,  
 and solves your mystery, holy nature!

3. **In the Hothouse**  
 High-arched crowns of leaves,  
 canopies of emerald,  
 you children from distant regions,  
 tell me, why do you grieve?  
 Silently you incline your branches,  
 you trace signs in the air  
 and, mute witness of sorrows,  
 sweet scent rises upward.  
 Wide, in yearning desire,  
 you spread your arms,  
 and in the bonds of delusion you embrace  
 the futile horror of a desolate void.  
 Indeed, I know it, poor plant:  
 We share one destiny;

3. **In the Hothouse (cont.)**  
 although bathed in light and radiance,  
 our homeland is not here!  
 And as the sun gladly departs  
 from the empty illusion of the day,  
 he who truly suffers  
 envelops himself in the obscurity of silence.  
 It grows still, a rustling movement  
 timidly fills the dark room.  
 I see heavy drops hanging  
 on the green fringe of the leaves.

4. **Sorrows**  
 Sin, every evening you weep  
 your lovely eyes red,  
 when, bathing in the mirror of the sea,  
 your early death arrives;  
 but you arise in ancient splendor  
 glory of the gloomy world,  
 in the morning, newly awakened,  
 like a proud, victorious hero!  
 Ah, why then should I grieve,  
 way, my heart, seem you so heavy,  
 if the sun itself must despair,  
 if the sun must perish?  
 and if death only gives birth to life,  
 if sorrows only yield delights:  
 oh, how grateful I am that nature  
 has granted me such sorrows!

5. **Dreams**  
 Tell me, what wonderful dreams  
 hold my soul captive,  
 that have not, like empty bubbles,  
 vanished into bleak nothingness?  
 Dreams which every hour,  
 every day, blossom more beautifully,  
 and with their message from heaven  
 move blissfully through my soul,  
 there to paint an eternal image  
 forgetfulness of all, remembrance of one!  
 Dreams, as when the spring sun  
 kisses the blossoms out of the snow,  
 so that to never-suspected bliss  
 the new day welcomes them,  
 so that they grow, bloom,  
 dreamingly diffuse their scent,  
 sofly die away on your breast  
 and then sink into the grave.