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PHONOTAPE
F32 1983 4-13
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F32
1983
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THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
School of Music and Public Performing Arts

present
MONTserrat ALAVEDRA, soprano
RANDOLPH HOKANSON, piano
PETER MARSH, violin
TOBY SAKS, cello
YIZHAK SCHOTTEN, viola
CHARMIAN GADD, violin
in a

FACULTY CHAMBER MUSIC RECITAL

Wednesday, April 13, 1983

Meany Theater, 8:00 P.M.

Tape 10,509

PROGRAM

MOZART
(1756-1791) Sch G

Duo No. 2 in B^b Major
Adagio
Allegro
Andante cantabile
Andante grazioso

18

26
ROSSINI
(1792-1868) Art H - pt

La regata veneziana
Anzoleta avanti la regata
Angioletta co passa la regata 10
Angioletta dopo la regata

42
ERNST TOCH
(1887-1964) Sch G

Divertimento
Vivace molto
Adagio
Lively and gai 6

INTERMISSION

Tape 10,510

WOLF
(1860-1903) A+H

Mignon's Songs
(Goethe: Wilhelm Meister)

Heiss' mich nicht reden
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
So lasst mich scheinen... 16
Kennst du das Land?

24
SCHUMANN
(1810-1856)

Piano Quartet in E^b Major, Op. 47
Sostenuto assai: Allegro ma non troppo

H, M, Sa, Sch

Scherzo: Molto vivace
Andante cantabile 29
Finale: Vivace

Text translation

Anzoleta avanti la regata (Angioletta before the Regatta)

On the parapet, the pennant is waving; see that you win it. Give it to me this evening, or show not your face before men. Don't lag there in the stern, Momolo; drive your gondola forward, or you'll not win first prize. Remember your sweetheart is anxiously watching; don't lag, and make your boat fly.

Anzoleta co passa la regata (Angioletta as the Regatta Passes)

Here I am-look at the poor fellows bent over their oars, against the wind. Now the wind is in their favor. Where is my Momolo? There he is, in second place. What madness, what confusion, my heart is pounding. Row-as you reach the finish you'll beat them all. My beloved seems to fly, he overtakes them all, by half a length? I can see him, he sees me.

Anzoleta dopo la regata (Angioletta after the Regatta)

Take a kiss, and yet another, dear Momolo, from my heart; rest and let me wipe away the sweat. I saw how you looked at me as you passed, and I said to myself you would win this beautiful prize, this pennant of red. All Venice hails you as victor. Take a kiss, blessed one, who have no equal at the oars. No one equals you for family or for boat; you are the best, so take a kiss, and another.

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