

FRIENDS OF MUSIC

LIFETIME FRIENDS  
 Chester and Marion Beals  
 The Boeing Company  
 Brechemin Family  
 Foundation  
 Nancy A. Cleminshaw  
 Edward J. Conlon  
 David and Jane Davis  
 Meade and Deborah Emory  
 Richard and Judith Evans  
 William and Ruth  
 Gerberding  
 Charles and Janet Griffes  
 L. P. and Barbara  
 Himmelman  
 Demar Irvine  
 Luther and Carol Jones  
 Hans and Thelma Lehmann  
 Ed and Charissa Littlefield  
 Barry Charles McCord  
 Donald and Linda Miller  
 Aura Bonell Morrison  
 Arthur and Helen Ness

Mrs. John F. Newland  
 Donald and Carolyn  
 Rowland  
 Dale and Alicia Thompson  
 Richard and Diana  
 Thompson  
 Ruth F. Waters  
 SPONSORS (\$1,000-  
 \$9,999)  
 Starbucks Coffee Company  
 Donald and Gloria Swisher  
 SUPPORTERS (\$250-  
 \$999)  
 Kenneth Benshoof  
 Alfred and Tillie  
 Shemanski Fund  
 Ramesh and Shanta  
 Gangolli  
 Jennifer and Thomas  
 Goolsby  
 Robin McCabe

Charles and Alice  
 McGregor  
 Mrs. John Robinson  
 CONTRIBUTORS (\$50-  
 \$249)  
 Amy Carlson and Kalman  
 Brauner  
 Selina Chu  
 Ernest and Barbara Dietrich  
 Eastside Federated Music  
 Club  
 Winfield A. Foreman  
 Edward and Florence Gross  
 Michael and Beret  
 Kischner  
 Ladies Musical Club  
 Thomas and Susan Lind  
 Mrs. Moreland K. Roller  
 Lida M. Roubik  
 Gordon and Jillian  
 Somerville  
 Dianne Vars

Our "Friends of Music" listing is from 5/01/95 to 10/20/95 and is updated regularly to reflect cumulative donations. While we appreciate all our Friends, due to space limitations we are only able to list donors who have reached the level of Contributor or above. Please mark contributions intended for scholarships on your check. Pursuant to RCW 19.09, the University of Washington is registered as a charitable organization with the Secretary of State, State of Washington.

1995-96 UPCOMING EVENTS:

To request disability accommodations, contact the Office of the ADA Coordinator at least ten days in advance of the event. 543-6450 (voice); 543-6452 (TDD); 685-3885 (FAX); access@u.washington.edu (E-mail).

- January 19, *Littlefield Organ Series*: Nancy Cooper, guest organ. 12:30 and 8 PM, Walker-Ames Room.
- January 24, University Symphony, featuring Winners of the Concerto Competition. 8 PM, Meany Theatre.
- January 29, Voice Division Recital. 7 PM, Brechemin Auditorium.
- February 4, *Faculty/Guest Artist Recital*: Jean Michel, guest cello, and Lisa Bergman, piano. 8 PM, Brechemin Auditorium.
- February 5, Pacific Northwest Music Festival: Choral Day. 4 PM, Meany Theatre.
- February 6, Pacific Northwest Music Festival: Vocal Jazz Day. 4 PM, Meany Theatre.
- February 7, *Faculty Recital*: Craig Sheppard, pianist. 8 PM, Meany Theatre.

DAT 12710  
 CBSS 12711  
 12712

University of Washington  
 THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

F32  
 1996  
 1-16

presents a Faculty Recital:

MUSIC FOR GUITAR  
 AND VOICE

Steven Novacek, guitar  
 Carmen Pelton, soprano

Meany Theatre 8:00 PM January 16, 1996

PROGRAM

- ID 1 9/15  
 Fra tutte le pene.....Mauro Giuliani  
 Ombre ame (1781-1829)  
 Le dimore amor non ama  
 Di due bell'anime
- ID 2 13'  
 If my complaints.....John Dowland  
 Weepe you no more (1562-1626)  
 Fine knacks for ladies  
 Willow songs.....Anonymous
- ID 3 5'05 E. SAENZ DE LA Maza (b. 1920)  
 Campana del Alba.....Isaac Albeniz (1860-1909)
- ID 4 3'08 ISAAC ALBENIZ (1860-1909)  
 Rumores de la Caleta.....E. Saenz de la Maza (b. 1920)

TAPE 1 SIDE A  
 TAPE 1 SIDE B

School  
 of  
 Music  
 University  
 of  
 Washington



✓

TAPE 1 SIDE B

105

12'15

- Anon. in Love ..... Sir William Walton  
(1901-1983)
1. Fain would I change that note
  2. O stay, sweet love
  3. Lady, when I behold the roses
  4. My Love in her attire
  5. I gave her Cakes and I gave her Ale
  6. To couple is a custom

INTERMISSION

106

13'30

- Nacht und Traüme..... Franz Schubert  
Schäfers Klage lied (1797-1828)  
Nachtstück  
Dithyrambe

107

7'20

- But Stars Remaining ..... Nicola LeFanu  
(b. 1947)

TAPE 1 SIDE B

TAPE 2 SIDE A

108

12'10

- Koyunbaba..... Carlo Domenicani  
(b. 1946)

4'50

109

- Bachiana Brasileiras No. 5 ..... Heitor Villa-Lobos  
(1887-1959)

10 10 ACCALUSO (ENCORE)

1'40

\*\*\*\*\*

There were many fine guitarists in Italy at the beginning of the 19th century but little public interest in music other than opera, so when self-taught guitarist **Mauro Giuliani** ended a highly successful European concert tour at age 18, he settled in Vienna. He quickly became famous there as the greatest living guitarist and Beethoven wrote several pieces expressly for him. He visited London in 1823 and was so lauded that a special publication, *The Giulianiid*, was devoted to reports of his activities. His complete works include more than 200 pieces for the guitar and several books of arias arranged for guitar accompaniment.

**Fra tutte le pene**  
Among all pain which is the worst? I am near my beloved, sighing of love, and I cannot say to him, "I sigh for you."

I lack the courage for such suffering, yet I also lack the daring to ask for mercy.

**Ombre ame**  
Pleasant spirits of my weeping friend; my prized one, my cherished beloved -- who will tell me where he has gone?

Gentle breezes, carry a message to him, to return to me and to restore to me my peace, which I have not now.

**Le dimore amor non ama**  
The love interests nearby have no interest for me, compared to him who calls me "Love", and I fly to where I am called by my sweet "soldier of love".

It is time for the victorious soul to be released after a long exile and that, at last, the very face of my beloved will replace my thoughts of him.

**Di due bell'anime**  
Two beautiful souls wounded by love, your loving affections I do not wish to agitate! Peacefully enjoy yourselves in the arms of love.

And if fidelity is a treacherous pit, a cruelty which has hurt me, together less uncivilized behavior will summon back love!

\*\*\*\*\*

Considered the greatest lutenist both as composer and performer of the English Renaissance, **John Dowland** left a legacy of lute solos and lute songs. His fantasies displayed a contrapuntal genius that was not rivaled until the next century. After a period of complete neglect in the 19th century many of his songs are now again considered among the finest in the English language. He traveled extensively in Europe and absorbed many aspects of French and Italian musical culture. Nevertheless he remained essentially English at heart. He entered the service of Christian IV of Denmark in 1598 and was paid a salary equal to that of an admiral, so greatly did the King value his genius, but was dismissed in 1606 for unsatisfactory conduct. Upon returning to England he became a lutenist at the court of James I where he remained in royal service until just before his death in 1626.

**If my complaints**  
Could passions moove,  
Or make love see  
Wherein I suffer wrong:  
My passions weare enough  
To prove that my despayrs  
Had governed me too long,  
O love I live and dye in thee,  
Thy grieffe in my deepe sighes  
Still speakes,  
Thy wounds do freshly bleed in mee,  
My hart for thy unkindness breakes,  
Yet thou dost hope when I despaire,  
And when I hope thou makst me hope in vaine.  
Thou saist thou canst my harmes repaire,  
Yet for rendresse thou letst me still complaine.

**Weepe you no more sad Fountains**  
What need you flowe so fast,  
Look how the snowie mountaines,  
Heaven's sunne doth gently waste.  
But my sunne's heavenly eyes  
View not your weeping.

That nowe lies sleeping,  
softly, now softly lies sleeping.

Sleepe is a reconciling,  
A rest that peace begets:  
Doth not the sunne rise smiling,  
When faire at even' he sets,  
Rest you, then rest sad eyes,  
Melt not in weeping,  
While she lies sleeping  
Softly, now softly lies sleeping.

**Fine knacks for ladies,**  
Cheape, choise, brave and new,  
Good penniworths but mony cannot move,  
I keep a faier, but for the faier to view,  
A beggar may bee liberall of love,  
Though all my wares bee trash  
The heart is true.

Great gifts are guiles  
And looke for gifts againe,  
My trifles come,  
As treasures from my minde,  
It is a precious Jewell

To bee plaine,  
Sometimes in shell  
Th'orients pearles we finde,  
Of others take a sheaf,  
Of me a graine.

**Willow Song (Shakespeare)**

The poor soul sat sighing,  
By a sycamore tree,  
Sing willow, willow, willow.  
With his hand on his bosom  
And his head upon his knee,  
O willow, willow, willow,  
Shall be my garland.

He sighed in his singing  
And made a great moan,  
Sing willow, willow, willow.

I am dead to all pleasure,  
My true love she is gone,  
O willow...

Come all you forsaken  
And mourn you with me;  
Who speaks of a false love,  
Mine's fals'er than she.

Thou fair and more false,  
I died with thy wound,  
Thou hast lost the truest lover  
That goes upon the ground.

Take this for my farewell  
And latest adew.  
Write this on my tomb,  
That in love I was true.

\*\*\*\*\*

Although the famous Iberian pianist/composer **Isaac Albeniz** did not write for the guitar many of his works have since been arranged to become standards in the guitar repertoire. *Rumores de la Caleta* is based on the malagueña dance form, originating in the area of Malaga. The title refers to the sounds or murmurs of a small sea inlet.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Campana del Alba* (The Bells of Alba) was written by **Eduardo Salas de la Maza** for his brother Regino. These two Spanish brothers have been active composers, guitarists and pianists in Europe during most of the post-war years. In the city center of Alba, Spain, is a cathedral with a bell tower which blankets the early morning city with a haunting melody. The opening and closing sections of this piece are a quote from these bells.

\*\*\*\*\*

One of the outstanding English composers of the twentieth Century **William Walton** is not specifically known for his guitar compositions. However, his most popular works for solo guitar, the Five Bagatelles, have become a milestone tribute to the guitar repertoire. The text of **Anon. In Love** is drawn from six anonymous sixteenth and seventeenth-century poems which appear in the collection "The English Galaxy of Shorter Poems." This work was composed for Peter Pears and Julian Bream in 1960.

1. **Fain would I change that note**  
To which fond Love hath charm'd me,  
Long, long to sing by rote,  
Fancying that that harm'd me:  
Yet when this thought doth come,  
'Love is the perfect sum

Of all delight',  
I have no other choice  
Either for pen or voice  
To sing or write.

O Love, they wrong thee much  
That say thy fruit is bitter,

When thy rich fruit is such  
As no thing can be sweeter.  
Fair house of joy and bliss  
Where truest pleasure is,  
I do adore thee;  
I know thee what thou art,  
I serve thee with my heart,  
And fall before thee.

2. **O stay, sweet love;**  
See here the place of sporting;  
These gentle flowers  
Smile sweetly to invite us,  
And chirping birds  
Are hitherward resorting,  
Warbling sweet notes  
Only to delight us:  
Then stay, dear love,  
For, tho' thou run from me,  
Run ne'er so fast,  
Yet I will follow thee.

I thought, my love,  
That I should overtake you;  
Sweet heart, sit down  
Under this shadow'd tree,  
And I, I will promise  
Never to forsake you,  
So you will grant to me  
A lover's fee.  
Whereat she smiled,  
And kindly to me said,  
I never meant  
To live and die a maid.

3. **Lady, When I behold**  
The roses sprouting,  
Which clad in damask mantles  
Deck the arbours,  
And then behold your lips  
Where sweet love harbours,  
My eyes present me  
With a double doubting:  
For, viewing both alike,  
Hardly my mind supposes  
Whether the roses be your lips  
Or your lips the roses.

4. **My Love in her attire**  
Doth show her wit,  
It doth so well become her:  
For every season  
She hath dressings fit,  
For winter, spring, and summer.  
No beauty she doth miss  
When all her robes are on:  
but Beauty's self she is  
When all her robes are gone.

5. **I gave her Cakes and I gave**  
her Ale and I gave her Sack and Sherry;  
I kist her once and I kist her twice,  
And we were wondrous merry.

I gave her Beads and Bracelets fine,  
I gave her Gold down derry.  
I thought she was afraid  
Till she stroaked my Beard,  
And we were wondrous merry.  
Merry my Hearts, merry my Cocks,  
Merry my Sprights.  
Merry merry my hey down derry!

6. **To couple is a custom**  
All things thereto agree.  
Why should not I then love,  
Since love to all is free?

I'll have one that's pretty,  
Her cheeks of scarlet dye,  
For to breed my delight  
When that I lig her free.

Tho' virtue be a dowry,  
Yet I'll chuse money store:  
If my love prove untrue,  
With that I can get more.

The fair is oft unconstant,  
The black is often proud,  
I'll chuse a lovely brown:

Come, fiddler, scrape thy crowd,  
For Peggy the brown is  
She must be my bride:  
God guide, that Peggy and I agree!

\*\*\*\*\*

It was undoubtedly the current vogue of the guitar that attracted the young Franz Schubert to the instrument. When the publisher Diabelli took the risk of buying, engraving, and publishing what were to be the first Lieder of Schubert in print, Opus 1-7 in 1821, he issued four songs from this group in versions for guitar accompaniment. These publications mark the beginning of Schubert's rise to public recognition as a composer of Lieder, and the practice of simultaneous publishing of arrangements of Schubert's songs for piano and for guitar continued for the next several years.

**Nacht und Traume (von Colln)**

Holy night, down you sink;  
down too float dreams,  
Through the silent hearts of men.  
To these they hearken, joyful'  
crying out, when day awakes:  
come again, holy night!  
Sweet dreams, come again!

**Schäfers Klagelied (Goethe)**

High on that mountain,  
a thousand times I stand,  
bowed over my staff,  
gazing down into the valley.

Then I follow my grazing flock,  
watched over by my dog.  
I have come down to the valley,  
yet how, I do not know.

With beautiful flowers  
the whole meadow is so full.  
I pick them without knowing  
who to give them to.

And rain, storm and thunder  
I endure beneath this tree.  
The door there remains closed,  
for all, alas, is a dream.

A rainbow there is  
above that house.  
But she has gone away,  
away to distant parts.

To distant parts and further,  
Maybe even over the sea.  
Get on, get on, you sheep!  
Your shepherd's heart's so sore.

**Nachtstück (Mayrhofer)**

When mist spreads over the mountains

and Luna contends with the clouds, the  
old man takes his harp and strides, and  
into the forest sings, and low:

Oh holy night!  
Soon shall it end.  
Soon shall I sleep that long slumber  
that will free me from all grief.

Then the green trees murmur:  
'Sleep sweetly, you good old man';  
The grasses whisper, waving on:  
'We will cover his resting place';

And many a sweet bird calls:  
'O let him rest in his grassy grave!'  
The old man listens, and is still,  
Death has bowed before him.

**Dithyrambe (Schiller)**

Never, believe me, do the gods appear  
singly, never.  
Scarce do I receive Bacchus, the merry,  
Then also comes Amor, the smiling  
boy.

And Phoebus, the glorious.  
Hither they come,  
The Heavenly Ones all,  
The earthly hall fills with gods.

Say, how shall I, earthborn,  
Entertain the heavenly throng?  
Bestow on me your eternal life.  
Gods! What can a mortal give you?  
Raise me up to your Olympus.  
Joy swells only in Jupiter's hall.  
Oh fill with nectar the cup,  
Oh pass it to me!

Pass the cup to him.  
Pour for the poet, Hebe, pour.  
Moisten his eyes with celestial dew,  
So that Styx, the hated, he shall not

behold,  
Thinking himself of our number.  
The celestial source—it murmurs, it

sparkles;  
the breast grows calm, the eye grows  
bright.

\*\*\*\*\*

Nicola Lefanu is an English composer who studied at Oxford, Royal College of Music and Harvard. Her most recent opera, "The Wildman" was premiered at the Aldeburgh Festival in 1995. Her comment on But Stars Remaining follows:

"Lines from two poems by Cecil Day-Lewis were brought together to create a scena lasting some seven minutes. It is an aubade, or dawn love-song; it begins with outward, extravert energy, and moves to an inward, intimate centre. It closes as the imagery moves out again, to the expanse of the sky at first light."

Now, to be with you, *elate*, unshared  
O, my kestrel joy,  
O hoverer in wind,  
Over the quarry,  
Furiously at rest,  
Chaired on shoulders of wind,  
Rest, from loving and be living  
Fallen is past retrieving,

The unique flyer dawn's dove,  
Arrowing down feathered with fire,  
Here's no meaning but of morning,  
Naught soon of night but stars  
remaining,  
Sing lower, fade, as dark womb  
Recedes, creation will step clear,  
Naught but stars remaining.

\*\*\*\*\*

Carlo Domeniconi is an Italian born composer and guitarist who grew up in Turkey and was educated in Germany where he now resides. Based on the harmonic and rhythmic schemes of central Mediterranean music, *Koyunbaba* is in four movements utilizing a vast array of guitar techniques. The title *Koyunbaba* is the name of a mythical figure in Turkish folklore who is a guardian of shepherds. This piece was composed in scordatura in an open string C# minor tuning.

\*\*\*\*\*

An ardent Brazilian nationalist, Heltor Villa-Lobos was one of the most original composers of the 20th century. Although he avoided using actual quotations from popular songs, his music is permeated with authentic Brazilian melodic and rhythmic elements. He believed that there were similarities between Bach's compositions and Brazilian folk music, where each instrumental part has melodic autonomy, and in his monumental cycle, *Bachianas Brasileiras*, Villa-Lobos set these Brazilian elements in Bach counterpoint. Many of the nine pieces in the cycle feature his own instrument, the cello; No. 5, for instance, was written for eight cellos and high voice. Villa-Lobos himself arranged this piece for guitar and voice.

**Bachiana Brasileira No. 5**

Lo, at midnight clouds are slowly passing, rosy and lustrous o'er the spacious heav'n with loveliness laden! From the boundless deep the moon arises wondrous, glorifying the evening like a beautiful maiden. Now she adorns herself in half unconscious duty, eager, anxious that we recognize her beauty, While sky and earth, yea, all nature with applause salute her!

All the birds have ceased their sad and mournful complaining; now appears on the sea in a silver reflection moonlight, softly waking the soul and constraining hearts to cruel tears and bitter dejection! Lo, at midnight clouds are slowly passing, rosy and lustrous o'er the spacious heavens dreamily wondrous.