

THE  
UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
P R E S E N T S

KRISTIN MEANS, *soprano*

*accompanied by*

Bern Herbolsheimer, *piano*

*in a*

JUNIOR RECITAL

Saturday, May 15, 1982

Music Auditorium, 8:00 P.M.

P R O G R A M

Side A

GIULIO CACCINI (ca. 1546-1618)	Amarilli
GIOVANNI MARIA BONONCINI (1640-1703)	Deh più a me non v'ascondete
MOZART (1756-1791)	S'altro che lagrime ("La clemenza di Tito")
	Dans un bois solitaire
BRAHMS (1833-1897)	Sonntag Dein blaues Auge Botschaft
R. STRAUSS (1864-1949)	Drei Lieder der Ophelia <i>Eie erkenneich meine Treulieb Guten Morgan, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss</i>

Side B

INTERMISSION

LILI BOULANGER (1893-1918)	Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie Les Lilas qui avaient fleuri
BERN HERBOLSHEIMER (b. 1948)	The Rose of Sharon <i>I am the Rose of Sharon The Voice of My Beloved A Garden Enclosed</i>
BARBER (1910-1981)	At St. Patrick's Purgatory The Crucifixion Desire for Hermitage
IVES (1874-1954)	At the River Watchman Circus Band

Kristin Means is a student of Montserrat Alavedra.

## Program Notes

### Amarilli

Amaryllis, my beloved! Do you not believe, O sweet desire of my heart, that you are my love? Do believe it, and if you are fearful, take this arrow of mine, open my heart, and you will see inscribed therein: Amaryllis is my beloved.

### Deh piu a me

Hide from me no longer O light rays of my sun! When you wake, if you wish, you can draw this soul out of its pain.

### S'altro che lagrime

If you have for him no more than tears, all your crying is of no avail. This useless pity that you feel, oh, how similar it is to cruelty.

### Dans un bois solitaire

In a dark and lonely wood I was walking the other day: a boy child was sleeping in the shade, it was cruel Amor.

Approaching, I was charmed by his beauty, but I should not have been so trustful. In his face, I saw the features of a thankless love that I had sworn to forget.

He had her crimson lips, a skin as fair as hers. A sigh escaped me, he awoke: it takes so little to awaken Love.

Straightway spreading his wings, and seizing his avenging bow, with one of his cruel darts he wounded me to the heart.

Go, go, he said, at Sylvia's feet again to languish and to burn: you will love her all your life for having dared to wake me.

### Sonntag

For a whole week I have not seen my love. On a Sunday I saw her standing at her door; maiden of a thousand graces, loved one of a thousand charms, would I were with her today! For a whole week joy has filled my heart, for I saw her on a Sunday on her way to church. . . .

### Dein blaues Auge

You hold your blue eyes so still; I cast mine upon the ground. You ask me what I want to see: I see myself made well.

A glowing pair burned within me, and still I feel the pain. But your eyes are as clear, as cool as the sea.

### Botschaft

Blow, little breeze, gently and sweetly around the cheeks of my beloved. Play tenderly among her curls, do not fly away hurriedly!

If, perchance, she then inquires how I, poor man, was faring, tell her: "Endless was his sorrow, and serious his plight. But now he can hope to joyfully live again, for you, lovely one, think of him".

### Drei Lieder der Ophelia (texts from Shakespeare's Hamlet)

#### "Wie erkenn ich meine Treulieb"

How should I my true love know from another one? By his cockle hat and staff and his sandal shoon. He is dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone; at his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone. White his shroud as the mountain snow, larded all with sweet flowers which bewept to the grave did not go with true love showers.

"Guten Morgen, 's 1st Sankt Valentinstag"

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's Day. All in the morning betime, and I a maid at your window, to be your Valentine. Then up he rose and donned his clothes and dugged the chamber door, let in the maid, that out a maid never departed more. By Gis and By Saint Charity, Alack, and fie for shame! Young men will do't if they come to't, by Cock, they are to blame. Quoth she, "Before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed." He answered: "So would I 'a' done, by yonder sun, an thou hadst not come to my bed."

"Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss"

They bore him barefaced on the bier, and in his grave rained many a tear--Fare you well, my dove!

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

And will'a not come again? And will'a not come again? No, no, he is dead, go to thy deathbed, he will never come again.

His beard was white as snow, all flaxen was his poll. He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away moan. God 'a' mercy on his soul! And of all Christian souls, I pray God, God bye you.

Elle était descendue

She went down to the foot of the meadow and, like the meadow, was all flowered with plants whose stems like to grow in the water. These flooded plants I had picked.

Soon having been wet, she climbed to the tope of that meadow which was all flowered. She was laughing and splashing about with the graceful awkwardness of girls who are too large. She had the kind of look of lavender flowers.

Les Lilas

The lilacs which flowered last year will flower anew in the dreary flower beds. Already the slender peach tree has sprinkled the blue sky with its roses like a child on Corpus Christi day. My heart should have died among these things, for it was in the midst of white and pink orchards that I had hoped for I don't know what from you. My soul reflects secretly on your lap. Don't push it away, don't disturb it, for fear of estranging it. It doesn't see how weak you are, and how disconcerted it is in your arms.

Tom Stiles

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20  
11-16