

Compact disc

NONCIRC CDS #17,585-17,586

V63

Monday November 28, 2016 - 7:30pm - Brechemin Auditorium

2016

The University of Washington School of Music

11-28

presents a

Voice Division Recital

CDI-#17,587

1 Remarks - Tom Harper

Program

2 Sag' meinen Dank 4:26
Trio from "Die Pilger von Mekka"

Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714-1787)

Katie Kelley, soprano, 'Balkis'
Zachary Buker, tenor, 'Ali'
Joshua Lutman, tenor, 'Osmin'
Ingrid Verhulsdonk, piano

3 Snake 3:50

Jake Heggie (*1961)

4 Woe-to-man from "Eve Song" 4:09

Katie Kelley, soprano
Ingrid Verhulsdonk, piano

5 Beau Soir 2:15

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

6 Widmung 2:16

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Erika Meyer, soprano
Andrew Romanick, piano

7 Nuits d'Étoiles 2:41

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

8 Fleur des Blés 1:50

Trevor Ainge, tenor
Emily Witt, piano

9 Oh! quante volte from "I Capuleti e i Montecchi" 7:09

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

10 A moonlit night on the Spring River (sung in Chinese) 6:55

arr. by Jingxin Xu

Yanyan Zhou, soprano
Ingrid Verhulsdonk, piano

11 Eifersucht und Stolz 1:34

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

12 Nell 2:06

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Jacob Caspe, tenor
Jeremy DesChane, piano

CD2-#17588

- 1 Ach, ich fühl's *from "Die Zauberflöte"* 3:26 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
2 Gretchen am Spinnrade 3:23 Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Christine Oshiki, soprano
Ingrid Verhulsdonk, piano
- 3 Let Beauty Awake 1:46 Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
4 Bright is the Ring of Words *from "Songs of Travel"* 1:41
Andrew Chiu, baritone
Emily Witt, piano
- 5 Im wunderschönen Monat Mai 1:30 Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
6 Aus meinen Tränen sprießen 0:55
7 Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube 0:33
8 Wenn ich in deine Augen seh' *from "Dichterliebe"* 1:53
Joshua Lutman, tenor
Jimmy Goeijenbier, piano
- 9 Beau Soir 2:00 Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
10 Ständchen 1:28 Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Monica Berndt, soprano
Yimo Zhang, piano
- 11 La Promessa 3:45 Giacomo Rossini (1792-1868)
12 Where e're you walk *from "Semele"* 3:36 George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
Tiema Qian, tenor
Gabriel B. Mañalac II, piano
- 13 My Letters 3:26 Libby Larsen (*1950)
14 If I leave all for Thee *from "Sonnets of the Portuguese"* 5:25
Dakota Miller, soprano
Emily Witt, piano
- 15 Spring *from "Six Elizabethan Songs"* 1:35 Dominick Argento (*1927)
16 Or sai chi l'onore *from "Don Giovanni"* 3:16 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Suzanna Mizell, soprano
Andrew Romanick, piano



Please join us for our next Voice Division Recital on Monday February 27, 2017.



Please turn off all pagers and cell phones as well as other electronic devices.

TRANSLATIONS

Sag' meinen Dank

ALI

I am touched by the lady's kindness;
I should indeed like to repay it with my ardour,
But another reigns in my soul whom I can never forget.

BALKIS

To love a beauty while she lives,
to leave her when you lose her – there's no harm in that.

ALI

I am touched by the lady's kindness;
I should indeed like to repay it with my ardour,
But another reigns in my soul whom I can never forget.

BALKIS

See my mistress: her lively tenderness,
Her radiant features will put an end to your regrets;
Fall in love all over again.

ALI

No, no, I can no longer fall in love;
My princess has been stolen from me.
No, no, I can no longer fall in love; all your words are in vain.

OSMIN

Come, come quickly and see this house;
In this happy refuge everything is plentiful.
Come and refresh yourself with good fare.
Numbers of servants, exquisite cool wines,
Partridge and woodcock, heavenly cooking.
What luck! What fortune! Oh, that's my place!
Go in, go in, you absolutely must.
I want him to go in. He'll go, to be sure: don't resist.

BALKIS

It's a small palace furnished at great cost especially for you.

ALI

You scamp, you've said that yes, that is your place.
It's nothing to me. I'm losing patience. Leave me, rascal.

BALKIS

Come in, come in. He'll have none of it.
Come in, believe me, don't resist.
He'll go, he'll go, to be sure.

Beau Soir

When at sunset the rivers are rose-tinted
And a warm breeze shivers across the wheat fields,
A suggestion to be happy seems to emanate from all things
And rises towards the restless heart.

A suggestion to savor the pleasure of being alive
While one is young and the evening is beautiful
For we shall go as this wave goes in the sea, we to the tomb.

Widmung

You my soul, you my heart, you my bliss, o you my pain,
You the world in which I live; you my heaven, in which I float,
O you my grave, into which I eternally cast my grief.

You are rest, you are peace, you are bestowed upon me from heaven.
That you love me makes me worthy of you;
Your gaze transfigures me before you;
You raise me lovingly above myself, my good spirit, my better self!

Nuits d'Étoiles

Starry night, beneath your pinions,
beneath your breeze and your perfumes,
Lyre, in sorrow, softly sighing, I dream of a love long past.
Melancholy, so sadly tranquil, fills with gloom my poor weary heart.
And I hear your dear soul, my darling, quivering in the dreamy wood.
I watch here at this, your small fountain your blue eyes like the sky;
This rose, it is my dear hope, and these fair stars; they are your eyes.

Fleur des blés

In the wheat field that the breeze makes wave and then unfurls in
a charming disorder, I thought it just right to gather you a bouquet.
Put it quickly into your bodice,
It is made in your image just as it was made for you....
Your little finger, I wager, has already whispered why:
These golden clusters, they are the wave of your blond hair
all gold and sunlight;
this poppy that banter, it is your mouth as red as blood.

Oh! quante volte

Here I am, dressed brilliantly...
Here I am, adorned... like a victim at the altar.
Oh! if only I could fall like a sacrifice at the base of the altar!
O nuptial flames, so horrid to me, so fateful,
may you ah! may you be my funeral torches.
I burn... a blaze, a furnace completely engulfs me.
A cooling breeze I seek vainly! Where are you, Romeo?
To what land have you gone?
Where, where shall I send you my yearning cries?
Oh! how many times,
oh! very often I call for you, crying to heaven!
With what ardor I look for you, and mislead my desire!
A vision of your face, ah! the sunlight seems to me:
Ah! the winds that drift around me seem to me to be your breath.

A moonlit night on the Spring River

The bright moon rises above the river.
In the river band there are endless flowers like silk ribbons.
The moon tides roll over and over thousands of miles with the stream.
The beautiful moonlight makes people feel amazing and joyful.

Eifersucht und Stolz

To where are you going so quickly, so ruffled and wild, my dear brook?
Do you hurry full of anger for the arrogant hunter?
Turn around and scold first your millermaid,
For her light, loose, little flirtatious mind,

Didn't you see her standing at the gate last night,
Craning her neck toward the large street?
When the hunter returns gaily home from the catch,
No decent girl sticks her head out the window.

Go, brooklet, and tell her that; but tell her not,
do you hear? - tell her no word of my sad face.
Tell her: he is carving a flute of cane
And plays pretty dances and songs for the children.

Nell

Under your bright sun, oh summer,
your red, red rose sparkles ecstatically.
Lean over me too with your golden cup – my heart resembles your rose.
Under the shady, sheltering leaves there rises a sigh of delight.
In the grove there are doves cooing, singing their love-songs.
How sweet in the flame-red sky is the pearl, the star of pensive night!
But how much sweeter is the vivid glow
that shines in my enchanted heart!
The singing sea all along its shores will end its eternal murmuring
before your image, oh Nell, my love ceases to bloom in my heart.

Ach, ich fühl's

Ah, I feel it, it has disappeared forever gone love's happiness!
Nevermore will come the hour of bliss back to my heart!
See, Tamino, these tears flowing, beloved, for you alone!
If you don't feel the longing of love then there will be peace in death!

Gretchen am Spinnrade

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy, I will find it never and never more.
Where I do not have him, that is the grave,
the whole world is bitter to me.
My poor head is crazy to me, my poor mind is torn apart.
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy, I will find it never and never more.
For him only, I look out the window
Only for him do I go out of the house.
His tall walk, his noble figure, his mouth's smile, his eyes' power,
And his mouth's magic flow, his hand clasp, and ah! his kiss!
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy, I will find it never and never more.
My bosom urges itself toward him. Ah, might I grasp and hold him!
And kiss him, as I would wish, at his kisses I should die!

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May
When all the buds are bursting open,
There, from my own heart, bursts forth my own love.

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May,
When all the birds are singing,
So have I confessed to her my yearning and my longing.

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

From my tears sprout forth many blooming flowers,
And my sighing becomes joined with the chorus of the nightingales.

And if you love me, dear child, I will send you so many flowers;
And before your window should sound the song of the nightingale.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun, I loved them all once in love's bliss.
I love them no more, I love only the Small, the Fine, the Pure, the One.

She herself, the source of all love, is the rose, lily, dove, and sun.
I love only that which is small, fine, pure, the one, the one!

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

When I gaze into your eyes, all my pain and woe vanishes;
Yet when I kiss your lips, I am made wholly and entirely healthy.

When I lay against your breast, it comes over me like longing for heaven;
Yet when you say, "I love you!" I must cry so bitterly.

Beau Soir

When at sunset the rivers are rose-tinted
And a warm breeze shivers across the wheat fields,
A suggestion to be happy seems to emanate from all things
And rises towards the restless heart.

A suggestion to savor the pleasure of being alive
While one is young and the evening is beautiful
For we shall go as this wave goes
It to the sea, we to the tomb.

Ständchen

The moon is above the mountain,
just right for people in love.
In the garden trickles a fountain;
otherwise, silence is far and wide.

By the wall, in the shadows,
stand three students
with flute and fiddle and zither,
singing and playing to their singing.

The sounds steal softly into the
most beautiful girl's dream;
she sees her blond sweetheart
and whispers "Forget me not!"

La Promessa

That I will ever be able to stop loving you,
No, believe it not, dear eyes,
Not even to joke would I deceive you.

You were and are my sparks,
And you will be, dear eyes,
My beautiful fire as long as I live.

Or sai chi l'onore

Then, I strengthened my screams, I called for help
Fled the felon; boldly him I followed
Finally into the street to stop him,
and am attacked attacker:
My father came, wanting to identify him, and the scoundrel
Who for the poor old man was too strong,
Completing his misdeed, by giving him death!

Now you know who sought to steal my honor,
Who was the betrayer who took my father.
Vengeance I ask, it asks your hear too.
Remember the wound the misery in his breast,
Remember how the blood covered the earth,
if the wrath in you languishes of just fury.