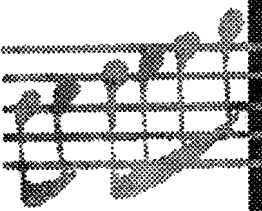


UW



B686  
1998  
5-10

JoAnne Bouma, mezzo-soprano  
James J. Myers, piano  
Brechemin Scholarship Quartet

Brechemin Auditorium  
May 10, 1998  
2:00 p.m.

School

of

Music

at

the

University

of

Washington

Presents

Wiederstehe doch der Sünde, Cantata 54

J.S. Bach  
(1685-1750)

Aria: Wiederstehe doch der Sünde  
Recit: Die Art verruchter Sünden  
Aria: Wer Sünde tut

James J. Myers, harpsichord  
Brechemin Scholarship Quartet:  
Lorenz Gamma, violin. David Lawson, violin.  
Nathen Medina, viola. Ching-Tzy Ko, violoncello.  
With guest violist, Jeanne Drumm.

From Des Knaben Wunderhorn

Gustav Mahler  
(1860-1911)

Rheinlegendchen  
Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt  
Lied des Verfolgten im Turm  
Lob des hohen Verstands

Chanson Perpétuelle, Opus 37

Ernest Chausson  
(1855-1899)

James J. Myers, piano  
Brechemin Scholarship Quartet

Intermission

Sea Pictures, Opus 37

Edward Elgar  
(1857-1934)

Sea Slumber-Song  
In Haven  
Sabbath Morning at Sea  
Where Corals Lie  
The Swimmer

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of D.M.A. in Vocal Performance. JoAnne Bouma is a student of Carmen Pelton.

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 (tty), 685-3885 (FAX).

Translations:

Widerstehe doch der Sünde

Resist sin, lest it overcome you with its poison.  
Do not allow yourself to be deceived by Satan, because one who  
desecrates God's honor encounters a deadly curse.

Die Art verruchter Sünden

The way of wicked sinners is truly lovely when seen from the outside.  
Nevertheless, later on one will experience grief, vexation and trouble. From the  
outside (sinfulness) appears as gold; yet when one persists in it, it shows  
itself to be an empty shadow and white-washed grave. (Sin) is like fruit from  
Sodom (and Gomorrah)--not suitable in God's kingdom. It is a sharp sword that  
will dismember body and soul.

Wer Sünde tut

Who commits sin is of the devil--for by sin he captures us. But when one resists  
his shameful bonds by means of fitting devotion he is forced to flee away.

Program Note:

This composition presents the lowest alto part found in any of Bach's cantatas--  
approximately a minor third lower (descending to low F) than the tessitura of his  
other alto solos. The most recent scholarly edition of his complete works states  
that it was probably composed for a church in which the organ was known to be  
sharp. However, there is no published edition available in a higher key (which  
would present additional difficulties for the strings anyway). You will hear it  
today as written.

Rheinlegendchen (Rhine Legend)

Now I mow by the Neckar, now by the Rhine;  
Now I have a sweetheart, now I am alone!  
What good is mowing, if the sickle doesn't cut?  
What good is a sweetheart if he doesn't stay with me?

Then should I mow by the Neckar, by the Rhine;  
I will throw my little gold ring in.  
It will float in the Neckar and float in the Rhine.  
It will swim right down into the deep sea!

And when it swims, the little ring, a fish will eat it.  
The fish will then land on the king's table.  
The king will ask, whose can the ring be?  
Then my sweetheart will say: "The ring belongs to me."

My sweetheart will spring up hill and down hill,  
And will bring back to me the fine little gold ring!  
You can mow by the Neckar, you can mow by the Rhine!  
You can toss to me always your little ring!

Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt

(Antonius of Padua's Fish Sermon)

Antonius at sermon time finds the church empty! He goes to the rivers and preaches to the fish! They flap with their tails! They gleam in the sunshine!

The carp with roe have all congregated, their jaws gaping, intent on listening. Never did a sermon so please the fish!

Sharp-snouted pike, that fence continually, swam up in a hurry to hear the holy man! Even those odd creatures that continually fast--I mean the dried cod--appear for the sermon. Never did a sermon so please the dried cod!

Good eels and sturgeon that people of quality relish, even they condescend to attend the sermon! Crabs too, and turtles, usually slowboats, climb hurriedly from the depths to hear this voice. Never did a sermon so please the crabs!

Fish large and fish small, of quality and common--raise their heads like understanding creatures. At God's command they listen to the sermon.

The sermon finished, each one turns away. The pike remain thieves, the eels great lovers; the sermon was pleasing--they all stay the same.

The crabs still go backwards, the codfish remain fat, the carp overeat--the sermon's forgotten! The sermon was pleasing; they all stay the same.

Lied des Verfolgten im Turm

(Song of the Persecuted in the Tower)

The prisoner vehemently determined: Thoughts are free! Who can guess them? They rush past like nocturnal shadows; no man can know them; no hunter can shoot them. It still is true--thoughts are free!

The maiden, despondently cajoling: Summer is a time for merriment, on high, wild heath. There one finds a green place, my heartily loving little sweetheart; it's from you that I don't want to separate!

The prisoner: And if they lock me up in a dark dungeon, all this is but wasted effort; for my thoughts will tear the bars apart and split the walls--thoughts are free!

The maiden: Summer is a time for merriment, on high, wild mountains. There one is always quite alone, on high wild mountains; there one hears no children yelling. The air invites one to himself.

The prisoner: So may it be the way it is! And if it happens, may it all happen secretly, only everything secretly! My wish and desire can be restrained by no one! It still remains true, thoughts are free!

The maiden: My sweetheart, you sing as cheerfully here as a bird in the grass; I stand so sadly at the prison door. If only I were dead, if only I were with you--alas, must I then always complain?

The prisoner: And since you complain so, I'll renounce love, and if I dare, then nothing can worry me. From the heart then I can laugh and joke for ever; it remains still true--thoughts are free!

**Lob des hohen Verstands (Praise of Lofty Judgement)**

Once in a deep valley the cuckoo and the nightingale began a wager; whoever sang the masterpiece, whether won by art or won by luck, thanks would that one take away.

The cuckoo spoke: "If you agree, I have chosen the judge." And he at once named the ass. "For since he has two large ears, he can hear all the better and recognize what is right."

Soon they flew before the judge. When he was told the matter, he decreed that they should sing. The nightingale sang out sweetly! The ass spoke: "You muddle me up! Heehaw! Heehaw! I can't get it into my head!" There upon the cuckoo began quickly his song in thirds and fourths and fifths. It pleased the ass, he spoke but: "Wait! I will pronounce judgement, yes pronounce."

You have sung well, nightingale! But, cuckoo, you sing a true anthem! And you hold the beat precisely! I speak from my higher understanding! And even if it costs a whole country, I thus pronounce you the winner!" Cuckoo, cuckoo! Heehaw!

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**Chanson Perpetuelle (Song Without an End)**

Trembling woods, star-studded sky, My beloved has gone away Carrying off my disconsolate heart. Winds, let your plaintive sounds, Let your songs, enchanting nightingales, Tell him that I am dying.

The first evening he came here My soul was at his mercy; Of pride I knew no more. Every glance of mine was a confession. He took me into his strong arms And kissed me near my tresses -- I felt a great thrill... And then, I do not recall how it happened, He had become my lover.

I used to tell him: You will love me As long as you are able to. Only in his arms did I sleep well. But he, feeling his heart grow cold, Went away the other morning Without me to a far-off land.

Because I have my lover no longer I shall die in the pond,  
Amidst the flowers, under the quiet currents.  
When I come to the shore, to the wind I shall speak his name dreamily,  
For there I waited for him often.  
And like in a golden shroud, My hair undone,  
To the mercy of the wind I shall abandon myself.  
The happy moments of the past will shed Their gentle glimmer on my brow,  
And their green reeds will entwine me,  
And my bosom will believe, trembling in their caressing embrace,  
That I am in the arms of my lover!