

CD
V63
2006
1-27

In commemoration of the 250th anniversary of the birth of
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Friday January 27, 2006 – Brechemin Auditorium – 7:30pm
The University of Washington School of Music
presents a

Voice Division Recital

The collage features a central black and white portrait of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, looking slightly to the right. The portrait is surrounded by various elements of musical notation and text. Above the portrait, there are several lines of handwritten musical notation in a cursive script, likely a manuscript. Below the portrait, there is a printed musical score on a staff with notes and clefs. The entire collage is set against a dark, textured background.

Salerno
Caro

DATE # 15,096

CD # 15,097

Program

1 Comments, T. Harper

2 Caro mio Druck und Schluck 2:55

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Constanze - Katie Copland, Soprano
Wolfgang - Teresa Lewis, Mezzo-Soprano
Friend H. - Tom Cohen, Tenor
Friend F. - Jon Farmer, Baritone
Rie Huguenin, Piano

3 An Chloë 2:28

W.A. Mozart
Justin Beale, Tenor
Dainius Kepezinskas, Piano

4 Dans un bois solitaire 3:22

5 Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte 1:30
W.A. Mozart
Marissa Rebadulla-Ramos, Soprano
Dainius Kepezinskas, Piano

6 Bester Jüngling 2:57
from *Der Schauspieldirektor*

W.A. Mozart
Sarah Moran, Soprano
Tom Joyce, Piano

7 Warnung 2:15
8 Nein 2:13

W.A. Mozart
F.X. Mozart (1791-1844)
Jon Farmer, Baritone
Heeyeon Cha, Piano

9 Voi che sapete 2:40
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

W.A. Mozart
Tessia Altiveras, Mezzo-Soprano
Tom Joyce, Piano

10 Das Veilchen 2:09
11 Abendempfindung 4:28

W.A. Mozart
Sarra Sharif, Soprano
Tom Joyce, Piano

12 Vedrommi intorno 3:38
from *Idomeneo*

W.A. Mozart
Julius Ahn, Tenor
Rie Huguenin, Piano

13 Durch Zärtlichkeit 3:23
from *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*

W.A. Mozart
Sarah Moran, Soprano
Tom Joyce, Piano

Rase, Schicksal, wüte immer
from *Zeitide*

W.A. Mozart
Vigthor Zophoniasson, Tenor
Megan Perry, Piano

Please turn off all cell phones and pagers.
Please hold applause until after each set.
Please join us in the Fishbowl for a reception after the concert.

Caro mio Druck und Schlack

My dearest Mr. Press and Swallow
 Oh God, to leave you, Mr. Fat and Round, brings such sorrow,
 A ton is not a pound!

My dearest little trifle, I must depart!
 But you must remain here, my "pointy-nose!"
 What pain! What torment!
 When it rains, it's wet!

You traitors! You barbarians! You beasts!
 You monsters! You tyrants! You rabble!
 Just look! You all are still crapping in your diapers!

My dear friend, don't get so worked up!
 (Oh shut up!)
 You know that what has been...already was.
 (Oh shut up!)
 Shut up? (Yes, shut up!) Shut up? (Yes, shut up!)
 My shoe laces? (Yes, your shoe laces!)
 My shoe laces? (Yes, your shoe laces!)
 Shut up? (Yes, shut up!)

Such anger, we surely can't help it!
 Mercy, mercy, it's already eight o'clock!
 (To the devil with you rabble!)
 Mercy, mercy me. The fleas are biting me!
 (Watch out, I'll break you necks!)
 Please have mercy! Or we'll have to poop!
 Mercy, mercy me. The fleas are biting me!
 (I remain resolute, sniffing my snuff!)
 Please have mercy! Or we'll have to poop!
 Mercy, mercy me. The fleas are biting me!

An Chloë

When love shines from your blue,
 bright, open eyes,
 and with the pleasure of gazing into them
 my heart pounds and glows;

and I hold you and kiss
 your rosy, warm cheeks,
 lovely maiden, and I clasp
 you trembling in my arms,

maiden, maiden, and I press
 you firmly to my breast,
 which at the last moment,
 only at death, will let you go;

then my intoxicated gaze is shadowed
 by a gloomy cloud,
 and I sit then, exhausted,
 but blissful, next to you.

Dans un bois solitaire

In a lonely and sombre forest
 I walked the other day;
 A child slept in the shade,
 It was a veritable Cupid.

I approach; his beauty fascinates me.
 But I must be careful:
 He has the traits of the faithless lover
 Whom I had sworn to forget.

He had lips of ruby,
 His complexion was also fresh like his.
 A sigh escapes me and he awakes;
 Cupid normally wakes at nothing.

Immediately opening his wings and seizing
 His vengeful bow
 And one of his cruel arrows as he parts,
 He wounds me to the heart.

"Go!" he says, "Go!"

At Sylvie's feet
 Will you languish anew!
 You shall love him all your life,
 For having dared awaken me."

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte

Generated by ardent fantasy;
 in a rapturous hour brought into this world --
 Perish, you children of melancholy!
 You owe the flames your existence,
 I restore you now to the fire,
 with all your rapturous songs.
 For alas! he sang them not to me alone.
 I burn you now, and soon, you love-letters,
 there will be no trace of you here.
 Yet alas! the man himself, who wrote you,
 may still perhaps burn long in me.

Bester Jüngling

Dearest youth, with delight
 I accept your love,
 For in your charming glances
 I can find my happiness.
 But, oh, if sad sorrow
 Should come after our love,
 Might it cancel out our joys?
 Young man, think it over well!
 Nothing is as precious and dear to me
 As your heart and your hand.
 With the purest passion of love
 I pledge my heart to you!

Warnung

Men are always searching
 for something to nibble;
 if one leaves them alone
 they'll easily find a maiden to snatch,
 for they know how to surprise them;
 and should it be any wonder?
 maidens are fresh-blooded,
 and these snacks taste so good.
 But a snack before the meal can ruin one's appetite.
 Many who forget this lose both
 the treasure they possess and their beloved with it.
 Fathers, let this be a warning to you:
 lock up your sugarcandies!
 Lock up your young girls!

Nein

Oh may I sing to your glory
 Like bards renowned in story,
 And make a song for you?
 May I? You answer softly:
 "No, dearest youth, ah no!"

Oh may I in sad numbers
 Awaken echo's slumbers
 And say: "My heart is true"?
 May I? You murmur fondly:
 "No, dearest youth, ah no!"

Oh may I speak my yearning,
 Though tears my eyes are burning,
 My passion and my woe?
 May I? - My gaze returning:
 "No, dearest youth, ah no!"

Then will I in silence languish,
 Subdue my bitter anguish,
 My constant love to show.
 Oh speak: "At last I'm vanquished,
 No, dearest youth, ah no!"

Voi che sapete

You ladies, who know what love is,
 See if I have it in my heart.
 What I feel, I'll repeat to you.
 It's new for me; I can't understand it.
 I feel an emotion full of desire
 Which is now pleasure, now torture. I
 I freeze, and feel my soul
 Bursting into flames;
 And in a moment I freeze again.
 I'm seeking a treasure outside of me --
 I don't know who holds it;
 I don't know what it is.
 I sigh and moan without wanting to;
 I quiver and tremble without knowing why.
 I find peace neither night nor day,
 But yet I enjoy languishing that way.

Das Veilchen

A violet stood upon the lea,
Hunched o'er in anonymity;
So amiable a violet!
Along there came a young shepherdess
Light paced, full of contentedness
Along, along,
The lea, and sang her song.
Ah!" thinks the violet, "were I just
The fairest flower in the dust
For just a little while yet,
Until that darling seizes me
And to her bosom squeezes me!
For just, for just a quarter hour long!"
Ah! And alas! There came the maid
And no heed to the violet paid,
Crushed the poor little violet.
It sank and died, yet filled with pride:
"And though I die, I shall have died
Through her, through her,
And at her feet have died."
Poor little violet! So amiable a violet!

Abendempfindung

Evening it is; the sun has vanished,
And the moon streams with silver rays;
Thus flee Life's fairest hours,
Flying away as if in a dance.
Soon away will fly Life's colorful scenes,
And the curtain will come rolling down;
Done is our play, the tears of a friend
Flow already over our grave.
Soon, perhaps (the thought gently arrives like the west wind –
A quiet foreboding) I will part from life's pilgrimage,
And fly to the land of rest.
If you will then weep over my grave,
Gaze mournfully upon my ashes,
Then, oh Friends, I will appear
And waft you all heavenward.
And You my beloved, bestow also a little tear on me,
And pluck me a violet for my grave,
And with your soulful gaze,
Look then gently down on me.
Consecrate a tear for me, and ah!
Do not be ashamed to cry;
Those tears will be in my diadem then:
the fairest pearls!

Vedrommi intorno

I shall see about me a lamenting shade,
which night and day will cry to me, "I am innocent."

The blood spilt from his pierced breast,
his pale corpse will point out to me my crime.

What horror, what grief!
How many times this heart will die of torment!

Durch Zärtlichkeit

Through tenderness and flattery
Through pleasantries and merriment
One conquers easily the hearts
Of innocent girls.
But sullen commanding
And scolding, quarreling, tormenting,
Makes vanish in a few days
Both love and faithfulness.

Rase, Schicksal, wüte immer

Rage, fate, keep on storming,
this shield stands up to your anger;
I no longer fear your blows,
this picture makes everything right.

These charming eyelids,
the purple color of her mouth
pay me back ten times over,
even though your senselessness is destroying me.

You are cordially invited to our next Voice Division Recital:

“Go for Baroque”

featuring works of Handel, Bach and other composers of the 18th century -

Monday April 10, 2006 – Brechemin Auditorium – 7:30pm