

University of Washington
School of Music
Brechemin Auditorium
5:00 p.m., Saturday, October 14, 1995

B67
1995
10-14

JoAnne Bouma, mezzo soprano

Assisted by:

Linda Siverts, piano
Deborah Smith, clarinet
Christine Graham, soprano

From Orlando (1733)

"*Sorge infausta una procella*"

G. F. Handel
(1685 - 1759)

"*Lamento*"

"*Le Manoir de Rosamonde*"

"*L'Invitation au Voyage*"

Henri Duparc
(1848 - 1933)

From Sechs Lieder für Sopran,
Klarinette und Klavier, Opus 103 (1837)

"*Wach auf*"

"*Zwiesengesang*"

"*Sei still mein Herz*"

Louis Spohr
(1784 - 1859)

A Charm of Lullabies, Opus 41 (1949)

"*A Cradle Song*"

"*The Highland Balou*"

"*Sephestia's Lullaby*"

"*A Charm*"

"*The Nurse's Song*"

Benjamin Britten
(1913 - 1976)

INTERMISSION

From Möricke Lieder

"*Fussreise*"

"*Lebe wohl!*"

"*Nimmersatte Liebe*"

"*Gesang Weylas*"

"*Der Feuerreiter*"

Hugo Wolf
(1860 - 1903)

Bermudas, Opus 37 (1993)

Lee Hoiby
(b. 1926)

From Cabaret Songs (1978)

"*Black Max*"

"*Amor*"

William Bolcom
(b. 1938)

There will be a reception in the Faculty Lounge following this program.

JoAnne Bouma is a student of Carmen Pelton.

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Musical Arts in vocal performance.

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); acces @u.washington.edu (E-mail).



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TEXT TRANSLATIONS:

Sorge infausta una procella:

A dismal tempest is brewing
Which darkens the sky and the sea,
Then a brilliant star shines
Bringing cheer to every heart.
Even a strong person may err,
But delivered of that error,
That which formerly gave him pain
Now brings him great joy.

Lamento:

Do you know the white tomb
Where with a plaintive sound floats
The shadow of a yew-tree?
On the yew-tree a pale dove,
Sad and alone in the setting sun,
Sings its song.
One could say that the awakened soul
Weeps under the earth in unison
With the song,
And of the misfortunes of having been
forgotten,
Complains, cooing very softly.
Oh! Never more near the tomb
Shall I go, when evening descends
With its dark mantle,
To hear the pale dove
Sing, on the branch of the yew-tree,
Its plaintive song!

Le Manoir de Rosamonde:

With its sudden and voracious teeth,
Like a dog love has bitten me.
If you follow my blood that was shed,
You could easily find my trail.
Take a horse of good breed,
Go and follow my arduous road,
Through pitfalls and lost trails,
If the chase will not make you weary!
Passing where I have passed,
You will see that alone and wounded
I travelled over this sorrowful world.
And thus I wrought my own death
Far, far away, without discovering
The blue manor of Rosamund.

L'Invitation au Voyage:

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet it would be
To go down there, to live together,
To love free from care,
To love and to die
In the land that resembles you!
The moist suns
Of these misty skies,
To my mind, have the charm,
So mysterious,
Of your treacherous eyes,
Sparkling through their tears.
There, everything is order and beauty.
Luxury, calm and pleasure!
See on these canals
The sleeping boats
That capriciously like to roam;
'Tis to satisfy
Your slightest wish
They have come from the ends of the
world.

The setting suns

Again clothe the fields,
The canals, the whole town,
With hyacinth and gold;
The whole world falls asleep
In a warm light!
There everything is order and beauty,
Luxury, calm and pleasure!

Wach auf:

Why do you delay, lost in thought?
Ah, love has been awake so long!
Do you not hear its sound all around?
Little birds are carolling sweet lays,
From bare trees little leaves shoot
gently forth;
Life is flowing in bough and twig.
Drops slide from woodland slopes,
The brooklet frisks ebulliently;
The sky stoops to the limpid water,
Their blues reflecting wondrously.
Joy vibrates in form and sound,
An endless process in an endless drive!
Why are you so anxious and lost in thought?
Ah, love has been awake so long!

Zwiegesang:

In the still, lovely May night
A small bird sat in the lilac-bush;
Below, in the tall grass, a girl
In the still, lovely May night.
When the girl sang, the bird fell silent;
When the bird sang, the girl listened;
And their dialogue filled with sound
The whole moonlit valley.

What was the bird singing amid the branches
Through the still, lovely May night?
And what, likewise, was the girl singing
Through the still, lovely May night?
The bird sang of spring sunshine,
The girl of love's bliss;
How that song moved my heart
I'll not forget so long as I live.

Sei still mein Herz:

I cherished hope deep in my heart,
Which trustingly I had opened to you;
Eyes filled with lovelight shone on me
When hope's magic encircled me,
When I listened to its beguiling voice--
Now its echo is lost in the tempest.
Be still, my heart, think of it no more:
This now is the truth, the rest was delusion.

Before me in the dream of spring
Lay the earth, glowing with light and warmth,
And rapturously I paced up and down my room;
My heart blossomed forth, the springtime
Of love was aroused in me--
Now frost pervades me, and darkness my soul.
Be still, my heart; think of it no more;
This now is the truth, the rest was delusion.

Throughout life I built myself a bridge.
Of flowers and sunny radiance
On which I walked, wreathed in laurel,
Dedicated to the noblest aspiration,
With mankind's thanks my richest reward--
The mob laughed out loud in derisive scorn.
Be still, my heart; think of it no more;
This now is the truth, the rest was delusion.

Fussreise:

When with a freshly-cut walking staff,
In the early morning hours,
I walk through the woods,
Uphill and down;
And a little bird in the branches
Sings and bestirs itself,
Or the golden grape
Is rejoicing
In the first rays of the sun:
Then the old dear Adam in me feels also
The spring and autumn fever,
Cherished by the Lord,
Never to be wasted,
The first joys of Paradise.
After all, you are not as bad,
Old Adam,
As the stern teachers say;
You still love and cherish,
Still sing and praise,
As on an ever new day of creation,
Your beloved Creator and Protector.
I wish it were so,
That my whole life were spent
In the easy sweat of wandering,
As on the morning walk!

Lebe wohl:

"Farewell!" You do not feel
What it means, this word of sorrow;
With a confident face
You said it, lightheartedly.
"Farewell!" A thousand times
I pronounced it aloud to myself,
And with unrelenting pain
Have broken my heart over it!

Nimmersatte Liebe:

So this is how love is!
Never appeased by kisses;
What fool would vainly
Try to fill a sieve with water?
If you were to try for a thousand years,
And kiss forever,
You would not be sated.
Love has constantly
Strange new desires:
We bit our lips until they were sore
While we kissed today.
The maiden remained quite still,
Like a lamb under the knife;
Her eyes pleaded: Go on forever,
The more it hurts, the better!
This is how love is, and has always been,
As long as it has existed,
And even the great Solomon, the Wise,
Loved no differently.

Gesang Weylas:

Thou art Orplid* my land!
Shining from afar,
Thy sunny shore
Draws upward from the sea
The mist which moistens the cheeks
of the gods.
Primeval water surge
About thy loins and find new youth,
my child!
Before thy divinity
Kings bow who are thy vassals.

*Orplid--an imaginary island whereon
stands a statue of the goddess Weyla.

Der Feuerreiter:

See, at the window
There, his red cap again?
Something must be wrong,
For he's pacing back and forth,
And suddenly: what thronging crowds
Near the bridge, heading
for the fields!
Hark, the fire-bell!
Behind the hill, Behind the hill,
The mill is on fire!

Look--there he comes,
frenziedly galloping
Through the gate: the Fire Rider
Straddling his ribby mount
Like a fireman's ladder!
Across the fields he rides
through smoke and sultry heat;
He has already reached his goal!
Over there the bell rings on and on:
Behind the hill, Behind the hill,
The mill is on fire!

You, who so often smelt a blaze
A mile off, who with a splinter
from the Holy Cross
Wickedly conjured the fire--
Ah! Grinning at you from the rafters,
There, the fiend, in the hellish light.
God have mercy on your soul!
Behind the hill, Behind the hill,
He (the fiend) is raging in the mill!

It did not take even an hour
For the mill to burst into pieces;
But from that hour the bold rider
Was never seen again.
People, carts go thronging
Homewards from the horror;
And the bell, too stops ringing;
Behind the hill, Behind the hill,
A fire!

Afterwards a miller found
A skeleton, complete with cap,
Upright against the cellar wall,
Mounted on the fleshless mare:
So cool, Fire-rider,
Are you riding in your grave!
Hush! Instantly into ash it falls.
Rest in peace, Rest in peace,
Down here in the mill!

A Personal Note on "Bermudas":

The Bermuda islands for many centuries were widely believed to be bewitched, the subject of lurid legends and tall tales which are the source of today's Bermuda Triangle stories. The poetry of this work was composed by one Andrew Marvell in 1693 to help a fellow Puritan, John Oxenbridge, sell shares in a company organized to exploit the islands. Marvell's elegant poem dispels the fantastic tales that were plaguing the island's reputation and inhibiting investors. It replaces these tales with an accurate list of Bermuda's resources, couched in language from the Psalms of David and the Song of Solomon, in keeping with the high spiritual tone of Oliver Cromwell's regime.

I have yearned for many years to visit these islands, and it was exactly one day after booking airline reservations this past summer that the score to Bermudas arrived in the mail. Linda and I were captivated with the work upon the initial read-through and immediately decided it had to be a part of this recital. In an ironic twist so typical of real life, I worked through Bermudas for the first time by oil-lamp-light (Hurricane Felix had knocked out all electricity) during our August stay on the islands. It is my hope that you will find this work as bewitchingly beautiful as we found both it and the islands themselves!