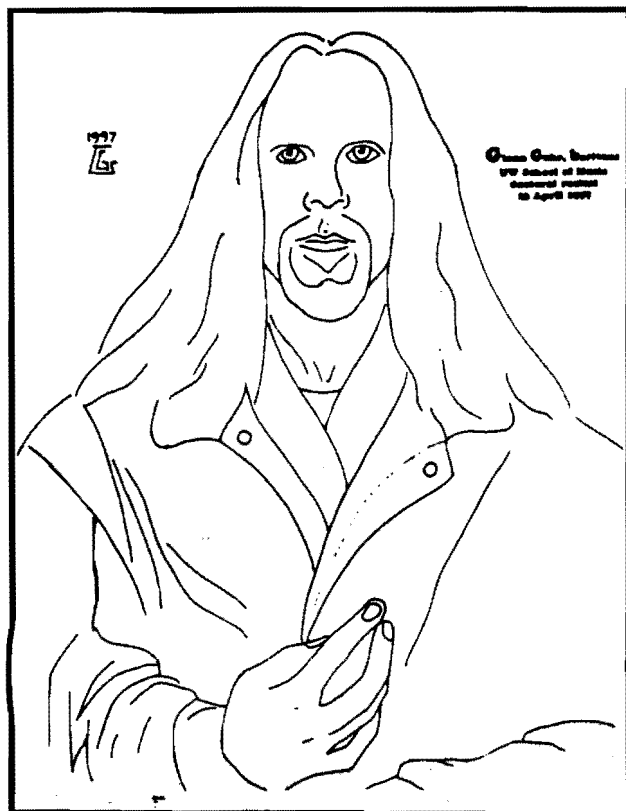


**THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
SCHOOL OF MUSIC**

PRESENTS

G775
1997
4-13



Glenn Guhr, baritone

with
Jonathon Jou, piano
and
Robert McPherson, tenor

Sunday, April 13, 1997
5:00 pm
Brechemin Auditorium

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
"Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo" K. 584

George Butterworth (1885-1916)
Six Songs from "A Shropshire Lad"

1. Loveliest of trees
 2. When I was one-and-twenty
 3. Look not in my eyes
 4. Think no more, lad
 5. The lads in their hundreds
 6. Is my team ploughing?
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Giacome Puccini (1858-1924)
from *La Bohème*
"In un coupe?/O Mimì, tu più non torni"

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
from *Les Pêcheurs de perles*
"Au fond du temple saint"

Robert McPherson, tenor
Glenn Guhr, baritone

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
Don Quichotte à Dulcinée
1. Chanson romanesque
2. Chanson épique
3. Chanson à boire

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Le Bestiaire
1. Le dromadaire
2. La chèvre du Thibet
3. La sauterelle
4. Le dauphin
5. L'écrevisse
6. La carpe

Modest Musorgsky (1839-1881)
Pesni i P'aski Smerti
1. Kalybel'naja
2. Serenada
3. Trepak
4. Palkavodets

INTERMISSION

There will be a reception in the Faculty Lounge following the recital.

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Musical Arts in Vocal Performance. Mr. Guhr is a student of Julian Patrick.

↑
Side A

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Side B

W.A. Mozart (1756-91)

"Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo", K. 584

words by Lorenzo da Ponte

1789

"Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo" was originally composed for the comic opera *Così fan tutte* but was never used. It was replaced by the more succinct "Mustache" aria. In the opera, Guglielmo and Ferrando make a bet with the older Don Alfonso as to the faithfulness of their lovers. In accordance with the wager, the young men pretend to leave for the war only to return disguised as Albanians in order to seduce each others lover. In this aria, a disguised Guglielmo attempts to impress the young ladies with his and Ferrando's assets.



(to Fiordiligi)

Turn your gaze on him
and you will see the state he is in:
everything declares: "I freeze, I burn;
beloved, have pity, have pity."

(to Dorabella)

And you, my darling, for just a moment
turn your lovely eyes to me,
and in mine you will discover
what my lips cannot utter.

An impassioned Orlando
is nothing compared to me;
Medoro with wounded breast
I count as nothing compared to him.
My sighs are flames,
his desire is of bronze.

If we are speaking of merits,
I am certain, and he is certain
that no equals can be found
from Vienna to Canada.

In wealth we are both Croesus,
in beauty, both Narcissus;
in love, Mark Antony
would look foolish compared with us.

We are stronger than a Cyclops,
as men of letters, Aesop's equals.
When we dance, Monsieur Pich yields to us,
so graceful and nimble are our steps.

If we sing, with one single trill
we put the nightingale to shame;
and we have still other assets
which are known to no-one.

(The girls go off angrily)

Lovely, lovely, they're standing firm,
they're leaving and I'm delighted!
Heroines of constancy,
they are very images of faithfulness.

Translation by Lionel Salter

George Butterworth (1885-1916)
Six Songs from "A Shropshire Lad"
 words by A. E. Housman
 1911

At the time of his death at the age of 31, Butterworth was considered to be one of the most promising English composers of his generation. Unfortunately, the First World War cut interrupted his career. Like many idealistic young Englishmen, he enlisted. He was killed in France in August of 1916.

Six Songs from "A Shropshire Lad" is the first of two cycles of songs that Butterworth composed on selections from Housman's collection of poetry *A Shropshire Lad* (1896). The first song in the cycle was also used as the basis for an orchestral rhapsody *A Shropshire Lad* (1911).

I. Loveliest of trees

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
 Is hung with bloom along the bough,
 And stands about the woodland ride
 Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my three score years and ten,
 Twenty will not come again,
 And take from seventy springs a score,
 It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
 Fifty springs are little room,
 About the woodlands I will go
 To see the cherry hung with snow.

II. When I was one-and twenty

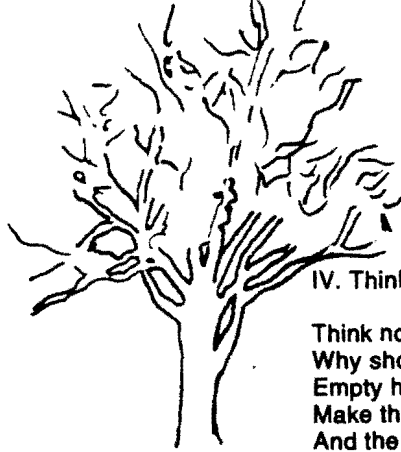
When I was one-and-twenty
 I heard a wise man say,
 "Give crowns and pounds and guineas
 But not your heart away;
 Give pearls away and rubies
 But keep your fancy free."
 But I was one-and-twenty,
 No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
 I heard him say again,
 "The heart out of the bosom
 Was never given in vain;
 'Tis paid with sighs a plenty,
 And sold for endless rue."
 And I am two-and twenty,
 And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

III. Look not in my eyes

Look not in my eyes, for fear
 They mirror true the sight I see,
 And there you find your face too clear
 And love it and be lost like me.
 One the long nights through must lie
 Spent in star-defeated sighs,
 But why should you as well as I
 Perish? gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
 One that many loved in vain,
 Looked into a forest well
 And never looked away again.
 There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
 With downward eye and gazes sad,
 Stands amid the glancing showers
 A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.



IV. Think no more, lad

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly:
 Why should men make haste to die?
 Empty heads and tongues a-talking
 Make the rough road easy walking,
 And the feather pate of folly
 Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing drinking
 Spins the heavy world around.
 If young hearts were not so clever,
 Oh, they would be young for ever:
 Think no more; 'tis only thinking
 Lays lads underground.

V. The Lads in their hundreds

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
 There's men from the barn and the forge and mill and the
 fold,
 The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
 And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and
 the cart,
 And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
 And many the handsome of face and the handsome of
 heart,
 And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
 The fortunate fellows that now you can never the discern;
 And then one could talk with the friendly and with them
 farewell
 And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to
 scan;
 And brushing your elbow unguessed and not to be told
 They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
 The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

VI. Is my team ploughing?

"Is my team ploughing,
 That I was used to drive
 And hear the harness jingle
 When I was man alive?"

Ay, the horses trample,
 The harness jingles now;
 No change though you lie under
 The land you used to plough.

"Is football playing
 Along the river-shore,
 With lads to chase the leather,
 Now I stand up no more?"

Ay, the ball is flying,
 The lads play heart and soul;
 The goal stands up, the keeper
 Stands up to keep the goal.

"Is my girl happy,
 That I thought hard to leave,
 And has she tired of weeping
 As she lies down at eve?"

Ay, she lies down lightly,
 She lies not down to weep:
 Your girl is well contented.
 Be still, my lad, and sleep.

"Is my friend hearty,
 Now I am thin and pine,
 And has he found to sleep in
 A better bed than mine?"

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
 I lie as lads would choose;
 I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
 Never ask me whose.

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

"In un coupé?/O Mimi tu più non torni", *La Bohème*
 libretto by Giuseppe Giacosa and Luigi Illica
 1896

Puccini based his opera on Henri Murger's novel *Scènes de la vie de Bohème*. Leoncavallo had offered Puccini a libretto based on the novel some years earlier. Puccini showed little interest in the libretto and Leoncavallo decided to set the story himself. In the meantime, Puccini discovered the original novel, apparently having forgotten Leoncavallo's libretto, and set about composing an opera to a libretto by his Giacosa and Illica.

In the opera, the painter Marcello (baritone) and the writer Rodolfo (tenor) live with several other "Bohemians" in a Parisian garret. In Act I, Rodolfo meets and falls in love with the consumptive Mimi, and in the second act Marcello is reunited with his on-again-off-again lover, the flirtatious Musetta. By Act IV, both men are separated from their lovers. They pretend to be complacent and attempt to continue their writing and painting, but the memory of their loves intrudes upon their work.

Mar: In a coach?
 Rod: With a pair of horses and livery.
 She greeted me, laughing.
 "So, Musetta," I said,
 "How's your heart?"
 "It doesn't beat, or I don't feel it -
 Thanks to the velvet that covers it."
 Mar: I'm glad to hear it.
 Rod: (Go on, you faker. You're consumed within
 And laughing.)
 Mar: Not beating? Good.
 I also saw...
 Rod: Musetta?
 Mar: Mimi.
 Rod: You saw her?
 Ah, really!
 Mar: She was in a carriage
 Dressed like a queen.
 Rod: Excellent! I'm delighted.
 Mar: (Liar. He's consumed by love.)
 Rod: Back to work.
 Mar: Back to work.
 Rod: This wretched pen!
 Mar: This wretched brush!

Rodolfo: (O Mimi, you won't return again. O happy days, Tiny hands, fragrant hair, Snow-white neck! Ah! Mimi, My brief youth.)	Marcello: (I don't understand How my brush works And paints colors against my will.)
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Rodolfo: (And you, little bonnet, That she hid beneath her pillow When she left, you know all Of our joy. Come to my heart, My heart that's dead Since our love is dead.)	Marcello: (Whether I wish to paint Earth or sky Or winter or spring My brush outlines two dark eyes And a provocative mouth And there again is Musetta's face... There is Musetta's face So charming and so false. Meanwhile, Musetta is enjoying herself And my worthless heart Calls for her and waits for her.)
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Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

"Au fond du temple saint", *Les Pêcheurs de perles* (The Pearl Fishers)
 libretto by Eugène Cormon and Michel Carré
 1863

Bizet's opera *Les Pêcheurs de perles* (The Pearl Fishers) was coolly received when it was debuted in 1863. Bizet had composed the work in connection with his receipt of the Prix de Rome. However, his dramatic gifts were not yet fully developed. It would take until *Carmen* (1875) before he felt comfortable in the genre. Unfortunately, he died shortly after.

At the beginning of *Les Pêcheurs de perles*, Zurga (baritone), the leader of his village, is reunited with Nadir (tenor) after a long estrangement due to their love for the same priestess. In this duet, they recall the beauty that drove them apart, but swear now to remain always friends.

Nad: In the heart of the sacred temple,
 Dressed with flowers and gold,
 A woman appeared.
 I think I see her again.
 Zur: A woman appeared.
 I think I see her again.
 Nad: The prostrate crowd
 Regards her with wonder
 And murmurs softly:
 See, it is the goddess
 Who moves in the shadows
 And extends her arms towards us.
 Zur: She lifts her veil.
 O vision. O dream.
 The crowd kneels.
 Both: Yes, it is she, it is the goddess,
 The most charming and the most beautiful.
 Yes, it is she, it is the goddess
 Who descends to us.
 She lifts her veil
 And the crowd kneels.
 Nad: But through the crowd
 A path opens.
 Zur: Her veil again hides her face from us.
 Nad: My glances, alas, seek her in vain.
 Zur: She flees!
 Nad: She flees!
 But, suddenly, in my heart
 What strange ardor shines.
 Zur: What new fire consumes me.
 Nad: Your hand rejects mine.
 Zur: Your hand rejects mine.
 Nad: Love possesses our hearts
 And changes us to enemies.
 Zur: No, let nothing separate us.
 Nad: No, nothing!
 Both: Let us swear to remain friends.
 Oh, yes, let us swear to remain friends.
 Yes, it is she, it is the goddess
 Who came that day to unite us.
 And faithful to my promise,
 I will cherish you like a brother.
 It is she, it is the goddess
 Who came that day to unite us.
 Oh, let us share the same fate,
 Let us be friends until death!

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée (Don Quixote to Dulcinea)

words by Paul Morand

1932

The songs in this short cycle (originally for baritone and orchestra) were intended for the film *Don Quichotte* starring Chaliapine in the title role. Instead, music by Jacques Ibert was chosen for the film. Each of the three songs in Ravel's set is based on a different rhythm used by Spanish dancers: respectively, 1) guajira, 2) zorzica, 3) jota.

1. Chanson romanesque

Were you to tell me that the earth
Offended you with so much turning,
Speedily would I dispatch Panza:
You should see it motionless and silent.

Were you to tell me that you are weary
Of the sky too much adorned with stars,
Destroying the divine order,
With one blow I would sweep them from the night.

Were you to tell me that space
Thus made empty does not please you,
God-like Knight, lance in hand,
I would stud the passing wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood
Belongs more to myself than to you, my Lady,
I would pale beneath the reproach
And I would die, blessing you.

O Dulcinea.

2. Chanson épique

Good St. Michael who gives me liberty
To see my Lady and to hear her.
Good St. Michael who deigns to elect me
To please her and to defend her,
Good St. Michael, I pray you descend
With St. George upon the altar
Of the Madonna of the blue mantle.

With a beam from heaven bless my sword
And its equal in purity
And its equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity: my Lady.

(O great St. George and St. Michael)
The angel who watches over my vigil,
My gentle Lady so much resembling
You, Madonna of the blue mantell

Amen.

3. Chanson à boire

A fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who to shame me in your sweet eyes,
Says that love and old wine
Will bring misery to my heart, my soul!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the one aim
To which I go straight...
When I am drunk!

A fig for the jealous fool, dark-haired mistress,
Who whines, who weeps and vows
Ever to be this pallid lover
Who waters the wine of his intoxication!

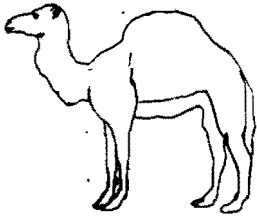
I drink to joy!
Joy is the one aim
To which I go straight...
When I am drunk!

translations by Winifred Radford



Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Le Bestiaire ou cortège d'Orphée
 (The Bestiary or Procession of Orpheus)
 words by Guillaume Apollinaire
 1918

Poulenc composed the songs in this cycle at the age of 20. He had originally set 12 of Apollinaire's short poems, but kept only six on the advice of fellow composer Georges Auric. The songs were his first, but he was to note years later that they were "typically Poulenc". Already his personal mixture of humor and lyricism combined with a natural and economic expression are clear. He also found an affinity with the poetry of Apollinaire, both melancholy and joyous, which would continue throughout his career. He had even met Apollinaire and found hearing the poet's own voice important in judging the character of his poetry.



1. Le dromadaire (The Dromedary)

With his four dromedaries
 Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
 Roamed the world over and admired it
 He did what I would like to do
 If I had four dromedaries.



2. La chèvre du Thibet (The Tibetan Goat)

The hair of this goat and even
 That hair of gold for which so much trouble was taken
 By Jason are worth nothing to the value
 Of the hair of her I love.



3. La sauterelle (The Grasshopper)

Here is the delicate grasshopper
 The nourishment of St. John
 May my verses be likewise
 The Feast of superior people.

4. Le dauphin (The Dolphin)

Dolphins you sport in the sea
 Yet the waters are always briny
 At times my joy bursts forth
 But life is still cruel.



5. L'écrevisse (The Crayfish)

Uncertainty O! my delights
 You and I we progress
 Just like the crayfish
 Backwards backwards.



6. La carpe (The Carp)

In your fish-ponds in your pools
 Carp how long you live
 Is it that death has forgotten you
 Fish of melancholy?

translations by Winifred Radford



Modest Musorgsky (1839-1881)

Pesni i Pt'aski Smerti (Songs and Dances of Death)
poems by Arsenji Golenishchev-Kutusov
1875-77

The *Songs and Dances of Death* began as a plan by Musorgsky to compose a series of songs to poems about death by his friend Golenishchev-Kutusov. The series was to be called simply *Ona* ("It" or "She" referring to the feminine noun for death): The first three of the songs were composed in 1875, intended as the first installment in the series. The last songs was composed in 1877, obviously for a much different voice type. Musorgsky wrote enthusiastically to Golenishchev-Kutusov about hearing a tenor sing it at a party. The four songs were not published until after Musorgsky's death when they were put together under the title we now know.

The songs in the cycle are often greatly misunderstood. Musorgsky was not attempting to portray Death as an altogether grim figure. Rather, he was attracted to the depiction in the poetry of different aspects of Death. He also played upon the ironic aspects of the poetry, such as the portrayal of Death as more compassionate and comforting than the mother in the first song. Only in the last song is Death portrayed as antagonistic, but even so, it is people's fighting that brought so much death to the country.

I. Kalybel'naja (Cradle Song)

The child is groaning...
The melting candle dimly twinkles.
All through the night, the mother, rocking the cradle,
does not fall asleep.
Early in the morning, at the door, carefully, Death the
compassionate knocks.
The startled mother glances back worriedly.

*"Do not be frightened, my friend!
Pale morning is already looking in at the window.
Crying, grieving, loving, you have tired yourself out.
Rest yourself a bit. I will sit for you.
You could not calm the child; I will sing sweeter than
you."*

"Hush! The child is tossing, knocking against the
cradle.
He is tormenting my soul!"

"Well, with me he will soon be calm. Lullaby, by, by."

"His cheeks are getting pale. His breath is weakening.
Stop talking, I bet you!"

*"This is a good sign. His suffering will soon end.
Lullaby, by, by."*

"Go away, cursed one! Your caress will kill my joy."

*"No, I will bring peaceful dreams to the child. Lullaby,
by, by."*

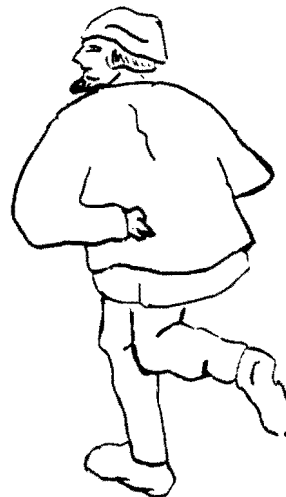
"Have mercy, for a moment at least, stop singing your
horrible song!"

*"See, during my quiet singing, he has fallen asleep.
Lullaby, by, by."*

II. Serenada

The blue night enchants with sweet bliss
In the trembling twilight of spring.
A sick woman, with hung head, listens
To the whisper of the night's silence.
Life calls her to delight;
And under her window, in the silence of midnight,
Death is singing a serenade:

*"In the darkness of captivity, severe and cramped,
Your youth is fading.
I, an unknown knight with marvelous power, will
liberate you.
Get up, look at yourself: your face is shining with
translucent beauty,
Your cheeks are rosy, your waving braids wind about
you like a dark cloud;
Your blue eyes shine with eagerness,
Brighter than the skies and flames;
Your breath is as warm as the midday...
You have seduced me.
You were captured by my serenade,
Your whisper called the knight.
The knight came for his last reward:
The hour of ecstasy has come.
Your fragile figure, ecstatic, is trembling.
I will strangle you in strong embraces;
Love, listen to my words...
be silent...
You are mine!"*



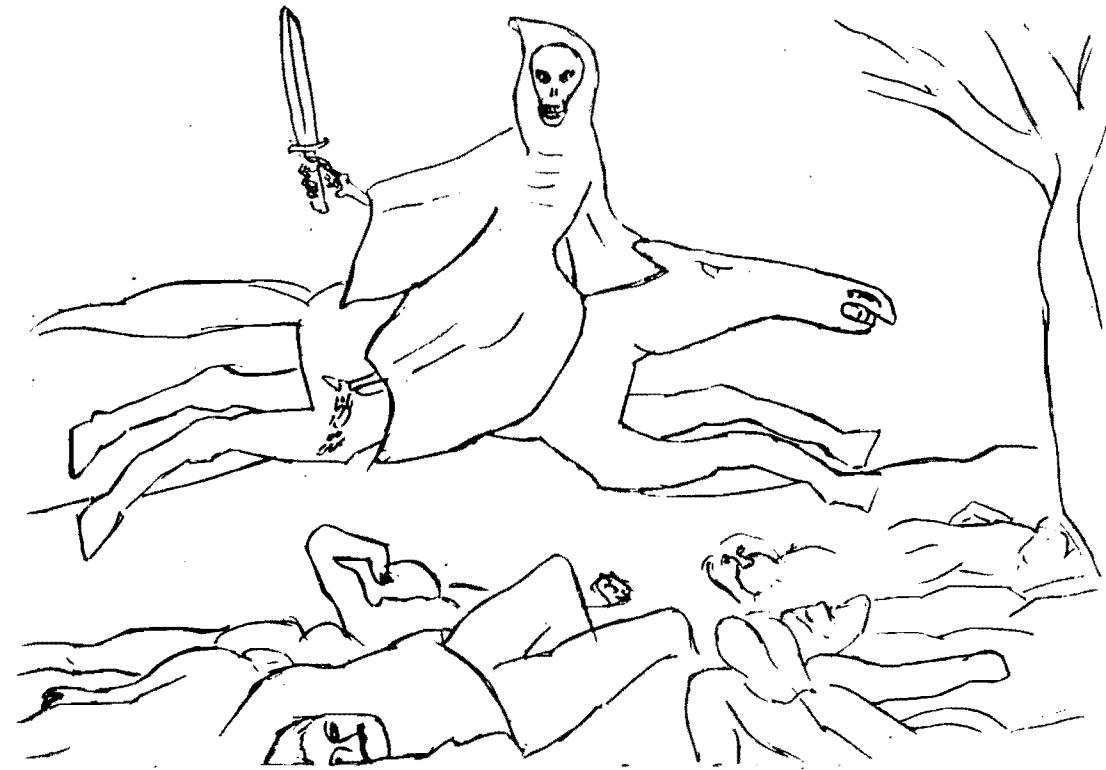
III. Trepak

Forest and meadows, no one is around;
The blizzard is crying and groaning;
It seems, in the darkness of night, that the mean one
is burying someone.
Look, it is so!
In the darkness, death is embracing and caressing a
peasant man;
With the drunkard he is dancing a trepak,
And in his ear he sings a song:

*"Oh, peasant, old and wretched,
You got yourself drunk and dragged yourself along
the road;
And the storm, like a witch, arose, began to seethe,
And chased you unwillingly from the field into the dark
woods.
You have languished with grief, sadness, and with
need,
Lie down, nestle down, and sleep, dear one!
My dear fellow, with sweet snow I will warm you,
Around you the great game will start.
Fluff his bed, swan lady of the storm!
Hey, dear weather, sing him a song!
Sing him a fairy tale, and such a one that will last all
night,
So that the drunkard will be lulled into sleep.
Hey, you woods, skies, and dark clouds,
Darkness, breeze, and flying snow,
Twist together like a sheet, a sheet downy with snow,
With it, I will cover the old man like a baby.
Sleep, my little friend, my little happy peasant,
Summer has come and bloomed!
The sun shines above the fields, and the sickles are
out;
A little song is floating on the air, and doves are
flying..."*

IV. Palkavodets (Field Marshall)

The battle is thundering, armor is shining,
The brass guns are roaring,
The troops are running, the horses are rushing,
And the rivers flow red.
The noon time is in flames, as the people fight on,
And at the setting of the sun, the battle rages stronger!
The sunset is fading, but the enemies fight even more
furiously and cruelly!
Night fell on the field of battle.
The battalions scattered in the darkness...
Everything was silent, and in the night fog
Groaning rose to the sky.
Then, by the light of the moon, on his battle horse made of
bones bleached white -
Death appeared. And in silence,
Listening to the screams and prayers,
He is filled with contentment and pride,
And rides about the place of battle like a marshall.
Rising to the top of a hill, he glances back, stops, and
smiles...
And above the valley of battle, the fatal voice is spread:



*"The battle is finished! I have beaten everyone!
All you warriors, kneel before me!
Life has caused you to quarrel, I have brought you peace!
All you dead men, stand up for review!
March by in solemn ranks,
I wish to count my troops.
Later, your bones will be piled in the ground;
It is delightful to rest from life in the ground!*

*Years will invisibly follow years,
And the memory of you will disappear from people.
But I will not forget! And above you
I will celebrate a great feast at midnight!
With a heavy dance I will tread down the wet earth
So that your bones will never leave the canopy of your grave,
So that you will never rise from under the ground!"*



Robert McPherson, tenor

Seattle native Robert McPherson made his stage debut in kindergarten as the lead Rabbit in a school play because of his ability to hop and sing at the same time. His most recent roles include Arturo in *Lucia di Lammermoor* for the Eugene Opera and Sam in *Susannah* for Opera Theater Corvallis. This September will mark his Canadian opera debut as he will play Lindoro in *L'Italiana in Algeri* for Pacific Opera Victoria. This fall he will also begin his first year as Principal-Artist-in-Residence for Opera San Jose, with leading roles in *Of Mice and Men*, *Il Turco in Italia*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and *Die Zauberflöte*. In January, he took Second Place in the 1997 Metropolitan Opera National Council's Northwest Regional Audition. Robert is also an experienced concert performer. He has appeared frequently with the Seattle Symphony, most recently in the 1996 *Messiah* performances under the baton of Gerard Schwartz. Upcoming concert engagements include the Mozart *Requiem* with the Northwest Sinfonetta and Damon in Handel's *Acis and Galatea* for the International Music Festival of Seattle this summer.

To request disability accommodations, contact the Office of the ADA Coordinator at least ten days in advance of an event: 543-6450 (voice), 543-6452 (TTY), 685-3885 (fax).