



DAT # 12,691

CASS # 12,692

University of Washington
School of Music

1995-1996 Season - Brechemin Auditorium
Monday, 7:00 p.m., December 4, 1995

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1995
12-4

Voice Division Recital

School

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Music

University

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DAT
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1 *Notre Amour*, Op. 23, No. 2 2'02 Gabriel Fauré
2 *Claire de Lune*, Op. 46, No. 2 2'50 (1845 - 1924)
Tova Dodge, soprano; Robert Huw Morgan, piano

3 from *Cinq Melodies Populaires Grecques* Maurice Ravel
Chanson de la mariée (1875 - 1937)
Chanson des cueilleuses des lentisques
Tout gai!
Alexandra Ozanich, soprano; Robert Huw Morgan, piano

4 from *Les Contes d'Hoffman* 4'30 Jacques Offenbach
Elle a fui, la tourterelle! (1842 - 1912)
Liisa Church, soprano; Jonathan Jou, piano

5 from *Iphigenia in Tauris* Christoph Gluck
Oh toi, qui prolonges mes jours (1714 - 1787)
6 from *La Rondine* Giacomo Puccini
La Canzone di Doretta 2'25 (1858 - 1924)
Dorothy Bauer, soprano; Phyllis Kim, piano

7 *Punto de Habañera* 2'05 Xavier Montsalvatge
8 *Cancion de cuna para dormir a un negrito* 2'34 (b. 1912)
9 *Canto Negro* 1'25
Julie Reynolds, mezzo soprano; Jonathan Jou, piano

10 *Une sainte en son auréole* 1'55 Gabriel Fauré
(1845 - 1924)
11 *Miniver Cheevy* 4'40 John Duke
(1899 - 1984)
Glenn Guhr, baritone; Phyllis Kim, piano

12 from *Capuleti e i Montecchi* 6'40 Vincenzo Bellini
Oh, Quante volte (1801 - 1835)
13 from *Abduction from the Seraglio* 4'50 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Ach, Ich liebe (1756 - 1791)
Jennifer Trimboli, soprano; Robert Huw Morgan, piano

The next Voice Division Recital will be Monday, January 29, 1996.

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).

All on CASS, SIDE A

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Notre Amour (Our Love)

Our love is a light thing
like the fragrance that the breeze
takes from the tips of the ferns,
for us to breathe in dreaming.

Our love is a charming thing,
like morning songs,
when there are no sorrows
to lament,
where there is the thrill
of an uncertain hope.

Our love is a sacred thing,
like the mysteries of the woods,
where an unknown soul quivers,
where the silences are eloquent.

Our love is an infinite thing,
like the paths of the sunsets,
where the sea, united to the sky,
falls asleep beneath the inclining sun.

Our love is an eternal thing,
as all that a victorious god
has touched with the fire of his wing,
as all that comes from the heart.

Clair de Lune (Moonlight)

Your soul is a rare landscape
with charming maskers and mummers
playing the lute and dancing, almost sad beneath
their fantastic disguises.

While singing in minor mode
of victorious love and life in its season,
they do not seem to believe in their happiness,
and their song mingles with the moonlight.

With the calm moonlight, sad and lovely,
that sets the birds in the trees to dreaming,
and the fountains to sobbing in ecstasy,
the great fountains, svelte among the marbles.

from Five Greek Folk Songs

1. The Awakening of the Bride

Wake up, dear little partridge,
open your wings in the morning.

Three beauty spots
have set my heart aflame.

See the golden ribbon that I bring to tie around
your hair.

If you wish, my beauty, come let us be married!
In our two families all are related.

2. Song of the Lentisk Gatherers

O joy of my soul, joy of my heart,
treasure so dear to me;
joy of the soul, and of the heart,
you whom I ardently love,
you are more beautiful than an angel.
O when you appear, angel so sweet,
before our eyes,
like a lovely, blond angel
under the bright sun,
alas, all our poor hearts sigh!

5. All gay!

All gay,
ah, all gay;
lovely leg, ti-re-li, that dances,
lovely leg, even the dishes dance,
Tra-la-la.

from Les Contes d'Hoffmann

Antonia's aria: She has fled -- the turtle dove!

She has fled -- the turtle dove!

Ah, memory too sweet!

Image too bitter!

Alas, at my knees

I hear him, I see him!

She has fled -- the turtle dove.

She has fled far from you;

But she is forever faithful

and keeps her promise to you.

My beloved, my voice calls to you.

Yes, all my heart is yours.

Precious flower which has just bloomed,

for pity's sake answer me,

you who knows if he still loves me,

if he keeps his promise to me!

My beloved, my voice implores you.

Ah, may your heart come to me.

from Iphigenie en Tauride by Christoph Gluck

O toi, qui prolongas mes jours.

Oh you who prolong my days,
Reclaim a possession which I detest, Diane!
I implore you, stop this course.
Reunite Iphigenie with unhappy Oreste,
Alas! Death becomes necessary for me.
I have seen elevated before me the gods,
my homeland, and my father!

La Rondine (La Canzone di Doretta)
by Giacomo Puccini

Sweet Doretta had a dream not very long ago.
Who could reveal, who could guess what this dream might be?
One fine day a student kissed her on her lovely lips,
and she discovered, kissed in this fashion:
it was true passion.

Ardent rapture!
Burning kisses!
Who can deny that this is the loveliest of
treasures one can hope to find?
Ah, my love!
Ah, my life!
What matters if one has no riches,
if happiness can flourish and if love can live!
O dream of joy, to find a love like this!

PUNTO DE HABANERA - HABANERA STRAIN

The creole girl goes by in her white crinoline.
How white it is!
Ahoy! the crepe of her foam; sailors, get a look at her!
She goes by, moist with the shimmer of her dusky skin.
Girl, don't fret over being alone this evening.
I would like to send orders to the water
not to escape right away from the prison of your skirt.
Your body this evening contains the sound of a dahlia opening.
Girl, don't fret, your body is fruit asleep
in the silver-embroidered air.
Your fine waist quivers with the nobility of a whip,
your whole skin smells gaily of lime and orange trees.
The sailors watch you and keep on looking.
The creole girl goes by in her white crinoline.
How white it is!

CANCIÓN DE CUNA PARA DORMIR A UN NEGRITO -
CRADLE SONG TO PUT A NEGRO CHILD TO SLEEP

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, my tiny one,
my black child who won't go to sleep,
coconut head, little coffee bean, with pretty freckles
and eyes as big as two windows facing the sea.
Close your eyes, timid black child;
the white bogey man may eat you up.
Now you're no slave!
and if you sleep a lot the man of the house
promises to buy you a suit with buttons
to make you a groom.
Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, sleep, black child,
coconut head, little coffee bean.

CANTO NEGRO - NEGRO SONG

Yambambo, yambambe! The solongo from Congo struts by,
the black black man struts by. A-o-e!
The songo solongo from the Congo dances the yambo on one foot.
Yambambo, yambambe!

Mamatomba serembe cuseremba, the black man sings and gets drunk.
Mamatomba serembe cuseremba, the black man gets drunk and sings.
Mamatomba serembe cuseremba, the black man sings and goes.

A cue-me-me serembo a-e. Yambambo a-e, yambambe a-e.

Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba, the black man keeps time and stumbles,
the black man keeps time, caramba, caramba!
the black man stumbles, yamba, yamba,
yambambe, yambambo, yambambe, he dances the yambo on one foot!

Une Sainte en son auréole,
Une Chatelaine en sa tour,
Tout ce que contient la parole humaine
De grâce et d'amour;
La note d'or que fait entendre
Le corc dans le lointain des bois,
Marié à la fierté tendre
Des nobles dames d'autrefois.
Avec cela le charme insigne
D'un frais sourire triomphant
Eclos dans des candeurs de cygne
Et des rougeurs de femme enfant
Des aspects nacrés blancs es roses,
Un doux accord patricien
Je vois, j'entends toutes ces choses
Dans son nom Carlovingien.

A Saint in her halo,
A Chatelaine in her tower,
All that a human word may express
Of grace and love;
The golden sound which is heard
Of the horn in the distant woods.
Linked with the tender pride
Of the noble ladies of yore.
And with this a charming treat
Of sweet and triumphant smile
Coming forth with swan-like innocence
And a blush of a woman-child,
The looks of a pearl white and rose
The gentle patrician harmony,
I see, I hear all these things
In her Carlovingian name.

Eccomi in lieta vesta...Oh! Quante Volte
from I Capuleti e I Montecchi

Vincenzo Bellini

Here I am in happy garments, here I am dressed like a victim on the altar.
Oh! if only I could die at the foot of the altar, these wedding rites, so
despised, so inevitable, are likely to kill me.

I am burning. A blaze, a fire is consuming me. I beg for a cool wind in vain.
Where are you, Romeo? In what land are you wandering? Where shall I send my sighs?

Oh, how many times I have asked the heavens, crying. I await you with such fervor
that I must deceive my desire. Rays of your light seem to me as brilliant as the
day. The breezes seem to be your sighs of longing.

Ach, ich liebte from The Abduction from the Seraglio

W.A. Mozart

Oh, I was in love, I was so happy,
I knew nothing of love's pain.

I swore to be true to my beloved.
I gave him my heart.

But how quickly disappeared my happiness.
To be separate from him was my sad fate.

And now my eyes swim in tears.
Grief rests in my breast.