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PHONOTAPE  
B74 1986 4-15  
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B74  
1986  
4-15

University of Washington  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

presents

AN EVENING OF MUSIC BY  
BRECHEMIN SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

LESLEY CHAPIN, *SOPRANO*  
DEBBIE SHAN-TZE HU, *PIANO*  
TAD MARGELLI, *OBOE*  
SALLY MIN, *PIANO*  
ROBIN PRINZING, *VIOLIN*

April 15, 1986

8:00 PM, Meany Hal

PROGRAM

Tape 11028

SAMUEL BARBER  
(b. 1910)

Excursions  
*Un poco allegro* 10:52  
*In slow blues tempo*  
*Allegretto*  
*Allegro molto*

FREDERIC CHOPIN  
(1810-1849)

Scherzo, Op. 31, in Bb minor  
9:46

SALLY MIN, *PIANO*

HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS  
(1881-1959)

Bachianas Brasilieras, No. 5  
*I. Aria (Cantilena)*  
*II. Dansa (Martelo)* 10:44

LESLEY CHAPIN, *SOPRANO*

*Celli*

Mike Center Tim Janor  
Tony Arnone Erin Adams  
Joe Bichsel Teresa Wang  
Steve Brown Bret Smith

Karen P. Thomas, *conductor*

11,029

ROBERT SCHUMANN  
(1810-1856)

Carnaval, Op. 9 31:35  
Preamble, Pierrot, Arlequin,  
Valse noble, Eusebins, Florestan,  
Coquette, Replique, Papillons,  
A.S.C.H.-S.C.H.A., Chiarina,  
Chopin, Estrella, Reconnaissance,  
Pantalon et Colombine, Valse  
allemande, Paganini, Aven,  
Promenade, Pause, Marche des  
'Davidsbuendler' contre les  
Philistins

DEBBIE SHAN-TZE HU, PIANO

W. A. MOZART  
(1756-1791)

Quartet in F Major, K. 370  
Allegro  
Adagio  
Rondo: Allegro 14:06

TAD MARGELLI, OBOE  
ROBIN PRINZING, VIOLIN

April Acevez, viola  
Michael Center, 'cello

BACHIANAS BRASILIERAS No. 5

I. Aria (Cantilena)

Ah! . . .

Evening, a rosy, translucent cloud  
slowly  
crosses the drowsy and beautiful firmament!  
The moon gently rises into infinity,  
adorning the evening, like a sweet maiden  
dreamily getting ready, beautifying herself,  
desiring in her soul to be beautiful,  
she calls to the heavens, the earth, all of Nature.  
She silences the birds' melancholy

laments,  
and the sea reflects all her treasures . . .  
Softly the moonlight now awakens,  
cruel yearning which laughs and weeps!  
Evening, a rosy translucent cloud  
slowly  
crosses the drowsy and beautiful firmament!

Ah! . . .

II. Dance (Martelo)

Irere, my little bird from the Sertao on the Cariri,  
Irere, my companion,  
Where is the lute?  
Where is my love?  
Where is Maria?  
Oh, sad fate of the singing lute-player! Ah!  
Without the lute with which he sang of his love, ah!  
His whistle is your flute, Irere:  
Like your flute of the Sertao when it whistles, ah!  
We suffer in spite of ourselves! Ah!  
Your song penetrates from the depths of the  
Sertao, ah!  
Like a breeze softening the heart, ah!  
Ah!