

No. 37
gary

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS

Present

PAULA HILL, soprano

assisted by

Diane Fowler, piano

in a

SENIOR RECITAL

Saturday, March 12, 1977

Tape No. 1-8397

BACH
(1685-1750)

YRJÖ KILPINEN
(1892-1959)

DEBUSSY
(1862-1918)

PROGRAM

My Heart Ever Faithful 3:09

Sheep May Safely Graze 4:16

Lieder der Liebe, Op. 61 ~~7:10~~ 7:04

Heimat

Kleines Lied

Deine Rosen an der Brust

Über die tausend Berg

Anmutiger Vertrag

Lia's aria (L'Enfant prodigue) ~~5:00~~ 5:02

INTERMISSION

ENRIQUE GRANADOS
(1867-1916)

Tonadillas 11:35 CH. 8-14-77.

La maja de Goya

El majo discreto

El tra la la y el punteado

El mirar de la maja

Amor y odio

Callejeo

Tape No. 2-8398

SEYMOUR BARAB
(b. 1921)

Songs of Perfect Propriety ~~8:17~~ 8:17 CH. 8-14-77.

One Perfect Rose

A Very Short Song

Ultimatum

Men

Lullaby

Song of Perfect Propriety

Paula Hill is a student of Maurice Stern.

Encore: (Run out of tape, continued after change of tape).

Lieder der Liebe

Heimat

When all the toil of day is done, to rest, beloved, in thee, is perfect home for me!

Soft glows the lamp of heaven's light within the darkness of our eyes; the flame of life, so pure and bright, both change and death denies.

Kleines Lied

And though I may never own thee, yet I will carve thy dear name on the world ash tree, a lasting sign to every land.

There a thousand hearts shall read it, who love a little song to hear, how a lonely one has brought his in most heart delight.

Deine Rosen an der Brust

With thy roses on my breast I sit among strange people with my secret in my heart. If I join them in their laughter, 'tis the laughter of my loved one. For an evening long and saddened I am far from thee, beloved, kissing fondly, all in secret thy dear roses on my breast.

Über die tausend Berge

Over the thousand mountains shalt thou flee from joy and pain, over many thousand mountains to thine eternity. Smiling with blessed sorrow on others who walk below, who the bird-like happiness of our daring hearts ne'er can know

Anmutiger Vertrag

On the bank in the forest yesterday two lovers kissed; today there comes the nightingale to gather what the lovers missed. The maiden as they parted, her tresses up anew did bind, Ah! how many threads so silken did the nightingale there find! The nightingale with beak full flies home again once more and spreads her tender love nest with gold carpet. Friend nightingale may all your years be kisses, mine a beak-let full of song, yours of a maiden's tresses.

Lia's Aria

Year follows year in vain; and as each season returns their games, their sport, sadden me in spite of myself. I have come to the lonely shore, a grief I never sought. Lia still mourns the child she no longer has. Azael! Why have you left me? In my heart you image has remained. The evenings were soft when beneath the loaded harvest we led the oxen home. When work was finished all praised the blessed hand of God. Others do not feel the weight of old age, happy in their children they watch the passing years. But to a heart uncom-
forted how heavy is the weight of time. Azael, why did you leave me?

Tonadillas

La majo de Goya

I will never forget my beloved image of Goya. There is not a woman now who does not miss Goya. If I found one who would love me as he loved me, I could desire no more.

El majo discreto

They say that my man is homely, but if my man is not known for being handsome he is discreet and keeps a secret. What is the secret the majo keeps? It would be indiscreet for me to tell!

El tra la la y el punteado

It is useless for you to persist my majo, for there are some things which always answer with a song. No matter how you question, you will not distress me, I will not end my song.

El mirar de la maja

My eyes give off such fire as to betray me when I am with the man to whom I've given my soul. He says to me: "Do not look at me for your eyes destroy me with their passion."

Amor y Odio

I thought I could hide my sorrow for the silent love my man fired in my soul. My soul is full of love for one who forgets me. There is no hopeful light to