FLORENCE MESLER
Lyric-Spinto Soprano
and
IRA JONES
Tenor

with
J. WILLIAM CLARKE
Pianist

R. WILLIAM HUMPHREYS
Violist
and
JOHN SUNDESTEN
and
MICHAEL YOUNG
Composers

IN CONCERT
for the
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF TEACHERS OF SINGING
Northwest Workshop - University of Washington

Tuesday, July 27, 1971
Program

IRA JONES

Johannes Brahms: Sonntag (from Uhland's folksongs)
Ständchen (Kugler)
O liebliche Wangen (Fleming)
Feldelmsamkeit (Almers)
Botschaft (Daumer)

Ralph Vaughan Williams: Four Hymns for Tenor, Viola and Piano
Lord! Comé Away (Taylor)
Who is this fair one? (Watts)
Comé, Love, come Lord (Crashaw)
Evening Hymn (Bridges, fr. Greek)

INTERMISSION

FLORENCE MESLER

Claude Debussy: Ariettes Oubliees (1888; Verlaine)
C'est l'extase...
Je pleure dans mon coeur...
L'ombre des arbres...
Chevaux de bois...
Green Spleen

Fear Ye the Lord
Trust
Abominations
Wealth
A Virtuous Woman

(Kim SI-sup, 15th C. Korean monk
translated by David P. Mesler)
Spring and Autumn
Parting

*Premiere, with composer at piano

A New Song
ARIETTES OUBLIÉES (Forgotten Airs)
Paul Verlaine

C'EST L'EXTASE (This is ecstasy)
This is subdued ecstasy, the fatigue that comes from loving, the sighing of forests embraced by breezes, the chorus of little voices through gray branches. Oh, the faint, cool murmur — rustling and whispering — reminiscent of a sweet voice breathed by moving grass, or, as you might say, the muted rolling of pebbles under swirling eddies. This soul which laments itself in such subdued complaint — is it not ours? Say that it is mine, and yours — whence breathes this humble hymn on this mild evening ... so softly.

IL PLEURE DANS MON COEUR (Tears fall in my heart)
Tears fall in my heart like rain upon the city. What is this languor that moves me so deeply? O gentle sound of rain on earth and rooftops! For a heart grown weary — O sound of rain! Tears fall for no reason in my despondency. What! No betrayal? This mourning has no cause. It is truly the most intense of suffering — not to know why, to be with neither love nor hate ... my heart bears so much pain.

L'OMBRE DES ARBRES (The shadow of trees)
The shadow of trees in the misty river dies away like smoke, while in the air, among the real branches, turtle doves lament. How much. O traveler, this pallid scene stared back at your pale self — and how sadly they wept. In those high branches ... over your drowned hopes,
CHEVAUX DE BOIS (Merry-go-round)

Turn, turn, good wooden horses. Make a hundred turns, a thousand. Turn and go on turning... to the tune of the oboes. The rosy-cheeked child and pallid mother, the lad in black and girl in pink— each one doing his thing, getting his Sunday's pennyworth. Turn, turn, horses of their choosing, while at the fringe of all your turning squints the eye of the cunning pickpocket. Turn to the tune of the vanishing trumpet. It is astounding how it intoxicates to go thus in a silly circle, with empty stomachs and pounding heads—heaped upon with discomfort, yet happy in the crowd. Turn, hobbyhorses, with never a need for spurs to keep you at a gallop. Turn, turn on, with no hope of hay. And hurry, horses of their fancy. Already the supper bell is ringing. Right which fails and disperses the crowd of gay drinkers whose thirst has made them famished. Turn, turn round! The velvet heavens slowly deck themselves with stars of gold. The church-bell tolls mournfully. Turn to the gay beat of drums... turn on and on.

GREEN

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches... here, too, my heart which does not beat, except for you. Do not tear it apart. To your lovely eyes may its humble offering be sweet. I come still covered with dew that the morning wind has chilled on my brow. Suffer me in my fatigue, repose at your feet, to dream of cherished moments that refresh. On your young breast cradle my head still throb to your last kisses. Let it find calm from the sweet tempest, that I may sleep a little, while you rest.

SPLEEN

The roses were all red, the ivy all black. Dearest, when you but move, all my despair is reborn. The sky was too blue, too tender — the sea too green, the air too sweet. I fear to be abandoned...