

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS

No. 20
Phil

Present

ANNA KOLASINSKA, *soprano*

assisted by

Christopher Arpin, *piano*

in a

GRADUATE RECITAL

Tuesday, February 23, 1978

Music Auditorium, 8:00 PM

Tape No. 1-8885

SCHUMANN 25:31
(1810-1856)

PROGRAM

Liederkreis, Op. No. 39 CH 3-19-78.

In der Fremde

Intermezzo

Waldeggespräch

Die Stille

Mondnacht

Schöne Fremde

Auf einer Burg

In der Fremde

Wehmut

Zwielicht

Im Walde

Frühlingsnacht

Tape No. 2-8886

RACHMANINOV 7:21
(1873-1943)

INTERMISSION

Moč'yu v sadu u menya

Margaritki

Krisolov

CHOPIN 2:16
(1810-1849)

Smutna Rzeka CH 3-19-78.

STEFAN KISIELENSKI 3:56
(b. 1911)

1:02 *Melodia*

2:24 *Prośba O Uspy Szczęśliwe* CH 3-19-78

DVOŘÁK 14:15
(1841-1904)

Ciganske Melodie CH 3-19-78.

Má píseň zas

Kterak trojhranec māj

A les je tichy kolem kol

Když mne stará Matka

Struna naladěna

Siroké rukavy

Dejte klec Jestrábu

Anna Kolasinska is a student of Leon Lishner.

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Music.

TRANSLATIONS

LIEDERKREIS Op. No. 39 Poetry of Joseph V. Eichendorff

In der Fremde (In a Foreign Land)

From home behind fiery lightning, the clouds drift over me. But my father and mother are long dead, no one remembers me there any more. Ah, how soon will come the quiet hour, when I too will rest, and over me will rustle the forest's loneliness. And no one will remember me here any more.

Intermezzo

Your blessed image I carry deep in my heart. It looks so fresh and cheerful at me every hour. My heart sings quietly to itself an old and beautiful song that soars into the air and hastens to you.

Waldesgespräch (Forest Dialogue)

"It is already late and cold: why do you ride lonely through the wood? The forest is deep, you are alone, beautiful bride! I will guide you home." "Great is men's cunning and deceit, with sorrow my heart has been broken. The hunting horn echoes now here, now there -- Begone! You know not who I am." "So richly adorned are horse and woman, so enchanting is your young body...Now I know you! God protect me! You are the sorceress Lorelei!" "You know me well, from a high cliff my castle keeps watch deep into the Rhine. It is already late, it is cold ...never again will you leave this wood!"

Die Stille (Stillness)

No one knows it or guesses it, how well it is with me, how well. Ah, if but one know, only one, no other need know besides. It is not as still out in the snow, as silent and as hushed are not the stars on high, as my secret thoughts. I wish I were a bird and could fly over the sea, over the sea and further until in heaven I would be.

Mondnacht (Moonlit Night)

It was as if heaven had silently kissed the earth, so that she, in glittering flowers, could only dream of him. The breeze passed over the fields, and the grass gently swayed; the forests rustled softly in the star-filled night. And my soul spread wide its wings to fly through the silent land, as if it were flying home.

Schöne Fremde (The Fair Foreign Land)

The tree-tops rustle and shiver, as if the ancient gods were dancing once more around the half-sunken battlements. Here behind myrtle bushes in secretly dawning splendor, what do you say, confused in dreams, to me fantastic night? The stars all sparkle on me with a burning glance of love. Intoxicatedly the distance speaks, as if speaking of future great happiness!

Auf einer Burg (In a Fortress)

Asleep at his watch sits up there the old knight. Showering rains pass overhead and the trees rustle through the grating. Grown long are his beard and hair, turned to stone his tunic and collar. He sits for many hundred years up in his silent cell. Outside all is still and peaceful: everyone has gone down into the valley. Lonely forest birds sing in the empty window arches. A wedding procession moves down below, along the Rhine. Musicians are merrily playing, while the beautiful bride weeps!

Smutna Rzeka (The Sad River)

Poem by S. Witwicki

Oh dark river, have your banks overflown, have the old snows melted? In the hills the snows lie still and flowers blossom, but at my headwaters a mother stands weeping. Seven children she nursed; seven she buried. Her tears flow down to me as she sings songs of sadness.

Melodia

Poem by Gałczyński

She entreated, begged me, to transport her to paradise with a waltz, with poetry! So I touched the keys with my fingers - for her eyes, her lips, her touch...till the sounds carried beyond all barriers. And half the world became mine when my music was heard!

Prośba O Wyspy Szczęśliwe (Dreams for Happy Islands)

Poem by Gałczyński

Oh transport me to happy islands. With a gentle wind kiss my flowing hair. Rock me to sleep and let me dream of beauty. Never wake me from this bliss! Show me great peaceful waters. Let me talk to the stars from green branches. Bring me butterflies that I may press them to my breast. Beyond still waters; peaceful thoughts -- teach me love!

Ciganske Melodie (Gypsy Songs)

Ma píseň zas

My songs of love ring out as the old day passes. Delicate dew settles on the earth like tiny pearls. I sing of longing for my homeland through all my wanderings... only the deserts echo my song. My song of love loudly rings when storms greet me. Happy am I to wander freely even if I die of hunger.

Kterak trojúhřanec můj

Ah! How my triangle rings out beautifully! As a gypsy's song when near death. All songs, dancing, and loves lamentations find an end.

A les je tichy kolem kol

The forest is silent and empty, my heart longs for peace. Black smoke dries the tears flowing down my cheeks...but mine will not be stopped. Whoever can sing in sadness will not die...but live!

Když mne stará Matka

When my mother taught me the old songs, how strange that so often tears fell from her eyes. Now I teach gypsy children to play and sing and I weep!

Struna naladěna

Strings well tuned, brothers dance in circles. Today! Maybe today I can laugh. But tomorrow, sadness? And after tomorrow? A holiday feast! Strings well tuned.. brothers keep on dancing!

Siroké rukavy

In his wide shirtsleeves and loose pants more free is the gypsy than the dolman in his armor of gold. Golden armor holds the heart in fetters; within the free song slowly dies. Whoever leaves gold in the earth sings freely!

Dejte klec Jestrábu

Neither cages of gold or twigs can hold the falcon. The wild colt roaming the desert will not be tamed. And you too gypsy were born to freedom!