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 Hall  

PROGRAM  

Type 11028  

SAMUEL BARBER  
(b. 1910)  

Excursions  
Un poco allegro  
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 Brasilienses, No. 5  
I. Aria (Cantilena)  
II. Dansa (Martelo)  

LESLEY CHAPIN, SOPRANO  

‘Celli  
Mike Center  
Tim Janor  
Tony Arnone  
Erin Adams  
Joe Bichsel  
Teresa Wang  
Steve Brown  
Bret Smith  
Karen P. Thomas, conductor  

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Carnaval, Op. 9
Preambule, 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

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)

Iripe, my little bird from the Sertao on the Cariri,
Iripe, 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, Iripe:
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!