IRA L. JONES, tenor

in a

SONG RECITAL

with

William Clarke, pianist
William Humphreys, viola

Thursday Evening August 15, 1963

8:00 p.m.

RECITAL HALL

University of Washington School of Music
PROGRAM

I

Toglietemi La Vita Ancor
Cara, Cara E Dolce
Voglio Amar
Sono Unite A Tormentarmi

Alessandro Scarlatti
Alessandro Scarlatti
Alessandro Scarlatti
Alessandro Scarlatti

II

From "Italienisches Liederbuch" 

Hugo Wolf

Book One and Two:

Ihr seid die Allerschönsten weit und breit
Gesegnet sei
Dass doch gemalt all' deine Reize wären
Geselle, woll'n wir uns in Kästen hulien
Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen
Hab' auf dein blondes Haupt und schlaf nicht
Was für ein Lied soll dir gesungen werden

INTERMISSION

Book Three:

Wie soll ich fröhlich sein
Sterb' ich, so hüllet in Blumen meine Glieder
Und steht Ihr früh am Morgen auf vom Bette
Benedelt die sel'ge Mutter
Wie viele Zeit verlor ich, dich zu lieben!
Heut' Nacht erhob ich mich um Mitternacht
Nicht länger kann ich singen

III

Four Hymns (for tenor, viola and piano)  Vaughan Williams

Lord, Come Away!
Who is This Fair One?
Come Love, Come Lord
Evening Hymn
Geselle, Woll'n wir uns in Kutteren hüllen
Comrade, come let us wear the robes of monks, and
leave the pleasures of the world to those who care
for them. We will knock on every door and beg alms
for two needy monks. When they send us on our way
with excuses such as, "come again when the bread is
out of the oven," and "come another time, for my
daughter is sick," I will reply: "Then let me go to
her, lest she die before I have heard her confession."

Und willst du deinen liebsten sterben sehen
If you would see your lover dying, then let your
golden hair fall freely from your shoulders. (Kaskell)

Lob' auf dein blondes Haput
Lift up your fair head, and do not sleep, but let me
tell you (with four meaningful words) that I love
you. (Kaskell)

Was für ein lied soll dir gesungen werden
Where can I find a song which is wholly worthy of
you? I would like to probe into earth's deepest
depths to discover it, and to make sure that no
living creature has ever sung it before. (Kaskell)

Wie soll ich fröhlich sein
How can I be happy, and laugh, when you are cold
and show disdain?

Sterb' ich, so hüllt in blumen meine gleider
When I die, cover me with flowers. I do not wish
to be buried in a grave. Lay me amid those ruins
where we have met so many times. Leave me lying
there in sunshine, wind or rain. I die blissfully,
if I die for you.

Und steht ihr früh am morgen auf vom bette
Upon arising early in the morning, thy radiant
presence clears the morning sky of all clouds,
lures the sun up on the hills, kindles the fire
of the altar lamp at early mass, and charms even
the angels. God has given the crown of beauty to
you. (Kaskell)
Translations of the Texts

TOGLIETEMI LA VITA ANCOR
Take me away from this life, cruel heavens, unless you are willing to snatch away my heart.

CARA, CARA, E DOLCE
Beloved and sweet liberty, my consolation, who has released my heart from servitude.

VOGLIO AMAR
I am desirous of loving one who scorns me without hope of mercy. The constancy of my faith annoys her pride. She who flees from me, I must pursue.

SONO UNITE A TORMENTARMI
I am united with torment, cruel fortune and harsh love. With flattering, not with weapons, does this discord end.

IHR SEID DIE ALLERSCHÖNSTE WEIT UND BREOT
She is the most beautiful far and wide. More beautiful than the flowers of May. Orveto's cathedral and Viterbo's great fountain do not compare. So full of grace and charm art thou. Sienna's cathedral is dwarfed before thee.

GESEGNET SEI
Praise be to Him through whom the world arose. How excellently He made it on all sides. He made the sea with its endless deeps; He made the vessels that glide over its surface. He made Paradise with eternal light. He made beauty and thy beauteous countenance.

DASS DOCH GEMALT ALL' DEINE REIZE WÄREN
Would that all thy charms were painted by thy lover; and a heathen prince the picture would discover. He would pay homage before thee and lay his crown in thy hands.... Throughout all the land it would be decreed: All should become Christian and love thee.
BENEDEIT DIE SEL'GE MUTTER
Blessed memory of thee who art most lovely: most beautiful and select. My yearning goes out to thee, my treasure, my delight. The flames of passion destroy peace and create madness.

WIE VIELE ZEIT VERLOR ICH DICH ZU LIEBEN
How much time I have wasted in loving you. If only; instead, I had loved God, a place would surely be reserved for me in Paradise and I would be seated next to a saint. But I loved you and your bright eyes - so I lost my place in Paradise. (Kaskell)

T' NACHT ERHOB ICH MICH UM MITTERNACHT.
This night I rose at midnight and found that my heart had crept away. "My heart," I asked, "where are you flying so eagerly?" "Only to see you," it replied. And this is the measure of my love. (Kaskell)

NICHT LÄNGER KANN ICH SINGEN
I can sing no longer, for the wind is very strong, and drowns my attempts. And I fear that precious moments are passing in vain. If I were sure that her love is true, I would scarce go home to spend my time in loneliness. (Kaskell)