The University of Washington School of Music presents a

Voice Division Recital

Program

1. Remarks, T. Harper
2. Asturiana 1:56
3. Spring Sorrow 1:16

Kyle Ueland, tenor
Victoria Sutton, piano

4. Blow, blow thou winter wind 1:45
5. Wie Melodien zieht es mir 1:59

Erica Meyer, soprano
Victoria Sutton, piano

6. Twelve Oxen 1:46
7. Love’s Philosophy 1:22

Zachary Buker, tenor
Victoria Sutton, piano

8. Già il sole dal gange 2:14
9. Per la gloria 2:38

Tiema Qian, tenor
Megan McElroy, piano

10. Across the Western Ocean 2:36
11. Piacer d’Amore 2:01

Andrew Chiu, tenor
Emily Witt, piano

Manuel de Falla (1876–1946)
John Ireland (1879–1962)
Thomas Arne (1710–1778)
Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)
John Ireland (1879–1962)
Roger Quilter (1877–1953)
Alessandro Scarlatti (1659–1725)
Giovanni Battista Bononcini (1670–1747)
arr. Celius Dougherty (1902–1986)
Giovanni Martini (1706–1784)
I2 Comment disaient-ils  2:00  
Franz Liszt (1811–1886)

I3 Enfant, si j’etais Roi  2:03  
Denna Good-Mojab, soprano
Ingrid Verhulsdonk, piano

I4 Youth and Love  from “Songs of Travel”  3:18  
Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

S Whither must I wander  from “Songs of Travel”  3:30  
Patrick Borror, tenor
Ingrid Verhulsdonk, piano

I6 Evocation  2:56  
Pauline Garcia Viardot (1821–1910)
Lori Laitman (*1955)

I7 If I...  2:10  
Yoojeong Cho, soprano
Emily Witt, piano

I8 In der Fremde  from “Liederkreis” Op. 39  1:30  
Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

I9 Roadside Fire  from “Songs of Travel”  2:17  
Chris Koukoukis, baritone
Steven Damouni, piano

Z6 Vergib uns unsre Schuld  from “Vater Unser”  3:24  
Peter Cornelius (1824–1874)

Z7 Rejoice Greatly  from “The Messiah”  0:11  
George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

Amy Kuefler, soprano
Andrew Romanick, piano

With the same heart, I said, I’ll answer thee  from “Sonnets of the Portuguese”
Fjilla Frigga

Dakota Miller, soprano
Emily Witt, piano

Please join us for our next Voice Division Recital on Monday May 16, 2016.

Please turn off all pagers and cell phones as well as other electronic devices.
Translations

Asturiana
To see if it would console me, 
Tie me up to a green pine 
To see if it would console me 
Upon seeing me cry, it cried. 
The pine tree, because it was green, 
Upon seeing me cry, it cried.

Wie Melodien zieht es mir
It moves like a melody, 
Gently through my mind; 
It blossoms like spring flowers 
And wafts away like fragrance.

But when it is captured in words, 
And placed before my eyes, 
It turns pale like a gray mist 
And disappears like a breath. 
And yet, remaining in my rhymes 
There hides still a fragrance, 
Which mildly from the quiet bud 
My moist eyes call forth.

Glà il sole dal gange
Already, from over the Ganges, the sun 
Sparkles more brightly 
And dries every drop 
of the dawn, which weeps.

With the gilded ray 
It adorns each blade of grass; 
And the stars of the sky 
It paints in the field.

Per la gloria
For the glory of adoring you I want to love you, O dear eyes. 
Loving I will suffer, but always I will love you, 
Yes, yes, in my suffering, I will love you, dear eyes.

Without hope of delight, vain affection it is to sigh, 
But your sweet rays who could ever gaze upon 
And not, and not love you? I will suffer, I will love you, dear eyes!

Placer d'Amore
The pleasure of love only lasts one moment; 
The regret of love lasts one's whole life.

I left everything for the ungrateful Sylvie; 
She leaves me and takes another lover.

The pleasure of love only lasts one moment; 
The regret of love lasts one's whole life.

"As long as this water flows softly 
Toward this brook that borders the plain 
I will love you." repeated Sylvie to me. 
The water still flows, she has changed however.

The pleasure of love only lasts one moment; 
The regret of love lasts one's whole life.

Comment dissalent-il
"How." asked the men, 
"can we flee the Spanish police in our small boats?" 
"Row," replied the women.

"How," asked the men, 
"can we forget strife, 
misery and danger?" 
"Sleep," replied the women.

"How," asked the men, 
"can we enchant beautiful women without love potions?" 
"Love," replied the women.

Enfant, si j'était roi
Child, if I were king I would give the empire, 
and my chariot, and my scepter, and my kneeling people, 
and my golden crown, and my porphyry baths, 
and my fleets that the sea could not hold, 
for one of your glances!

If I were God, earth and heaven with the waves, 
the angels, the demons bent before my law, 
and the chaos of the fertile deep, 
eternity, space, the heavens and the worlds 
for a kiss from you!

In der Fremde
Where once at home I laid my head 
storm clouds fill the air, 
but Father and Mother are long since dead 
and no one remembers me there.

How soon, how soon and with what ease 
the time of rest draws near: 
the wind will rustle through the trees 
and none will remember me here.

Vergib uns unsere Schuld
At night, when stormy winds blow wildly 
And remorse wakes within you, 
Then, your heart quakes in darkest night 
As painfully as has never shaken.

You struggle, in deepest breast despairing, 
For nothing comforts, for nothing brightens, 
Because through the gale, still clearly speaks 
Your own heart, accusing you.

After all if the gale then be silent 
And balmy breezes prevail. 
When the soul feels deep remorse, 
It quakes as though stormy, on a quiet day.

Then, 'little bird praise God-almighty' 
And sing brightly to him above, 
Your song drones on the ear however 
With harsh notes revealing your guilt.

Till Frigga
Your wealth does not tempt me nor thy pearl have I sought. 
Only Frigga's heart tempts me.

A boundless world with its suns all of gold, its diamond sheen is worthless. 
The only world of rapture is when I am enclosed in her pent-up breast.

What has she borrowed from dust, what has she got from heaven? 
What is painted by evening or by flowery morning's hand?

Thought grows dizzy when in her eyes I gaze, 
As though I experience an unmeasured trance 
by the kiss of her purple mouth.

Where have you been, laughing angel, where? 
Until you came down to earth in the sweet form of Frigga 
Making lovely my wandering here.

Sometimes gloom falls on the way and thorns shoot forth. 
Sometimes the soul sighs. 
How sweet it is then to be freed from this yoke 
and be tied to your sweet embrace.

Earth caresses my feet, sweet as a spring wind. 
Life's encumbering weight feels as light as a bubble. 
And the fast swelling pulses rock the soul to the sweet rest of the Gods.