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Family Weekend Concert

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC CONCERT SERIES

FAMILY WEEKEND CONCERT

September 29, 1995, 8:15 PM
Byrd and William Perkinson Recital Hall
PROGRAM

Haec dies
William Byrd
(1543-1623)

If Ye Love Me
Thomas Tallis
(c. 1505-1585)

Se per haveri, oime
Morten Lauridsen
(b. 1943)

Schola Cantorum, Jeffrey Riehl, director

Behold, I Tell You a Mystery
The Trumpet Shall Sound
from Messiah
G. F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Keith Phares, baritone
Suzanne Bunting, piano
with Sean Linfors, piccolo trumpet

Der Musensohn
Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Allan Care, Jr., baritone
Richard Becker, piano

Sonata in F minor, op. 2, no. 1
Prestissimo
Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Denise Roberts, piano
Wie Melodien zieht es mir, op. 105, no. 1  
Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)
Es liebt sich so lieblich im Lenze, op. 71, no. 1
Christa Love, soprano
Lisa Samuels, piano

Nocturne in E minor, op. 72, no. 1  
Frédéric Chopin  
(1810-1849)
Sarah Weinzierl, piano

Three Canzonets:
Flora Wilt Thou Torment Mee?
Loe Heere Another Love
I Goe Before My Darling
Jennifer Foster, soprano
Steve Williamson, tenor

Irish Folk Songs
Down by the Sally Gardens
I wish I had the Shepherd’s Lamb
Keith Phares, flugelhorn
Liz Thompson, cello

The Water is Wide
arr. Roger Folstrom

Little Innocent Lamb
arr. Marshall Bartholomew
University Choir, Jeffrey Riehl, director
Der Musensohn  
(Son of the Muses) by: Johann Wolfgang Goethe

Through field and through forest, piping my song,  
is how I roam from place to place!  
And the whole world keeps time, and moves in rhythm, with me.

Impatiently I await  
the first bloom in the garden,  
the first blossom on the tree,  
I greet them in my songs, and when winter returns,  
I still sing of them as a dream.

Far and wide I sing them,  
throughout the icy realm,  
then winter blossoms fair!  
That flowering, too, passes, and new delight is found  
in the villages of the hills.

For when, by the lime tree,  
on young folk I chance,  
The bumpkin puffs his chest out,  
the prim maiden twirls in time to my melody.

You wing your favourite's feet,  
and over hill and dale  
drive him far from home.  
Dear, kindly Muses,  
when, on her bosom,  
shall I at last again find rest?

Wie Melodien zieht es mir  
(Like a Melody it Goes to Me) by: Klaus Groth

Like a quiet melody it pervades my senses.  
Like spring flowers it blossoms and floats like fragrance away,  
And floats like fragrance away.

But if the word comes and graps it, then leads it before the eyes,  
It fades as a grey mist, and vanishes like a breath,  
And vanishes like a breath,

And yet in the rhyme a secret fragrance is hidden,  
That gently from its tranquil source brings tears to the eyes,  
That gently from its tranquil source brings tears to the eyes.

Es liebt sich so lieblich im Lenze  
(Love is so Delightful in the Spring) by: Heinrich Heine

The waves gleam and glow by--love is so delightful in the spring!  
By the river sits the shepherdess and weaves the daintiest, weaves the daintiest wreaths.

Amid the buds, the running water, the fragrance, the blossom--love is so delightful in the spring!  
The shepherdess heaves a deep sigh:  
“To whom shall I give my wreaths, to whom shall I give my wreaths?”

A horseman rides along the river;  
He greets her with such youthful boldness, such youthful boldness, youthful boldness!  
The shepherdess looks after him so nervously;  
In the distance flutters the plume on his hat, the plume on his hat.

She weeps and throws the beautiful wreaths of flowers into the flowing river.  
The nightingale sings of loving and kissing--love is so delightful in the spring,  
Love is so delightful in the spring!