

University of Richmond

UR Scholarship Repository

Music Department Concert Programs

Music

9-11-1983

Lindsey Christiansen, mezzo-soprano, and Thomas Russell, piano

Department of Music, University of Richmond

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/all-music-programs>



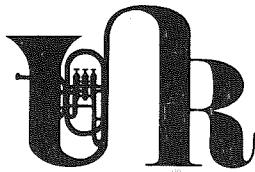
Part of the [Music Performance Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Department of Music, University of Richmond, "Lindsey Christiansen, mezzo-soprano, and Thomas Russell, piano" (1983). *Music Department Concert Programs*. 1382.

<https://scholarship.richmond.edu/all-music-programs/1382>

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Music at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Music Department Concert Programs by an authorized administrator of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.



UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND

Department of Music

Recital Hall
September 11, 1983
4:00 PM

Lindsey Christiansen, mezzo-soprano

Thomas Russell, piano

assisted by

Suzanne Bunting, harpsichord

Anne Bakker Stokes, cello

Strike the Viol
If Music Be the Food of Love (Third Version)
Lord, What Is Man

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

An eine Äolsharfe
Ständchen
Regenlied
Das Mädchen
Von ewiger Liebe

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Intermission

Fleur des Blés
Voici que le Printemps
Les Angéelus
Fantoches

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Procris
Tired
Hands, Eyes, and Heart

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

Childhood Fables for Grownups (Set I)
Polaroli
Tigeroo
Lenny the Leopard
The Frog and the Snake

Irving Fine

NEXT: Guest Lecturer, Thea Musgrave
October 3, 8:15 PM
North Court Recital Hall

Lindsey Peters Christiansen, a mezzo-soprano, received her undergraduate musical education at the University of Richmond and later studied at the Staatliche Hochschule fur Musik in Hamburg, Germany on an International Rotary Foundation Grant. Mrs. Christiansen is a 1968 Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Westhampton College. She has taught voice at Westminster Choir School in Princeton, New Jersey since 1977, and before that taught voice at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro for seven years. She is the winner of a Yale Summer School Music and Art Fellowship and a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship. Last fall, Mrs. Christiansen was honored by the University of Richmond as one of six alumni presented Awards for Distinguished Contributions to the Arts.

Thomas Russell is active as a pianist for singers and instrumentalists in Europe and America. He studied with Leon Fleisher and was a finalist in the 1970 Tchaikovsky Competition.

To an Aeolian Harp

Leaning against the ivy wall of this old terrace, you, mysterious lyre of an airborne muse, begin again your melodious lament. You come, you winds from far away, oh from the youth, who was so dear to me, from a newly blooming mound. And on the way barely touching blossoms of spring, saturated with fragrances, how sweetly you oppress this heart! And you murmur in the strings, attracted by melodious melancholy, rising with the ardour of my longing, and dying down again. But suddenly, as the wind blows more strongly, a lovely cry of the harp brings back to me, with a sweet terror, the sudden excitement of my soul, and here the fullblown rose set atremble, scatters all its petals before my feet!

Serenade

The moon shines above the mountain just right for people in love; in the garden ripples a fountain, elsewhere silence fire and wide. Beside the wall in the shadow, three students are standing with flute and violin and zither, and they play, and sing while playing. The strains are stealing gently into the fairest maiden's dream; she sees her blonde beloved and whispers; "Forget me not!"

Rain Song

Raindrops fall from the trees into the green grass. The tears from my dim eyes make my cheeks wet. When the sun shines brightly again, the grass will be doubly green, doubly will the hot tears glow on my cheeks.

The Maiden

The maiden stood by the mountain slope, and her face was reflected in the mountain. And the maiden said to her face: Truly, countenance of mine, if I but know that some day an old man would kiss you, I would go out to the green mountains and pluck all the wormwood in the mountains, would strain bitter water from the wormwood and wash you that you might be bitter for the old man's kiss! If I but knew, white countenance of mine, that some day a youth would kiss you, I would go into the green garden and pluck all the roses in the garden and strain scented water from the roses and wash you with the water that you might be fragrant for the young man's kiss!

Of Eternal Love

How dark it is in the forest and field! Night has fallen, the world now is silent. Nowhere a light, nowhere smoke, yes, and the lark is silent now too! From the village comes the young lad taking his beloved home. He leads her past the willows talking of many things: "If you suffer shame and disgrace from others because of me, then our love shall be ended as fast as we once came together; it shall go with the wind and the rain as fast as we once came together." Then the maiden says; "Our love can never end! Firm is steel and iron, yet our love is firmer still. Iron and steel can perish in time, our love must remain forever."

Flowers of the Grainfield

Beside the grainfields, which the breeze ripples, and then uncurls in coquettish disorder, I found a good opportunity to gather a bouquet for you. Fasten it quickly to your bodice; it is fashioned in your likeness, as it is made for you . . . a little bird, I wager, has already whispered to you the reason: This golden grain, it is the wave of your blonde hair, all gold and sun-bright; this swaying poppy is your blood-red lips, and these cornflowers, lovely mystery! -- azure specks that nothing can change, these cornflowers are your eyes, so blue that one would say they are, on earth, two lightning flashes descended from the sky.

Here is Spring

Here is Spring, that nimble son of April, handsome in a green doublet embroidered with white roses. He appears agile, dapper, and his fists on his hips, like a prince welcomed upon his return from a long exile. The branches of the green bushes border the road which he follows, dancing in a frenzy; on his left shoulder he carries a nightingale, a blackbird perches on his right. And the flowers which slept under the moss of the woods open their eyes as a faint and gentle shadow floats by; and on their little feet they stretch upward, to hear the two birds whistling and singing in unison, for the blackbird whistles for those who are unloved, while for lovers, languishing and enchanted, the nightingale spins out a moving song.

The Angelus

Christian bells of Matins, asking the heart not to lose hope! Angelus, made angelic by the dawn! Alas! Where are your beguiling prayers? You were filled with such gentle madness! Presages of coming love! Today my grief is supreme, and all the Matins are abolished. I live only in shadow and night; the tired Angelus is lamenting death, and there, in my resigned heart, sleeps the lonely widow of all hope.

Phantoms

Scaramouche and Pulcinella, whom wicked intentions have brought together, are dark figures gesticulating in the moonlight, while the excellent Doctor from Bologna is leisurely gathering healing herbs in the dark grass, while his pertly pretty daughter, beneath the bowers, stealthily glides, scantily dressed, in quest of her handsome Spanish pirate, whose distress an amorous nightingale proclaims at the top of its voice.