

In the Wand of the Wind (John Fandel)

This was the day the trees turned silver
In the wand of the wind
And wild flowers opened the eyes
Even of the blind.
The meadow grasses polished
The green sickle of wind
And finches fashioned the sun
Ringing in the mind.
This was the day the trees turned silver
And finches fashioned the sun.

The Serpent (Theodore Roethke)

There was a serpent who had to sing.
There was. There was.
He simply gave up Serpentine.
Because. Because.
He didn't like his Kind of Life;
He couldn't find a proper Wife;
He was a Serpent with a Soul;
He got no Pleasure down his Hole.
And so, of course, he had to Sing,
And Sing he did, like Anything! Ah!
The Birds, they were, they were Astounded;
And various Measures Propounded
To stop the Serpent's Awful Racket:
They bought a Drum.
He wouldn't Whack it
They sent, (you always send) to Cuba
And got a Most Commodious Tuba;
They got a Horn, they got a Flute,
But Nothing would suit.
He said, "Look, Birds, all this is futile:
I do not like to Bang or Tootle."
And then he cut loose with a Horrible Note
That practically split the Top of his Throat.
"You see," he said, with a Serpent's Leer,
"I'm Serious about my Singing Career!"
And the Woods Resounded with many a Shriek
As the Birds flew off to the End of Next Week.



Chenny Gan

piano

assisted by:

Luc Jackman, clarinet
Eric Koontz, viola
Louisa Muller, soprano
Gina Pezzoli, violoncello

Graduate Recital

Tuesday, April 19, 2005

7:30 pm

Recital Hall, School of Music



THE UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

Program

**Zwölf Variationen über ein Thema
Händels Oratorium “Judas Maccabäus”, WoO 45**

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Songs for Leontyne

The Doe
Evening
Autumn
Winter Song
In the Wand of the Wind
The Serpent

Lee Hoiby
(b. 1926)

Intermission

Hommage à R. Sch., Op. 15/d

1. (merkwürdige Pirouetten des Kapellmeisters Johannes Kreisler)
2. (E.*: der begrenzte Kreis...)
3. (...und wieder zuckt es schmerzlich F.* um die Lippen...)
4. (Felhő valék, már süt a nap...) (töredék- töredék)
5. In der Nacht
6. Abschied (Meister Raro entdeckt Guillaume de Machaut)

György Kurtág
(b. 1926)

Trio pour Clarinette, alto et Piano (1990)

Largo
Allegro
Scherzando
Largo
Presto

Jean Françaix
(1912-1997)

In partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for the
Master of Music in Performance

The hall is equipped with a listening assistance system.
Patrons needing such assistance should contact an usher in the lobby.

**Lee Hoiby:
Songs for Leontyne**

The Doe (John Fandel)

Through the snow
The graceful doe,
Gently slow:
Heel and toe;
Precisely so.
Through drift, and blow
Of drift, and glow
Of moon and snow,
The leaping doe,
Her form and shadow.
Near pines, a row
Thatched with the snow,
I watched the doe
Come, and the Serpent
And go.

Evening (Wallace Stevens)

Evening, when the measure skips a beat
And then another, one by one, and all
To a seething minor swiftly modulate.
Bare night is best.
Bare earth is best.
Bare, bare,
Except for our own houses, huddled low
Beneath the arches and their spangled air,
Beneath the rhapsodies of fire and fire,
Where the voice that is in us makes a true response,
Where the voice that is great within us rises up,
As we stand gazing at the rounded moon.

Autumn (Rainer Maria Rilke)

The leaves are falling, falling down
As far as though from gardens deep in heaven fading;
They fall with gestures of complete negation.
And, in the night, the heavy earth is falling
From all the stars into its loneliness.
And we are falling.
Even this hand must fall, and, see, the other too.
All falling, all.
And yet one holds all falling everywhere
Endlessly gently in his hands' caress.

Winter Song (Wilfred Owen)

The browns, the olives, and the yellows died.
And were swept up to heaven; where they glowed
Each dawn and set of sun 'til Christmastide,
And when the land lay pale for them, pale-snowed,
Fell back, and down the snowdrifts flamed and flowed.
From off your face, into the winds of winter,
The sun brown and the summer gold are blowing;
But they shall gleam again with spiritual glint,
When paler beauty on your brow falls snowing,
And through those snows my looks shall be soft going.