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The UNCG School of Music now occupies a new 26 million dollar music building, which is among the finest music facilities in the nation. In fact, the new music building is the second-largest academic building on the UNCG Campus. A large music library with state-of-the-art playback, study and research facilities houses all music reference materials. Greatly expanded classroom, studio, practice room, and rehearsal hall spaces are key components of the new structure. Two new recital halls, a large computer lab, a psychoacoustics lab, electronic music labs, and recording studio space are additional features of the new facility. In addition, an enclosed multi-level parking deck is adjacent to the new music building to serve students, faculty and concert patrons.

Living in the artistically thriving Greensboro—Winston-Salem—High Point “Triad” area, students enjoy regular opportunities to attend and perform in concerts sponsored by such organizations as the Greensboro Symphony Orchestra, the Greensboro Opera Company, and the Eastern Music Festival. In addition, UNCG students interact first-hand with some of the world’s major artists who frequently schedule informal discussions, open rehearsals, and master classes at UNCG.

Costs of attending public universities in North Carolina, both for in-state and out-of-state students, represent a truly exceptional value in higher education.

For information regarding music as a major or minor field of study, please write:

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Sara J. Dougherty
mezzo-soprano

Laura Moore, piano

Senior Recital

Friday, April 15, 2005
5:30 pm
Recital Hall, School of Music



Program

Evening Hymn from *Harmonia Sacra*

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

**Aurore
Prison
Nocturne**

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

from **Zigeunerlieder**

He, Zigeuner
Brauner Bursche
Röslein dreie in der Reihe
Kommt dir manchmal
Rote Abendwolken

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Brief Intermission

from **Sea Pictures**

Sea Slumber Song
In Haven
Where the Coral Lies
Sabbath Morning at Sea

Sir Edward Elgar
(1857-1934)

Brief Intermission

Chansons de Nègresse

Mon histoire
Abandonnée
Sans feu ni lieu

Darius Milhaud
(1892-1974)

from **Cinco canciones negras**

Chévere
Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito
Canto negro

Xavier Montsalvatge
(1912-2002)

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

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

Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,
Tan chiquito,
El negrito
Que no quiere dormir.

Cabeza de coco,
Grano de café,
Con lindas motitas,
Con ojos grandotes
Como dos ventanas
Que miran al mar.

Cierra los ojitos
Negrito asustado;
El mandinga blanco
Te puede comer.
Ya no eres esclavo!

Y si duermes mucho,
El señor de casa
Promete comprar
Traje con botones
Para ser un "groom"

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,
Duermete, negrito,
Cabeza de coco,
Grano de café.

Canto Negro

Yambambó, yambambé!
Repica el congo solongo,
Repica el negro bien negro;
Congo solongo del Songo
Bailla yambó sobre un pie.

Mamatomba, serembe cuserembá

El negro canta y se ajuma,
El negro se ajuma y canta,
El negro canta y se va.

Acuememe serembó,
Aé, yambó, aé.

Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba,
Tamba del negro que tumba;
Tumba del negro, caramba,
Caramba, quel el negro tumba:

Yamba, yambó, yambambé!

Lullaby For A Little Black Boy

Lullay, lullay, lullay,
Tiny little child,
Little black boy
Who won't go to sleep.

Head like a coconut,
Head like a coffee bean,
With pretty freckles
With wide eyes
Like two windows
Looking out to sea.

Close your tiny eyes,
Frightened little boy,
Or the white devil
Will eat you up.
You're no longer a slave!

And if you sleep soundly,
The master of the house
Promises to buy you
A suit with buttons
To make you a 'groom'

Lullay, lullay, lullay,
Sleep, little black boy,
Head like a coconut,
Head like a coffee bean.

Negro Song

Yambambó, yambambé!
The congo solongo is ringing,
The black man, the real black man is singing;
congo solongo from the Songo
is dancing the yambó on one foot

Mamatomba, serembe cuserembá

The black man sings and gets drunk,
The black man gets drunk and sings,
The black man sings and goes away.

Acuememe serembó,
Aé, yambó, aé.

Bam, bam, bam, bam,
Bam of the black man who tumbles
Drum of the black man, wow,
Wow, how the black man's tumbling!

Yamba, yambó, yambambé!

Abandonnée

En attendant je serai
A la maison toute seule
Sans avoir un seule baiser
A me mettre sous la gueule.

J'aurai tout plaisir gâté
Comme une pauvre orpheline
Le Coeur pale d'anxiété
Je ferai triste cuisine

Je salerai mes repas
Avec des larmes brûlantes,
Je m'enirai pas à pas
Vers les solutions violentes

Mais mon petit voici l'heure
De ton alimentation
Etant femme avec pudeur
J'irai derrière un buisson
Donner mon sein de couleur
A notre petit garçon.

Sans feu ni lieu

Pour les enfants sans
Feu ni lieu
Faudrait une chanson si belle
Qu'elle puisse leur tenir lieu de
Demeure très naturelle.

Tout ce dont ils auraient besoin
Un peu de lait un peu d'étoffe
Ainsi que tous les autres soin
Ils les trouveraient dans les strophes,

Afin de leur faire comprendre
Qu'ils sont moins seuls qu'ils n'en ont l'air
Même au milieu de la montagne
Et de la guerre et de l'hiver.

Xavier Montsalvatge, Spanish composer and critic, was heavily influenced by 'Les Six' early on in his writings. He was keenly fascinated with the music and rhythms of Cuba because of the deep historical connections between Spain and the West Indies. In the 1940s and 1950s, Milhaud had a strong influence on Montsalvatge's 'West Indian' works, the best-known of which being *Cinco Canciones Negras*. These colorful and evocative songs command a broad appeal; Stephen Sondheim, in a interview with *New York Times Magazine*, said that he wished he had written the lullaby from this cycle ('Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito').

Chévere

Chévere del navajazo,
Se vuelve él mismo navaja:
Pica tajadas de luna,
Mas la luna se le acaba;
Pica tajadas de sombra,
Mas la sombra se le acaba;
Pica tajadas de canto,
Mas el canto se le acaba;
Y entonces pica que pica
Carne de su negra mala!

Abandoned

Till then,
I'll be all alone in the house
without a single kiss
to be put upon my lips.

All my pleasure will be spoilt,
like a poor orphan,
my heart pale with anxiety,
I will be a sad cook.

I will salt my meals
with burning tears
and slowly turn
toward violent solutions.

But, little one, it's time
to feed you.
Being a woman, I will modestly
go behind a bush
to give my colored breast
to our little boy.

With Neither Hearth nor Home

For the children with neither
hearth nor home,
we need a song so beautiful
that it can take the place
of a very natural dwelling for them.

All they need —
a little milk, a little cloth,
all other care —
will they find in its verses,

to make them understand
that they are not as alone as they seem,
even amidst mountains
and war and winter.

The Dandy

The dandy of the knife thrust
Himself becomes the knife:
He cuts slices of the moon,
But the moon is fading on him;
He cuts slices of shadow,
But the shadow is fading on him;
He cuts slices of song,
But the song is fading on him,
And then he cuts up, cuts up
The flesh of his bad black woman!

Henry Purcell, one of the most important British composer of the 17th century, began to extend his vocal writing in the 1680s to reflect Venetian and Roman music. The use of a rhythmically and melodically repeating 'ground bass' became prevalent in his compositions. 'Evening Hymn' opens a large opus called *Harmonia Sacra*, which was published in two parts beginning in 1688 and ending in 1693. The text was written by William Fuller, Bishop of London, and suggests a calm confidence in God's mercy that is musically supported by Purcell's ground bass, major keys, and steady meter.

Gabriel Fauré was probably the most advanced and influential French composer of his generation; his highly modal compositional style changed how harmony was taught in later generations. Fauré's other occupations usually only allowed him the summer holidays for composing, and he struggled with depression off and on during the time 'Aurore' and 'Nocturne' were composed. The 1890s brought widespread professional recognition to Fauré; 'Prison', one of his most dramatic songs, dates from this period.

Aurore

Des jardins de la nuit s'envolent les étoiles
Abeilles d'or qu'attire un invisible miel,
Et l'aube, au loin tendant la candeur
De ses toiles,
Trame de fils d'argent
Le manteau bleu du ciel.

Du jardin de mon coeur qu'un rêve lent enivre
S'envolent mes désirs sur les pas du matin,
Comme un essaim léger
Qu'à l'horizon de cuivre,
Appelle un chant plaintif, éternel et lointain.

Ils volent à tes pieds,
Astres chassés des nues,
Exilés du ciel d'or
où fleurit ta beauté
Et, cherchant jusqu'à toi
des routes inconnues,
Mêlent au jour naissant
leur mourante clarté.

Prison

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.

Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse?

Dawn

The stars fly away from the gardens of night
like golden bees attracted by invisible honey;
and dawn in the distance,
stretching her clear canvas,
weaves with silver threads
the blue cloak of the sky.

My desires fly off at morning's approach
out of the dream-drunk garden of my heart
like a wafting swarm summoned
to the red-tinged horizon
by a chant that is plaintive, eternal and far.

They fly to your feet,
stars expelled from on high,
exiled from the golden sky
in which your beauty blossoms;
and, seeking uncharted roads
to travel to where you are,
they mingle their dying light
with the awakening day.

Prison

The sky above the roof,
So blue, so calm!
A tree, above the roof,
Waves its crown.

The bell, in the sky I watch,
Gently rings.
A bird, on the tree I watch,
Plaintively sings.

My God, my God, life is there
Simple and serene.
That peaceful murmur there
Comes from the town.

O you, O you, what have you done,
Weeping without end,
Say, O say, what have you done
With all your youth?

Nocturne

La nuit, sur le grand mystère,
Entr'ouvre ses écrins bleus:
Autant de fleurs sur la terre,
Que d'étoiles dans les cieux!

On voit ses ombres dormantes
S'éclairer à tous moments,
Autant par les fleurs charmantes
Que par les astres charmants.

Moi, ma nuit au sombre voile
N'a, pour charme et pour clarté,
Qu'une fleur et qu'une étoile
Mon amour et ta beauté!

Johannes Brahms was the German successor to Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann. He assimilated over three centuries of music practices--folk and dance idioms, as well as the language of the 19th century--and made his own compositional style. Brahms's works, full of controlled passion, were well received in his lifetime even though they were often seen as either reactionary or progressive. The *Zigeunerlieder*, composed in 1887-88, are gypsy songs translated from Hungarian by Hugo Conrat, a Viennese businessman and music-lover.

from **Zigeunerlieder**

He, Zigeuner

He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!
Spiel das Lied vom ungetreuen Mägdelein!
Laß die Saiten weinen, klagen, traurig bange,
Bis die heiße Träne netzet diese Wangen!

Brauner Bursche

Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze
Sein blauäugig schönes Kind;
Schlägt die Sporen keck zusammen,
Csardasmelodie beginnt.

Küßt und herzt sein süßes Täubchen,
Dreht sie, führt sie, jauchzt und springt;
Wirft drei blanke Silbergulden
Auf das Zimbal, daß es klinget.

Röslein dreie in der Reihe

Röslein dreie in der Reihe blühen so rot,
Daß der Bursch zum Mädel gehe, ist kein Verbot!
Lieber Gott, wenn das verboten wär,
Ständ die schöne weite Welt
schon längst nicht mehr;
Ledig bleiben Sünde wär!

Schönstes Städtchen in Alföld ist
Ketschkemet,
Dort gibt es gar viele Mädchen schmuck und nett!
Freunde, sucht euch dort ein Bräutchen aus,
Freit um ihre Hand und
Gründet euer Haus,
Freudenbecher leeret aus.

Nocturne

The night, upon the great mystery,
Half opens her blue caskets;
as much upon the flowers of the earth,
as the stars in the sky!

One sees the lengthening shadows
gradually become resolved
as much by the charming flowers
As by the brilliant stars

Myself, my night in sombre cloak
Has nothing for charm and light
but one flower and one star
My love and your beauty.

from **Gypsy Songs**

Ho there, Gypsy!

Ho there, Gypsy! Strike the strings!
Play the song of the faithless maiden!
Let the strings weep and lament with sad anxiety,
'Til the burning tears flow down these cheeks.

The Young Bronzed Fellow

The young bronzed fellow leads to the dance
his lovely blue-eyed maiden,
Boldly clanking his spurs together,
a Czardas melody begins.

He caresses and kisses his sweet dove,
Whirls her, leads her, shouts and springs about,
Throws three shiny silver guilders
on the cymbal to make it ring.

Roses Three In A Row

Roses three in a row bloom so red,
There's no law against the lad's visiting his girl!
Oh, good Lord, if that too were forbidden,
This beautiful wide world
Would have perished long ago,
To remain single would be a sin!

The loveliest city in Alföld is Ketschkemet,
There abide so many maidens sweet and nice!
Friends, go there to choose a little bride,
Ask for her in marriage and then
Establish your home,
Then empty cups of joy!

Kommt dir manchmal

Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn,
Mein süßes Lieb,
Was du einst mit heil'gem Eide mir gelobt?
Tausch mich nicht, verlaß mich nicht,
Du weißt nicht, wie lieb ich dich hab,
Lieb du mich, wie ich dich,
Dann strömt Gottes Huld auf dich herab!

Rote Abendwolken

Rote Abendwolken ziehn am Firmament,
Sehnsuchtsvoll nach dir,
Mein Lieb, das Herze brennt,
Himmel strahlt in glühnder Pracht,
Und ich träum bei Tag und Nacht
Nur allein von dem süßen Liebchen mein.

Sir Edward Elgar drew inspiration from every aspect of his beloved England. The "*Enigma*" *Variations* brought him national recognition in 1899; later that year, Elgar wrote the orchestral cycle of five songs known as *Sea Pictures*. Reference to the "*Enigma*" *Variations* ('Sea Slumber Song') and the influence of Mahler ('Sabbath Morning at Sea') are readily discernable in this expansive cycle. *Sea Pictures* sustains an overall feeling of commitment and breadth that may have helped propel Elgar to his next masterpiece, the *Dream of Gerontius*.

Darius Milhaud was a member of 'Les Six', and is associated with France's avant garde movement of the 1920s. He wrote everything from grand opera to children's piano pieces. Milhaud's time in Brazil is evidenced by the infusion of percussion, polytonality, jazz, and Latin rhythms into his music. The "Chansons de Negresse" were composed in the 1930s, a time during which Milhaud was primarily involved in the production of film and incidental music.

Mon Histoire

J'étais toute petite
Quand un grand négrier
Cachant la vérité
Me fit venir d'Afrique

On nous entassa toute
Dans une barque à voiles
Et je compris en route
Que j'étais une esclave!

Devant la vérité
Pauvre de moi me frères
Voyez cette misère
Horrible à constater!

Ah! Je n'étais plus même
Précipitation
J'étais calamité
Et indignation.

Maintenant on est libre de tous ses mouvements.

On a beau être nègre
On est comme les blancs.
La jambe par devant,
La jambe par derrière
Nous sommes des enfants
Libres et volontaires.

Do You Recall

Do you sometimes recall,
my sweet love,
What you once vowed to me with solemn oath?
Decieve me not, leave me not,
You know not how dear you are to me!
Do love me as I love you,
Then God's grace will descend upon you!

Red Clouds of Evening

Red evening clouds move across the firmament,
Longing for you,
my sweet! My heart is afire,
The heavens shine in glowing splendour,
And I dreamt day and night,
Only of that sweet love of mine.

My History

I was very small
when a tall slave-trader,
hiding the truth,
brought me from Africa.

We were all
crammed into a sailing ship,
and I found out during the journey
that I was a slave!

Before the truth,
poor me, my brothers,
look on this misery,
horrible to see.

I was no longer even
precipitation.
I was calamity
and indignation.

Now we're totally free.

We may be beautiful negroes,
but we're just like the whites.
One leg before,
one leg behind,
we are free and
willful children.



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