



THE UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO



The UNCG School of Music has been recognized for years as one of the elite music institutions in the United States. Fully accredited by the National Association of Schools of Music since 1938, the School offers the only comprehensive music program from undergraduate through doctoral study in both performance and music education in North Carolina. From a total population of approximately 14,000 university students, the UNCG School of Music serves nearly 600 music majors with a full-time faculty and staff of more than sixty. As such, the UNCG School of Music ranks among the largest Schools of Music in the South.

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:

Dr. John J. Deal, Dean
UNCG School of Music
P.O. Box 26167
Greensboro, North Carolina 27402-6167
(336) 334-5789
On the Web: www.uncg.edu/mus/



Sarah Roche
soprano

Brian Davis
piano

Senior Recital

Sunday, February 27, 2005
5:30 pm
Recital Hall, School of Music



THE UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO
Program

De vieni, non tardar from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

L’Absence

Nuit d’Etoiles

**Le Spectre de la Rose
Apparition**

Trees on the Mountains from *Susannah*

Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)
Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)
Hector Berlioz
Claude Debussy

Carlisle Floyd
(b. 1926)

Brief Pause

**Will There Really be a Morning
My Master Hath a Garden
Come Ready and See Me
Barthalamew Green**

Richard Hundley
(b. 1931)

**Breit’ uber mein Haupt
Allerseelen
Zueignung**

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Ich will nur deiner Locken Nacht,
Und deiner Blicke Glanz.

Nor for the radiant wreath of the stars;
I want only the darkness of your raven locks,
And the brightness of your glance.

Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Aestern trag’ harbei,
Und lass uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.
Gib mir die Hand, dass ich sie heimlich
drücke,
Und wenn man’s sieht, mir ist es einerlei;
Gib mir nur einen deiner sussen Blicke,
Wie einst in Mai.
Es blüht und duftet heut’ auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz dass ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst in Mai.

All Souls’ Day

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring here the last of red asters,
And let us speak again of love,
As long ago in May.
Give me the hand that I may secretly clasp it,
And if it is observed by others, I will not mind;
Give me one of your sweet glances,
As long ago in May.
Today each grave is flowering and fragrant,
Once a year is All Souls’ Day,
Come to my heart that I again may have you,
As long ago in May.

Zueignung

Ja, du weisst es, teure Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank!
Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethisten Becher,
Und du segnestest den Trank,
Habe Dank!
Und beschworst darin die Bosen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig, and Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

Devotion

Ah, you know it, dear soul,
That, far from you, I languish,
Love causes hearts to ache,
To you my thanks!
Once, drinking to freedom,
I raised the amethyst cup
And you blessed the drink,
To you my thanks!
You exorcised the evil spirits in it,
So that I, as never before,
Cleansed and freed, sank upon your breast,
To you my thanks!

The hall is equipped with a listening assistance system.

Patrons needing such assistance should contact an usher in the lobby.

**Richard Strauss:
Breit’ uber mein Haupt**

Breit’ uber mein Haupt dein schwarzes Haar,
Neig’ zu mir dein Angesicht,
Da strömt in die Seele so hell und klar
Mir deiner Augen Licht.
Ich will nicht droben der Sonne Pracht,
Noch der Sterne leuchtenden Kranz,

Let fall upon my Head

Let your raven hair fall upon my head,
Bring your face closer to me,
There streams into my soul so brightly and
clearly
The light of your eyes.
I do not wish for the sun’s splendor above,

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart:
Deh vieni, non tardar**

Giunse al fin il momento
Che godro senza affanno
In braccio all’idol mio
Timide cure, uscite dal mio petto
A turbar non venite il mio diletto
Oh, come par che all’amoroso foco
Lamenita del loco
La terra e il ciel risponda

Please Come, Don’t Delay

The moment has finally arrived
When I can rejoice
In the arms of my beloved
Timid scruples, away from my breast
Do not come to spoil me delight
Oh, how it seems that to my amorous fire
The charm of this place
The earth and the sky respond

Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioia bella
Vieni ove amore per goder t'appella
Finche non splende in ciel notturna face
Finche l'aria e ancor bruna e il mondo tace
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza l'aura
Che col dolce susurro il cor ristaura
Qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba e fresca
Ai piaceri d'amor
Qui tutto adesso
Vieni, ben mio: tra queste piante ascese
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose

**Hector Berlioz:
L'Absence**

Reviens, reviens, ma bien aimée
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil.

Entre nos cœurs quelle distance
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers
O sort amer! I dure absence!
O grands desirs inapaises!

Reviens, reviens...(repeat)

D'ici l'a bas que de campagnes
Que de villes et de hameaux
Que de vallons et de montagnes
A lasser le pied des chevaux

Reviens, reviens...(repeat)

**Claude Debussy:
Nuit d'étoiles**

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles
Sous ta brise et tes parfums
Triste lyre qui soupire
Je rêve aux amours defunts
La séreine mélancolie
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur
Je révois a notre fontaine
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

**Hector Berlioz:
Le Spectre de la Rose**

Souleve ta paupiere close
Câlinée un songe virginal
Je suis le spectre d'une rose
Que to portais hier au bal
Tu me pris encore emperlée
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir
Et parmi la fête étoilée

Please come, don't delay, oh my lovely bliss
Come to where love for enjoyment calls you
While the torch of night doesn't shine
While the air is still dark and the world is quiet
Here murmurs the brook, here sports the breeze
And their sweet whispering refreshes my heart
Here laugh the little flowers, and the grass is cool
Here everything invites you
To the pleasures of love
Come, my beloved: among these sheltered trees
I will crown your brow with roses

Absence

Return, return, my beloved
Like a flower far from the sun
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your rosy smile

Between our hearts, how great a distance
So much space between our kisses
O bitter fate! O harsh absence!
O great unappeased desires!

Return, return...(repeat)

From here to there how many plains
How many towns and villages
How many valleys and mountains
To weary the hooves of the horses

Return, return...(repeat)

Night of Stars

Night of stars, beneath your veils
Amid your breezes and your scents.
While a sad lyre is sighing
I dream of my late lovers.
Serene melancholy
Suddenly unfolds at the bottom of my heart,
And I sense the soul of my beloved
Trembling in the dreaming forest
I see again, in our fountain
Your glances blue as the skies
This rose, it is your breath
And these stars are your eyes.

The specter of a rose

Raise your closed eyelids
Caressed by a virginal dream
I am the specter of a rose
Which you wore yesterday at the ball
You took me still bepearled
With silver tears from the sprinkler
And amid the starry festival

Tu me proménas tout le soir
O toi qui de ma mort fus cause
Sans que tu puisses le chasser
Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose
A ton chevet viendra danser
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclamé
Ni messe ni De Profundis
Ce léger parfum est mon âme
Et j'arrive du paradis
Mon destin fut digne d'envie
Et pour avoir un sort si beau
Plus d'un aurait donne sa vie car sur ton sein
J'ai mon tombeau
Et sur l'albatre au je repose
Un poète avec un baiser
Écrivit: 'ci-git un rose
Que tous les rois vont jalouser'

**Claude Debussy:
Apparition**

La lune s'attristait. Des seraphins en pleurs
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts,
Dans le calme des fleurs
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes
De blanc sanglots glissants
Sur l'azur des corolles.
C'était le jour beni de ton premier baiser.
Ma songerie aimant a me martyriser
S'enivrait savamment
Du parfum de tristesse
Que même sans regret et sans deboire
laisse
La cueillaison d'un Rêve
Au cœur qui l'a cueilli.
J'errais donc,
l'oeil rive sur le pavé vieilli
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue
Et dans le soir,
Tu m'es en riant
Apparue
Et j'ai cru voir la fée
Au chapeau de clarté
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gaté
Passait, laissant toujours
De ses mains mal fermées
Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées,
D'étoiles parfumées.

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart:
Deh vieni, non tardar**

Giunse al fin il momento
Che godro senza affanno
In braccio all'idol mio
Timide cure, uscite dal mio petto
A turbar non venite il mio diletto
Oh, come par che all'amoroso foco
Lamenita del loco
La terra e il ciel risponda

You carried me all the evening
O you who were the cause of my death
You will be powerless to drive away
My rosy specter which every night
Will come to dance by your pillow
But have no fear, I ask
Neither a Mass nor De Profundis
This light perfume is my soul
And I come from paradise
My destiny was worthy of envy
And to have known so fair a fate more than
One would have given his life
For my tomb is upon your breast
And on the alabaster where I rest
A poet with a kiss
Has inscribed: 'Here lies a rose,
That all kings will envy.'

Apparition

The moon was growing sad. Seraphim in tears
Dreaming, bows in hand,
In the calm of flowers
Vaporous were drawing from dying viols
White sobs that slid
Upon the azure blue of the corollas.
It was the blessed day of your first kiss.
My fantasy, which likes to torment me,
Knowingly intoxicated itself
In the scent of sadness
Even without regret and without vexation,
That sadness the gathering of a Dream
leaves in the heart that gathered it.
I wandered about,
my eyes fixed on the worn pavement
When the sunlight in your hair, in the street
And in the evening,
Before me laughing you
Appeared
And I thought that I saw the fairy
With her halo of light
Who once in my lovely dreams as a spoiled child
Passed by, letting fall
From her half-open hands
White bouquets of perfumed stars,
Of perfumed stars.

Please Come, Don't Delay

The moment has finally arrived
When I can rejoice
In the arms of my beloved
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