

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:

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P.O. Box 26167
Greensboro, North Carolina 27402-6167
(336) 334-5789
On the Web: www.uncg.edu/mus/



Crystal Mae Kitchens

soprano

David Asbury, piano

Senior Recital

Tuesday, November 30, 2004
5:30 pm
Organ Hall, School of Music



THE UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

Die gute Nacht
Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen
Liebst du um Schönheit
Warum willst du and're Fragen

Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)

Éxtase
Lamento
Chanson Triste

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Mon triste coeur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois, sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai.

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

Quando men vo from *La Bohème*

1924)

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-

from **Old American Songs Set 1**
3. Long Time Ago
4. Simple Gifts
5. I Bought Me a Cat

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

Giacomo Puccini:
Quando me vo

When I go

Quando men vo soletta per la via
La gente sosta e mira.
E la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me,
Ricerca in me da capo a pie.
Ed assaporo allor la bramosia sottil che da
gl'occhi traspira;
E dai palesi vezzi intender
sa alle occulte belta.
Cosi l'effluvio del desio tutta m'aggira;
Felice mi fa!
E tu che sai, che memori e ti struggi,
Da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben: le angoscie tue non le vuoi dir,
Non le vuoi dir; so ben,
Mati senti morir!

When I go alone through the street
The people stop and look.
And my beauty; they all watch me.
They watch me from head to foot.
Then I savor the subtle longing that comes to
light their eyes.
And by revealing charms I intend for them to
know my hidden beauty.
This way the flow of desire is all around me.
It makes me happy!
And you who knows, who remembers
Yet you avoid me so?
I know well: your anguish, you don't want to tell.
You don't want to tell but I know well,
You feel like you're dying!

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

Chanson Triste

Sad Song

Dans ton coeur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras

I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle

Clara Schumann:
Die gute Nacht

Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage,
Freund, hörest du!
Ein Engel, der die Botschaft trage
Geht ab und zu.
Er bringt sie dir und hat mir wieder
den Gruß gebracht:

The goodnight wish

The goodnight wish, with which I greet you,
Friend, may you hear!
An angel, who conveys the greeting,
Goes here and there.
To you and back to me is bringing
The wish I sent:

Dir sagen auch des Freundes Lieder
jetzt gute Nacht.

The songs your friend sends now are saying
I bid good night.

Sieh mein Aug', ich liebe dich!

See my eyes: I love you!

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen

He came in storm and rain

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
ihm schlug beklommen mein Herz entgegen.
Wie konnt' ich ahnen, daß seine Bahnen
sich einen sollten meinen Wegen.

He came in storm and rain,
my anxious heart beat against his.
how could I have known, that his path
should unite itself with mine?

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
er hat genommen mein Herz verwegen.
Nahm er das meine? Nahm ich das seine?
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.

He came in storm and rain,
he boldly stole my heart.
Did he steal mine? Did I steal his?
Both came together.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
Nun ist gekommen des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter, ich seh' es heiter,
denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.

He came in storm and rain,
Now has come the blessing of spring.
My love travels abroad, I watch with cheer,
for he remains mine, on any road.

Liebst du um Schönheit

If you love for beauty

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

If you love for beauty,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair!

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe der Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

If you love for youth,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the spring;
It is young every year!

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe.
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

If you love for treasure,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the mermaid;
She has many clear pearls!

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

If you love for love,
Oh yes, do love me!
Love me ever,
I'll love you evermore!

Warum willst du and're fragen

Why will you question others

Warum willst du and're fragen,
Die's nicht meinen treu mit dir?
Glaube nicht, als was dir sagen
Diese beiden Augen hier!

Why will you question others,
Who are not faithful to you?
Believe nothing but what
Both these eyes say!

Glaube nicht dem fremden Leuten,
Glaube nicht dem eignen Wahn;
Nicht mein Tun auch sollst du deuten,
Sondern sieh die Augen an!

Believe not strange people,
Believe not peculiar fancies;
Even my actions you shouldn't interpret,
But look in these eyes!

Schweigt die Lippe deinen Fragen,
Oder zeugt sie gegen mich?
Was auch meine Lippen sagen,

Will lips silence your questions,
Or turn them against me?
Whatever my lips may say,

Henri Duparc: Extase

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Du souffle de la bien aimée
Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort.

Ecstasy

On a pale lily my heart sleeps
A sleep as sweet as death
Exquisite death, fragrant death
By the breath of the beloved
On your pale breast my heart sleeps
A sleep as sweet as death.

Lamento

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe,
Où flotte avec un son plaintif
L'ombre d'un if?
Sur l'if une pâle colombe,
Triste et seule au soleil couchant,
Chante son chant:

On dirait que l'âme éveillée
Pleure sous terre à l'unisson
De la chanson,
Et du malheur d'être oubliée
Se plaint dans un roucoulement
Bien doucement.

Oh! jamais plus près de la tombe,
Je n'irai, quand descend le soir
Au manteau noir,
Écouter la pâle colombe
Chanter sur la pointe de l'if
Son chant plaintif.

Lament

Do you know the white tomb
That fleets under the plaintive shadow
of a yew tree?
On the tree a pale dove,
Sad and alone under the setting sun,
Sings its song:

One would say that an awakened soul
Is weeping under the earth in unison
With this song,
And from the misfortune of being forgotten,
Moans its sorrow in a cooing
Very soft.

Oh! never again near the tomb
Shall I go, when night descends
Its black mantle,
To hear the pale dove
Sing on the limb of the yew
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Clara Schumann: Die gute Nacht

Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage,
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