

Le Dauphin
Dauphins vous jouez dans la mer
Mais le flot est toujours amer
Parfois ma joie éclate t'elle?
La vie est encore cruelle.

L'Ecrevisse
Incertitude, O! mes delices
Vous et moi nous nous en allons
Comme s'en vont les écrevisses
A reculons, à reculons.

La Carpe
Don vos viviers dans vos étangs
Carpes que vous vivez longtemps!
Est-ce que la mort vous oublie
Poissons de la mélancolie?

The Dolphin
Dolphins you play in the sea
Yet the waters are always bitter
At times my joy bursts forth?
Life is still cruel.

The Crayfish
Uncertainty Oh! My delights
You and I we progress
Just like the crayfish
Backwards, backwards

The Carp
In your fish-ponds in your pools
Carp how long you live!
Is it that death has forgotten you
Fish of melancholy?

— ♪ —

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.

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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/



Jeffrey Carlson
baritone

Ināra Zandmane
piano and harpsichord

assisted by

Daniel Pappas, violin
Grace Lin, violoncello

Graduate Recital

Tuesday, November 23, 2004
5:30 pm
Recital Hall, School of Music



THE UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

Program

Kantate 65, “Erwachtet zum Kriegen” (1726)

Georg Philipp Telemann
(1681-1767)

Gesänge des Harfners, Op. 12(1822)
Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt
Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen aß
An die Türen

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Intermission

Dover Beach, Op. 3 (1931)

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

D'une Prison (1892)
Fêtes Galantes (1892)
Infidélité (1891)
Paysage (1890)
Si mes vers avaient des ailes (1888)

Reynaldo Hahn
(1874-1947)

Les Bestiaire (1919)
Le Dromadaire
La Chèvre du Thibet
La Sauterelle
Le Dauphin
L'Ecrevisse
La Carpe

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

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.

Patrons are encouraged to take note of the exits located throughout the hall.
In an emergency, please use the nearest exit, which may
be behind you or different from the one through which you entered.

Paysage

Text by André Theuriot

A deux pas de la mer qu'on entend bourdonner
Je sais un coin perdu de la terre bretonne
Où j'aurais tant aimé,
Pendant les jours d'automne,
Chère, à vous emmener!

De chênes faisant cercle autour d'une fontaine,
Quelques hêtres épars, un vieux moulin désert,
Une source dont l'eau Claire a le reflet vert
De vos yeux de sirène;

La mésange, au matin,
Sous la feuille jaunie,
Viendrait chanter pour nous . . .
Et la mer, nuit et jour,
Viendrait accompagner nos caresses d'amour
De sa basse infinie!

Landscape

Quite close to the murmuring sea,
I know a hidden spot in Brittany,
Where I would love so much,
On autumn days,
To take you, my darling!

Oak trees forming a circle around a fountain,
Some scattered hedges, an old deserted mill,
A spring's clear water, with green reflections
Of your siren-like eyes;

A bird, in the mornings,
Under the yellow foliage
Would come to sing for us ...
And the sea, by night and by day,
Would accompany our caresses of love
With its never-tiring bass voice.

Francis Poulenc:

Les Bestiaire, ou Cortège d'Orphée

Text by Guillaume Apollinaire

Guillaume Apollinaire is perhaps one of the most colorful figures in French poetry. Once falsely arrested for stealing the Mona Lisa, Apollinaire wrote poetry, drama, art criticism, short stories, translations, erotic novels, children's books, newspaper columns and theses for university students. His poetry represented a move away from the obscurity of symbolism. He used imagery subtly and his poetry avoids cliché. The associations and allusions in his poetry are to familiar objects so as not to confuse the reader and yet still hold an element of surprise in their usage. Apollinaire is also known for his use of intertextuality including references to Greek mythology and biblical stories. He had a lasting fascination with the Church and its dogmatic teachings that colors the tone of several of the poems. Friends and love were both important in the poet's life and they too make appearances in *Le Bestiaire* as subjects. Poulenc, a great admirer of Apollinaire, sets six of the poems from the cycle in a way that subverts irony and highlights the forthright simplicity of Apollinaire's style.

Le Dromadaire
Avec ses quatre dromadaires
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Courut le monde et l'admira.
Il fit ce que je voudrais faire,
Si j'avais quatre dromadaires.

The Dromedary
With his four dromedaries,
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Wandered the world and admired it.
He did what I would like to do,
If I had four dromedaries.

La Chèvre du Thibet
Les poils de cette chèvre et même
Ceux d'or pour qui prit tant de peine Jason,
Ne valent rien au prix
Des cheveux dont je suis épris.

The Tibetan Goat
The fleece of this goat and even
That of gold for which Jason suffered pains,
Are not worth anything to the value
Of the hair of my own beloved.

La Sauterelle
Voici la fine sauterelle
La nourriture de Saint Jean
Puisse mes vers être comme elle
Le regal des meilleures gens.

The Grasshopper
Here is the delicate grasshopper
The nourishment of St. John
May my verses be like his
The feast of superior people.

Fêtes Galantes

Text by Paul Verlaine

Gallant Festivals

Les donneurs de serenades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent de propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tender.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Infidelity

Text by Theophile Gautier

Voici l'orme qui balance
Son ombre sur le sentier;
Voici le jeune églantier,
Le bois où dort le silence;
Le banc de Pierre où le soir
Nous aimions à nous asseoir.

Voici la voûte embaumée
D'ébéniers et de lilas,
Où, lorsque nous étions las,
Ensemble, ô bien-aimée!
Sous des guirlandes de fleurs,
Nous laissons fuir les chaleurs.

L'air est pur, le gazon doux . . .
Rien n'a donc changé que vous!

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Text by Victor Hugo

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'oiseau!

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'esprit!

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accouraient, nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'amour!

Georg Philipp Telemann:

Kantate 65, Am ersten Advents Sonntage: "Erwachtet zum Kriegen"

(Cantata 65, for the first Sunday in Advent: "Awake to War")

The serenading swains
And the lovely ladies listening
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing boughs.

There is Tircis and there is Amainta,
And there is the eternal Clitander,
And this is Damis, who for many
cruel ladies fashions many tender verses.

Their short silken vests,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft blue shadows

Whirl in the ecstasy
Of a moon rose and gray,
And the mandolin chatters,
Amidst the quivering of the wind.

Infidelity

Here is the elm tree that casts
Its shadow on the path;
Here is the young rosebush,
The forest, where silence slumbers,
The stone bench where in the evening
We loved to sit.

Here is the fragrant canopy
Of ebony and lilacs,
Where, when we became tired,
Together, my beloved,
Under garlands of flower
We evaded the heat.

The air is pure, the grass sweet...
Nothing at all has changed but you!

If my verses had wings

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,
To your garden so beautiful,
If my verses had wings
Like the bird!

They would fly, sparks,
To your fireside which laughs,
If my verses had wings
Like the spirit!

Close to you, pure and faithful,
They would hasten, night and day,
If my verses had wings,
Like love!

Telemann, one of the most prolific composers of all time, wrote nearly 1,700 cantatas during his career. His cantatas were performed often during his lifetime. This cantata was published as part of a cycle entitled *Harmonischer Gottes-Dienst*, a collection of cantatas scored for voice, melodic instrument and continuo that correspond to the Sundays and feasts of the Protestant church year. Next Sunday happens to be the first Sunday of Advent, the Sunday for which this cantata was intended. The text of the work is based on Romans 13: 11-14.

Aria

Erwachtet zum Kriegen, ihr Seelen, rüstet euch!
Auf, auf, die Sinnen zu betäuben,
Übet in des Geistes Kraft eine gute Ritterschaft!
Sucht durch Wachen, Beten, Glauben euren Frieden ob zu siegen,
sonst verliert ihr Zions Reich.

Recitative

Der Tag erscheint, die Stund'ist da, vom Schlaf und Schnarchen aufzustehen und in den Kampf mit Fleisch und Blut zu gehen. Das Heil ist nah, doch auch Gefahr und Fall sind näher, als ihr's meinet; denn wer das Heil mit Füßen tritt, wird statt des Heils Verderben und statt des Segens Fluch ererben.

Der Gnadenkönig bringt den Frieden Gottes mit, doch denen, die mit sich him faulen Frieden leben, wird dieser Friede nicht gegeben. Darum zu gutter Nacht, o Freundschaft, dier mir Gott zum strengen Feinde macht! Dir sei ein steter Haß, ein steter Kampf geschworen, bis mit dem Leben sich zugleich auch deine Macht verloren.

Du aber, der du mich zum Qollen angeflammt, von dem auch mein Vollbringen stammt, mein König, gib dei deisem Toben mir Kraft von oben und sei, da mir allein der Ansatz viel zu heftig, durch deinen Geist in meiner Ohnmacht kräftig!

Aria

Wappne mich mit deiner Stärke, Gott, mein Retter, meine Burg.
Hilf mir kämpfen, hilf mir ringen,
hilf mir di wallenden Lüste bezwingen,
heilige mich durch und durch!

Aria

Awake to war, you souls, prepare!
Up, up, numb your senses,
Form in your Spirit's strength a good company of knights.
Seek through watching, prayer and faith to win your peace
or you will lose Zion's kingdom.

Recitative

The day has dawned, the hour is here, to rise from sleep and snoring and go into battle with flesh and blood. Salvation is near, but also danger and the Fall are nearer than you believe; for those who trample Salvation under foot will, instead of Salvation and blessings, inherit doom and curses.

The King of Grace brings God's peace with him, but to those who live with their own deceiving peace, this peace will not be given. Therefore goodnight, o friendships that could make God my stern enemy! To you eternal hate, an eternal battle I swear, until life and your power together are lost.

You however, who enflamed me with this will and from whom also my completion stems, my king, in this noise give me strength from above and through your Spirit strengthen me in my weakness, for the beginning is much too daunting for me alone!

Aria

Arm me with your strength, God, my Savior, my fortress.
Help me to fight, help me to struggle,
help me to vanquish the simmering desires,
hallow me through and through!

— ❧ —

Franz Schubert:

Gesänge des Harfners, Op. 12

(Songs of the Harper)

Composers of the 19th and 20th centuries have demonstrated an enduring fascination with the poetry of Goethe. Goethe himself believed that the setting of lyric poetry to music could heighten

its meaning and make it somehow more complete. Although he himself was not a fan of Schubert's settings of his poems, the composer found inspiration again and again in Goethe's poetry. *Gesänge des Harfners* is a setting of three songs excerpted from Goethe's novel, *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*. In the novel each of the songs is sung by the Harper, a half crazed, solitary figure. The first two songs are sung during the same chapter in the novel, although in the opposite order of Schubert's setting. "Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt" is an expression of the Harper's loneliness and pain performed at the behest of Wilhelm, who himself is seeking relief from melancholy. Wilhelm overhears the second song as the old-man mutters to himself alone on his bed in a run-down inn. Conscious that he is bordering on insanity, the Harper sings the third song while attempting to leave town the night after causing a fire that destroyed several houses and then threatening to sacrifice a young boy with his knife.

I.

Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt,ach!
der is bald allein;
ein jeder lebt, ein jeder liebt
und läßt ihn seiner Pein!
Ja! laßt mich meiner Qual!
und kann ich nur einmal recht einsam sein,
dann bin ich nicht allein.
Es schleicht ein Liebender lauschend sacht,
ob seine Freundin allein?
So überschleicht, bei Tag und Nacht mich
Einsamen die Pein,
mich Einsamen die Qual.
Ach werd ich erst einmal
einsam im Grabe sein,
da läßt sie mich allein,
da läßt sie mich allein!

He who gives himself to solitude, ah!
he is soon alone!
Everyone lives, everyone loves
and leaves him to his pain.
Yes! Leave me to my affliction!
and can I only once be truly alone,
then I am not alone.
There sneaks a lover listening softly,
is his beloved alone?
Thus by day and night, pain steals over me,
the lonely one,
torment steals over me, the solitary one.
Ah, once I am
lonely in the grave,
then it will leave me alone,
then it will leave me alone!

II.

Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen aß,
Wer nie di kummber vollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend saß,
Der kennt euch nicht,
ihr himmlischen Mächte.

He who never his bread with tears has eaten,
who never through sorrowful nights
on his bed weeping sat,
he knows you not,
you heavenly powers!

Ihr führt ins Leben uns hinein,
Ihr laßt den Armen schuldig warden,
Dann überlaßt ihr ihn der Pein;
Denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.

You bring us into life;
you let the poor man become guilty,
then you abandon him to his pain;
for all guilt avenges itself on earth!

III.

An die Türen will ich schleichen,
Still und sittsam will ich stehn;
Fromme Hand wird Nahrung reichen,
Und ich werde weiter gehn.
Jeder wird sich glücklich scheinen,
Wen mein Bild vor ihm erscheint;
Eine Träne wird er weinen,
Und ich weiss nicht, was er weint.

To the doors I will creep,
Quiet and humble will I stand;
a pious hand will offer me food,
and I will continue on.
Everyone will consider himself fortunate,
when my image before him appears;
one tear will he cry,
and I shall know not why he weeps.

Samuel Barber:

Dover Beach, Op. 3

Text by Matthew Arnold

Samuel Barber composed *Dover Beach* for string quartet and baritone when he was 21 years old, and Barber himself sang it on the first recording of the piece in 1935. The song gives clear expression to the melancholy and serious tone of Arnold's verses. It also seems to express the restlessness and self-doubt Barber felt as he questioned the direction his career would take.

Although this performance substitutes piano for the strings (as Barber himself often did in performance), Barber's use of musical imagery is still evident, as in the opening where the piano suggests the lapping of the waves while the singer describes the scene. Clear also is Barber's sensitivity to the subtleties of the text, at times writing in a declamatory style that borders on recitative ("Sophocles, long ago...), at times allowing the accompaniment and voice to erupt in an expression of raw emotion ("Ah, love, let us be true to one another!"), but most often employing a gentle lyrical vocal style commiserate with the simmering emotions experienced by the poem's persona and underlined by the figurations of the accompaniment.

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Reynaldo Hahn:

Five *Méodies*

Reynaldo Hahn, although not as well-known as Fauré or Debussy, composed *méodies* equal in expression and beauty. Hahn showed early musical talent in Caracas, Venezuela where he was born and lived with his family until moving to Paris when he was four. There he began to play the piano and shortly after turning eleven, entered the Paris Conservatoire where his teachers included Massenet. Perhaps one of his most well-known songs is that for which he first received fame, "Si me vers avaient des ailes" (1888), dedicated to his sister Maria. Because of his Jewish ancestry, Hahn's music was banned by the Nazis, and he went into hiding during the war, although he continued to compose. After the war, critics of the 1950's and 60's were dismissive of his music. Beginning in the 70's, however, interest was rekindled in Hahn's music, particularly his *méodies*, five of which I am pleased to present tonight.

D'une Prison

Text by Paul Verlaine

From a Prison

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

The sky is above the roof
So blue, so calm...
A tree, above the roof,
Rocks its palms...

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

The bell in the sky that one sees,
Sweetly rings,
A bird on the tree that one sees,
Sings its lament...

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

My God, my God! life is there
Simple and tranquil!
That peaceful rumble there,
Comes from the village...

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

What have you done, oh you, who there
Are weeping without ceasing,
Speak! What have you done, you there,
With your youth?