

Ces épis dorés, c'est l'onde
De ta chevelure blonde
Toute d'or et de soleil;
Ce coquelicot qui fronde,
C'est ta bouche au sang vermeil.

Et ces bluets, beau mystère!
Points d'azur que rien n'altère,
Ces bluets ce sont tes yeux,
Si bleus qu'on dirait, sur terre,
Deux éclats tombés des cieus.

This golden grain, it is the wave
Of your blonde hair,
All gold and sun-bright;
This swaying poppy
Is your blood-red lips.

And these cornflowers, lovely mystery!
Azure specks that nothing can change,
These cornflowers are your eyes,
So blue that one would say they are, on earth,
Two lightning flashes descending from the sky.

Camille Saint-Saëns:
Amour, viens aider

Samson, recherchant ma presence,
Ce soir doit venir en ces lieux.
Voici l'heure de la vengeance
Qui doit satisfaire nos dieux!

Amour! viens aider ma faiblesse!
Verse le poison dans son sein!
Fais que, vaincu par mon adresse,
Samson soit enchaîné demain!

Il voudrait en vain de son âme
Pouvoir me chasser, me bannir!
Pourrait-il éteindre la flamme
Qu'alimente le souvenir?

Il est à moi! C'est mon esclave!
Mes frères craignent son courroux;
Moi seule entre tous je le brave,
Et le retiens à mes genoux!

Contre l'amour sa force est vaine;
Et lui, le fort parmi les forts,
Lui, qui d'un peuple rompt la chaîne,
Succombera sous mes efforts!

Love, Come to my Aid

Samson, seeking my presence,
This evening should come to this place.
This is the hour of vengeance
Which should satisfy our Gods!

Love! Come help my weakness!
Pour the poison in his breast.
Let him be conquered by my skill,
Samson will be enchained tomorrow!

In his soul he no longer would cherish
The passion he wishes were dead;
Can a flame like that ever perish
Which memory feeds?

He is mine! He is my slave!
My brothers fear his wrath.
I, only, of all I defy him,
And keep him at my knees!

Against love his strength is vain
And he the strongest of the strong
He whose people broke the chain
Will succumb to my toils!

Mary Lauren Burrell

soprano

Juan Pablo Andrade, piano

assisted by

Emily Arnold, violin
Katie Costello, violin
Brian Carter, violoncello
Hannah Schlotterer, soprano

Marva Pittman

mezzo-soprano

David Asbury, piano

Senior Recital

Tuesday, November 2, 2004
5:30 pm
Recital Hall, School of Music



THE UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO
Program

Chioma d'oro
Tornate, o cari baci

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)



Emily Arnold, violin · Katie Costello, violin
Brian Carter, violoncello
Hannah Schlotterer, soprano
Mary Lauren Burrell, soprano

**Amorosi miei giorni
Come l'allodoletta
Ah, mai non cessate**

Marva Pittman, mezzo-soprano

**Allerseelen
Ruhe, meine Seele
Die Mainacht**

Mary Lauren Burrell, soprano

**Nachtviolen
Wie melodien zieht es mir
O komme, holde sommernacht**

Marva Pittman, mezzo-soprano

Fêtes Galantes (I)
En Sourdine
Fantoches
Clair de lune

Fleur des blés

Mary Lauren Burrell, soprano

Amour, viens aider from *Samson et Dalila*

Marva Pittman, mezzo-soprano

I wish it so from *Juno*

On the Steps of the Palace from *Into the Woods*

Mary Lauren Burrell, soprano

Didn't It Rain!

I'm So Glad Trouble Don't Last Always

My Soul's Been Anchored in the Lord

Marva Pittman, mezzo-soprano

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

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

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient à tes pieds rider
Les ondes de gazon roux.

Let us surrender
To the soft and rocking breath
Which comes to your feet and ripples
The waves of the russet lawn.

Et quand solennel, le soir

And when, solemnly, the night

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)
Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)
Johannes Brahms

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835-1921)

Marc Blitzstein
(1905-1964)
Stephen Sondheim
(b. 1930)

Margaret Bonds
(1913-1972)
R. Nathaniel Dett
(1882-1943)
Florence B. Price
(1888-1953)

Des chênes noirs tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Fantoches

Scaramouche et Pulcinella,
Qu'un mauvais dessein rassemble,
Gesticulent noirs sous la lune,
Cependent l'excellent docteur Bolonais
Cueille avec lenteur des simples
Parmi l'herbe brune.
Lors sa fille, piquant minois,
Sous la charmillie, en tapinois,
Se glisse demi-nue,
En quête de son beau pirate espagnol,
Dont un amoureux rossignol
Clame la détresse à tue-tête.

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques
Et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisement fantasques,
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainquer et la vie opportune.
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jet d'eau,
Les grands jet d'eau
Sveltes parmi les marbres.

Fleur des blés

Le long des blés que la brise
Fait onduler puis défrise
En un désordre coquet,
J'ai trouvé de bonne prise
De t'y cueillir un bouquet.

Mets-le vite à ton corsage.
Ils est fait à ton image
En même temps que pour toi...
Ton petit doigt, je le gage,
T'a déjà soufflé pourquoi:

Shall descend from the black oaks,
The voice of our despair,
The nightingale shall sing.

Phantoms

Scaramouche and Pulcinella
Whom wicked intentions have brought together,
Are dark figures gesticulating in the moonlight,
While the excellent Doctor from Bologna
Is leisurely gathering healing herbs
In the dark grass.
While his perty pretty daughter,
Beneath the bowers, stealthily,
Glides, scantily dressed,
In search of her handsome Spanish pirate,
Whose distress an amorous nightingale
Proclaims at the top of its voice.

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Where charming masqueraders
And dancens go about,
Playing the lute and dancing, and almost
Sad beneath their fantastic disguises,
While singing in the minor
Of triumphant love, and the pleasant life.
They seem not to believe in their happiness,
And their song blends with the Moonlight,
The quiet moonlight, sad and lovely,
That makes the birds dream in the trees,
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
The tall slim fountains
Among the marble statues.

Flowers of the Grainfield

Beside the grainfields, which the breeze
Ripples, and then uncurls
In coquettish order,
I found a good opportunity
To gather a boquet for you.

Fasten it quickly to your bodice;
It is fashioned in your likeness,
As it is made for you...
A little bird, I wager,
Has already whispered to you the reason:

Johannes Brahms
Wie Melodien zieht es mir

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
Und schwebt wie duft dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaß es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgn wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

O Komme Holde Sommernacht

O komme, holde sommernacht
Verschwiegen
Dich hat die Liebe recht gemacht
Zum Siegen!
Da brechen manche Knospen los,
Verstohlen,
Da öffnen ihren süßen Schoss Violen,
Da neigt ihr haupt im
Dämmerchein die Rose,
Da wird mein Liebchen auch noch mein,
Das lose, das lose!

As Melodies a Feeling

As melodies a feeling
Steals softly through my mind,
As spring flowers it blooms
And as scent floats away.

But words come and seize it,
Bring it before the eye,
As the gray of mist it pales,
And vanishes like a breath.

And yet in rhyme repose,
Concealed, a scent,
Which gently out of silent bud
Is summoned by a moist eye.

O Come Delightful Summer Night

O come delightful summer night
Silently;
Love has justly made you a time
For conquest!
It is then that many buds are broken off
Secretly,
It is then your sweet violets open,
Then the rose bows her head
In the afterglow,
Then my sweetheart surely shall be mine!
It's fate!

Chioma d'oro, bel tesoro,
tu mi legghi in mille nodi
se t'annodi, se ti snodi.

Candidette perle elette,
se le rose che coprite
discoprite, mi ferite.

Vive stelle, che sì belle
e sì vaghe risplendete,
se ridete m'ancidete.

Preziose, amorose,
coralline labbra amate,
se parlate mi beate.

O bel nodo per cui godo!
O soave uscir di vita!
O gradita mia ferita!

Tornate, o cari baci

Tornate, o cari baci,
a ritornarmi in vita,
baci, al mio cor digiuno esca gradita!
voi di quel dolce amaro,
per cui languir m'è caro,
di quel vostro non meno
nettare che veleno,
pascete i miei famelici desiri,
baci, in cui dolci provo anco i sospiri!

Golden hair, oh treasure fair,
you bind me in a thousand fashions
loose, with braids, or knots of passion.

Teeth so snowy, pearls so showy,
the rosy throat, which now you cover,
if you uncover, me you smother.

Starry eyes I idolize,
so fair you take away my breath,
if you do laugh, you bring me death.

Precious, glamorous rubies amorous,
coral lips I'd have caress me,
if you speak, you seem to bless me.

Oh, beauteous braid which binds delight!
Oh, smothering mouth so sweet, so bright!
Oh, all-too-welcome death by night!

Return, oh dear kisses,
and restore me to life,
kisses, that tempt my hungry heart!
and with that bitter sweet,
for which I love to languish,
with that sweetness, no less
nectar than poison,
feed my famished desires,
kisses in which even my sad sighs seem sweet!

Claude Debussy
Fêtes galantes

En Sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profound.

Fondons nos âmes, nos cœurs,
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbusiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Claudio Monteverdi:
Chioma d'oro

Muted

Serene in the twilight
Created by the high branches,
Let our love be imbued
With this profound silence.

Let us blend our souls, our hearts,
And our enraptured senses,
Amidst the faint languor
Of the pines and arbutus.

Half-close your eyes,
Cross your arms on your breast,
And from your weary heart
Drive away forever all plans.

Stefano Donaudy:
Amorosi miei giorni

Amorosi miei giorni,
chi vi potrà mai più scordar,
or che di tutti i beni adorni,
date pace al mio core
e profumo ai pensieri?
poter così, finchè la vita avanza,
non temer più gli affanni
d'una vita d'inganni
sol con questa speranza:
che un suo sguardo sia tutto il mio splendor
e un suo sorriso sia tutto il mio tesoro!

Chi di me più beato,
Se accanto a sè così non ha
Un dolce e caro oggetto amato,
Sì che ancor non può dire
Di saper cos' è amore?

My loving days...

My loving days,
Who could ever forget you
Now that, beautified by all the blessings,
You give peace to my heart
And perfume to my thoughts?
To be able thus, as long as life moves on,
Not to fear any longer the anxieties
Of a life of deceits,
Only with this hope:
That a glance of his be all my splendor
And a smile of his be all my treasure!

Who more blessed than I,
If next to him he has not thus
a sweet and dear beloved object,
so that he still can not say
he knows what love is?

Ah, ch'io così, finchè la vita avanza,
Più non tema gli affanni
D'una vita d'inganni,
Sol con questa speranza:
Che un suo sguardo sia tutto il mio splendor
E un suo sorriso sia tutto il mio tesoro!

Come l'allodoletta...

Come l'allodoletta per li prati,
Così fugge la pace e l'allegrezza
Da un cor gentile in cui sol regna amore!

Pasa ogni gioia, passa ogni dolore
Da un cor gentile in cui sol regna amore
E l'alma che ne sente la gravanza,
Sen' muore di gelo come un fior!

Ah, mai non cessate...

Ah, mai non cessate dal vostro parlar,
O labra desiate ond'io glooe vo;
Col miel delle vostre parole
Vo' far un dolce guanciale
Su cui dormirò.
O sonni beati
Da niun mai sognati
Che su quell guanciale dormendo farò
Dormendo e sognado, vicino al tuo cor,
Il dolce, desiato mio sogno d'amor.
Ah! Dormendo, sognando, sognando d'amor!

Richard Strauss: Allersellen

Stell auf den Tisch
die duftenden Reseden,
die letzten roten A stern trag' herbei,
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 süßen Blicke,
wie einst im 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 im Mai.

Ruhe, meine Seele

Nicht ein Lüftchen regt sich leise,
sanft entschlummert ruht der Hain;
durch der Blätter dunkle Hülle
stiehlt sich lichter Sonnenschein.

Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele,

Ah, may I thus, as long as life moves on,
No more fear the anxieties
of a life of deceits
Only with this hope:
That a glance of his be all my splendor and
a smile of his be all my treasure.

As the little lark...

As the little lark over the meadows,
So flees peace and joy
From a gentle heart in which only love rules!

Every joy, every bliss passes
From a gentle heart in which only love rules;
And the soul which feels the oppression of it
Dies of cold, like a flower!

Ah, never cease...

Ah, never cease your speaking,
Oh desired lips to which I madly go;
With the honey of your words
I want to make a sweet pillow
Upon which I will sleep.
Oh blessed dreams
Never dreamed by anyone
Which, sleeping upon that pillow, I will have,
Sleeping and dreaming, close to your heart,
My sweet, desired dream of love.
Ah! Sleeping, dreaming- dreaming of love!

All Souls' Day

Place on the table
the fragrant mignonettes,
bring here the last of the 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 those 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.

Rest, my soul

Not a breeze is stirring,
softly slumbering lies the grove;
through the dark cover of foliage
steal the bright sunbeams.

Rest, rest, my soul,

deine Stürme gingen wild,
hast getobt und hast gezittert
wie die Brandung, wenn sie schwillt!

Diese Zeiten sind gewaltig,
bringen Herz und Hirn in Not,
Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele,
und vergiss was dich bedroht!

Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond
durch die Gesträuche blinkt,
und sein schlummerndes Licht
über den Rasen streut,
und die Nachtigall flötet,
wandl'ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllet vom Laub
girret ein Taubenpaar sein Entzücken mir vor;
aber ich wende mich,
suche dunklere Schatten,
und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild,
welches wie Morgenrot
durch die Seele mir strahlt,
find ich auf Erdendich?
Und die einsame Träne bebt,
mir heißer, heißer dei Wang herab.

Franz Schubert Nachtviolen

Nachtviolen,
Dunkle Augen, seelenvolle,
Selig is es, sich versenken
In dem samtnen Blau.

Grüne Blätter streben freudig,
Euch zu hellen, euch zu schmücken;
Doch ihr blicket, Ernst und schweigend
In die laue Frühlingsluft.

Mit erhabnen Wehmutsstrahlen
Trafet ihr mein treues Herz,
Und nun blüht in stummen Nächten
Fort die heilige Verbindung.

your turmoil has been furious,
you have raged and trembled,
like the surf, when it swells!

These times are turbulent,
they cause distress to heart and mind,
Rest, rest, my soul,
and forget what threatens you!

The May-night

When the silvery moon
beams through the shrubs,
scatters its slumbering light
Over the lawn,
and the Nightingale sings
I walk sadly through the woods.

Shrouded by foliage
a pair of doves coo their delight to me;
but I turn away,
seeking darker shadows,
and a lonely tear flows.

When, oh smiling image,
that like dawn
shines through my soul,
shall I find you on Earth?
And the lonely tear trembling,
burning, burning down my cheek.

Evening Violets

Evening violets,
Dark-eyed, soulful,
Blissful it is to plunge
Amongst your velvety blue.

Joyously, green leaves strive
To brighten, adorn you;
But, earnest, silent you gaze
Into the mild spring air.

Shafts of your sublime sadness
Have touched my loyal heart,
And now, on silent nights,
Our sacred bond blossoms forth.