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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 12,700 university students, the UNCG School of Music serves over 575 music majors with a full-time faculty and staff of 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 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 psycho-acoustics lab, electronic music labs, and recording studio space are additional features of the new facility. In addition, an enclosed multi-level parking deck adjoins 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 further 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/



Ryan Brookshire
baritone

Jonathan Poe, piano

Junior Recital

Wednesday, January 15, 2003
5:30 pm
Recital Hall, School of Music

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Program

from *Dichterliebe*, Op. 48

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Im Rhein, im heiligen Ströme

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Three Songs, Op. 2 Barber

The Daises (*text by James Stephens*)
With rue my heart is laden (*text by A. E. Housman*)
Bessie Bobtail (*text by James Stephens*)

Samuel
(1910-1981)

Chanson d'amour Chant d'automne Mai

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

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

Mai – text: Victor Hugo

Puisque Mai tout en fleurs dans les prés nous
réclame,
Viens, ne te lasse pas de mêler à ton âme
La campagne, les bois, les ombrages
charmant,
Les larges clairs de lune au bord des flots
dormants:

Le sentier qui finit où le chemin commence,
Et l'air, et le printemps, et l'horizon immense,
L'horizon que ce monde attache humble
et joyeux,
Comme une lèvre au bas de la robe des cieux.

Viens, et que le regard des pudiques étoiles,
Qui tombe sur la terre à travers tant de voiles,
Que l'arbre pénétré de parfums et de chants,
Que le soufflé embrasé de midi dans les
champs;
Et l'ombre et le soleil, et l'onde, et la verdure,
Et le rayonnement de toute la nature,
Fassent épanouir, comme une double fleur,
La beauté sur ton front et l'amour dans ton
cœur!

May

Since May, all in bloom, calls us to the
meadows,
Come, do not tire of mixing with your soul
The countryside, the woods, the charming
shady places,
The large rays of moonlight at the edge of the
sleeping waters:

The path that ends where the road begins,
And the air, and spring, and the immense horizon,
The horizon that this world attaches, humble
and joyous,
Like a lip at the bottom of the robe of heaven.

Come, and let the gaze of the modest stars,
That falls on the earth through so many veils,
Let the tree penetrated by fragrances and by
songs,
Let the inflamed breathe of noon in the fields;
And the shade and the sunshine, and the
waves, and the greenery,
And the radiance of all of nature,
Cause to blossom, like a double flower,
Beauty on your brow and love in your heart!

upcoming performances

Mary Cooke, soprano
Thursday, January 16 · 5:30 pm
Recital Hall

David Palmer, tuba
Thursday, January 16 · 7:30 pm
Recital Hall

Mary Ashley Barret, oboe
Michael Burns, bassoon
Tuesday, January 21 · 7:30 pm
Recital Hall

Sara Bursey, viola
Wednesday, January 22 · 5:30 pm
Recital Hall

The McIver Ensemble
Thursday, January 23 · 7:30 pm
Recital Hall

Robert Schumann:

Dichterliebe, Op. 48—text: Heinrich Heine

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.
2. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.
Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.
3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die
Eine.
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne,
Ich liebe alleine die Kleine,
Die Feine, die Reine, die Eine, die
Eine!
4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.
Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.
5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.
Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.
6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n,
Mit seinem großen Dome,
Das große heilige Cöln.
Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldenem Leder gemahlt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.
Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,

A Poet's Love

1. In the wondrously beautiful month of May,
When all the buds sprang,
There in my heart
Love rose.
In the wondrously beautiful month of May,
When all the birds sang,
There I confessed to her
My longing and desire.
2. Out of my tears go forth
Many blooming flowers,
And my sighs become
A choir of nightingales.
And if you are fond of me, dear child,
I will give you all the flowers,
And before your window shall sound
The song of the nightingale.
3. The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them all once in love's delight.
I love them no more, I love alone
The little one, the fine one, the pure one, the
only one.
She herself, the delight of all love,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun,
I love alone the little one,
The fine one, the pure one, the only one, the
only one!
4. When I look into your eyes,
Then all my sorrow and pain vanish;
Yes, when I kiss your mouth
Then I become completely well.
When I lay on your breast,
They joy of heaven comes over me;
Yet when you say: I love you!
Then I must weep bitterly.
5. I want to plunge my soul
Into the chalice of the lily.
The lily shall breath resoundingly
A song from my beloved.
The song shall shiver and tremble,
Like the kiss from her mouth,
That she gave me once
In a wonderfully sweet hour.
6. In the Rhine, by the holy streams,
There is mirrored in the waves,
With its great cathedral,
The great, holy Cologne.
In the cathedral there is a picture,
Painted on golden leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has friendly shone.
Flowers and little angels float
Around our Blessed Virgin;
Her eyes, her lips, her sweet cheeks,

Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

Gabriel Fauré:

Chanson d'amour — text: Armand Silvestre

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange grace
de tout ce que tu dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle.

They resemble my beloved exactly.

Love song

I love your eyes, I love your brow,
Oh, my rebellious one, oh my fierce one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses exhaust themselves.

I love your voice, I love the strange grace
of all that you say,
Oh my rebellious one, oh my dear angel,
My hell and my paradise!

I love all that makes you beautiful,
From your feet to your hair,
Oh you towards whom my vows ascend,
Oh my fierce one, oh my rebellious one.

Chant d'automne — text: Charles Baudelaire

Bientôt nous plongerons dans les froides
tenèbres,
Adieu vive clarté de nos étés trop courts!
J'entends déjà tomber, avec un choc funèbre,
Le bois retentissant sur le parvé des cours.

J'écoute en frémissant chaque bûche qui
tombe;
L'échafaud qu'on bâtit n'a pas d'écho plus
sourd.
Mon esprit est pareil à la tour qui succombe
Sous les coups du bélier infatigable et lourd;

Il me semble, bercé par ce choc monotone,
Qu'on cloue en grande hate un cercueil
quelquepart!
Pour qui? c'était hier l'été; voici
l'automne!
Ce bruit mystérieux sonne comme un départ!

J'aime, de vos longs yeux, la lumière verdâtre,
Douce beauté! mais aujourd'hui tout m'est
amer!
Et rien, ni votre amour, ni le boudoir,
ni l'âtre,
Ne me vaut le soleil rayonnant sur la mer!

Robert Schumann:
***Dichterliebe*, Op. 48**—text: Heinrich Heine

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

2. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.
Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die
Eine.
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne,
Ich liebe alleine die Kleine,

Autumn song

Soon we will plunge into the cold
darkness,
Farewell, sharp clarity of our too short
summers!
I already hear falling, with a funereal thud,
The resounding wood on the courtyard
pavement.

I listen trembling to each log that falls;
The scaffold being built has no duller echo.
My mind is like the tower that succumbs
Under the blows of the untiring and heavy
battering ram;

It seems to me, lulled by this monotonous thud,
That a coffin is being nailed in great haste
somewhere!
For whom? it was summer yesterday; here is
autumn!
This mysterious noise sounds like a departure!

I love the greenish light of your long eyes,
Sweet beauty! but today everything to me is
bitter!
And nothing, neither your love, nor the boudoir,
nor the hearth,
Is worth to me the sun shining on the sea!

A Poet's Love

1. In the wondrously beautiful month of May,
When all the buds sprang,
There in my heart
Love rose.
In the wondrously beautiful month of May,
When all the birds sang,
There I confessed to her
My longing and desire.

2. Out of my tears go forth
Many blooming flowers,
And my sighs become
A choir of nightingales.
And if you are fond of me, dear child,
I will give you all the flowers,
And before your window shall sound
The song of the nightingale.

3. The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them all once in love's delight.
I love them no more, I love alone
The little one, the fine one, the pure one, the
only one.
She herself, the delight of all love,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun,
I love alone the little one,

Die Feine, die Reine, die Eine, die
Eine!

4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.
Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.
Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n,
Mit seinem großen Dome,
Das große heilige Cöln.
Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldenem Leder gemahlt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.
Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

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J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baiser s'épuiseront.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange grace
de tout ce que tu dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle.

The fine one, the pure one, the only one, the
only one!

4. When I look into your eyes,
Then all my sorrow and pain vanish;
Yes, when I kiss your mouth
Then I become completely well.
When I lay on your breast,
They joy of heaven comes over me;
Yet when you say: I love you!
Then I must weep bitterly.

5. I want to plunge my soul
Into the chalice of the lily.
The lily shall breath resoundingly
A song from my beloved.
The song shall shiver and tremble,
Like the kiss from her mouth,
That she gave me once
In a wonderfully sweet hour.

6. In the Rhine, by the holy streams,
There is mirrored in the waves,
With its great cathedral,
The great, holy Cologne.
In the cathedral there is a picture,
Painted on golden leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has friendly shone.
Flowers and little angels float
Around our Blessed Virgin;
Her eyes, her lips, her sweet cheeks,
They resemble my beloved exactly.

Love song

I love your eyes, I love your brow,
Oh, my rebellious one, oh my fierce one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses exhaust themselves.

I love your voice, I love the strange grace
of all that you say,
Oh my rebellious one, oh my dear angel,
My hell and my paradise!

I love all that makes you beautiful,
From your feet to your hair,
Oh you towards whom my vows ascend,
Oh my fierce one, oh my rebellious one.

Chant d'automne — text: Charles Baudelaire

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tenèbres,
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J'écoute en frémissant chaque bûche qui
tombe;
L'échafaud qu'on bâtit n'a pas d'écho plus
sourd.
Mon esprit est pareil à la tour qui succombe
Sous les coups du bélier infatigable et lourd;

Il me semble, bercé par ce choc monotone,
Qu'on cloue en grande hâte un cercueil
quelquepart!
Pour qui? c'était hier l'été; voici
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Ce bruit mystérieux sonne comme un départ!

J'aime, de vos longs yeux, la lumière verdâtre,
Douce beauté! mais aujourd'hui tout m'est
amer!
Et rien, ni votre amour, ni le boudoir,
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Farewell, sharp clarity of our too short
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I listen trembling to each log that falls;
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My mind is like the tower that succumbs
Under the blows of the untiring and heavy
battering ram;

It seems to me, lulled by this monotonous thud,
That a coffin is being nailed in great haste
somewhere!
For whom? it was summer yesterday; here is
autumn!
This mysterious noise sounds like a departure!

I love the greenish light of your long eyes,
Sweet beauty! but today everything to me is
bitter!
And nothing, neither your love, nor the boudoir,
nor the hearth,
Is worth to me the sun shining on the sea!



Ryan Brookshire

baritone

Jonathan Poe, piano

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Chanson d'amour
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Mai

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