



Comp 00207

**EMILY BOYCE, Soprano**

**William Folger, Piano**

**BRADLEY PELTZER, Tenor**

**Karen Fix, Piano**

Junior Recital

Tuesday, March 27, 2001  
5:30 p.m.  
Recital Hall, Music Building

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
**GREENSBORO**

## Program

**Porgi, amor**  
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Ms. Boyce

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**  
(1756-1791)

**Ganymed**  
(Selections from *Die Schöne Müllerin*)  
Wohin?  
Halt!

Mr. Peltzer

**Franz Schubert**  
(1797-1828)

**Mädchenlied**  
**O komme, holde Sommernacht**  
**Botschaft**

Ms. Boyce

**Johannes Brahms**  
(1833-1897)

**Five Greek Folk Songs**  
Chanson de la Mariée  
Là-bas, vers l'église  
Quel galant m'est comparable  
Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques  
Tout gai!

Mr. Peltzer

**Maurice Ravel**  
(1875-1937)

**Ludions**  
Air du rat  
Spleen  
La grenouille américaine  
Air du poète  
Chanson du chat

Ms. Boyce

**Erik Satie**  
(1866-1925)

**Sweet Chance, That Led My Steps Abroad**  
**A Summer Idyll**  
**A Green Cornfield**

Mr. Peltzer

**Michael Head**  
(1900-1976)

**Four Songs of Solomon**  
Rise up, my love  
Come, my beloved  
Set me as a seal  
Behold! Thou art fair

Ms. Boyce

**George Rochberg**  
(b.1918)

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

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The hall is equipped with a listening assistance system.  
Patrons needing such assistance should please see one of the ushers in the lobby.

## Translations

### Porgi, amor

Grant, Love, some relief to my  
sorrow,  
To my sighing!  
Either give me back my beloved,  
Or just let me die!

### Ganymed

How in the morning radiance  
You glow around me,  
Spring, beloved!  
With the thousandfold joy of love,  
My heart is enveloped  
By the blissful sensation  
of your eternal warmth,  
O, infinite beauty!  
That I might clasp you  
In my arms!  
Ah, on your bosom  
I lie, languishing,  
And your flowers, your grass  
Press against my heart.  
You cool the burning  
Thirst of my bosom,  
Lovely morning breeze!  
While the nightingale calls  
To me tenderly from the misty vale.  
I come, I come,  
Whither, ah! Whither?  
Upwards, upwards I am driven!  
The clouds float  
Downwards; the clouds  
Bend down towards my yearning  
love.  
To me, to me!  
In your lap  
Upwards!  
Embracing and embraced,  
Upwards to thy bosom,  
All-loving father!

### Wohin?

I heard a brooklet rushing  
From its spring in the rocks,  
Rushing down to the valley  
So fresh and wondrously clear.  
I know not how it befell me,  
Nor who counseled me,  
But I too had to go down the hill,  
With my walking-staff.  
Downwards and ever onwards,  
And ever following the brook;  
And ever fresher and brighter,  
The brook went rippling.  
Is that, then, my road?  
O brooklet, say...whither?

You with your rippling  
Have quite bemused my senses.  
"Rippling" do I say?  
That is surely no rippling,  
It must be water-nymphs singing  
Their roundelays in the depths.  
Cease singing, my friend, cease  
rippling,  
And follow blithely on!  
There are mill-wheels turning  
In every limpid brook.

### Halt!

I see a mill gleaming  
Among the alder trees,  
Through the rushing and singing  
Comes the rumble of wheels.  
O welcome, sweet song of the mills!  
And the mill-house, so cozy,  
And its windows, so clear!  
And the sun, how brightly  
It shines down from heaven!  
O brooklet, lovely brooklet,  
Was it meant to be so?

### Mädchenlied

At evening in the spinning room,  
the maidens sing,  
The village lads laugh, how quickly  
the wheels turn.  
Everyone spins for her trousseau,  
that her sweetheart may be  
pleased.  
A short while only, and wedding  
bells will ring.  
There is none who is fond of me,  
who will ask for me;  
How said I am, in whom can I  
confide?  
The tears are running down my  
face.  
Wherefore shall I spin? I know not!

### O komme, holde Sommernacht

Oh, come lovely summer-night, in  
silence;  
Love has prepared you for the  
conquest!  
So many buds blossom out in  
secret  
And the violet unfold their sweet  
cups,  
Then the rose bows its head in  
twilight glow,  
Then my sweet heart will be mine  
too, the naughty one!

### Botschaft

Blow, little breeze, gently and  
sweetly  
Around the cheeks of my beloved,  
Play tenderly among her curls,  
Do not fly away hurriedly!  
If she then, perchance, inquires  
How was I, poor man faring:  
Tell her: "Endless was his sorrow,  
And most serious his plight.  
But now he can hope  
To joyfully live again,  
For you, lovely one, think of him."

### Chanson de la Mariée

Awake, little partridge,  
Greet the morning with open  
pinions,  
The three beauty spots  
Put my heart on fire.  
Look at the golden ribbon which I  
bring you  
To tie round your hair.  
Let us get married, my love, if you  
will!  
In our two families all are related.

### Là-bas, vers l'église

Yonder, at the church,  
At the church of Ayio Sidero,  
The church, oh Blessed Virgin,  
The church of Ayio Constanndino,  
Have come together,  
Have assembled in great numbers  
People, oh Blessed Virgin,  
All of the bravest people!

### Quel galant m'est comparable

What dandy can compare with me,  
Of all those passing by?  
Won't you tell me, Vassiliki?  
Look at pistols and a sharp saber  
Hanging on my belt...  
And 'tis you I love!

### Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

Oh joy of my soul, joy of my heart,  
Treasure so precious to me;  
Thou, whom I love ardently,  
Thou, more handsome than an  
angel.  
When thou appearest, angel so  
sweet,  
Before our eyes,  
Like a beautiful blond angel  
In the bright sunlight,  
Alas, all our poor hearts sigh!

### Tout gail

Very merrily,  
Ah, very merrily,  
Beautiful legs, tireli,  
dancing, Beautiful legs, even the  
dishes dancing,  
Tra la-la-la-la.

### Air du Rat

Abi Abirounere  
How come you were not a white rat  
A pret-a pretty gluttony  
An apple an apple of dada's eye  
A pret-a pretty gluttony.

### Spleen

In an ancient square  
Inhabited by floods of bad weather  
On a forlorn bench gleaning with  
tears  
It is the blonde and beautiful Ross  
That you are pinning for  
In this void cabaret of our life?

### La Grenouille américaine

The American Frog glares at me  
smugly  
Over the top of his spectacles  
His leaden eyes bulge groggily  
I am reminded of Casadesus who's  
Music would be out of place  
In such diluted nostalgia with  
strains  
Mechanically piped out  
O Argus of the dinner table  
You retain the soul of the toad  
Vanglor  
Your bouillon refluting back to me  
Your hundred golden-rimmed  
glare.

### Air du Poète

In the land of Papua  
I loved the Papua girl  
The mercy I wish for you  
Is not to be a Papuan.

### Chanson du Chat

There is a beastly-weasty  
Tili my little child Tirelan  
It's a little kitty-cat  
Mummy's little beastly Tirelan  
The little fawn Tinan so whitey-  
white  
A little astute one  
It's my piglet  
It's my piggy  
It's my little astute  
He jumps to the window  
On the look-out Tirelo  
For the bird whose shape  
Crops up on the tree-top Tirelo