

Empty the hands my friend,
 So light up the fire,
 Put on the tea,
 Let the dark something inside you
 come out and be free to fly
 into the night and die,
 Let the fire burn, burn, burn,
 Let the wheel turn, turn, turn,
 Let the bird sing, sing, sing,
 Let the world spin...

Bees make a buzz,
 Fleas make a bite,
 Love turns a great many wrongs into right.
 Poets weave words into their songs,
 Weavers string Poets along;
 Let the cruel words now fly
 Through the sharp needle's eye,
 Weavers and Poets cry,
 But while their fingers fly,
 like the bright bird they sing,

Let the world Spin, Spin, Spin, Spin –
 Away.



Amy Castor
 soprano

Andrew Mock
 piano

Coming Vocal Events:

*** Choral Ensemble Reunion**

Singing, Social Time

Saturday, November 10 · 1:00 pm · Aycock Auditorium

*** A Tribute to Richard Cox**

Musical tributes, testimonies, skits!

Saturday, November 10 · 7:30 pm · Aycock Auditorium

*** Giuseppe Verdi's *Falstaff***

Alumni cast; concert version, in Italian with English supertitles

Friday, November 9, 7:30 pm · Sunday, November 11, 2:00 pm · Aycock Auditorium

**Fee charged. Please call the University Box Office at (336) 334.4849 Monday-Friday from Noon-5:00 pm to inquire about pricing.*

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

Graduate Recital

Saturday, October 27, 2001
 3:30 PM
 Recital Hall, School of Music

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Program:

Piangerò la sorte mia

from *Guilio Cesare* (Haym)

G. F. Handel

(1685-1759)

Zigeunermelodien

Mein Lied ertönt, ein Liebespsalm

Ei! Wie mein Triangel

Rings ist der Wald so stumm und still

Als die alte Mutter

Reingestimmt die Saiten

In dem weiten, breiten, luft'gen Leinenkleide

Darf des Falken Schwinge

Antonín Dvorák

(1841-1904)

Nuit d'étoiles

Voici que le printemps

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Claude Debussy

(1862-1918)

Reynaldo Hahn

(1874-1947)

intermission

Les Ballons

La Fuite de la Lune

Symphony in Yellow

Charles Griffes

(1884-1920)

Metamorphosis

This Spring

Ophelia

All I Need to Know

Metamorphosis: Fish

The Lake

When I Am Old

Benton Hess

(b. 1947)

Spinning Song

Hub Miller

(1934-1982)

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

I will be a long dream of childhood
cry like rain on the sill

Shine like a migrant bird

And each day at dusk,

I will bang a yellow gong.

The heavens will open,

I will rise and greet them all

and they will scorn me or applaud me

As they wish.

Spinning Song -Hub Miller

Sheep make a lamb,

Lamb make a skin,

Skin make a fur,

Fur make a wool,

Wool make a yarn,

Yarn make a cloth,

Cloth make a present for you.

See the world Spin, Spin, Spin,

See the world Spin, Spin, Spin,

See the world Spin...

Field had a tree,

Tree had a nest,

Nest had an egg,

Egg had a bird,

Bird had to fly,

Didn't know why,

Bird had to sing a song too.

As the bird flew he sang,

Hear the bird Sing, Sing, Sing,

See the world Spin...

When the time comes

You are alone,

Dark is the night,

Cold is the wind,

Empty the heart,

Empty the soul,

Metamorphosis: Fish

It requires faith:
to travel a murky world
where stop-signs are sea anemones,
subway stations clams.
I risk nothing in shedding human sounds, my past's voices;
and gradually I learn the movements of a swimmer
who never touched the ground.
I trust the sea's intention and inhabit a lucid dream,
op'ning and shutting my gills like angel's wings,
losing myself and finding myself with each inhalation.
I'm heavy as a feather of mercury:
I flash and am gone.

The Lake

If only I could change like the lake -
Dark - Light - Dark -
A broadening smile
They could go crazy on the banks;
Shout, turn cartwheels;
Still I would be placid,
For all their coming and going

When I Am Old

When I am old I will be very nasty.
I will lean out my attic window,
My hair all cobwebs,
And shout, "You're all crazy!"
The children I will turn to pebbles in the stream
The young women to willow trees
Young men to apricots.
I will mutter around the house:
I am this chair I am this Flower.
I will be myself for myself
Change the clouds' colours
To my anger black
To my anger green.

Piangerò la sorte mia

RECITATIVO

*E pur così in un giorno, perdo fasti e
grandezze?
Ahi fato rio! Cesare, il mio bel nume,
è forse estinto
Cornelia e Sesto inermi son,
Nè sanno darmi soccorso.
Oh Dio! non resta alcuna speme al
vivir mio?*

ARIA

*Piangerò la sorte mia,
Si crudele e tanto ria,
Finchè vita in petto avrò.*

*Ma poi morta! d'ogn'intorno,
Il tiranno e notte e giorno,
Fatta spettro agiterò.*

Zigeunermelodien (Heyduk)

Mein Lied ertönt, ein Liebespsalm

*Mein Lied ertönt, ein Liebespsalm,
beginnt der Tag zu sinken;
und wenn das Moos, der welke Halm
Thauperlen Heimlich trinken.*

*Mein Lied ertönt voll Wanderlust
in grünen Waldeshallen,
und auf der Pussta weitem Plan
lass' frohen Sang'ich schallen.*

*Mein Lied ertönt voll Liebe auch,
wenn Haidestürme toben;
wenn sich zum letzten Lebenshauch
des Bruders Brust gehoben.*

I will bemoan my fate

Recitative

Why then, in one day, I am deprived
of magnificence and glory?
Oh, cruel fate! Cesar, my beloved
idol, is probably dead,
Cornelia and Sesto are defenseless
and cannot give me assistance.
Oh God! Is there any hope left in
my life?

Aria

I will bemoan my fate
So cruel and brutal,
As long as there is breath left in
my body.
And when I am dead and
Become a ghost, I will haunt
Tyranny night and day.

Gipsy Songs

I Chant My Lay, A Hymn of Love

I chant my lay, a hymn of love,
when twilight shades are sinking;
while fainting herbs in woody grove
cool pearly dews are drinking.

I chant my lay, a joyful strain,
through leafy forest temple,
when my courser skims the plain,
it soundeth loud and ample.

I chant my lay when cross the heath,
the winterstorms are cleaving;
when to yield his latest breath
a brother's breast is heaving.

Ei! Wie mein Triangel
*Ei! Wie mein Triangel
wunderherrlich läutet!
Leicht bei solchen Klängen
in den Tod man schreitet!*

*In den Tod man schreitet
beim Triangel schallen!
Lieder, Reigen, Liebe,
Lebewohl dem Allen!*

Rings ist der Wald so stumm und still
*Rings ist der Wald so stumm und still,
das herz schlägt mir so bange;
der schwarze Rauch sinkt tiefer stets
und trocknet meine Wange.*

*Ei, meine Thränen trocknen nicht,
musst andre Wangen suchen!
Wer nur den Schmerz besingen kann,
wird nicht dem Tode fluchen!*

Als die alte Mutter
*Als die alte Mutter
mich noch lehrte singen,
Thränen in den Wimpern
gar so oft ihr hingen.*

*Jetzt wo ich die Kleinen
selber üb' im Sange,
rieselt's mir vom Auge,
auf die braune Wange!*

Reingestimmt die Saiten
*Reingestimmt die Saiten,
Bursche, tanz' im Kreise!
Heute froh, und morgen?
Trüb', nach alter Weise!*

*Nächster Tag' am Nile,
an der Väter Tische
reingestimmt die Saiten,
in den Tanz dich mische!*

Hark! Hark! How My Triangle
Hark! Hark! how my triangle
sheds its silvery laughter!
At its sound I'd follow
amid the battle's slaughter!

Yea, I'd march to battle
to that sound entrancing!
Then farewell forever
love and song, and dancing!

Silent and Lone the Woods Around
Silent and lone the woods around;
my heart for sorrow crieth,
darkening smoke descends in clouds,
my fever'd cheek it driveth.

Ah, but my tears it driveth not,
for love my sorrow nurses!
Who e'er in song his heart can pour,
will not greet death with curses!

Songs My Mother Taught Me
Songs my mother taught me
in the days long vanished;
seldom from her eyelids
were the teardrops banish'd.

Now I teach my children
each melodious measure;
oft the tears are flowing,
from my mem'ry's treasure.

Tune Thy Strings, Oh Gipsy!
Tune thy strings, oh gipsy!
Join the wreathing dances!
Laugh today, tomorrow?
Tears may cloud thy glances!

By the Nile's still waters,
where our fathers planted,
thou shalt stray, uptune then,
let the song be chanted!

Metamorphosis -Christopher Hewitt

This Spring

as usual I'm emerging
from the secret corners,
the antique doorways.
This time it's subtle
no cure-all or wild green euphoria;
rather a careful op'ning
the growing confidence of the tulip,
in stem however frail.
I don't look to fall in love or out of it
but seek only calm changes
like geese scooping future air
and descending on the scented estuaries.

Ophelia

Whenever, like Ophelia, I'm in jeopardy,
I dream I am she in time's aspic
(the eternal river) -
an eternal fish locked beyond words.
The moon beams down on me,
has the face of Hamlet,
his dark body invisible,
but is not he, has not even read the play,
and lifts me warm and fresh into a second life
where I dance with him
in a field of flowers
whose names I cannot remember.

All I Need to Know

Foetus in a jar: Love in a glass case.
I don't like the look of it;
I know I was conceived immaculately...
Born at the age of three...

Love's a child that can walk and say his alphabet...

Each a petal of a rose
Straining at a gossamer string.

Then to the tall trees they climb,
Like thin globes of amethyst,
Wandering opals keeping tryst
With the rubies of the lime.

La Fuite de la Lune -Oscar Wilde
(The Flight of the Moon)
To outer senses there is peace,
A dreamy peace on either hand,
Deep silence in the shadowy land,
Deep silence where the shadows cease.

Save for a cry that echoes shrill
From some lone bird disconsolate;
A corncrake calling to its mate;
The answer from the misty hill.

And suddenly the moon withdraws
Her sickle from the lightening skies,
And to her sombre cavern flies,
Wrapped in a veil of yellow gauze.

Symphony in Yellow -Oscar Wilde

An ominibus across the bridge
Crawls like a yellow butterfly,
And, here and there, a passer-by
Shows like a little restless midge.

Big barges full of yellow hay
Are moored against the shadowy wharf,
And, like a yellow silken scarf,
The thick fog hangs along the quay.

The yellow leaves begin to fade
And flutter from the Temple elms,
And at my feet the pale green Thames
Lies like a rod of rippled jade.

In dem weiten, breiten Leinenkleide
*In dem weiten, breiten,
luft'gen Leinenkleide
freier der Zigeuner
als in Gold und Seide!*

*Jaj! Das gold'ne Mieder
schnürt die Brust so enge,
hemmt des freien Liedes
wanderfrohe Klänge;*

*und wer Fredue findet
an der Lieder Schallen,
lässt das Gold, das schnöde,
in die Hölle fallen!*

Darf des Falken Schwinge
*Darf des Falken Schwinge
Tatrahöh'n umrauschen,
wird das Felsennest
er mit dem Käfig tauschen?*

*Kann das wilde Fohlen
jagen durch die Haide,
wird's am Zaum und Zügel
finden seine Freude?*

*Hat Natur Zigeuner,
etwas dir gegeben?
Jaj! Zur Freiheit schuf
sie mir das ganze Leben!*

In This Wide and Ample Linen Dress
In this wide and ample
airy linen dress,
freer is the gipsy
than in silken texture!

Yes! in brodered Dolman
beats the heart in fetters,
soaring song is imprisoned,
rapture it never utters.

Who would sing in joyance,
free as bird in azure,
shall renounce with scorning,
gold and sordid treasure!

Cloudy Heights of Tatra
Cloudy heights of Tatra
daring falcon haunteth,
lure him not from thence,
for cage his spirit daunteth.

Roves the plain the wild colt,
free as summer breezes,
broken, when his proud neck
bit and bridle seizes.

Nature, to the gipsy
thou a boon hast granted!
Yes! thy glorious freedom
in her breast resides!

Nuit d'étoiles -T. de Banville

*Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je reve aux amours défunts,
Je reve aux amours défunts.*

*La sereine mélancolie
Vient éclore au fond de mon coeur,
Et j'entends l'ame de ma mie*

Tressaillir dans le vois rêveur.

Nuit d'étoiles...

*Je revois à notre fontaine
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.*

Nuit d'étoiles...

Voici que le printemps -P. Bourget

*Voici que le printemps, ce fils
léger d'Avril,
Beau page en pourpoint vert brodé
de roses blanches,
Paraît leste, fringant et les poings
sur les hanches,
Comme un prince acclamé revient
d'un long exil.*

*Les branches des buissons verdis
rendent étroite
La route qu'il poursuit en dansant
comme un fol;
Sur son épaule gauche il porte un
rossignol,
Un merle s'est posé sur son épaule
droite.*

*Et les fleurs qui dormaient sous les
mousses des bois
Ouvrent leurs yeux où flotte une*

Starry Night

*Starry night,
Beneath your veils,
Beneath your breeze and perfumes,
I am like a sad lyre
That is sighing,
I dream of past loves,
I dream of past loves.*

*Quiet melancholy
Comes and breaks forth in the depths of
my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
Tremble in the dreaming woods.*

Starry night...

*I again see in our fountain
Your glances as blue as the sky;
This rose, it is your breath,
And these stars are your eyes.*

Starry night...

Here is Spring

*Here is Spring, that light-hearted son of
April,
A handsome page is he in green doublet
embroidered with white roses.
Here he steps, nimble, with his hands on
his hips,
Like an acclaimed prince returning from
a long exile.*

*The twigs of the verdant bushes make
narrow
The path he takes, dancing like a jester;

On his left shoulder he carries a
nightingale,
A blackbird has lit on his right shoulder.*

*And the flowers that slept beneath the
wood moss
Open their eyes where drifts a vague and*

*ombre vague et tendre;
Et sur leurs petits pieds se dressent
pour entendre
Les deux oiseaux siffler et chanter
à la fois.*

*Car le merle sifflote et le rossignol
chante;
Le merle siffle ceux qui ne sont pas
aimés,
Et pour les amoureux languissants
et charmés
Le rossignol prolonge une chanson
touchante.*

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

-Victor Hugo

*Mes ver fuiraient, doux et frères,
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!*

Les Ballons -Oscar Wilde

(The Balloons)

*Against these turbid turquoise skies
The light and luminous balloons
Dip and drift like satin moons,
Drift like silken butterflies;*

*Reel with every windy gust,
Rise and reel like dancing girls,
Gloat like strange transparent pearls,
Fall and float like silver dust.*

*Now to the low leaves they cling,
Each with coy fantastic pose,*

*tender shadow;
And on their little feet they stretch
upward to hear
The two birds whistling and singing
together.*

*For the blackbird is whistling as the
nightingale sings;
The blackbird whistles for those who are
not loved,
And for the languishing and enchanted
lovers
The nightingale sings out a touching
song.*

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, glittering,
To your cheerful fireside,
If my verses had wings
Like the mind!
To you, pure and faithful
They would hasten, night and day,
If my verses had wings
Like love!*



Amy Castor

soprano

Andrew Mock

piano

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