

Upcoming Events at the UNCG School of Music:

***Kristen Wolfe Jensen**, bassoon

Guest Artist Recital

Monday, September 24 · 5:30 pm · Recital Hall

***Mark Mazzatenta**, guitar

Faculty Recital

Tuesday, September 25 · 7:30 pm · Recital Hall

***School of Music and Department of Theatre presents**

Fall Musical **“Peter Pan”**

Wednesday, September 26 – Sunday, September 30

Aycock Auditorium

***Jazz Band/Jazz Ensemble**

Student Ensembles

Steve Haines, director

Thursday, September 27 · 7:30 pm · Recital Hall

***Symphonic Band**

Large Ensemble

David Kish, conductor

Tuesday, October 2 · 7:30 pm · Aycock Auditorium

**Fee charged. Please contact the University Box Office at (336) 334-4849 or visit our campus locations at either Aycock Auditorium or the School of Music. The box office will be open one hour before each event. Ticket prices are \$8 for adults, \$5 for seniors, and \$3 for students.*



Patricia Toledo
Soprano

Andrew Mock
Piano

assisted by:

Brian Carter
Tenor

Masters Recital

Saturday, September 15, 2001
5:30 PM
Recital Hall, School of Music Building

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Program

Oh! quante volte,
from *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

**Liebst du um Schönheit
Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen
Ich Stand in dunklen Träumen**

Clara J. Schuman
(1819-1896)

**La Maja Dolorosa No. 1
La Maja Dolorosa No. 2
La Maja Dolorosa No. 3**

Enrique Granados
(1867-1916)

BUTTERFLY:

Ah! So many eyes
fixed and staring!
How many glances!
The sky is smiling!
Ah! Sweet night!
All is filled with the ecstasy of love.

PINKERTON:

Ah! Come! Be mine

Intermission

**Nature, the gentlest mother
There came a wind like a bugle
1990)
Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
The world feels dusty
Heart, we will forget him
Sleep is suppose to be
I felt a funeral in my brain
The Chariot**

Aaron Copland
(1900-

Vogliatemi bene,
from *Madama Butterfly*
1924)

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-

In partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for the
Master 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.

BUTTERFLY:

So many stars!
Never have I seen them
all so beautiful!
They all tremble,
shine and twinkle
with the sparkle
of an eye.
Ah!

PINKERTON:

Cast out all fear from your heart!

BUTTERFLY:

All those eyes
fixed and staring...

PINKERTON:

I hold you, breathless, to me.
You are mine. Ah!

BUTTERFLY:

...gazing
from all sides!

PINKERTON:

Come, come, you are mine, ah!

BUTTERFLY:

In the Heavens,
away on the shore,
away on the sea.

PINKERTON:

Come, see:
all is asleep! *etc.*

Eccomi in lieta vesta...Oh quante volte

from *I Capuleti ed i Montecchi*

Felice Romani

**Setting: Giulietta's balcony in the palace of Capulet, Verona, Italy,
15th century.**

Here I am in this blessed dress...

Here I am adored like a victim on the altar.

Oh! If only I could fall like a victim at the foot of the altar.

Oh, wedding torches, so loathsome, so fateful!

Ah! Would that you were my funeral torches!

I burn, a blaze, a fire, it all consumes me.

I call in vain to a refreshing breeze.

Where are you Romeo?

In what lands do you wander?

Where, where should I send my sighs?

Oh! How long, I ask you, to the heaven weeping
with passion, do I wait?

And delude my desires!

The ray of your face, ah,

resembles the light of the day.

Ah! The breeze that winds around me
seems to me one of your sighs.

Liebst du um Schönheit

Friedrich Rückert

If you love for beauty, do not love me!

Love the sun with her golden hair!

If you love for youth, do not love me!

Love the spring, which is young each year!

If you love for riches, do not love me!

Love the mermaid with her shining pearls!

If you love for love, oh yes, love me!

Love me forever, I'll always love you!

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen

Friedrich Rückert

He came in storm and rain,
my heart greeted him with anxious beating.
How could I foresee
that his path would join with mine?
He came in storm and rain,
he boldly took my heart.
Did he take mine?
Did I take his?
The two just came together.
He came in storm and rain!
Now the blessing of spring has come,
my friend has gone on his way.
I do not mind, for he remains mine wherever he goes.

Ich Stand in dunklen Träumen

Heinrich Heine

In dark dreams I stood
and stared at her portrait,
and the beloved face
secretly came alive.
About her lips there played
a wondrous smile,
and her eyes glistened as though
with melancholy tears.
And my tears also flowed
down from my cheeks.
Alas! I cannot believe
that I have lost you!

PINKERTON:

Give me your dear hands and let me kiss them.
My Butterfly!
How well you have been named,
slender butterfly.

BUTTERFLY:

They say that abroad
every butterfly
if it falls into Man's hands
is transfixed with a pin
and to a table fastened!

PINKERTON:

There is a little truth in that.
And now, do you know why?
So that she'll not fly away.
I have caught you.
Breathless, I hold you to me.
You are mine.

BUTTERFLY:

Yes, for life.

PINKERTON:

Come, oh come.
Away from your troubled breast
all pangs of fear.
The night is clear!
See, all is asleep!

BUTTERFLY:

Ah! Sweet night!

PINKERTON:

Come, oh come.