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SALLY ZEIGLER THOMAS
soprano

James Fogle, piano

assisted by
Tom L. Lohr, piano

Graduate Recital

Monday, March 20, 2000
7:30 p.m.
Recital Hall, Music Building

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

PROGRAM

"Music of the Twentieth Century"

/ **Pisen Rusalky O Mesicku** (Rusalka, 1901)
(Rusalka's Song to the Moon)

Antonín Dvorák
(1841-1904)

Trois Mélodies (1910)
2 Les Colombes
3 Chinoiserie
4 Seguidille

Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

Del Atardecer Al Alba (1987)
5 La Puerta Entornada
6 Madre, cuando yo me case
7 La Muntanya D'Amatistes
8 Cancion de la Adelfa y el Rio
9 Serrana

Lorenzo Martinez-Palomo
(b. 1938)

Sonnets from the Portuguese (1989, 1991)
10 I thought once how Theocritus had sung
11 My letters!
12 How do I love thee?

Libby Larsen
(b.1950)

Songs of the Indian Spirit (1999)
13 The Old Man Born of Dreams
14 Unity
15 Native Blessing

Tom L. Lohr

16 **No word from Tom . . . I go, I go to him**
(*The Rake's Progress*, 1951)

Igor Stravinsky
(1882-1971)

In partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for the
Doctor of Musical Arts Degree

TRANSLATIONS

Pisen Rusalky O Mesicku (Rusalka's Song to the Moon)

"O moon, high up in the deep sky,
your light shines far, you travel
around the world, peering into
homes. Moon, stay your path, tell
me where is the one I love? Tell
him, silver moon, that my heart
belongs to him; then maybe in a
dream he may remember me. Light
his way wherever he goes. Tell
him, tell him I am waiting! If my
love is dreaming of me, may this
remembrance waken him! O moon,
do not go!"

Trois Mélodies

Les Colombes (The Doves)

On the hill, down there by the
tomb, a beautiful palm tree, like a
green-feathered plume, lifts up its
head, where at night the doves
come to roost and to hide. But in
the morn, they leave the branches;
like a broken necklace we see them
scatter in the azure sky, all-white,
and come to rest far away, on a
rooftop. My soul is the tree
whereon every night, white swarms
of mad visions fall from the sky
with fluttering wings to fly away at
the first rays of the sun.

Chinoiserie (Chinese Curio)

It is not you, no, Madam, whom I
love, nor is it you, Juliette, nor
you, Ophelia, nor Beatrice, nor
even Laura, the blond, with the
large gentle eyes. She whom I love
now is in China. She lives with
her old parents in a tower of
exquisite porcelain by the yellow
river where the cormorants dwell.
Her eyes are slanting towards her
temples, her foot is so small to
hold in one's hand, her skin more
light than the copper of lamps, her
nails are long and rouged with
carmine. as she peers through
the trellis, her head is touched by
the swallow in its flight, and every
evening, to vie with a poet sing the
willow and the peach tree blos-
som.

Seguidille (Spanish Dance)

A tight skirt around her hips, a
huge comb in her coiled hair,
nervous limbs and tiny feet, fiery
looks, pale skin, white teeth, Alza!
Ola! Here she is! The real manola!
Bold gestures, daring words,
plenty of salt and pepper, totally
oblivious of tomorrow. Whimsical
love and unbounded grace, Alza!
Ola! Here she is! The real manola!
To sing! To dance with the
castanets, and at the bullfights to
judge the thrusts of the toreros,
all the while smoking cigarettes,
Alza! Ola! Here she is! The real
manola!

Del Atardecer Al Alba

La Puerta Entornada (The Door Ajar)

My door always remains ajar in case
you return home one day. In case
you return and I am sleeping,
dreaming of you. So that, my love,
you don't have to call, the door is
ajar. In fair weather or storm, the
door is ajar giving courage to my
hope. Over my door ajar, I have
hung a lantern with your name, my
love, so to let everyone know that I
live dreaming of you. Remembering,
my love, how you have loved me.
Oh my door, you remain ajar, yet
wide open would I like you to be!

Madre, cuando yo me case (Mother, When I Marry)

Mother, when I marry, I will keep
my garments in an armoire with
silver handle knobs and with four
mirrors with mother-of-pearl
adornments. Mother, when I marry
I will perfume my petticoats with
essence of rosemary, of thyme and
sweet basil. Mother, when I marry I
will perfume my petticoats so that
my body will have the scents of
countryside and dawn. Mother,
when I marry the kings in the cards
will dance the zorongo in a gypsy
cave until the dawn breaks.

La Muntanya D'Amatisses (The Amethyst Mountain)

Melancholy comes the spring:
violets, daisies, lilies and
shepherd's thoughts are aroused
by the bountiful summer. Near the
fountain beneath the shadow,
falsehood disappears. Bluebottles
signal the morning. Poppies
herald the noon. And all of a
sudden, winter completes its cycle.
Montseny is a garden, a florid
song.

Cancion de la Adelfa y el Rio (Song of the Adelfa and the River)

"I am witness to your pain," said
the river to the flower. "why not
sing, Adelfa, as I do?" "Oh river,
do not question me and continue
your song." "Adelfa, if you would
desire" "Oh, river, I would say
no.... my heart and voice are bitter
and my blood is burning....my soul
is wounded by the pain of love."
(Adelfa and the river kept silence
as the moon rose.)

Serrana (Song of the Mountain)

When dawn awakes, she wakes up
crying. Poor one, what a night she
must have spent! Because by day,
dawn revels; by night she cries.
On my way to the mountain, I saw
your face, the most beautiful
carnation that God ever nurtured.
Since that day after seeing your
eyes, my soul is on fire.

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