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ELLEN MILLS

Soprano

Andy Mock, Piano

Graduate Recital

Friday, December 8, 2000
7:30 p.m.
Recital Hall, Music Building

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

PROGRAM

Concert Aria, KV 369
Misera, dove son!

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Le Rossignol des lilas
L'Heure exquise
Fêtes galantes
Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Reynaldo Hahn
(1875-1947)

Knoxville: Summer of 1915, Op. 24

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Intermission

Selige Nacht
Hat dich die Liebe berührt
Die Elfe
Maienblüten
Waldseligkeit

Joseph Marx
(1882-1964)

Homenaje a Lope de Vega, Op. 90
I. Cuando tan hermosa os miro
II. Si con mis deseos
III. Al val de Fuente Ovejuna

Joaquin Turina
(1882-1949)

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

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

TRANSLATIONS

Concert Aria, KV 369
Misera, dove son!
 Wretched me, where am I!

Wretched me, where am I?
 Is this the air of the Tiber
 that I breathe? Am I wandering the
 streets of Thebes and Argos?
 Or from the shores of Greece,
 heavy with tragedies,
 have the denizen furies
 come to these shores,
 of the stock of Cadmus and the
 Atridae?

There, the cruelty of an unjust
 monarch fills me with horror;
 here, the guilt of a traitorous father
 makes my blood freeze;
 and my innocent spouse
 is always before my eyes.
 Oh dreadful visions!
 Oh memories! Oh torment!
 And do I, poor wretch, still speak,
 do I still breathe?
 Ah, no!...

Ah! it is not I who speak,
 it is the cruel sorrow
 rending my heart
 which turns me delirious.
 Ah! it is not I who speak,
 it is the cruel sorrow
 rending my heart
 which turns me delirious.
 Ah! it is not I,
 not I who speak, etc.

Stern heaven does not heed
 the trouble in which I find myself:
 I beg it for a thunderbolt,
 but it has no thunderbolt for me.
 Ah! it is not I, et

Le Rossignol des lilas (Dauphin)
 The nightingale among the lilacs

O first nightingale to appear
 Among the lilacs beneath my
 window,
 How sweet to recognize your voice!
 There is no song like yours!

Faithful to the bonds of love,
 Trill away, divine little being!
 O first nightingale to appear
 Among the lilacs beneath my
 window!

Night or morning— O how
 Your hymn to love strikes at my
 heart!
 Such ardour reawakens in me
 Echoes of my past Aprils,
 O first nightingale to appear!

L'Heure exquise (Verlaine)
 Exquisite Hour

The white moon
 Gleams in the woods;
 From every branch
 There comes a voice
 Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
 Deep mirror,
 The silhouette
 Of the black willow
 Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
 Consolation
 Seems to fall
 From the sky
 The moon illumines...

Exquisite hour.

Fêtes galantes (Verlaine)
 Galant Parties

The serenading swains
 And the lovely ladies listening
 Exchange insipid remarks
 Under the singing boughs.

There is Tircis and there is Aminta,
 And there the eternal Clitander,
 And this is Damis,
 who for many cruel ladies fashions
 many tender verses.

Their short silken vests,
 Their long dresses with trains,
 Their elegance, their joy,
 And their soft blue shadows
 Whirl madly in the ecstasy
 Of a moon, rose and gray,
 And the mandolin thrills
 Amidst the quivering of the wind.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes
 If My Verses Had Wings
 (Hugo)

My verses would flee,
 sweet and frail,
 To your garden so fair,
 If my verses had wings,
 Like a bird.

They would fly, like sparks,
 To your smiling hearth,
 If my verses had wings,
 Like the mind.

Pure and faithful, to your side
 They'd hasten night and day,
 If my verses had wings,
 Like love.

Knoxville: Summer of 1915, Op. 24 (James Agee)

*We are talking now of summer evenings in Knoxville Tennessee in the time
 that I lived there so successfully disguised to myself as a child.*

... It has become that time of evening when people sit on their porches,
 rocking gently and talking gently and watching the street and the
 standing up into their sphere of possession of the trees, of birds' hung
 havens, hangars. People go by; things go by. A horse, drawing a buggy,
 breaking his hollow iron music on the asphalt: a loud auto: a quiet auto:
 people in pairs, not in a hurry, scuffling, switching their weight of
 aestival body, talking casually, the taste hovering over them of vanilla,
 strawberry, pasteboard, and starched milk, the image upon them of
 lovers and horsemen, squared with clowns in hueless amber.
 A streetcar raising its iron moan; stopping; belling and starting,
 stertorous; rousing and raising again its iron increasing moan and
 swimming its gold windows and straw seats on past and past and past,
 the bleak spark crackling and cursing above it like a small malignant
 spirit set to dog its tracks; the iron whine rises on rising speed; still
 risen, faints; halts; the faint stinging bell; rises again, still fainter;
 fainting, lifting, lifts, faints foregone: forgotten. Now is the night one blue
 dew.

Now is the night one blue dew, my father has drained, he has
 coiled the hose.

Low on the length of lawns, a frailing on fire who breath
 Parents on porches: rock and rock. From damp strings
 morning glories hang their ancient faces.

The dark and exalted noise of the locusts from all the air at once plants my eardrums.

On the rough wet grass of the back yard my father and mother have spread quilts. We all lie there, my mother, my father, my uncle, my aunt, and I too am lying there. . . . They are not talking much, and the talk is quiet, of nothing in particular, of nothing at all in particular, of nothing at all. The stars are wide and alive, they seem each like a smile of great sweetness, and they seem very near. All my people are larger bodies than mine, . . . with voices gentle and meaningless like the voices of sleeping birds. One is an artist, he is living at home. One is a musician, she is living at home. One is my mother who is good to me. One is my father who is good to me. By some chance, here they are, all on this earth; and who shall ever tell the sorrow of being on this earth, lying, on quilts, on the grass, in a summer evening, among the sounds of the night. May God bless my people, my uncle, my aunt, my mother, my good father, oh, remember them kindly in their time of trouble; and in the hour of their taking away.

After a little I am taken in and put to bed. Sleep, soft smiling, draws me unto her; and those receive me, who quietly treat me, as one familiar and well-beloved in that home: but will not, oh, will not, not now, not ever; but will not ever tell me who I am.

Selige Nacht (Hartleben)
Blissful Night

In the arms of love we fell blissfully asleep.
The summer wind eavesdropped at the open window and carried the peace of our breathing into the brightly moon-lit night.
And from the garden a scent of roses cautiously found its way to our bed of love and gave us wonderful dreams, dreams of ecstasy, so full of desire.

Hat dich die Liebe berührt (Heyse)
If Love Has Touched You

If love has touched you quietly amid the noisy crowds, you will walk on a golden cloud, safely guided by God.
As if lost, you let your glances wander,

allowing others to enjoy their pleasures while you have only one desire.
Timidly repressing your ecstasy, you attempt, in vain, to deny that the crown of life now radiantly adorns your brow.

Die Elfe (Eichendorff)
The Elf

Stay with us!
We have a dancefloor in the valley, blanketed with the moon's radiance.
Glow-worms brighten up the hall, the crickets play for the dance.

Joy, that lovely, gullible child, sways in the evening breezes.
Where silver spills over the branches you will find the loveliest one!

Maienblüten (Jacobowsky)
May Blossoms

Quietly endure it, when from the branches, blossoms drift into your lovely hair and bow down gently two pair of lips, one on the other.
See a sweet and wondrous life flowing through sundrenched rows of leaves.
All the blossoms that fall, spring is spreading for you and me.

Waldseligkeit (Dehmel)
Bliss in the Forest

The forest begins to rustle, night descends upon the trees as if they blissfully eavesdrop, gently touching each other.
And under their branches here I am completely alone, here I am completely myself, yet completely yours.

Homenaje a Lope de Vega, Op. 90
I. Cuando tan hermosa os miro
When I Gaze On Thy Great Beauty

When I gaze on thy great beauty, I sigh with love, and when I do not see thee, desire sighs for me.
When my eyes see thee, they revel in such delight; but since because of their disdain I avoid thine eyes, I sigh with love; and when I do not see thee, desire sighs for me.

II. Si con mis deseos
If With My Desires

If with my desires time would walk apace, the sun would be outstripped by their giant steps, and my sweet employments would be celebrated by Seville, without her envying jealousy, fortunate lover, the delicate and tender turtle dove, who with husky cooings makes bridal beds from hollow trunks.
Ah!

III. Al Val de Fuente Ovejuna
Into the Vale of Fuente Ovejuna...

Into the Vale of Fuente Ovejuna a maiden with flowing hair descends; the knight of Calatrava is following her there. She hides behind the branches, bashful and in turmoil; feigning not to have seen him, she moves the branches in front of her.
'Why dost thou hide, charming maid? My keen desire Can pass through walls!'

The nobleman drew near, and she, confused and in turmoil, tried to fashion a screen from the entangled branches; but since whoever loves can cross with ease oceans and mountains, he addresses her thus: 'Why dost thou hide, charming maid? My keen desire can pass through walls!'