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**\*ERIN E. SMITH**  
**soprano**

**Dominick Amendum, piano**

**\*\*GEORGE D. SPITZER**  
**baritone**

**Soo Young Smeltz, piano**

\*Senior Recital

\*\*Junior Recital

Monday, November 20, 2000  
5:30 p.m.  
Recital Hall, School of Music

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
**GREENSBORO**

## PROGRAM

from **Acis and Galatea**

Recitative: *I rage, I melt, I burn*

Aria: *O ruddier than the cherry*

Mr. Spitzer\*

**George Frideric Handel**  
(1685-1759)

from **Exsultate, jubilate**

*Alleluia*

Ms. Smith\*\*

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

**Liebesbotschaft**

**Du bist die Ruh**

**Aufenthalt**

Mr. Spitzer

**Franz Schubert**  
(1797-1828)

**Nuit d'Étoiles**

**Si mes vers avaient des ailes**

**Vieille chanson**

Ms. Smith

**Claude Debussy**  
(1862-1918)

**Reynaldo Hahn**  
(1875-1947)

**Georges Bizet**  
(1838-1875)

**Ouvre ton coeur**

**J'ai pleuré en rêve**

**Dansons la gigue**

Mr. Spitzer

**Georges Bizet**  
**Georges Hüe**  
(1858-1948)

**Irene Regina Poldowski**  
(1879-1932)

**Three Mystical Songs**

1. Three Jolly Shepherds

2. The Prophecy

3. The Birthday

Ms. Smith

**Alec Rowley**  
(1892-1958)

**Come away death**

**Carolina Cabin**

Mr. Spitzer

**Gerald Finzi**  
(1901-1956)  
**Jean Berger**  
(b. 1909)

from **Don Giovanni**

Duetting: *La ci darem la mano*

Ms. Smith and Mr. Spitzer

**W. A. Mozart**

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

\*\*In partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for the  
Bachelor of Music in Music Education

## PROGRAM NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

### **Liebesbotschaft (Love's Message)**

Murmuring brooklet, so silvery and bright.

Are you hurrying to my beloved, so gaily and swiftly?

Ah, faithful brooklet, be my messenger;

Carry to her the absent one's greetings.

All the flowers that she tends in her garden

And wars so charmingly on her bosom,  
And her roses of glowing crimson...  
Brooklet, refresh them with your cooling stream.

When on your bank, deep in the reverie,  
And thinking of me, she lets fall her head,  
Comfort the sweet one with friendly glances,  
For her lover will soon come back to her.

When the sun sinks with rosy gleam,  
Cradle the darling to sleep;  
Murmur her to sweet repose with your eddying,  
Whisper dreams of love to her.

-Rellstab

### **Du bist die Ruh (Thou art rest)**

Thou art rest and gentle peace,  
Thou art longing, and that which stills it.

I consecrate to thee, with my joys and griefs,  
As thy dwelling-place, my eyes and heart.

Enter into me and close thou  
The gates softly behind thee:  
Drive other griefs from this breast.  
Let this heart be filled with thy joys.

My world of sight, thy radiance  
Alone can illuminate. O, fill it to the full!

-F. Rückert

### **Aufenthalt (My abode)**

Raring torrent, whistling woods,  
Towering cliff...these are my abode.  
As wave follows hard upon wave.  
So my tears flow ever anew.

As the high treetops stir and sway,  
So my heart beats wildly without pause;  
And, like the cliffs' primeval ore,  
My grief remains ever unchanged.

-Rellstab

### **Nuit d'Étoiles (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...

-T. deBarville

### **Si mes vers avaient des ailes (If my verses had wings)**

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!

-V. Hugo

### **Vieille chanson (Old Song)**

Amorous Myrtil in the woods  
once caught a merry song-bird  
"Lovely bird," he said,  
"I'll give you to my shepherdess.  
As a reward for this gift,  
the kisses she'll give me!  
If Lucette gives me two for a posy,  
for a song-bird there'll be ten!"

The song-bird had left in the dale  
it's faithful friend,  
and so escaped the prison  
as swiftly as it could.  
"Ah," said the anguished shepherd,  
"farewell, then, to Lucette's kisses!  
My whole happiness has flown away  
on the song-bird's wings!"

Myrtil returns to the nearby woods,  
weeping the loss he's suffered.  
Whether by chance or by design,  
Lucette was also there;  
and, touched by pledge of faith,  
she slipped from her retreat  
and said, "Ah, Myrtil, be of good cheer—  
it's only the song-bird you've lost!"

-Millevoye

### **Ouvre ton coeur (Open your heart)**

The daisy closed its flower crown,  
Twilight closed its eyes to the day,  
My lovely one, will you keep your word?

The daisy closed its flower crown,  
Open your heart to my love.

Open your heart,  
Oh, young angel to my ardor,  
May a dream enchant your slumber...  
Open your heart,  
I want to take back my soul.  
Open your heart,  
Oh, young angel, to my ardor,  
Like a flower opens to the sun.

-Delàntre

### **J'ai pleuré en rêve (I wept in a dream)**

I wept in a dream;  
I dreamed that you were dead...  
I awoke and the tears were flowing  
down my cheeks.  
I wept in a dream.

I dreamed that you left me...  
I awoke and I wept bitterly for a  
long time.  
I wept in a dream:

I dreamed that you loved me still...  
I awoke, I awoke,  
And the torrent of my tears flowed  
endlessly.

-G. deNerval

**Dansons la e (Let us dance  
the jig)**

Let us dance the jig!  
I loved above all her pretty eyes,  
Brighter than the stars of the sky,  
I loved her roguish eyes.  
Let us dance the jig!

She had her ways, indeed,  
To torment a poor lover;  
How truly charming all this was!  
Let us dance the jig!

But I find better still  
The kiss of her blossoming lips  
Since she is dead to my heart.  
Let us dance the jig!

I remember, I remember  
The hours and the past-times,  
And that is the dearest of my possessions.  
Let us dance the jig!

*-P. Verlaine*

**La ci darem la mano**

Don Giovanni attempts to seduce the peasant girl, Zerlina who is betrothed to Masetto. Zerlina almost capitulates, but is prevented from going off with him by Donna Elvira, who has already fallen to the wiles of Giovanni.

**Don Giovanni**

Give me your hand! And say yes to me!  
You see, our love is not far away.  
Come with me, my love.

**Zerlina**

(I would like and I would not like.  
I tremble a little in my heart.  
True, this makes me happy, but I too can joke.)

**Don Giovanni**

Come my beautiful delight!

**Zerlina**

(But must my poor Masetto suffer?)

**Don Giovanni**

I will bring your fate!

**Zerlina**

(Quickly, I am not strong! I am not strong!)

**Don Giovanni**

Let us go together!

**Zerlina**

Let us go together!

**Duo**

Let us go together, my dearest,  
and restore the pains of an  
innocent love.

*-L. laPonte*

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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.