

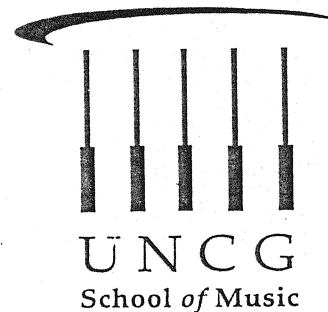
My day-dream, eager to torture me
Skillfully got drunk on the woeful
fragrance
That even without regret or disap-
pointment
The plucking of a dream leaves
the heart that harbored it.
I wondered of with my eyes riveted to
the old paving stones
When in the street with the sun in
your hair
And in the evening light,
you appeared to me laughing
It was seeing the fairy with her cap
of light
Who in the old days crossed my
lovely child's slumber.
Always letting white bouquets of
fragrant stars
Snow from her half closed hands.

Aria

Lo, at midnight the rosy clouds
Are slowly and lustrously passing
Over the spacious heaven with a
lovely maiden.
Surging into infinity, the moon
arises,
Glorifying the evening like a beauti-
ful maiden.
Now she adorns herself dreamily,
Eager and anxious that we recognize
her beauty,
While sky and earth and all nature
salute her.
All the birds have ceased their sad
and mournful complaining.
Now appearing on the sea in a
silvery reflection,
The moonlight softly wakes the
desperate hearts
With cruel tears and bitter dejection.
Lo, at midnight the rosy clouds
Are slowly and lustrously passing.

Dansa

Irere, my little bird from the wilds
of Cariri
Irere, my companion, where's your
singing?
Where goes my dear? Where goes
Maria?
Ah, sorry is the lot of him who
would not sing!
Ah, without his lute on songs of
gladness can he bring,
Ah, his whistle shrill must be his
flute for Irere.
But yours the flute that once in
wild forest sounding
Ah, with its message of grief and
woe.
Ah, your song came forth from out
the depths of the forest
Ah, like summer winds that
comfort every mournful heart.
Irere, sing and enchant me! Sing
once more!
Bring me the songs of Cariri!
Sing my lovely songbird, sing your
song again,
Sing my Irere, sing of pain and
sorrow,
As the birds of morning wake
Maria in the dawning.
Sing with all you voices, birds of
the wild woods,
Sing your songs you forest birds.
La! lia lia lia lia! You birds of the
singing wilds.
La! lia lia lia lia! You birds of the
mournful forest.



cass
2024

DANICA BAKER, soprano

Andrew Mock, piano

assisted by
Jennifer Wesner, flute
Benton Hess, Conductor

and the
UNCG Cello Ensemble
Elizabeth Anderson
Eun Young Cho
Kellie Keyser
Erin Klimstra
Megan Miller
Brandon Lauer
Darcy Dennison
Nicole Fizznogle

Senior Recital

Saturday, April 25, 1998
5:30 p.m.
Hart Recital Hall, Brown Music Building

PROGRAM

Variations on a Theme by Mozart
"Ah! vous dirai-je, maman"

A. Adam
Arr. Schmidt

Quatre Chansons de Jeunesse
Pantomime
Clair de lune
Pierrot
Apparition

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Intermission

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5
for soprano and orchestra of violoncelli
Aria (Cantilena)
Dansa (Martelo)

Heitor Villa-Lobos
(1887-1959)

Luck
The Special Picnic
Will There Really Be A Morning?
Harlem Nights

Ricky Ian Gordon

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

TRANSLATIONS

"Ah vous dirai-je, maman"
I will tell you mother
That which is causing my torment.
Since I saw Clitandre
Looking at me tenderly,
My heart speaks every moment
"How can one live without a lover?"
That look is charming.
I want to say it often.
Its captivating motive produces
Tender feelings.
I love its movement rocking you
softly.
It's equally expressive and elegant,
My heart beats only to hear it.

Of victorious love and opportune
life
They do not seem to believe their
own bliss
And their song mingles with the
moonlight.

Without the quiet moonlight so sad
and beautiful
That makes the birds dream in the
trees
And the fountains weep with
ecstasy,
The great slender fountains among
the marble statue
With the quiet moonlight so sad
and beautiful.

Pantomime

Pierrot who is no Clitandre
Empties a flask without more ado
And, being a practical fellow starts a
pie.

Peirrot

Good ole Pierrot, target of the
crowd's gaze
Now being through with Arlequin's
wedding
Goes dreamily along the boulevard
du Temple.
A girl in a flowing blouse
Vainly provokes him with her
naughty eyes
And meanwhile smooth and
mysterious
Making him her dearest delight
The white moon, with her bull-like
horns
Bestows a sidelong glance
On her friend Jean-Gaspard
Debureau.

Cassandra, at the far end of the
avenue
Sheds an unnoticed tear
O'er her disinherited nephew.

That rogue of an Arlequin concocts
The elopement of Colombine
And whirls around four times on his
toes.

Colombine is dreaming
Amazed to feel a heart in the breeze
And hear voices in the heart.

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Bewitched by mummers and
maskers
Who play the lute and dance almost
Sad under their crazy fancy dress.

Apparition

The moon was doleful. Weeping
seraphims
Dreaming bow in hand among the
quiet misty
Flowers drew from dying viols
White sobs that glided over the
blue corollas
It was the blessed day of your first
kiss.

Even as they sing, in the minor
mode