

For when feelings are profound,
Torments are sweet.
And as I think of my beloved majo,
Dreams come back of a time gone
by.

Neither in the Mentidero,** nor the
Florida**

Was a majo more handsome ever
seen to stroll,
Beneath the broad-brimmed hat I
saw his eyes

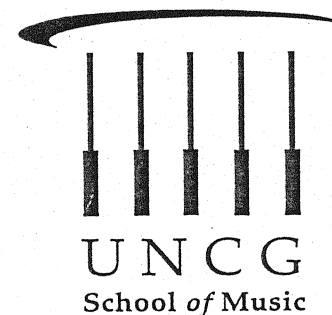
Fixed upon me passionately,
For the caressed the one on whom
they rested,

In all the world I had never seen a
more piercing look

And as I think of my beloved majo,
Dreams come back of a time gone
by.

*Man from Madrid

**Streets in Madrid



CAROLINE CRAWFORD

mezzo-soprano

Andrew Mock, piano

BOBBY RAY LEWIS, JR.

tenor

Susan S. Ward, piano

Joint Recital

Thursday, April 23, 1998

5:30 pm

Hart Recital Hall, Brown Music Building

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

PROGRAM

An Sylvia
Du bist die Ruh
Erlkönig

Side 1

Mr. Lewis *

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Sea Slumber Song
In Haven
Where Corals Lie
Sabbath Morning

Edward Elgar
(1857-1934)

Ms. Crawford **

O del mio amato ben
Vaghiissima sembianza

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

Mr. Lewis

INTERMISSION

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht
Sapphische Ode
Von ewiger Liebe

Needs to go from to
DAT
Analog

Ms. Crawford

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Vainement, ma bien-aimée from Le Roi d'Ys

Mr. Lewis

Édouard Lalo
(1823-1892)

La Maja Dolorosa 1.
La Maja Dolorosa 2.
La Maja Dolorosa 3.

Ms. Crawford

Enrique Granados
(1867-1916)

Fix Me, Jesus

Uzee Brown, Jr.
(b. 1950)

Honor! Honor!

Hall Johnson
(1888-1970)

Here's One

William Grant Still
(1895-1978)

Little David, Play on Your Harp

Mr. Lewis

Philip Kern

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

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

TRANSLATIONS

An Sylvia

What is Sylvia, tell me,
that even the broad meadow
praises her?
I see her approach, beautiful and
gentle.
It is a mark of heaven's favor,
that everything submits to her.

Is she beautiful and kind as well?
Her charms refresh with child-like
gentleness.
Cupid hastens toward her eyes.
There he cures his blindness,
and lingers in sweet repose.

Then to Sylvia let our song
resound,
To fair Sylvia's glory!
She has long acquired every charm
That this earth can grant:
Bring her garlands,
and the music of strings!

Du bist die Ruh

You are sweet repose, gentle peace,
You are longing and that which
satisfies longing.
I am full of pleasure and pain.
I consecrate to you as a dwelling
here my eyes and heart.

Come into my abode,
and close the door behind you
quietly.
Drive other sorrow out of my
breast!
May my heart be filled with the
pleasure of you.

The tabernacle of my eyes is
illuminated by your radiance
alone.
O fill it completely!

Erlkönig

Who rides so late through the night
and wind?
It is the father with his child
He has the boy in his arms,
He holds him safely, he keeps him
warm.

"My son, why do you hide your face in
fear?"

"Father, can you not see the Erlking?
The Erlking with his crown and tail?"

"My son, it is a streak of mist."

"Sweet child, come with me,
I'll play wonderful games with you;
Many a pretty flower grows on the
shore,
My mother has many a golden robe."

"Father, Father, do you not hear,
What the Erlking softly promises me?"

"Calm, be calm my child:
The wind is rustling in the withered
leaves."

"Won't you come with me, my fine lad?
My daughters shall wait upon you;
My daughters lead the nightly dance,
And will rock and dance and sing
you to sleep."

"Father, father can you not see
The Erlking's daughters there in the
darkness?"

"My son, my son, I can see clearly:
It is the old gray willows gleaming."

"I love you, your fair form allures me,
And if you don't come willingly, I'll use
force!"

"Father, father, now he's seizing me!
The Erlking has hurt me!"

The father shudders, he rides
swiftly,
Holding his moaning child in his
arms;
With one last effort he reaches
home;
In his arms the child lay dead.

O del mio amato ben. . .

O lost enchantment of my dear
beloved!
She who was my glory and pride is
far from my eyes!
Now I always search for her through
quiet rooms
And I call out with my heart full of
hope. . .

But I search in vain, I call in vain!
And weeping is so dear to me,
That on tears alone I feed my heart.

Without her, every place seems sad
to me.
Night seems like the day to me; the
fire seems cold to me.
If sometimes I hope to give myself
another cure,
Only one thought torments me:
But without her what will I do?
To me it seems that life like this is a
vain thing
Without my beloved.

Vaghiissima sembianza. . .

Very vague image
Of a formerly loved woman, who,
then,
You took away with so much
similarity
That I see, and I speak
And I believe to have you before me
As in the beautiful days of love.

The dear remembrance
Which she has woken in my heart
so ardently
You have already revived hope,
That a kiss, a vow, a cry of love
I ask no more of her who is always
mute.

Der Tod, Das is die kühle Nacht

Death is the cool night,
Life is the sultry day.
It now grows dark, I am sleepy,
The day has tired me.
Above my bed rises a tree,
The young nightingale sings
therein;
It sings of naught but love,
I hear it, I hear it even in my
dream.

Sapphische Ode

Roses from the hedge plucked I at
night;
They breathed sweeter fragrances
than ever in the day,
But the moving branches abund-
antly shed
The dews that showered me.
Thus your kisses' fragrance enticed
me as never before,
As at night I plucked the flower of
your lips:
But you too, moved in spirit as
they were,
Shed a dew of tears.

Von ewiger Liebe

Dark, how dark it is in the forest
and field!
Night has fallen, the world is now
silent.
Nowhere a light and nowhere
smoke,

Yes, and the lark is now silent too!
From the village yonder there comes
the young lad,
Taking his beloved home,
He leads her past the willow bushes,
Talking much, and of many things:
"If you suffer shame, and if you
grieve,
If you suffer disgrace before others
because of me,

Then our love shall be ended ever so
fast,
As fast as we once came together;
It shall go with the rain and go with
the wind,
As fast as we once came together."
Then says the maiden, the maiden
says:
"Our love can never end!
Firm is the steel and the iron is firm!
Yet our love is firmer still.
Iron and steel can be forged over
Who can change our love?
Iron and steel and can perish in
time,
Our love, our love must remain for
ever."

*It is the wedding day of Rozenn and
Mylio. Just before the bridal proces-
sion, outside her chamber, Mylio
sings to Rozenn:*

Vainement, ma bien-aimée

Since one cannot sway those jealous
guardians,
Ah, let me tell my sorrows and my
feeling!

In vain, my beloved, they think
they're making me desperate;
Near your closed door I still wish to
dwell!
The suns will die out,
The nights replace the days,
Before I reproach you and before I
complain.
There I will remain forever!

I know your soul is sweet, and the
hour will soon come
When the hand that spurns me
will reach out toward mine!
Do not be too late in letting your
heart soften!
If Rozenn does not come soon,
Alas, I am going to die!

The Sorrowful Maja

Oh cruel death!
Why did you by treachery
Take my majo*, my passion?
I don't want to live without him,
For it is death to live so.
It is impossible now to feel more
pain:
My soul is dissolved in tears.
Oh God! Return my love,
For it is death to love so.

Oh, majo of my life, no, no, you
have not died.
Would I still be alive if that were
true?
Wildly I desire to kiss your lips!
I want in faithfulness to share your
destiny.
Alas! Your destiny!
But oh! I am raving, I dream, my
majo no longer exists,
The world about me is weeping and
sad.
I find no consolation in my sorrow,
But even dead and cold
my majo will always be mine.
Oh! Always mine!

Of that beloved my majo who was
my glory
I cherish a happy memory.
He loved me ardently and truly
And I gave my whole life to him,
And I would give it again a thou-
sand times,
If he desired it,