



cass
2101

DEBORAH FELDMAN
soprano

Andrew Mock, piano

assisted by
Sandra Mosteller, clarinet

Graduate Recital

Sunday, March 22, 1998
3:30 p.m.
Hart Recital Hall, Brown Music Building

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

"Care selve" from *Atalanta*
"Ch'io mai vi possa" from *Siroe*

G. F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Die Meerfee
Intermezzo
Er Ist's
Mondnacht
Aufträge

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Deux Mélodies Hébraïques
L'Enigma Eternelle
Kaddisch

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Intermission

Three Songs for Soprano and Clarinet
Of all the birds that I do know
Flow my tears
Ho, who comes here along

Gordon Jacob
(1895-1984)

Chansons de Ronsard
A une Fontaine
A Cupidon
Tais-toi, Babillard
Dieu vous gard'

Darius Milhaud
(1892-1974)

Lucy's Aria from *The Telephone*

Gian-Carlo Menotti
(b. 1911)

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

Texts and Translations

"Care selve" (Dear woods)
Dear woods, blessed shadows,
I come in search of my beloved.

"Ch'io mai vi possa" (That I ever could)
That I ever could cease to love you!
Do not believe, oh, dearest eyes,
Not even in jest will I deceive you.

You were and are my love's flame,
And you will be, dearest eyes,
My true love, so long as I live.

Die Meerfee (The Fairy of the Sea)
Bright little silver bells are ringing
Through the breeze from the sea;
Gentle maiden's voices are singing
All about so joyfully;
And in a chariot of pearls the fairy
passes by,
Borne upon the balmy air floats the
melody.
Shining sparks glowed all around
her
In a merry play,
Fragrances like buds of roses,
waft from mast to keel;

And the youth sees all this dreaming
On the vessel's board;
But the foaming waves quickly
Carry the vision away.

Intermezzo
Your image wondrously lovely
I carry deep in my heart,
It looks so fresh and cheerful
Upon me all the time.

My heart sings silently within itself
An old, beautiful tune,
That soars into the air
And hurriedly flies to you.

Er ist's (It Is Spring)
Spring lets its blue ribbon
Flutter in the breeze again.
Sweet, familiar fragrances
Filled with promise, touch the land.
Violets already dream, wanting to
come soon.
Hark, the sound of a harp!
Spring, yes, it is you, it is you, it is
you!
I have heard you,
Yes, it is you!

Mondnacht (Moonlight night)
It seemed as if the sky
Had silently kissed the earth,
That she in the shimmer of blossoms
Could only dream of him.

The breeze blew over the fields,
The grain stalks gently surged,
The forests rustled softly,
So starlit was the night.

And my soul unfolded
Its pinions so wide,
Flew over the silent lands,
As if it were flying home.

Aufträge (Messages)
Not so fast, not so fast!
Wait a moment little wave!
I will give a message to you
For my sweetheart dear!
When you will be floating past her,
Greet her kindly from me!
Tell her I would have come too,
Swimming down upon your crest:
For the greeting just one kiss boldly
to request,
But the urgency of time would not
permit it.

Not so hurried! stop! allow me,
Little dove with pinions light!

I must charge you with a message
For my sweetheart dear!
You shall give her a thousand
greetings,
And a hundred more!

Tell her, I would have flown with
you,
Passing over hill and stream:
For the greeting just one kiss boldly
to request,
But the urgency of time would not
permit it.

Do not wait till I shall drive you,
Oh you lazy disk of the moon!
You know well the order I gave you
For my sweetheart dear:
Through her little window slyly
Greet her kindly for me!
Tell her, I would have climbed on
you,
I myself, to fly to her,
For the greeting just one kiss boldly
to request,
You were to blame,
Impatience would not let me go.

Deux Mélodies Hébraïques (Two Hebrew Melodies)

L'Enigma Eternelle (The Eternal Enigma)

The world asks the old question,
tra la la...
Men reply, tra la la ...
And when men say, tra la la...
The world asks the old question:
Tra la la...

Kaddisch (Kaddish)

May His great name be magnified
and hallowed throughout the world
that He created according to His will;
And may He reign over His kingdom
in your lifetime and in your days
and in the lifetime of the entire
house of Israel, speedily in our day.
Amen.

May the holy name be blessed and
lauded, glorified and uplifted,
extolled, honored, magnified, and
praised. Blessed is He.
Higher than all blessing and hymn,
praise and consolation that are
spoken in this world.
Ah! And let us say: Amen.

Three Songs for Soprano and Clarinet

Of all the birds that I do know

Of all the birds that I do know,
Philip my sparrow hath no peer;
For sit she high, or sit she low,
Be she far off or be she near,
There is no bird so fair, so fine,
Nor yet so fresh as this of mine;
For when she once hath felt a fit,
Philip will cry out yet, yet, yet.

She never wanders far abroad,
But is at home when I do call.
If I command she lays on load
With lips, with teeth, with tongue
and all.
She chants, she chirps, she makes
such cheer,
That I believe she hath no peer.
For when she once hath felt the fit,
Philip will cry still: yet, yet, yet.

And to tell the truth he were to
blame,
Having so fine a bird as she,
To make him all this goodly game
Without suspect or jealousy;
He were a churl and knew no good
Would see her faint for lack of food,
For when she once hath felt the fit,
Philip will cry still yet, yet, yet.

Flow my tears

Flow my tears, fall from your
spring!
Exiled forever let me mourn;
Where night's blackbird her sad
infamy sings,

There let me live forlorn.
From the highest spire of content-
ment my fortune is thrown,
And fear and grief and pain for my
deserts are my hopes since hope is
gone.

Hark you shadows that in darkness
dwell;
Learn to contemn light;
Happy, happy they that in hell
Feel not the world's despite.

Ho, who comes here?

Ho, who comes here along with
bagpiping and drumming?
O 'tis the morris dance I see a-
coming.
Come ladies, out, come quickly, and
see about how trim they dance and
trickly.
Hey there again how the bells they
shake it,
Hey Ho, now for our town, and take
it.
Soft awhile, piper, not away so fast
They melt them.
Be hanged knave, seest thou not the
dancers swelt them?
Stand out awhile you come too far, I
say, in,
There give the hobby horse more
room to play in.

Chansons de Ronsard (Songs of Ronsard)

A Une Fontaine (To A Fountain)

But listen, lively fountain,
Who dost my thirst so oft appease,
Reclining here beneath the moun-
tain,
Idle in the refreshing breeze.

When frugal summer is reclaiming
The fruit of Ceres' bared breast,
With every threshing floor
exclaiming
Beneath the weight of her bequest.

O thus may thou remain forever.
A sacred place for all those,
Who, sick with life's eternal fever,
Share thy recourse, thy repose.

And may in the moon at midnight,
Glancing upon the valley always
see
The nymphs that rally here for
dancing
To leap and bound in revelry.

A Cuipidon (To Cupid)

The day pursues the night,
And evening's shades
In turn put day to flight
As sunlight fades,

So summer yields to fall,
No sound of thunder,
No rain, nor windy squall
Bursts calm asunder.

But the fever of love
Torments me still,
A thing I cannot remove,
Do what I will.

It was not at me, Boy,
You should have aimed
Some other might enjoy
Being thus maimed.

Pursue some idle beaux
Whom it amuses,
But neither me nor those
Loved of the muses.

Tais-toi, babillard (Be still you noisy little thing)

Be still you noisy little thing,
Or I shall pluck your pretty wing
First chance I get, or with one
stroke

I'll close for good that busy bill
That prattles from the window still
And makes my morning sleep a
joke.
There in my chimney make your
nest,

And sing all day without a rest,
All evening too, I shall not chide,
But in the morning please be fair
And let there be no music there
To steal Cassandra from my side.

Dieu vous gard' (God keep you)

God keep you, you who never fail
To herald spring, lyric nightingale,
Swallows, cuckoos, happy peewees,
You doves, wild birds now northward
winging,
Who with a hundred kinds of singing
Animate the air and the trees.

God keep you in your lovely bowers,
Pretty roses, all fragrant flowers,
And you, new bud, in whose soft vein
Flows the blood of Ajax and Narcissus,
And you, thyme, anise, and melissa,
May you always come back again.

God keep you, pretty company
Of butterflies who in the lea
Now suck the herbs' sweet fragrant
food,
And bees invading pretty bowers
To steal the fruit of laden flowers
And store it safe within the wood.

A thousand times I greet anew,
Your lovely, gentle spring debut,
What lively thoughts does spring
arouse
With the sweet discourse of the
stream,
'Tis worth the winter's somber dream
Which kept me shuttered in the
house.