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The UNCG School of Music has been recognized for years as one of the elite music institutions in the United States. Fully accredited by the National Association of Schools of Music since 1938, the School offers the only comprehensive music program from undergraduate through doctoral study in both performance and music education in North Carolina. From a total population of approximately 12,700 university students, the UNCG School of Music serves over 575 music majors with a full-time faculty and staff of sixty. As such, the UNCG School of Music ranks among the largest Schools of Music in the South.

The UNCG School of Music now occupies a new 26 million dollar music building which is among the finest music facilities in the nation. In fact, the new music building is the largest academic building on the UNCG Campus. A large music library with state-of-the-art playback, study and research facilities houses all music reference materials. Greatly expanded classroom, studio, practice room, and rehearsal hall spaces are key components of the new structure. Two new recital halls, a large computer lab, a psycho-acoustics lab, electronic music labs, and recording studio space are additional features of the new facility. In addition, an enclosed multi-level parking deck adjoins the new music building to serve students, faculty and concert patrons.

Living in the artistically thriving Greensboro—Winston-Salem—High Point “Triad” area, students enjoy regular opportunities to attend and perform in concerts sponsored by such organizations as the Greensboro Symphony Orchestra, the Greensboro Opera Company, and the Eastern Music Festival. In addition, UNCG students interact first-hand with some of the world’s major artists who frequently schedule informal discussions, open rehearsals, and master classes at UNCG.

Costs of attending public universities in North Carolina, both for in-state and out-of-state students, represent a truly exceptional value in higher education. For further information regarding music as a major or minor field of study, please write:

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Greensboro, North Carolina 27402-6167
(336) 334-5789
On the Web: www.uncg.edu/mus/



JENNIFER W. CORBELL

Soprano

Laura Moore, piano
Amy Boger Morris, piano

assisted by

Wade Elkins, baritone
Warren Coker, baritone
Sidney Outlaw, bass-baritone

Graduate Recital

Monday, May 6, 2002
5:30 pm
Recital Hall, School of Music

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Program

Amor

from *Lamento della ninfa*

Mr. Elkins, Mr. Coker and Mr. Outlaw

Claudio Monteverdi

(1567-1643)

Fiançailles pour rire

La dame d'André

Dans l'herbe

Il vole

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

Violon

Fleurs

Mrs. Morris

Francis Poulenc

(1899-1963)

Die Lotosblume

Requiem

Kennst du das Land

from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*

Robert Schumann

(1810-1856)

Intermission

Till Earth Outwears

Let me enjoy the Earth

In Years defaced

The Market-Girl

I look into my Glass

It never looks like Summer

At a lunar Eclipse

Life laughs onward

Gerald Finzi

(1901-1956)

Rusalka's Song to the Moon

from *Rusalka*

Antonín Dvorák

(1841-1904)

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.

Who bask amid these knolls
May catch a faery sound
On sleepy noontides from the ground:
"O not again Till Earth outwears
Shall love like theirs
Suffuse this glen!"

The Market-Girl

Nobody took any notice of her
as she stood on the causey kerb,
All eager to sell her honey and apples
and bunches of garden herb;
And if she had offered to give her wares
and herself with them too that day,
I doubt if a soul would have cared to
take a bargain so choice away.
But chancing to trace her sunburnt grace
that morning as I passed nigh,
I went and I said "Poor maidy dear! and will
none of the people buy?"
And so it began; and soon we knew
what the end of it all must be,
And I found that though no others had bid,
a prize had been won by me.

I look into my Glass

I look into my glass,
And view my wasting skin,
And say, "Would God it came to pass
My heart had shrunk as thin!"
For then, I, undistrest
By hearts grown cold to me,
Could lonely wait my endless rest
With equanimity.
But Time, to make me grieve,
Part steals, part lets abide;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbbings of noontide.

It never looks like Summer

"It never looks like summer
here on Beeny by the sea."
But though she saw its look as drear,
Summer it seemed to me.
It never looks like summer now
Whatever weather's there;
But ah, it cannot anyhow,
On Benny or elsewhere!

At a lunar Eclipse

Thy shadow, Earth, from Pole
to Central Sea,
Now steals along upon the Moon's meek shine
In even monochrome and curving line
Of imperturbable serenity.
How shall I link such suncast symmetry

With the torn troubled form I know as thine,
That profile, placid as a brow divine,
With continents of moil and misery?
And can immense Mortality but throw So small
a shade,
and Heaven's high human scheme
Be hemmed within the coasts yon arc implies?
Is such the stellar gauge of earthly show,
Nation at war with nation,
brains that teem,
Heroes,
and women fairer than the skies?

Life laughs onward

Rambling I looked for an old abode
Where, year back, one had lived I knew;
Its site a dwelling duly showed,
But it was new.
I went where, not so long ago,
The sod had riven two breasts asunder;
Daisies thrived gaily there,
as though No grave were under.
I walked along a terrace
where Loud children gambolled in the sun:
The figure that had once sat there
Was missed by none.
Life laughed and moved on unsubdued,
I saw that Old succumbed to Young:
'Twas well,
My too regretful mood
Died on my tongue.

Rusalka's Song to the Moon

Oh, moon in the deep heavens,
your light sees far away,
around the wide world you wander,
you look into the dwellings of people,
around the wide world you wander,
you look into the dwellings of people.
Oh, moon, stand still for a while, tell me,
where is my beloved,
oh, moon, stand still for a while, tell me, tell.
where is my beloved?
Tell him, oh silvery moon,
that my arms embrace him,
so that he, at least for a little while,
might remember me in his dreams,
so that he, at least for a little while,
he would remember in his dreams.
Give him light far away, give him light, tell him,
tell, who waits here for him,
give him light far away, give him light, tell him,
tell, who waits here for him!
Oh, if his human soul dreams of me,
let this remembrance awaken him!
Oh, moon, hurry, hurry,
oh, moon, hurry!

Amor

Love (she said, stopping and gazing at the skies), Love, where is the faith the traitor swore? (Unhappy maiden!) Let my love return to me as he was before, or kiss me, so that I suffer torment no longer. (Unhappy maiden!) No, I don't want him to sigh except far from me (Unhappy maiden!) not that he will tell me, in faith, of his torments. (Unhappy maiden, ah no longer can she bear such coldness.)

Because I am consumed with love for him, he is proud; and if I flee from him he will beg for me love again. (Unhappy maiden!)

If his new love be fairer than I, Love does not hold in his breast a more faithful love than mine. You shall never have such sweet kisses from those lips, nor more tender. Ah be silent (Unhappy maiden!), be silent, for you know it full well.

Fiançailles pour rire

Poetry by Louise de Vilmorin

La dame d'André

André does not know the woman whom he took by the hand today. Has she a heart for the tomorrows, and for the evening has she a soul?

On returning from a country ball did she go in her flowing dress To seek in the hay stacks the ring For the random betrothal?

Was she afraid, when night fell, Haunted by the ghosts of the past, In her garden, when winter Entered by the wide avenue?

He loved he for her colour, For her Sunday good humour. Will she fade on the white leaves Of his album of better days?

Dans l'herbe

I can say nothing more nor do anything for him. he died for his beautiful one he died a beautiful death outside

under the tree of the Law in deep silence in open countryside in the grass.

he died unnoticed crying out in his passing calling calling me. But as I was far from him and because his voice no longer carried he died alone in the woods beneath the tree of his childhood. And I can say nothing more nor do anything for him.

Il vole

As the sun is setting it is reflected in the polished surface of my table

it is the round cheese of the fable in the beak of my silver scissors.

But where is the crow? It flies.

I should like to sew but a magnet attracts all my needles. On the square the skittle players pass the time with game after game.

But where is my lover? He flies.

I have a thief for a lover, the crow flies and my lover steals, the thief of my heart breaks his word and the thief of the cheese is not here.

But where is my lover? He flies.

I weep under the weeping willow I mingle my tears with its leaves. I weep because I want to be desired and I am not pleasing to my thief.

But where then is love? It flies.

Find the rhyme for my lack of reason and by the roads of the countryside bring me back my flighty lover who takes hearts and drives me mad.

I wish that my thief would steal me.

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

My corpse is as limp as a glove limp as a glove of glacé kid and my two hidden pupils make two white pebbles of my eyes.

Two white pebbles in my face two mutes in the silence still shadowed by a secret and heavy with the burden of things seen.

My fingers so often straying are joined in a saintly pose resting on the hollow of my groans at the centre of my arrested heart.

And my two feet are the mountains the last two hills I saw at the moment when I lost the race that the years win.

I still resemble myself children bear away the memory quickly, go, go, my life is done. My corpse is as limp as a glove.

Violin

Enamoured couple with the misprized accents the violin and its player please me.

Ah! I love these wailings long drawn out on the cord of uneasiness.

In chords on the cords of the hanged at the hour when the Laws are silent the heart, formed like a strawberry, offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

Fleurs

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms, flowers sprung from the parenthesis of a step, who brought you these flowers in winter powdered with the sand of the seas? Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves the beautiful eyes are ashes and in the fireplace a heart beribboned with sighs burns with its treasured pictures.

Die Lotosblume

The lotus flower is afraid of the splendor of the sun, And with her head bent low dreaming she waits for the night. The moon, he is her lover, He wakens her with his light, And to him she unveils gracefully Her innocent flower face. She glows and blooms and shines, And gazes mutely aloft; In fragrance she weeps and trembles With love and the pain of love.

Requiem

Rest after sorrowful toil And the burning fires of love! He who yearned for a blissful union, He has entered the Saviour's abode. For the just there shine the bright Stars in the cell of death, For him, who himself as star of night Will appear, When he beholds the Lord, Beholds the Lord in heaven's glory. Speak for me, holy souls, Holy Ghost, give consolation! Do you hear? Songs of rejoicing, Festive hymns, joined in singing by the lovely angel's harp: Rest after sorrowful toil And the burning fires of love! He who earned for a blissful union, He has entered the Saviour's abode.

Kennst du das Land

Do you know the land where the lemons bloom; In the dark foliage the gold oranges glow, A gentle wind wafts from the azure sky, The myrtle grows so still, the laurel high, Do you know it perhaps? There! There I want to go with you, oh my beloved, Do you know the house? On columns rests its roof, The hall is shining and the chamber gleams, And marble statues stand and look at me: What have they done, poor child, to you? Do you know it perhaps? There! There I want to go with you, oh my protector. Do you know the mountain and its foggy path? The mule seeks in the fog its road; In caverns sleeps the dragons' ancient brood, The rock is falling, and over it the torrent, Do you know it perhaps, do you know it perhaps? There, there leads our road! Oh father, let us go.

Till Earth Outwears

Poetry by Thomas Hardy

Let me enjoy the Earth

Let me enjoy the earth no less Because the allenacting Might That fashioned forth its loveliness Had other aims than my delight. About my path there flits a Fair, Who throws me not a word or sign; I'll charm me with her ignoring air, And laud the lips not meant for mine. From manuscripts of moving song Inspired by scenes and dreams unknown I'll pour out raptures that belong To others, as they were my own. And someday hence, towards Paradise And all its blest if such should be I will lift glad a-far-off eyes, Though it contain no place for me.

In Years defaced

In years defaced and lost, Two sat here, transport tossed, Lit by a living love The wilted world knew nothing of: Sacred momentarily by gaingivings, Then hoping things that could not be.... Of love and us no trace Abides upon the place; The sun and shadows wheel, Season and season sereward steal: Foul days and fair Here, too, prevail, And gust and gale as everywhere But lonely shepherd souls

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