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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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UNCG School of Music
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(336) 334-5789
On the Web: www.uncg.edu/mus/



ELIZABETH LINNARTZ

Soprano

assisted by

ANITA BURROUGHS-PRICE

Harp

ANDREW MOCK

Piano

Graduate Recital

Thursday, April 25, 2002
5:30 p.m.
Recital Hall, School of Music

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Program

Cinq Mélodies Populaires Grecques

Chanson de la mariée
Là-bas, vers l'église
Quel Galant m'est comparable
Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
Tout gai!

Maurice Ravel

(1875-1937)

A Song-Cycle on the Birth of Jesus

Prologue
I. O sweetest Night!
II. Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling
III. Upon my lap my Sovereign sits
IV. A Maid peerless
Epilogue

John Lambert

(1926-1995)

Cinq Chansons de Femme

La mal Mariée
L'Amoureuse
La Veuve
La bien Aimée
La bien Mariée

Philip Cannon

(b. 1929)

Intermission

**Mädchenlied
Von ewiger Liebe
Meine Lieder
Botschaft**

Johannes Brahms

(1833-1897)

**Norden
Den första kyssen
Diamanten på marssnön
Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings mote
Svarta rosor**

Jean Sibelius

(1865-1957)

Another New Voice Teacher

Andrew Thomas

(b. 1939)

In partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for the
Doctor of Musical Arts

The hall is equipped with a listening assistance system.

Patrons needing such assistance should please see one of the ushers in the lobby.

Diamanten på marssnön

(The diamond on the March snow)

There on the driven snow
glitters a diamond so bright.
Never was there a tear, a pearl,
that sparkled more brilliantly.

Out of a secret longing
she shines with a heavenly radiance:
she gazes at the sun,
where it rises in its beauty.

At the foot of its beams
she stands adoring,
and kisses it in deep love
and melts into a teardrop.

O, beautiful fate, to love
the highest that life has to offer,
to sparkle in its sunshine
and die when it smiles most beautifully.

Josef Julius Wecksell

Flickan kom från sin älsklings mote

(The girl came from meeting her lover)

The girl came from meeting her lover,
came with her hands all red. Said her
mother:
“What has made your hands so red, girl?”
Said the girl, “I was picking roses
and pricked my hands on the thorns.”

Again she came from meeting her lover,
came with her lips all red. Said her
mother:
“What has made your lips so red, girl?”
Said the girl: “I was eating raspberries
and stained my lips with the juice.”

Again she came from meeting her lover,
came with her cheeks all pale. Said her
mother:
“What has made your cheeks so pale,
girl?”
Said the girl: “Oh mother, dig a grave for
me,
Hide me there and set a cross above,
And on the cross write as I tell you:

Once she came home with her hands all red,
...they had turned red between her lover's
hands.

Once she came home with her lips all red,
...they had turned red beneath her lover's
lips.

The last time she came home with her
cheeks all pale,
...they had turned pale at her lover's
faithlessness.

Johan Ludwig Runeberg

Svarta rosor

(Black roses)

Tell me, why are you so unhappy today,
You who are always so cheerful and
bright?

In fact I am no more unhappy today
Than when you think me cheerful and
bright;

For grief has roses black as night.

In my heart there grows a flowering rose-
tree

That will never, ever leave me in peace.
And the stalks are all covered with thorn
on thorn,
And it nags and torments me without
respite;
For grief has roses black as night.

But from roses there comes a flawless
jewel,

As white as death, as red as blood.

It grows bigger and bigger. I feel my
strength fail,

It tears and gnaws at the roots of my heart,
For grief has roses black as night.

Ernst Josephson

Swedish trans. Lynn Steele

Meine Lieder

(My songs)

When my heart begins to ring,
 And sets free the wings of sound,
 There move before me, to and fro,
 Pale delights, never forgotten,
 And the shadows of cypresses,
 Darkly ring my songs!

Frey

Jean Sibelius, the pre-eminent Finnish composer, grew up in a Swedish-speaking portion of central Finland. He wrote over 100 songs, mostly in Swedish, many of which are set to texts by the great national poet of Finland, Johan Ludvig Runeberg. These include the first, second, and fourth songs on tonight's programs.

Sibelius' songs are rarely performed only because few singers tackle the Swedish and Finnish languages. His song output ranks him with the other great nineteenth century song composers. Sibelius' melodies are rich and full of pathos; his piano writing is orchestral in sweep and color; and his settings of the text are nuanced and emotional. In fact, Sibelius brings us to the edge of the cliff of Romanticism—and gives us a push.

Norden

(The Northland)

The leaves are falling,
 The lakes are frozen.
 Migrating swans,
 Sail mournfully
 Toward the Southland,
 Seeking its refuge,
 Looking back with longing;
 Plowing its lakes,
 Homesick for ours!
 Then an eye will see you
 From under the palm tree's
 Shadow, and say:
 "Wretched swans,
 What magical charm
 Lies upon the Northland?
 He who would leave
 The South can only
 Be longing for heaven!"

*Johan Ludvig Runeberg***Botschaft**

(A message)

Blow, little breeze, gently and sweetly
 Around the cheeks of my beloved,
 Play tenderly among her curls,
 Do not fly away hurriedly!
 If she then, perchance, inquires
 How was I, poor man, faring:
 Tell her: "Endless was his sorrow,
 And most serious his plight.
 But now he can hope
 To joyfully live again,
 For you, lovely one, think of him."

*H. v. Daumer***Den första kyssen**

(The first kiss)

The evening star sat on the rim of silver
 mist.
 From the shadowy grove the maiden asked
 her,
 Tell me, evening star, what do they think
 in heaven
 When you give the first kiss to your lover?

And heaven's shy daughter was heard to
 answer:
 The angels of light look toward the earth
 And see their own bliss reflected back;
 Only death turns his eyes away and weeps.

Johan Ludvig Runeberg

Maurice Ravel was attracted to and influenced by many kinds of music, from Gregorian chant to Schönberg, from dance and folk music to impressionist techniques. He created his own personal musical language in which these influences are obvious, but the resulting creation has his own unique stamp. Setting the Greek songs was Ravel's first foray into folksong settings; ultimately he set folksongs in ten languages.

In 1905 Ravel was given five songs by the French musicologist Pierre Aubrey to arrange piano accompaniment so that they could be included in a talk on the songs of oppressed peoples. Two of these Ravel later published, along with three later works, as *Cinq Mélodies populaires grecques*. Subsequently the songs were transcribed for harp accompaniment by the American harpist, Carlos Salzedo, under Ravel's guidance.

Chanson de la mariée

(Bride's song)

Awake, awake, dainty partridge.
 Open your wings to the morning.
 Three beauty spot set my heart on fire!
 See the ribbon, the golden ribbon
 I bring you to tie around your hair.
 If you wish, lovely one, let us be
 married!
 In our two families everyone is related!

Là bas, vers l'église

(Yonder by the church)

Yonder by the church, by the church
 Ayio Sidero, the church
 —O Blessed Virgin—
 the church Ayio Constandino,
 there are gathered, there are assembled
 in infinite numbers, the world's
 —O Blessed Virgin—
 all the world's best people!

Quel Galant m'est comparable

(What gallant can be compared with me)

What gallant can be compared with me
 Of all those one sees passing by?
 Tell me, lady Vassiliki?
 See the pistol and sharp sword attached
 to my belt . . .
 And it's you that I love!

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

(Song of the girls collecting horse-chestnuts)

O joy of my soul, joy of my heart,
 Treasure so dear to me;
 Joy of my soul and heart,
 Whom I love ardently,
 You are handsomer than an angel.
 Oh, when you appear, angel so sweet,
 Before our eyes, like a handsome blond
 angel,
 In the bright sunshine, alas!
 All our poor hearts sigh.

Tout gai!

(Be merry!)

Be merry! Merry, ha, be merry!
 Beautiful legs, tra la, dancing,
 beautiful legs, the dishes are dancing too,
 tra la la la . . .

John Lambert was an English composer and professor of composition at the Royal College of Music. He studied at the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music and then continued private studies in composition with Nadia Boulanger in Paris from 1950 to 1953. In 1951 he composed this cycle of songs “On the Birth of Jesus,” using medieval and renaissance texts.

Lambert uses modal and plainsong melody, complex rhythms, and a modern harmonic vocabulary in this composition. His melodic writing is well-suited to the human voice, at times almost folksong-like. The strophic lullaby, “Upon my lap, my Sovereign sits” is a tender, warm focus on the mother/child relationship between Mary and Jesus, offset by the excitement and complexity of “Shepherd, shepherd” and “A maid lowly”. The work begins and ends with a chant-like prologue and epilogue, associating ancient melodies to the antiquity of the texts.

A Song Cycle on the Birth of Jesus

Prologue

O Mooder mayde!
 O Maydé mooder fre!
 O busshe unburnt, burning in Moses sight!
 Thou that didst bring down from the
 Deitee,
 Thruh thyn humblesse, the spirit to alight;
 Of whos vertu, in Thy pure heart aright,
 Conceyved was the Fadrés sapience,
 Helpe me tor telle it in thy reverence!
Geoffrey Chaucer (1340-1400)
(from ‘The Prioresses Tale’)

I

O sweetest Night!
 My mind I ne-er can wean
 From thoughts of thee, in which the
 Heavens do rain
 Huge showers of grace: the hillocks flow
 with sweets,
 And from the mountains milk and honey
 sweats.
 O sweetest Night!
 My starved soul doth die
 To have a full draught of thy ambrosy.
 Tertullian gravely said:
 “Some good there are
 As well as evils,
 which e’en oppress and bear
 Us to the ground.”
 The wonders of this Night
 Are such, to find our God in such a plight:
 That hardly such a bastard soul is found
 Who sends not knees and heart to kiss the
 ground.
Myles Pinkney, priest (1599-1674)

II

Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!
 Angels they are, and the day is dawning.

What is this ding-dong,
 Or loud singing is it?
 Come, Bras, now the day is here
 The shepherdess we’ll visit.

Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!
 Angels they are, and the day is dawning.

O is this the Alcalde’s daughter,
 Or some lady come from far?
 She is the daughter of God the Father,
 And she shines like a star.

Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!
 Angels they are, and the day is dawning.
St. Teresa of Jesus (1515-1582)
trans. Arthur Symons

III

Upon my lap my Sovreign sits,
 And sucks upon my breast;
 Meanwhile, His love sustains my life,
 And gives my body rest.
 Sing lullaby, my little Boy.
 Sing lullaby, my life’s Joy.

When Thou hast taken Thy repast
 Repose, my Babe, on me;
 So may Thy mother and Thy nurse
 Thy cradle also be.
 Sing lullaby.

My Babe, my Bliss, my Child, my Choice,
 My Fruit, my Flower and Bud,
 My Jesus, and my only Joy,
 The Sum of all my good.
 Sing lullaby.

La bien mariée

(The merry wife)

My dear husband’s throat is lined
 So I find,
 With a substance something salty,
 For he never can last a wink
 Without drink,
 Cider, wine or something malty.

When his anger rises high,
 You should try,
 If you wish to soothe his temper,
 Make him quick with out delay,
 So to say,
 Drink a draught to kill distemper.

Long as he shall sell no mite
 Of our right,
 Then drink! I shall be delighted;
 For I have, all things above,
 His dear love
 So we’re merry and united!
 I myself have drunk a sup
 From his cup.
 Long live this goodly potion!
 Keeps my husband in good health,
 Truest wealth,
 So we live in happy devotion.

Olivier Basselin
Translations by
Jacqueline Laidlaw

Johannes Brahms ranks as one of the great composers of lieder. He wrote 196 solo lieder, mostly using poets considered inferior today. Nevertheless, his music is powerful enough to complete any lack of expressivity and subtlety in these poems. The Romantic fascination with love in all its forms seems to be the guiding principle in his choice of texts.

Mädchenlied

(A maiden’s song)

At evening in the spinning room, the
 maidens sing,
 The village lads laugh, how quickly the
 wheels turn.
 Everyone spins for her trousseau, that her
 sweetheart may be pleased.
 A short while only, and wedding bells will
 ring.
 There is none who is fond of me, who will
 ask for me;
 How sad I am, in whom can I confide?
 The tears are running down my face.
 Wherefore shall I spin? I know not!
P. Heyse

Von ewiger Liebe

(Of love unending)

Dark, how dark it is in the forest and field!
 Night has fallen, the world now is 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 can perish in time,
 Our love, our love must remain forever!”

Wentzig

When day was dawning
Then the lark to us did sing,
“Haste friends, hast, you must away.”
Till my love so soft did say:
 “Stay, fair one, stay!
 Day is not yet dawning,
 Still awhile I say
 Love denies the morning,
 Dark is now the sky,
 Lark is telling a lie.”

He stepped close up to my side,
And I was not so unwilling,
Kissed me thrice I cannot hide
For I would not ever gainsay him.
Kissed me thrice I cannot hide,
More than once I did repay him,
Never wearied, never cried,
For I would not ever gainsay him.

How we wished that this fair night
So might last a hundred more!
O that this our perfect night,
(O sweet delight evermore,)
So might be for evermore,
When my love so soft should say,
 “Stay, fair one, stay!”
 Day is not yet dawning,
 Still awhile I say
 Love denies the morning,
 Dark is now the sky,
 Lark is telling a lie.”

Watch and beware now, mind,
 have a care now,
Anyone there now? Tell me I say!
Anyone seen us? Woods to screen us,
Anyone seen us? Tell me I say!
Shepherdess singing, cow bells ringing,
Charming brunette I'm yours for a day!
Watch and beware now, mind,
 have a care now,
Anyone there now?
Tell me, oh, tell me I say!

Anonymous

La veuve

(The widow)

Sire, now lies my sorrow dark upon me,
I am alone, a widow now for ever,
I am alone, black grief is never from me,
I am alone, my lord has died this day.
I am alone, alone I would be ever,
I am alone, for my sweet lord is gone.
I am alone, companion have I never,
I am alone, my sorrow and pain are one.
I am alone, my spirit from life must sever.

I am alone wherever I may wander,
Yet more alone than any in creation.
I am alone, as I roam hither or yonder,
I am alone, in bitter desolation,
I am alone, death my heart has won.
I am alone, no tears are consolation,
I am alone, despair my condemnation,
I am alone, my sweet husband is gone.
Sire, now lies my dark pain hard upon me.

Christine de Pisan

La bien aimée

(A girl whose love shines fair)

Born 'neath Fortune's star am I,
For my love is fair.

Loved am I and sweetly love
Him to whom my heart is driven;
Happiness to me he has given
My love I shall prove.
Born 'neath Fortune's star am I,
For my love is fair.

Loyal and so courteous he
Honours and upholds me ever,
And a shameful thought would never,
Never hold for me.
Born 'neath Fortune's star am I,
For my love is fair.

Honour binds me to deny
All the love he so desire,
Love that my whole heart inspires
His true love am I.
Born 'neath Fortune's star am I,
For my love is fair.

Anonymous

The shepherd left their keeping sheep
For joy to see my Lamb;
How may I more rejoice to see
Myself to be the Dam.
Sing lullaby.

*Richard Verstegan (Rowlands)
Priest (1565-1620)*

IV

A Maid peerless
Hath borne God's Son.
Nature gave place
When ghostly grace
Subdued reason.

As for beauty,
Or high gentry,
She is the flower
By God elect
For this effect,
Man to succour.

Philip Cannon is an English composer and professor of music born of English and French parents. He studied composition with Imogen Holst and later at the Royal College of Music, where he was later appointed professor of composition.

Cinq chansons de femme, written to medieval French texts (in which the pronunciation differs from modern French), gives five portraits of woman in different stages of life and in the throes of differing moral choices. The angry wife clearly has lost her loyalty to her husband; the girl in love remembers the illusion of rest in the furtive moments she once shared. The desolation of the widow contrasts with the happiness of the well-beloved girl. Finally, the merry wife finds that the path to marital bliss is lined with empty bottles! Cannon is especially adept at portraying in his musical language the emotion of each woman in these vignettes.

Cinq Chansons de Femme

(Five Songs of Woman)

La mal mariée

(The angry wife)

O wretched man, you blame me
and shame me all the day, for why?
If you for ever hate me and rate me
in this way then I cry.
My fair, my fine and dear one,
his sweet love I'll be.
You jealous and vicious, malicious,
you shall in anger die!
And my precious, my sweet and
delicious, his dear love I'll be!
O wretched man, you blame me
and shame me all the day, for why?

Of Virgin's Queen,
Lodestar of light,
Whom to honor
We ought endeavor
Us day and night.

Anonymous, printed 1530

Epilogue

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Cominus tecum.
Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis
peccatoribus. Nunc et in hora mortis nostrae.
Amen.

Forever taunting, scolding and flaunting
your great hold over me!
Why hate me so all the day?
Why rate me so all the day?
Wretched man, now I pray, tell me why?

Anonymous

L'amoureuse

(A girl in love)

When the moon was shining bright
In the wood beside Betune,
There we strayed on Tuesday night
There we strayed my love and I,
Laughed and played and time did fly,
All night long beside Betune.

When day was dawning
Then the lark to us did sing,
“Haste friends, hast, you must away.”
Till my love so soft did say:
 “Stay, fair one, stay!
 Day is not yet dawning,
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Whom to honor
We ought endeavor
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Piano

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(b. 1929)

Intermission

Mädchenlied Von ewiger Liebe Meine Lieder Botschaft

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Norden
Den första kyssen
Demanten på marssnön
Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings mote
Svarta rosor

Jean Sibelius
(1865-1957)

Another New Voice Teacher

Andrew Thomas
(b. 1939)

In partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for the
Doctor of Musical Arts

The hall is equipped with a listening assistance system.
Patrons needing such assistance should please see one of the ushers in the lobby.