

Quatre Chansons de Jeunesse
(Four Songs of Youth)

Pantomime ~Paul Verlaine

Pierrot who is nothing like Clitandre Empties a flask
without waiting any longer And, practical, starts upon a pate.
Cassandre, at the bottom of the avenue,
She a misunderstood tear Over her disinherited nephew
That rascal Harlequin plans The kidnapping of Colombine
And pirouettes four times. Colombine dreams, surprised
To feel a heart in the breeze
And to hear voices in her heart.

Clair de Lune ~Paul Verlaine
(Moonlight)

Your soul is a landscape chosen
Which goes charming masks and bergamasks,
Playing the lute, and dancing, and almost
Sad under their fantastic disguises.
All the while singing in the minor mode of
victorious love and the opportune life,
They don't seem to believe in their happiness
And their song mixes with the moonlight.
In the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful.

Pierrot ~Theodore de Banville

The good Pierrot whom the crowd contemplates
Having finished the wedding of Harlequin
dreamingly follows
the temple boulevard. A young girl in
supple gown.
In vain irritates him with her roguish eye
And meanwhile mysterious and smooth
Making of him its dearest delight
The white moon with bull's horns
Throws a sideways glance
To its friend Jean Gaspard Debureau.

Apparition ~Stephane Mallarmé

The moon became sad. The seraphim in tears
Dreaming, bow in their fingers, in the calm of the
Vaporous
flowers, plucked from mournful viols
White sobs sliding on the blue corollas.
It was the blessed day of your first kiss.
My dreaming which loved to martyr me
Intoxicated itself skillfully with the perfume of
sadness
That likewise without regret and without doubt
leaves

The harvest of a Dream in the heart that gathered it.
Thus I wandered, my eye fixed on the aged
pavement
When with the sun in my hair, on the street
And in the night, You appeared laughing before me
And I thought I saw the fairy with the halo of light
Which once on my beautiful slumbers of a spoiled
child
Passed, leaving always from her half-closed hands
Snows of white bouquets of perfumed stars.

Letters from Saint Paul

Hebrews 12: 1 and 2

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about
with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside
every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset
us, and let us run with patience the race that is set
before us, Looking unto Jesus the author and
finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set
before him endured the cross, despising the shame,
and is set down at the right hand of the throne of
God.

Romans 8: 35, 37, 38, 39

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?
shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or
famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in
all these things we are more than conquerors
through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, the
neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities,
nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,
Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall
be able to separate us from the love of God, which
is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Philippians 4: 4-7

Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say,
Rejoice. Let your moderation be known unto all
men. The Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing;
but in everything by prayer and supplication with
thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto
God. And the peace of God, which passeth all
understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds
through Christ Jesus.



JENNIFER ODOM
soprano

ANDREW MOCK
piano

Graduate Recital

Saturday, April 20, 2002
7:30 pm
Recital Hall, School of Music

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in other forms of pictures

Program

O Zittre Nicht . . . Zum Leiden bin ich auserkoren
from *Die Zauberflöte*

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Intorno all'idol mio

Antonio Cesti
(1623-1669)

Arietta all'antica
La fioraia fiorentina

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Suleika
Suleikas zweiter Gesang

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

intermission

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Pantomime
Clair de Lune
Pierrot
Apparition

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Letters from Saint Paul
Hebrews 12:1-2
Romans 8:35, 37-39
Philippians 4:4-7

Daniel Pinkham
(b. 1923)

The Lamb

Theodore Chanler
(1902-1961)

Alleluia

Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)

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.

O Zittre Nicht...Zum Leiden bin ich auserkoren
(Oh tremble not...Suffering is my fate)

Oh, do not tremble, my dear son
For you are guiltless, wise, and pious.
A young man like you is best able
To comfort the deeply distressed heart of a
mother.
Suffering is my lot,
For my daughter is not with me.
Through her I have lost all my happiness;
A villain made off with her.
I still see her trembling
With alarm and shock,
Quivering with anxiety,
Struggling timidly.
I had to see her stolen from me,
"Ah help!" was all she said;
But her pleading was in vain,
For my aid was too feeble.
You will go to free her,
You will be the rescuer of my daughter!
And if I see you as victor,
Then may she be yours forever.

Intorno all'idol mio
(Around my Love)

Around my love
blow then, blow
breezes sweet and welcome;
and on his dear cheeks
kiss him for me, kind breezes.

To my darling, who rests
on the wings of silence,
welcome dreams be present
and my suppressed love
reveal it to him for me,
spirits of love.

Arietta all'antica
(Little Aria in the Old Style)

I will silently complain of my bitter fate;
but that I don't love you, o dear, don't think it of
me.
Cruel one, is that what you propose? Why make
me suffer?

La fioraia fiorentina
(The flowergirl of Florence)

Buy my most beautiful flowers, loving maidens
and spouses:
my roses are fresh, they don't die like love,
no, no, they don't die like love. Alas!
My mother implores help, poor thing,
and from me she only awaits bread, not gold.

Suleika

What means this movement?
Does the East wind bring me glad tidings?
The fresh stirring of his wings
Cools the heart's deep wounds.

Caressingly he plays with the dust,
Stirs if up into little clouds;
Drives to the shelter of the vine-leaves
The merry insect tribe.

Softly he tempers the sun's glow,
And cools my hot cheeks;
And in his onward flight kisses the vines
Resplendent on field and hill.

And to me his light whisper brings
A thousand greetings from my dear one:
Ere yet these hills grow dark A thousand kisses
will greet me.

And so (East wind), you may pass on your way,
Ministering to friends and to those in trouble.
There, where the high walls are all aglow,
I shall soon find my best beloved.

Ah, the heart's true tidings,
Love's inspiration, life's renewal;
For me come from his mouth alone;
Only his breath can give them to me.

Suleikas Zweiter Gesang
(Suleika's Second Song)

Ah, West wind, how sorely I envy
you your moist pinions!
For you can bring him news
Of what I suffer when parted from him!

The stirring of your wings
Awakes silent desire in my bosom.
Flowers, meadows, wood and hill
Stand weeping as you breathe on them.

Yet your mild and gentle motion
Cools my sore eyelids.
Ah! I would surely perish with sorrow
Had I no hope of seeing him again.

Hurry then to my beloved,
Speak softly to his heart,
But avoid making him sad
And conceal from him my pains.

Tell him, but tell it discretely,
That his love is my life,
And both would be made happy
By his closeness to me.



ANDREW MOCK
piano

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