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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 14,000 university students, the UNCG School of Music serves nearly 600 music majors with a full-time faculty and staff of more than 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 psychoacoustics lab, electronic music labs, and recording studio space are additional features of the new facility. In addition, an enclosed multi-level parking deck is adjacent to 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 information regarding music as a major or minor field of study, please write:

Dr. John J. Deal, Dean
UNCG School of Music
P.O. Box 26167
Greensboro, North Carolina 27402-6167
(336) 334-5789
On the Web: www.uncg.edu/mus/



Yajaira Coralys Morales
soprano

Sooyoung Kang, piano

Jessica Elaine Tarter
soprano

Laura Moore, piano

Joint Recital

Thursday, October 16, 2003
5:30 pm
Recital Hall, School of Music

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Program

**Lachen Und Weinen
Der Lindenbaum
Gretchen am Spinnrade**

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Ms. Morales

**Einerlei
Seitdem dein Aug'
Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten**

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Ms. Tarter

**Cancion Del Alma
Preciosa
El Cumbanchero**

Rafael Herandez
(1896-1965)

Ms. Morales

**Pourquoi rester seulette
Tristesse
Aimons-nous**

Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835-1921)

Ms. Tarter

Addio, del passato from *La Traviata*

Giusseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Ms. Morales

Dove sono i bei momenti from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Ms. Tarter

How Fair This Spot

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

Down In The Forest

Landon Ronald
(1873-1938)

Love's Philosophy

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

Ms. Morales

Childhood Fables for Grownups

Tigeroo
Lenny the Leopard
The Frog and the Snake

Irving Fine
(1914-1962)

Ms. Tarter

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

—————
The hall is equipped with a listening assistance system.
Patrons needing such assistance should contact an usher in the lobby.

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart:
Dove sono i bei momenti**

E susanna non vien?
Sono ansiosa di saper,
Come il Conte accolse la proposta
Alquanto ardito il progetto mi par,
E ad uno sposo sì vivace e geloso!
Ma che mal c'è?
Cangiando i miei vestiti
Con quelli di Susanna,
E i suoi co' miei
Al favor della notte.
Oh cielo!
A qual umil stato fatale
Io son ridotta da un consorte crudel!
Che dopo avermi con un misto inaudito
D'infedeltà, di gelosia, di sdegni!
Prima amata, indi offesa,
e alfin tradita,
Fammi or cercar da una mia serva aita!

Dove sono i bei momenti
Di dolcezza e di piacer?
Dove andaro i giuramenti
Di quel labbro menzogner?
Perchè mai, se in pianti e in pene
Per me tutto si cangiò,
La memoria di quel bene
Dal mio sen non trapassò!
Ah, se almen la mia costanza
Nel languire amando ognor,
Mi portasse una speranza
Di cangiar l'ingrato cor!

Where are the lovely moments

And Susanna does not come?
I am anxious to know
How the Count has received this proposal.
The plan seems to me somewhat daring,
For a husband so quick-tempered and jealous!
But what is wrong with it?
Exchanging my vestments
With those of Susanna,
And hers with mine
Under cover of the night.
Oh heaven!
To what humiliating, fatal position
I am reduced by a cruel husband,
Who accused me, among other things,
Of infidelity, jealousy, bad temper!
At first loved, then offended,
and finally betrayed,
Now I am made to seek my servant's help!

Where are the beautiful moments
Of sweetness and of pleasure?
Where have gone the vows
That came from those lying lips?
Wherefore, if into tears and sorrow
Everything for me has changed,
Has the memory of that happiness
Never vanished from my breast!
Ah, if only my faithfulness
While I languish ever-lovingly,
Could bring me hope
Of changing that ungrateful heart!

upcoming performances

Men's and Women's Glee Clubs
Sunday, October 19
3:30 pm · Recital Hall · \$

Trio con Brio
Guest Artists
Sunday, October 19
7:30 pm · Recital Hall · \$

Clifford Leaman, saxophone
Derek Parsons, piano
Guest Recital
Monday, October 20
7:30 pm · Organ Hall · \$

Studio Voice Recital
Tuesday, October 21
5:30 pm · Recital Hall

EastWind Trio d'Anches
Faculty Recital
Tuesday, October 21
7:30 pm · Recital Hall · \$

Meaghann Vaughn, mezzo-soprano
Thursday, October 23
5:30 pm · Recital Hall

Et lorsque nos deux coeurs
S'en iront aux sphères heureuses
Où les célestes lys
Écloront sous nos pleurs,
Alors, comme des fleurs
Joignons nos lèvres amoureuses,
Et tâchons d'épuiser
La mort dans un baiser!

**Giusseppe Verdi:
Addio, del passato**

Teneste la promessa....
La disfida ebbe luogo
Il barone fu ferito, però migliora...
Alfredo è in stranio suolo.
Il vostro sacrificio io stesso gli ho svelato.
Egli a voi tornerà pel suo perdono...
Io pur verrò... Curatevi..
Mertate un avenir migliore...
Giorgio Germont

È tardi... Attendo, Attendo
Nè a me giung on mai!
Oh, come son mutata!
Ma il Dottore a sperar pure m'e sorta!
Ah, con tal morbo
Ogni speranza è morta!

Addio, del passato bei sogni ridenti;
Le rose del volto già sono palenti.
La amore d'Alfredo per fino mi manca,
Conforto, sostegno del anima stanca,
Ah, della traviata sorridi al desio,
A lei, deh perdona, tu accogli la o Dio!

Ah, Tutto, Tutto Fini!

Le gioie, I dolori trapoco avran fine,
La tomba ai mortali di tutto è confine!
Non lagrima o fiore avrà la mia fossa!
Non croce col nome che copra quest'ossa!
Ah, della traviata sorridi al desio,
A lei, de perdona, tu accoglia, O Dio!

Ah, Tutto, Tutto Fini!

And when our two hearts
Will pass to the happy spheres
Where the celestial lilies
Will be born under our tears,
Then, like flowers
Let us join our enamoured lips,
And strive to consume
Death in a kiss!

Farewell, to the Past

"You have kept your promise...
The duel took place
The Baron wounded but is recovering.
Alfredo is aboard.
I myself told him of about your sacrifice.
He will return to beg your forgiveness...
I will also come...Take care of yourself...
You deserve a better future...
Giorgio Germont"

It's too late.... I wait, and wait
But they will never come!
Oh, how I have changed!
Yet the Doctor tried to give me hope!
Ah, with the disease
All hope is dead!

Farewell, to the past, to bright dreams;
The roses in my cheeks are faded.
Not even Alfredo's love remains
To sustain my weary spirit,
Ah, to a lost woman grant a last wish,
Forgive her and receive her, O God!

Ah, all is ended, now is ended!

The joy and the pain slowly comes the end,
The tomb of moratlity of all is confined!
Not tears nor flowers will have my pity!
Not cross the name that covers this bone!
Ah, to a lost woman grant a last wish,
Forgive her and receive her, Oh God!

Ah, all is ended, now is ended!

**Franz Schubert:
Lachen Und Weinen**

Lachen und weinen
Zu jeglicher stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb
Auf so mancherlei Grunde.
Morgens lacht' ich vor Lust,
Und warum ich nun weine
Bei des Abendes scheine,
Ist mir selb' nicht bewusst.

Weinen und lachen
Zu jeglicher stunde
Ruht be der Lieb
Auf so mancherlei Grunde.
Abends weint' ich vor Schmerz;
Und warum du erwachen
Kannst am Morgen mit Lachen,
Muss ich dich fragen, O Herz!

Der Lindenbaum

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore
Da steht ein Lindenbaum;
Ich träumt in seinem Schatten
So manchen süssen Traum.

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde
So manches liebe Wort;
Es zog in Freud und Leide zu ihm mich
Immerfort.

Ich musst auch heute wandern
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Da hab ich noch im Dunkel
Die Augen zugemacht.
Und seine Zweige rauschten,
Als reifen sie mir zu:

Komm her zu mir Geselle,
Hier findst du deine Ruh!

Die kalten Winde bliesen
Mir grad ins Angesicht,
Der Hut flog mir vom kopfe,
Ich wendete mich nicht.
Nun bin ich manche Stunde
Entfernt von jenem Ort,
Und immer hör ich's rauchten:
Du fändest Ruhe dort!

Laughter and Tears

Laughter and tears
At all hours
Can have so many causes
When one is in love.
In the morning I laughed with pleasure,
And why I now weep
In the evening light,
I myself do not know.

Tears amd laughter
At all hours
Can have so many causes
When one is in love.
In the evening i was weeping with grief,
And how can you wake
In the morning with laughter,
I must ask you, my heart!

The Linden Tree

By the fountain outside the town gate
Stands a Linden Tree;
In its shade I dreamt many a sweet
Dream.

In its bark I cut
many a loving words
I was drawn to it continually in time of
Joy and pain.

This night too, I had to go past it,
At the dead of night,
Dark though it was then,
I kept my eyes closed.
And its branches rustled,
As though they were calling to me:

"Come to me, my friend,
Here you will find peace!"

The cold gust blew
Straight into my face,
the hat flew off my head,
But I did not turn back.
Now I am many hours distant
From that place,
And still I hear a rustling:
"You would have found peace there!"

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh ist hin, mein Herz ist Schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr.
Wo ich ihn nicht hab, ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn ist mir zerstückt,
Menie Ruh ist hin, mein Herz ist Schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur
schau ich zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur
geh ich aus dem Haus

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein'edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt

Und seiner Rede Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck, und ach, sein Kuss!
Meine Ruh is hin, mein Herz is Schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr.

Mein busen drängt sich nach ihm hin,
Ach, dürft ich fassen und halten ihn!
Und küssen ihn, so wie ich wollt,
An seinen küssen vergahem sollt!

Richard Strauss: Einerlei

Ihr Mund ist stets derselbe,
Sein Kuss mir immer neu,
Ihr Auge noch dasselbe,
Sein freier Blick mir treu;

O du liebes Einerlei,
Wie wird aus dir so macherlei!

Seitdem dein Aug'

Seitdem dein Aug' in meines schaute,
Und Liebe, wie vom Himmel her,
Aus ihm auf mich herniedertaute,
Was böte mir die Erde mehr?

Ihr Bestes hat sie mir gegeben,
Und von des Herzens stillem Glück
Ward übevoll mein ganzes Leben
Durch jenen einen Augenblick.

Gretchen at the Spinning-Wheel

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.
In his absence, I feel as if dead,
And the whole world is turned to gall.

My poor head is distracted,
My poor mind is shattered,
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.

For him alone
I look out the window,
For him alone
I go out of the house.

His lofty carriage,
His noble form,
The smile of his lips,
The power in his glance.

And the magic flow of his speech,
The clasp of his hand, and oh! His kiss!
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.

My bosom yearns towards him,
Oh, might I grasp and hold him!
And kiss him all I could,
And on his kisses I would pass away!

Sameness

Her mouth is always the same,
Her kiss is always new to me,
Her eye is still the same,
Her open glance is always true to me;

Oh you loving sameness,
How do you become so many things!

Since your eyes

Since your eyes looked into mine,
And love, as if falling from Heaven,
Fell from them onto me like dew,
What more could the earth offer me?

It has given me its best,
And from the heart's quiet happiness
My whole life was overflowing
Only through one happy moment.

Pierre est fort, Pierre est doux;
Sa parole caresse,
Il m'a dit à genoux:
"Madeleine, aimons-nous"
Et Pierre a ma tendresse.

Mais il s'en est allé
Auprès d'une autre belle,
Et les loups m'ont volé
Jusqu'à mon chien fidèle...
Mes larmes ont coulé...
File, fuseau léger!
Pierre, le beau berger,
M'est infidèle!

Tristesse

De tristesse amère et profonde
Mon âme est prise sans raison;
Je cherche en vain sur quoi se fonde
Mon noir chagrin hors de saison.
Pourquoi faut-il que de ce monde
Mesurant l'étroit horizon,
Mon âme toujours vagabonde
Se heurte aux murs de sa prison?

Dans les chemins qu'elle se fraie
La nuit qui l'entoure l'effraie
Et chaque pas est un effort!
Hélas! Pour ce corps qu'elle habite,
Elle va toujours assez vite
Car chaque pas mène à la mort!

Aimons-nous

Aimons-nous et dormons
Sans songer au reste du monde!
Ni le flot de la mer,
Ni l'ouragan de monts
Tant que nous nous aimons
Ne courbera ta tête blonde,
Car l'amour est plus fort
Que les Dieux et la Mort!

Le soleil s'éteindrait
Pour laisser ta blancheur plus pure.
Le vent qui jusqu'à terre incline la forêt,
En passant n'oserait
Jouer avec ta chevelure,
Tant que tu cacheras
Ta tête entre mes bras!

Pierre is strong, Pierre is gentle;
His word caresses,
He said to me on his knees:
"Madeleine, let us love"
And Pierre has my tenderness.

But he went away
Close to another girl,
And the wolves have stolen
Even my faithful dog...
My tears have streamed...
Spin, fickle spindle!
Pierre, the handsome shepherd,
Is unfaithful to me!

Sadness

With sadness bitter and deep
My should is seized without reason;
I search for in vain upon what is founded
My black chagrin out of season.
Why it is necessary that of this world
Measuring the narrow horizon,
My soul ever restless
Batters itself against the walls of its prison?

On the roads which it carves out for itself
The night which surrounds it frightens it
And each step is an effort!
Alas! For this body which it inhabits,
It goes always very quickly,
For each step leads to death!

Let us love

Let us love and sleep
Without dreaming of the rest of the world!
Neither the wave of the sea,
Nor the fierce wind of the mountains
So long as we love each other
Will bend your fair head,
For love is more powerful
Than the gods and death!

The sun would extinguish itself
In order to leave your whiteness more pure.
The wind which to earth bends the forest,
In passing would not dare
To play with your hair,
As long as you will hide
Your head between my arms!

(continued)

Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten

Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten,
Die Seligkeit, die uns erfüllt?
Nein, bis in seine tiefsten Falten
Sei allen unser Herz enthüllt!

Wenn zwei in Liebe sich gefunden,
Geht Jubel hin durch die Natur,
In längern wonnevollen Stunden
Legt sich der Tag auf Wald und Flur.

Selbst aus der Eiche morschem Stamm
Die ein Jahrtausend überlebt,
Streigt neu des Wipfels grüne Flamme
Und rauscht von Jugendlust durchbebt.

Zu höherm Glanz und Dufte brechen
Die Knospen auf beim Glück der Zwei.
Und süßer rauscht es in den Bächen
Und reicher blüht
Und reicher glänzt der Mai

Rafael Hernandez: Canción del Alma

Yo sé que tú comprendes
La pena que hay en mí,
Que estando yo a tu lado
Se acaba mi sufrir.

Serás lo que tú quieras
La culpa tú tendrás,
Pero mi alma te espera,
Te espera una vez más.

No sé como e podido estar
Tanto tiempo lejos de ti,
No sé como e podido esperar
Y saber resistir .

Yo vivo tú lo sabes,
Desesperada y triste
Y desde que te fuiste
No sé lo que es vivir sin ti.

Preciosa

Yo sé lo que son los encantos,
De mi Borinquen Hermosa,
Por éso la quiero tanto,
Por éso la llamo la Preciosa,
Perla del Caribe.
Borinquen.

How should we secretly constrain it

How should we secretly constrain it,
The blissfulness that fills us?
No, even from its deepest folds
May all our heart be unveiled!

When two find themselves in love,
The whole of nature goes rejoicing,
In lengthening wonderful hours
The day settles on forest and meadow.

Even from the rotten trunk of an oak,
That has endured over a thousand years,
Rises anew the green flame of the treetops
And rustles throughout with youthful joy.

To higher radiance and fragrance break open
The buds because of the blissfulness of the two
And the streams murmur more sweetly
And May blossoms
And shines more richly.

Song of the Soul

I know that you understand me
The sorrow within myself,
That being I to your side
My suffering finishes.

You can be what you want
The fault will be yours,
But my soul will wait for you,
I will wait for you one more time.

I don't know how I was able to
Be far away from you,
I don't know how I could have waited
And know how to resist.

You know that I live,
Desperately and sadly
And ever since you left
I don't know how it is to live without you.

Beautiful

I know the charms,
Of my beautiful Borinquen,
That is why I love it so much,
That is why I call it Beautiful,
Pearl of the Carribean.
Borinquen.

Yo sé de sus hembras triquenas
Sé de color de sus rosas,
Por éso mi tierra Riqueña,
Por éso la llamare Preciosa,
Perla del Caribe.
Borinquen.

Preciosa te llaman las olas del mar
Que te bañan.
Preciosa por ser un encanto,
Por ser un Edén.

Y tienes la noble hidal guía del
La madre España.
Y el fiero cantío del indio bravío
Lo tienes tambien.

Preciosa te llaman los bardos
Que cantan tu historia,
No importa el tirano no te trate
Con negra maldad.

Preciosa serás sin bandera,
Sin lauros, ni Gloria.
Preciosa, Preciosa te llaman los hijos
De la libertad.

El Cumbanchero

A cumba, cumba, cumba, cumbanchero.
A bongo, bongo, bongo, bongo sero.
Piquiti que vaso mando el cumbanchero
Bongosero que se va,
Bongosero que se va.

Y suena así el tambor biriquití,
Bum bum bá.
Y vuelva a repicar biriquití,
Bum bum bá.

Camille Saint-Saëns: Pourquoi rester seulette?

Pourquoi rester seulette
A garder ses moutons?
Que peut une fillette,
Qui n'a que sa houlette
Contre les loups gloutons!

Avec moi dans la plaine
Vient pour me protéger,
Pierre, le beau berger...
File, fuseau léger,
Entre mes doigts la laine.

I know of your tan skin
I know the colors of the roses,
That is why my Riqueña land,
That is why you are called Beautiful,
Pearl of the Carribean.
Borinquen.

The beautiful waves of the sea that bathes
You are calling.
Beautiful, for being enchanted,
For being Eden.

And you have the noble guide of
The mother Spain.
And the fierce Cantio of the brave Indian
Has it as well.

Beautiful the bard
Calls you with singing the history,
It is not important that tyrants treat you
With black wickedness.

Beautiful, you will be without flags,
Without laurel, neither glory.
Beautiful, Beautiful the children of liberty
Call unto you.

The Cumbanchero

A cumba, cumba, cumba, cumbanchero.
A bongo, bongo, bongo, bongosero.
Piquiti the cumbanchero orders
The bongosero to go,
The bongosero to go.

And the sounds of the drums 'biriquiti'
Bum bum bá.
And return to ring biriquití,
Bum bum bá

Why remain alone?

Why remain alone
To tend her sheep?
What can a little girl,
Who has only her crook, do
Against the greedy wolves!

With me on the plain
Comes to protect me,
Pierre, the handsome shepherd...
Spin, fickle spindle,
Between my fingers the wool.

(continued)

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De la libertad.

El Cumbanchero

A cumba, cumba, cumba, cumbanchero.
A bongo, bongo, bongo, bongo sero.
Piquití que vaso mando el cumbanchero
Bongosero que se va,
Bongosero que se va.

Y suena así el tambor biriquití,
Bum bum bá.
Y vuelva a repicar biriquití,
Bum bum bá.

Camille Saint-Saëns: Pourquoi rester seulette?

Pourquoi rester seulette
A garder ses moutons?
Que peut une fillette,
Qui n'a que sa houlette
Contre les loups gloutons!

Avec moi dans la plaine
Vient pour me protéger,
Pierre, le beau berger...
File, fuseau léger,
Entre mes doigts la laine.

I know of your tan skin
I know the colors of the roses,
That is why my Riqueña land,
That is why you are called Beautiful,
Pearl of the Carribean.
Borinquen.

The beautiful waves of the sea that bathes
You are calling.
Beautiful, for being enchanted,
For being Eden.

And you have the noble guide of
The mother Spain.
And the fierce Cantio of the brave Indian
Has it as well.

Beautiful the bard
Calls you with singing the history,
It is not important that tyrants treat you
With black wickedness.

Beautiful, you will be without flags,
Without laurel, neither glory.
Beautiful, Beautiful the children of liberty
Call unto you.

The Cumbanchero

A cumba, cumba, cumba, cumbanchero.
A bongo, bongo, bongo, bongosero.
Piquití the cumbanchero orders
The bongosero to go,
The bongosero to go.

And the sounds of the drums 'biriquití'
Bum bum bá.
And return to ring biriquití,
Bum bum bá

Why remain alone?

Why remain alone
To tend her sheep?
What can a little girl,
Who has only her crook, do
Against the greedy wolves!

With me on the plain
Comes to protect me,
Pierre, the handsome shepherd...
Spin, fickle spindle,
Between my fingers the wool.

(continued)



Yajaira Coralys Morales

soprano

Sooyoung Kang, piano

Jessica Elaine Tarter

soprano

Laura Moore, piano

Joint Recital

Thursday, October 16, 2003
5:30 pm
Recital Hall, School of Music

Title: UNCG Logo Corrected
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Program

**Lachen Und Weinen
Der Lindenbaum
Gretchen am Spinnrade**

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Ms. Morales

**Einerlei
Seitdem dein Aug'
Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten**

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Ms. Tarter

**Cancion Del Alma
Preciosa
El Cumbanchero**

Rafael Hernandez
(1896-1965)

Ms. Morales

**Pourquoi rester seulette
Tristesse
Aimons-nous**

Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835-1921)

Ms. Tarter

Addio, del passato from *La Traviata*

Giusseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Ms. Morales

Dove sono i bei momenti from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Ms. Tarter

How Fair This Spot

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

Down In The Forest

Landon Ronald
(1873-1938)

Love's Philosophy

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

Ms. Morales

Childhood Fables for Grownups

Irving Fine
(1914-1962)

Tigeroo
Lenny the Leopard
The Frog and the Snake

Ms. Tarter

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

The hall is equipped with a listening assistance system.
Patrons needing such assistance should contact an usher in the lobby.