



**Meg Buzzard**  
Soprano

**Neal Sharpe, piano**

*assisted by:*

**Yana Romanova, flute**  
**Mark Shoun, trombone**

Senior Recital

November 21st, 2005  
5:30 pm  
Organ Hall, School of Music

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*Program*

**Sfogava con le stelle**

**Giulio Caccini**

(1546-1618)

**Sospiri di foco**

**Francesco Cavalli**

(1602-1676)

**What Thing is Love?**

**John Bartlet**

(1551-1625)

**Weepe You no More, Sad Fountains**

**John Dowland**

(1563-1626)

**Fairest Isle (Address to Britain)**

**Henry Purcell**

(1659-1695)

**Nacht und Träume**

**Franz Schubert**

(1797-1828)

**Meine Rose**

**Robert Schumann**

(1810-1856)

**Le Rossignol des Lilas**

**Reynaldo Hahn**

**L'heure exquise**

(1874-1947)

**Rêverie**

*Brief Pause*

**Three Irish Folksong Settings**

**John Corigliano**

(b. 1938)

I. The Salley Gardens

II. The Foggy Dew

III. She Moved Through the Fair

Yana Romanova, Flute

**Stars and the Moon**

**Jason Robert Brown**

from *Songs for a New World*

**Cry me a River**

**Arthur Hamilton**

from *Swing!*

Mark Shoun, Trombone

**Life of the Party**

**Andrew Lippa**

from *The Wild Party*

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.

**Giulio Caccini:**

**Sfogava con le stelle**

Poet: Ottavio Rinuccini (1562-1621)

Sfogava con le stelle  
Un inferno d'amore  
sotto notturno cielo il suo dolore,  
E dicea fisso in loro:  
O immagini belle dell'idol mio ch'adoro,  
Sì come a me mostrate, mentre così splendete  
la sua rara beltate,  
Così mostraste a lei, Mentre cotanto ardete,  
I vivi ardori miei.  
La fareste co'l vostro aureo sembiante  
pietosa sì, come me fate amante.

**Francesco Cavalli:**

**Sospiri di foco**

Poet: anonymous

Sospiri di foco  
Che l'aure infiammate,  
Leggeri volate  
Intorno al mio bene.  
E l'aspre mie pene  
Narrategli un poco.  
Sospiri, sospiri di foco,  
Sospiri, sospiri di foco!

Aurette leggere,  
Che udite il mio duolo,  
Portatevi a volo  
Al sen di chi adoro,  
E dite ch'io moro  
In doglie severe,  
Aurette, aurette leggere,  
aurette, aurette leggere.

**John Bartlet:**

**What Thing is Love?**

Poet: anonymous?

What thing is love?  
I pray thee tell, I pray thee tell.  
It is a prickle, it is a prickle, it is a sting,  
It is a pretty, pretty thing.  
It is a fire, it is a coal,  
whose flame creeps, creeps in at every hole,  
And as my wits can best devise:  
Love's darling lies in ladies' eyes.

**John Dowland:**

**Weepe You no more, Sad Fountains**

Poet: anonymous

Weep you no more, sad fountains;  
What need you flow so fast?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!

**He Vented to the Stars**

He vented to the stars  
An inferno of love  
under the night sky, grieving,  
Saying to them:  
"O lovely images of my adored one,  
just as you reveal to me, by shining so brightly,  
her rare beauty,  
show to her as well my intense passion,  
my burning love.  
Make her, with your golden gleam  
Pity me, as you have made me love her.

**Sighs of Fire**

Sighs of fire,  
That inflame the breezes,  
Lightly fly  
Around my beloved.  
And my harsh pains  
Tell to him a little.  
Sighs, sighs of fire,  
Sighs, sighs of fire!

Light breezes,  
Who hear my sorrow,  
Carry yourselves in flight  
To the breast of the one I adore,  
And say that I die  
In severe pain,  
Breezes, light breezes,  
Breezes, light breezes.

But my sun's heavenly eyes  
View not your weeping,  
That now lies sleeping,  
Softly now, softly lies  
Sleeping.

**Henry Purcell:**

**Fairest Isle (Address to Britain)**

poet: John Dryden (1631-1700)

Fairest isle, all isles excelling,  
Seat of pleasure and of love.  
Venus here will choose her dwelling,  
And forsake her Cyprian grove.  
Cupid from his fav'rite nation  
Care and envy will remove;  
Jelousy that poisons passion,  
And dispair that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining  
Sighs that blow the fire of love.  
Soft repulses kind disdainig,  
Shall be all the pains you prove.  
Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,  
Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove;  
And as these excel in beauty  
Those shall be renowned for love

**Robert Schumann:**

**Meine Rose**

Poet: Nikolaus Lenau (1802-1850)

Dem holden Lenzgeschmeide,  
Der Rose, meiner Freude,  
Die schon gebeugt und blasser  
Vom heißen Strahl der Sonnen,  
Reich' ich den Becher Wasser  
Aus dunklem, tiefem Bronnen.

Du Rose meines Herzens!  
Vom stillen Strahl des Schmerzens  
Bist du gebeugt und blasser;  
Ich möchte dir zu Füßen,  
Wie dieser Blume Wasser,  
Still meine Seele gießen!  
Könnst' ich dann auch nicht sehen  
Dich freudig auferstehen.

**Franz Schubert:**

**Nacht und Träume**

Poet: Matthaus Kasimir von Collin (1779-1824)

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;  
Nieder wallen auch die Träume  
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,  
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.  
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;  
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:  
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!

**My Rose**

To the lovely jewelry of Spring,  
to the rose, my delight,  
that is already bowing and turning pale  
from the hot beams of the sun,  
I reach out a cup of water  
from a dark, deep well.

You rose of my heart!  
From the silent beam of pain  
you bow and turn pale;  
At your feet, I would like,  
as this flower water does,  
to silently pour my soul out,  
even if I then might not see  
you rising with joy.

**Night and Dreams**

Holy night, you sink down;  
Dreams, too, drift downward  
Like your moonlight through space,  
Through the quiet hearts of men;  
They listen with delight  
Calling out when day awakens:  
Return, holy night!

Holde Träume, kehret wieder

**Reynaldo Hahn:**

**Le rossignol des lilas**

poet: Léopold Dauphin (1847-?)

O premier rossignol qui viens  
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre,  
Ta voix m'est douce à reconnaître!  
Nul accent n'est semblable au tien!

Fidèle aux amoureux liens,  
Trille encor, divin petit être!  
O premier rossignol qui viens  
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre!

Nocturne ou matinal, combien  
Ton hymne à l'amour me pénètre!  
Tant d'ardeur fait en moi renaître  
L'écho de mes avrils anciens,  
O premier rossignol qui viens!

**L'heure exquise**

poet: Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

La lune blanche  
luit dans les bois.  
De chaque branche  
part une voix  
sous la ramée.  
O bien aimé[e]....

L'étang reflète,  
profond miroir,  
a silhouette  
du saule noir  
où le vent pleure.  
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre  
apaisement  
semble descendre  
du firmament  
que l'astre irise.  
C'est l'heure exquise!

**Rêverie**

**Poet: Victor Hugo (1802-1885)**

Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme  
Donne à quelqu'un  
Sa musique, sa flamme,  
Ou son parfum;

Puisqu'ici toute chose  
Donne toujours  
Son épine ou sa rose  
A ses amours;

Fair dreams, return!

**The Nightingale in the Lilacs**

O first nightingale to appear  
Among the lilac beneath my window,  
How sweet to recognise your voice!  
There is no song like yours!

Faithful to the bonds of love,  
Sing again, divine little being!  
O first nightingale to appear  
Among the lilac beneath my window!

Night or morning how  
Your love-song strikes to my heart!  
Such ardour re-awakens in me  
Echoes of April days long past,  
O first nightingale to appear!

**The exquisite hour**

The white moon  
shines in the woods.  
From each branch  
springs a voice  
beneath the arbor.  
Oh my beloved...

Like a deep mirror  
the pond reflects  
the silhouette  
of the black willow  
where the wind weeps.  
Let us dream! It is the hour...

A vast and tender  
Calm  
seems to descend  
from a sky  
made iridescent by the moon.  
It is the exquisite hour!

**Daydreaming**

As each soul here below  
Someone has lent,  
Its music or its glow  
Or its own scent;

As all things here below  
To true love give  
A thorn, or else a rose,  
As they do live;

Puisque l'air à la branche  
Donne l'oiseau;  
Que l'aube à la pervenche  
Donne un peu d'eau;

Puisque, lorsqu'elle arrive  
S'y reposer,  
L'onde amère à la rive  
Donne un baiser;

Je te donne, à cette heure,  
Penché sur toi,  
La chose la meilleure  
Que j'ai en moi!

Reçois donc ma pensée,  
Triste d'ailleurs,  
Qui, comme une rosée,  
T'arrive en pleurs!

Reçois mes vœux sans nombre,  
O mes amours!  
Reçois la flamme ou l'ombre  
De tous mes jours!

Mes transports pleins d'ivresses,  
Pur de soupçons,  
Et toutes les caresses  
De mes chansons!

**John Corigliano:  
Three Irish Folksong Settings:**

*The Salley Gardens*

Down by the Sally Gardens  
my love and I did meet.  
She passed the Salley Gardens  
with little snow white feet.  
She bid me take love easy  
as the leaves grow on the tree,  
But I being young and foolish  
with her did not agree

In a field by the river  
my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder  
she laid her snow white hand.  
She bid me take life easy  
as the grass grows on the weirs,  
But I was young and foolish  
and now am full of tears.

*The Foggy Dew*

Adown the hill I went at morn  
a lovely maid I spied  
Her hair was bright as the dew that wets

As air the small bird lends  
Unto the branch  
Dawn dew the flowers sends,  
Their thirst to quench;

As when dark waves reach land  
To take their rest,  
They leave upon the strand  
A sweet caress;

I give thee, at this hour,  
Bent over thee,  
The best that's in my power,  
The best in me!

I give my thoughts so true,  
Though sad they be,  
Like glistening drops of dew  
They fall on thee.

My vows uncounted claim  
My love, always.  
Receive the shade or flame  
Of all my days.

My wildest transports greet,  
Suspensions gone,  
And each caress so sweet  
Of this my song.

sweet Anners verdant side  
"Now where go ye, sweet maid?" said I.  
She raised her eyes of blue,  
And smiled and she said, "the boy I'll wed  
I'm to meet in the foggy dew!"

Go hide your bloom, ye roses red  
and droop ye lilies rare,  
For you must pale for very shame  
before a maid so fair.  
Says I, "Dear maid, will ye be my bride?"  
beneath her eyes of blue  
She smiled and she said, "The boy I'll wed  
I'm to meet in the foggy dew!"

Adown the hill I went at morn  
a singing I did go.  
Adown the hill I went at morn  
she answered soft and low,  
"Yes I will be your own dear bride  
and I know that you'll be true."  
Then sighed in my arms and all her charms  
they were hidden in the foggy dew.

### *She Moved Through the Fair*

My young love said to me,  
"My mother won't mind,  
And my father won't slight you  
for your lack of kine."  
And she stepped away from me,  
and this she did say,  
"It will not be long, love,  
'till our wedding day."

She stepped away from me  
and she went through the fair.  
And fondly I watched her  
move here and move there,  
And then she went homeward  
with one star awake,  
As the swan in the evening  
moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me,  
she came softly in.  
So softly she came  
that her feet made no din,  
And she laid her hand on me,  
and this she did say,  
"It will not be long, love,  
till our wedding day."

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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 16,000 university students, the UNCG School of Music serves over 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 second-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.

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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:

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