



Daniel Hunter-Holly
baritone
Elizabeth Loparits, piano

Graduate Recital

Tuesday, April 13, 2004
7:30 pm
Recital Hall, School of Music

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no other format of picture

Program

Dalla guerra amorosa

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

**Verborgtheit
Nimmersatte Liebe
Und steht ihr früh am Morgen auf
Auf dem grünen Balkon**

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Intermission

**Clair de lune
En sourdine
Mandoline

Spleen**

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)
Gabriel Dupont
(1878-1914)
Gabriel Fauré

Selections from *House of Life*
Love-sight
Silent Noon
Love's Minstrel
Heart's Haven

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

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 contact an usher in the lobby.

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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 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.

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:

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

Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: -
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

Love's Minstrels

One flame-winged brought a white-winged harp-player
Even where my lady and I lay all alone;
Saying: "Behold this minstrel is unknown;
Bid him depart, for I am minstrel here:
Only my songs are to love's dear ones dear."
Then said I "Through thine hautboy's rapturous tone
Unto my lady still this harp makes moan,
And still she deems the cadence deep and clear."
Then said my lady: "Thou art passion of Love,
And this Love's worship: both he plights to me.
Thy mastering music walks the sunlit sea:
But where wan water trembles in the grove,
And the wan moon is all the light thereof,
This harp still makes my name its voluntary."

Heart's Haven

Sometimes she is a child within mine arms,
Cov'ring beneath dark wings that love must chase,
With still tears show'ring and averted face,
Inexplicably filled with faint alarms:
And oft from mine own spirit's hurtling harms
I crave the refuge of her deep embrace,
Against all ills the fortified strong place
And sweet reserve of sov'reign counter charms.
And Love, our light at night and shade at noon,
Lulls us to rest with songs, and turns away
All shafts of shelterless tumultuous day.
Like the moon's growth, his face gleams through his tune;
And as soft waters warble to the moon,
Our answ'ring spirits chime one roundelay.

George Frideric Handel: **Dalla guerra amorosa**

From the war of love,
Now that reason calls me,
O my thoughts,
Fly indeed, fly,
Flight is not inglorious
In love,
For only by fleeing
Is a soul able to win the palm of victory
from cruel love.

Do not be charmed by any dark eyes
Alluring with their glances
That may beg pity from you.
For in order to take revenge,
With both bow and arrow,
Love stands hidden there.

Fly, yes, fly!
Ah! How much poison
Love sprinkles over his pleasures,
Ah! How much sadness and crying he gives to
The one who follows him and worships his laws.
If a beautiful face makes you fall in love,
Know, O my thoughts,
That which pleases
In a short while vanishes, and then brings sorrow.

Beauty is like a flower,
In the morning lively and lovely,
In the morning of springtime,
Which in the evening languishes and dies,
It fades and no longer seems what it was.

Fly, yes fly!
To one who, a servant of love, lives in chains,
Joy is doubtful, pain certain.

Hugo Wolf: **Verborgtheit —Eduard Mörike**

Oh, world, let me be!
Entice me not with gifts of love.
Let this heart in solitude have
Your bliss, your pain!

What I mourn, I know not.
It is an unknown pain;
Forever through tears shall I see
The sun's love-light.

(continued)

Often, I am scarcely conscious
And the bright joys break
Through the pain, thus pressing
Delightfully into my breast.

Oh, world, let me be!
Entice me not with gifts of love.
Let this heart in solitude have
Your bliss, your pain!

Nimmersatte Liebe —*Eduard Mörike*

This is how love is! This is how love is!
Not to be stilled with kisses:
who is such a fool as to try to fill
a sieve with mere water?
You could pour water in for a thousand years,
you could kiss for ever and ever,
and never find love's fulfillment.

For love, love has new and strange
desires at every hour; we
bit our lips sore
when we kissed today.
The girl kept quite still,
like a lambkin under the knife;
her eyes were pleading: go on,
the more it hurts, the better!

This is how love is, and always was,
ever since love has existed;
and not even Solomon himself,
for all his wisdom, ever loved in any other way.

Und steht ihr früh am Morgen auf — *Paul Heyse*

And when you rise early from your bed,
You banish every cloud from the sky,
You lure the sun onto those hills,
And angels compete to
Bring your shoes and clothes.
Then, when you go out to Holy Mass,
You draw everyone along with you,
And when you near the blessed place,
Your gaze lights up the lamps.
You take holy water, make the sign of the cross
And moisten your white brow,
And you bow and bend the knee -
Oh, how beautifully it all becomes you!
How sweetly, blessedly has God endowed you,
Who have received the crown of beauty.
How sweetly, blessedly you walk through life;
The palm of beauty was bestowed on you.

Gabriel Fauré:
Spleen — *Paul Verlaine*

There is weeping in my heart
like the rain falling on the town.
What is this languor
that pervades my heart?

Oh the patter of the rain
on the ground and the roofs!
For a heart growing weary
oh the song of the rain!

There is weeping without cause
in this disheartened heart.
What! No betrayal?
There's no reason for this grief.

Truly the worst pain
is not knowing why,
without love or hatred,
my heart feels so much pain.

Ralph Vaughan Williams:
Selections from *House of Life* — *Dante Gabriel Rossetti*

Love-sight

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee made known?

Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone)
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love - my love! if I no more should see Thyself,
Nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The groundwhirl of the perished leaves of Hope
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

Auf dem grünen Balkon — Paul Heyse

From her green balcony my sweetheart
gazes down at me through the trellis.
With her eyes she blinks kindly,
but with her finger she says: "No!"

Luck, which never lets
young love unfold without tangles,
has allotted me a certain joy,
but also a precarious one.
I hear either endearments or scolding
when I come to her window shutters.
It's always the same with women:
a little pain will mingle with happiness:
With her eyes she blinks kindly,
but with her finger she says: "No!"

How can she bear
her coldness and my ardor?
While my heaven rests in her,
I see darkness and light chasing each other.
The wind bears away my wistful cry
that my sweet darling has never
clasped me in her arms.
Yet she holds me off so subtly -
With her eyes she blinks kindly,
but with her finger she says: "No!"

Gabriel Fauré:

Clair de lune — Paul Verlaine

Your soul is a chosen landscape
charmed by masquers and revellers
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises!

Even while singing, in a minor key,
of victorious love and fortunate living
they do not seem to believe in their happiness,
and their song mingles with the moonlight,

The calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
which sets the birds in the trees dreaming,
and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
the tall slender fountains among the marble statues!

En sourdine — Paul Verlaine

Calm in the twilight
That the high branches make,
Let us penetrate well our love
In this profound silence.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our ecstatic senses
Among the vague langours
Of the pines and the arbutus.

Close your eyes halfway,
Cross your arms on your breast,
And from your sleeping heart
Chase away forever all plans.

Let us abandon ourselves
To the breeze, rocking and soft,
Which comes to your feet to wrinkle
The waves of auburn grass.

And when, solemnly, the evening
From the black oaks falls,
The voice of our despair,
The nightingale, will sing.

Gabriel Dupont:

Mandoline — Paul Verlaine

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.

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