

Title: UNCG Logo Corrected
Creator: FreeHand 3.1
Preview: This EPS picture was not saved with a preview (TIFF or PICT) included in it
Comment: This EPS picture will print to a postscript printer but to other types of printers.



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:

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/



Nathan Kling
tenor

Laura Moore, piano

Senior Recital

Saturday, February 14, 2004
7:30 pm
Recital Hall, School of Music

Title: UNCG Logo Corrected
Creator: FreeHand 3.1
Preview: This EPS picture was not saved with a preview (TIFF or PICT) included in it
Comment: This EPS picture will print to a postscript printer but to other types of printers.

Program

Dichterliebe, Op. 48

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
Ich grolle nicht
Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich
Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Die alten, bösen Lieder

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Intermission

Poème d'un Jour, Op. 21

Rencontre
Toujours
Adieu

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Someday I'll Find You
Stately Homes of England
Mad Dogs and Englishmen
The Party's Over Now

Noël Coward
(1899-1973)

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

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

Patrons are encouraged to take note of the exits located on all levels of
the auditorium. In an emergency, please use the nearest exit, which may
be behind you or different from the one through which you entered.

Mad Dogs and Englishmen

In tropical climes there are certain times of day when all the citizens retire, to tear their clothes off and perspire. It's one of those rules that the greatest fools obey, because the sun is much too sultry and one must avoid its ultraviolet ray. The natives grieve when the white men leave their huts; because they're obviously definitely nuts! Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun, The Japanese don't care to, the Chinese wouldn't dare to. The Hindus and Argentines sleep firmly from twelve to one, But Englishmen detest a siesta. In the Philippines there are lovely screens to protect you from the glare; In the Malay states they have hats like plates which the Britishers won't wear. At twelve noon the natives swoon and no further work is done; But mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun.

It's such a surprise for Eastern eyes to see that tho the English are effete, they're quite impervious to heat. When the white man rides every native hides in glee, because the simple creatures hope he will impale his solar topee on a tree. It seems such a shame when the English claim the earth, that they give rise to such hilarity and mirth. Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun, the toughest Burmese bandit can never understand it. In Rangoon, the heat of noon is just what the natives shun; they put their scotch or rye down and lie down. In a jungle town, where the sun beats down to the rage of man and beast, the English garb of the English Sahib merely gets a bit more creased. In Bangkok, at twelve o'clock, they foam at the mouth and run; but mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun.

Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun, the smallest Malay rabbit deplores this stupid habit. In Hong-Kong, they strike a gong and fire off a noonday gun, to reprimand each inmate who's in late. In the mangrove swamps, there the pythons romp, there is peace from twelve to two. Even caribous lie around and snooze, for there's nothing else to do. In Bengal, to move at all, is seldom, if ever done; but mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun!

The Party's Over Now

Night is over, dawn is breaking, ev'rywhere the town is waking, just as we are on our way to sleep. Lovers meet and dance a little, snatching from romance a little souvenir of happiness to keep. The music of an hour ago was just a sort of let's pretend, the melodies that charmed us so at last are ended.

The Party's over now, the dawn is drawing very nigh, the candles gutter, the starlight leaves the sky, it's time for little boys and girls to hurry home to bed, for there's a new day waiting just ahead. Life is sweet but time is fleet, beneath the magic of the moon. Dancing time may seem sublime, but it is ended all too soon. The thrill is gone to linger on would spoil it anyhow: Let's creep away from the day for the party's over now.

**Noël Coward:
Someday I'll Find You**

When one is lonely the days are long, You seem so near, but never appear.
Each night I sing you a lover's song; Please try to hear, my dear, my dear.
Someday I'll find you, Moonlight behind you, true to the dream I am dreaming.
As I draw near you you'll smile a little smile, for a little while, we shall stand hand in hand.
I'll leave you never, love you forever, All our past sorrows redeeming:
Make it all come true, make me love you too, Someday I'll find you again.

Can't you remember the fun we had? Time is so fleet, Why shouldn't we meet?
When you're away from me, days are sad; Please try to hear, my dear, my dear.
Someday I'll find you, Moonlight behind you, true to the dream I am dreaming.
As I draw near you you'll smile a little smile, for a little while, we shall stand hand in hand.
I'll leave you never, love you forever, All our past sorrows redeeming:
Make it all come true, make me love you too, Someday I'll find you again.

The Stately Homes of England

Lord Elderly, Lord Borrowmere, Lord Sickert and Lord Camp: with every virtue, every grace, Ah! what avails the sceptred race. Here you see the four of us and there are so many more of us eldest sons that must succeed. We know how Caesar conquered Gaul and how to whack a cricket ball, apart from this, our education lacks coordination. Tho we're young and tentative and rather riprepresentative, Scions of a noble breed, we are the products of those homes serene and stately which only lately seem to have run to seed! The stately homes of England how beautiful they stand, to prove the upper classes have still the upper hand; Tho the fact that they have to be rebuilt and frequently mortgaged to the hilt is inclin'd to take the gilt off the gingerbread and certainly damps the fun of the eldest son, but still we won't be beaten, we'll scrimp and screw and save, the playing fields of Eton have made us frightfully brave, and tho if the Van Dycks have to go and we pawn the Bechstein Grand, we'll stand by the stately homes of England.

Here you see the pick of us, you may be heartily sick of us still with sense we're all imbued, we waste no time on vain regrets and when we're forced to pay our debts we're always able to dispose of rows and rows and rows of Gainsboroughs and Lawrences, some sporting prints of Aunt Florence's, some of which were rather rude. Altho we sometimes flaunt our family conventions, our good intentions mustn't be misconstrued. The stately homes of England we proudly represent, we only keep them up for Americans to rent. Tho the pipes that supply the bathroom burst and the lavat'ry makes you fear the worst, it was used by Charles the First quite informally and later by George the Fourth on a journey North, the State Apartments keep their historical renown, It's wiser not to sleep there in case they tumble down; but still if they ever catch on fire, which with any luck they might, we'll fight for the Stately Homes of England.

The Stately Homes of England, tho rather in the lurch, provide a lot of chances for psychical research, there's the ghost of a crazy younger son who murdered in Thirteen Fifty-One an extremely rowdy nun who resented it and people who come to call meet her in the hall. The baby in the guest wing who crouches by the grate, was walled up in the west wing in Fourteen Twenty-Eight. If anyone spots the Queen of Scots in a hand embroidered shroud, We're proud of the Stately Homes of England!

**Robert Schumann:
Dichterliebe, Op. 48**

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

Aus meinen Tränen spießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonnen.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;

Sie selber, aller Liebe
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.
Ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh; Doch
wenn ich küße deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muß ich weinen bitterlich.

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May
When all the buds are bursting open,
There, from my own heart,
Bursts forth my own love.

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May
When all the birds are singing,
So have I confessed to her
My yearning and my longing.

From my tears sprout forth

From my tears sprout forth
Many blooming flowers,
And my sighing become joined with
The chorus of the nightingales.

And if you love me, dear child,
I will send you so many flowers;
And before your window should sound
The song of the nightingale.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them all once in love's bliss.
I love them no more, I love only
The Small, the Fine, the Pure the One;

She herself--the source of all love--
Is the rose, lily, dove, and sun
I love only that which is small,
Fine, pure--the one, the one!

When I gaze into your eyes

When I gaze into your eyes,
All my pain and woe vanishes;
Yet when I kiss your lips,
I am made wholly and entirely healthy.

When I lay against your breast
It comes over me like longing for heaven;
Yet when you say, "I love you!"
I must cry so bitterly.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben
Wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem großen Dome
Das große, heil'ge Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf [goldnem Leder]4 gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht,
und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlornes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.
Das weiß ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht,
und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frißt,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

I want to delve my soul

I want to delve my soul
Into the cup of the lily;
The lily should give resoundingly
A song belonging to my beloved.

The song should shudder and tremble
Like the kiss from her lips
That she once gave me
In a wonderfully sweet hour.

In the Rhine, in the fair stream

In the Rhine, in the holy stream
Is it mirrored in the waves -
With its great cathedral -
That great, holy city Cologne.

In the Cathedral stands an image
Painted on golden leather;
Into the wildness of my life
Has it shone, friendly.

Flowers and little cherubs hover
Around our beloved Lady;
The eyes, the lips, the cheeks--
They match my beloved's exactly.

I bear no grudge,

I bear no grudge,
even when my heart is breaking!
Love lost forever! I bear no grudge.
Although you shine in diamond splendor,
No beam falls into the night of your heart.
I will know that for a long time.

I bear no grudge,
and when my heart is breaking!
I truly saw you in my dreams
And saw the night in the room of your heart,
And saw the snake that bites your heart;
I saw, my dear, how truly miserable you are.
I bear no grudge.

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer!
Devant l'immensité ton extase s'éveille,
Et le charme des soirs
à ta belle âme est cher;
Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour envahie,
Et mon cœur te chérit
Sans te connaître bien!

Toujours

Vous me demandez de ma taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais,
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté,

Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots,
Et, quand les vents sont en démente,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!

Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs
Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose
Déclose,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés
Des prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bienaimées,
Fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger
Changer,
Plus vite que les flots des grèves,
Nos rêves,
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs,
Nos cœurs!

À vous l'on se croyait fidèle,
Cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours
Sont courts!
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes,
Sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,
Adieu!

Your shy sadness, so like my own,
Loves to watch the sun set over the sea!
Your delight is awakened before its immensity,
And the evenings spent
with your lovely soul are dear to me.
A mysterious and gentle sympathy
Already binds me to you like a living bond;
My soul trembles with overpowering love,
And my heart cherishes you,
Knowing you hardly at all!

Always

You ask me to be quiet,
to flee from you forever to a distant place,
and to depart alone
without thinking of the one whom I love!

You might more easily ask the stars
to fall from the sky,
or the night to lift its veils,
or the day to rid itself of its brightness!

Ask the immense ocean
to dry up its vast waters,
and, when the winds are raging dementedly,
ask them to calm their dismal sobbing!

But do not hope that my soul
can uproot its sorrow
and douse its flame
as the spring-time can shed its flowers!

Farewell

Like everything that dies quickly,
the blown rose,
and the mottled cloaks of
the passers-by
Long sighs, girl friends,
smoke.

One sees in this frivolous world,
Change.
Quicker than the waves on the beach,
Our dreams,
Quicker than frost on the flowers,
Our hearts.

One believes oneself faithful to you,
Cruel,
But alas! the longest of love affairs,
Are short!
And I say on quitting your charms,
Without tears,
Close to the moment of my avowal,
Adieu!

Die alten, bösen Lieder

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
Die Träume bö's' und arg,
Die laßt uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen großen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht, was;
Der Sarg muß sein noch größer,
Wie's Heidelberger Faß.

Und holt eine Totenbahre,
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muß sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
Und senken ins Meer hinab;
Denn solchem großen Sarge
Gebührt ein großes Grab.

Wißt ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So groß und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

The old, angry songs

The old, angry songs,
The dreams angry and wicked--
Let us now bury them.
Fetch a large coffin.

In it will I lay many things,
But I will still not say quite what.
The coffin must be still larger
As the cask in Heidelberg.

And fetch a death bier
And planks firm and thick;
They must be still longer
Than the bridge to Mainz.

And fetch me, too, twelve giants;
They must be still stronger
Than that strong St. Christopher
In the Cathedral to Cologne on the Rhine.

They should carry the coffin away
And sink it down deep in the sea,
Since such a great coffin
Deserves a great grave.

Do you know why the coffin
Must be so large and heavy?
I sank with it my love
And my pain, deep within.

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie ließen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüßten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldenen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmettern darein
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.

And if the blooms - the small ones - knew

And if the blooms - the small ones - knew
How deeply wounded is my heart,
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.

And if the nightingales knew
How sad and ill I am,
They would let forth merrily
A refreshing song.

And if they knew my woe -
The little golden stars -
They would come down from their heights
And speak their consolation to me.

But all of them could not know this,
Only one knows my pain;
She herself has indeed torn,
Torn my heart in two.

There is a fluting and fiddling

There is a fluting and fiddling
With trumpets blaring in;
In a wedding dance dances
She who is my heart's whole love.

There is a ringing and roaring,
A drumming and sounding of shawms
In between which sob and moan
The lovely little angels.

**Gabriel Fauré:
Poème d'un Jour**

Rencontre

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai
rencontrée,
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné
tourment;
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme inespérée,
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?
Ô, passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu donc
l'amie
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète isolé,
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie,
Comme le ciel natal sur un cœur d'exilé?

Encounter

I was sad and pensive when I
met you,
I sense less to-day my persistent
torment;
Tell me, were you the girl I met by chance
the ideal dream I have vainly sought?
A passer-by with gentle eyes, were you the
friend
who brought happiness to a lonely poet,
And did you shine upon my vacant heart
like the native sky on an exiled spirit?

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzendrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergroßes Weh'.

I hear the dear song sounding

I hear the dear song sounding
That once my beloved sang.
And my heart wants to burst so strongly
From the savage pressure of pain.

A dark longing is driving me
Up into the heights of the woods
Where in my tears can be dissolved
My own colossal woe.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passiert,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schau'n mitleidig mich an:
Sei unsrer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger blasser Mann.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floß noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du verließest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wärst mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

A young man loved a girl

A young man loved a girl
Who had chosen another man;
This other man loved yet another girl
And wed that one.

The first girl married out of spite
The first, best man
That happened into her path;
That young man is not well off.

It is an old story,
Yet it remains ever new;
And to he whom it has just happened,
It will break his heart in two.

On a shining summer morning

On a shining summer morning
I wander around my garden.
The flowers are whispering and speaking;
I, however, wander silently.

The flowers are whispering and speaking
And look at me sympathetically.
"Do not be angry with our sister,
You sad, pale man."

I wept in my dream

I wept in my dream -
I dreamed you lay in a grave.
I awoke, and my tears
Still flowed down my cheeks.

I wept in my dream -
I dreamed you had abandoned me.
I awoke and I cried
Bitterly for a long while.

I wept in my dream -
I dreamed you were still good to me.
I awoke, and still
Streams my flood of tears.

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich
Und sehe dich freundlich grüßen,
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich
Zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perlentränentröpfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort
Und gibst mir den Strauß von Zypressen.
Ich wache auf, und der Strauß ist fort,
Und's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

Aus alten Märchen winkt es

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Hervor mit weißer Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen blühen
Im gold'nen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen,
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodei'n,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmettern drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein.
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt' ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

Nightly I see you in my dreams

Nightly I see you in my dreams
And I see you greet me, friendly,
And crying out loudly, I throw myself
At your sweet feet.

You look at me sorrowfully
And shake your dear, blond head;
From your eyes sneak forth
The pearly teardrops.

You say a soft word to me secretly,
And give me a branch of the cypress;
I awake, and the branch is gone,
And I have forgotten the word.

From old fairy tales beckons

From old fairy tales beckons
To me a white hand,
Where there is a singing and sounding
Of a magical land,

Where multicolored flowers bloom
In golden twilight,
And glow lovely and fragrant
With their bridal visage,

And where green trees sing
Primeval melodies;
Where breezes sound secretly,
And birds warble,

And mist-figures rise
From the earth
And dance airy round-dances
In an odd chorus,

And blue sparks burn
On every leaf and twig,
And red lights run
In a mad, chaotic circle,

And loud springs break
Out of wild marble stone,
And in the streams--oddly--
Shine forth the reflections.

Ah! If I could enter there
And indulge my heart
And give up my agony
And be free and holy!

Ah! This is the land of bliss
That I see so often in a dream,
But when the morning sun comes,
It melts like mere froth.



Nathan Kling

tenor

Laura Moore, piano

Senior Recital

Saturday, February 14, 2004

7:30 pm

Recital Hall, School of Music

Title: UNCG Logo Corrected
Creator: FreeHand 3.1
Preview: This EPS picture was not saved with a preview (TIFF or PICT) included in it
Comment: This EPS picture will print to a postscript printer but to other types of printers.

Program

Dichterliebe, Op. 48

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
Ich grolle nicht
Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich
Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Die alten, bösen Lieder

Robert Schumann

(1810-1856)

Intermission

Poème d'un Jour, Op. 21

Rencontre
Toujours
Adieu

Gabriel Fauré

(1845-1924)

**Someday I'll Find You
Stately Homes of England
Mad Dogs and Englishmen
The Party's Over Now**

Noël Coward

(1899-1973)

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

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

Patrons are encouraged to take note of the exits located on all levels of
the auditorium. In an emergency, please use the nearest exit, which may
be behind you or different from the one through which you entered.