

Michelle Miller
mezzo-soprano
Ināra Zandmane, piano
assisted by:
Ryan Silvestri, violin

Graduate Recital

Tuesday, January 17, 2012
5:30 pm
Organ Hall, Music Building



UNCG
School of
Music, Theatre and Dance

Program

St. Matthew Passion, BWV 244 (1727)
Erbarme dich, mein Gott
Buss und Reu

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

L'Incrédule
Quand la nuit n'est pas étoilée
L'Énamourée
Fête galantes

Reynaldo Hahn
(1874-1947)

Vershwiegene Liebe
Über Nacht
Schlafendes Jesuskind
Er ist's

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Intermission

Se a te d'intorno scherza
Lamento per la morte di Bellini
La conocchia

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

That shadow, my likeness
Do I love you more than a day?
Far—Far—Away
Little Elegy
Look Down, Fair Moon
Stopping by woods on a snowy evening
I strolled across an open field

Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)

Michelle Miller is a student of Dr. Robert Bracey

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

**Johann Sebastian Bach:
St. Matthew Passion**

Erbarne dich, mein Gott

Erbarne dich,
Mein Gott, um meiner Zähren willen!
Schaue heir,
Herz und Auge weint vor dir Bitterlich.

Buss und Reu

Buss und Reu
Knirscht das Sündenherz entzwei,
Dass die Tropfen meiner Zähren
Angenehme Spezerei,
Treuer Jesu, dir gebären.

Reynaldo Hahn:

L'Incrédule

Text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Tu crois au marc de café,
Aux présages, aux grands jeux...
Moi, je ne crois qu'en tes grands yeux.

Tu crois aux contes de fées,
Aux jours néfastes, aux souges...
Moi, je ne crois qu'en tes mensonges!

Tu crois en un vague Dieu,
En quelque saint spécial,
En tel "Ave" contre tel mal...

Je ne crois qu'aux heures bleues
Et roses, que tu m'épanches
Dans la volupté des nuits blanches...

Et si profonde est ma foi,
Envers tout ce que je croi
Que je ne vis que pour toi!

Quand la nuit n'est pas étoilée

Text by Victor Marie Hugo (1802-1885)

Quand la nuit n'est pas étoilée,
Viens te bercer aux flots des mers;
Comme la mort elle est voilée,
Comme la vie ils sont amers.

L'ombre et l'abîme ont un mystère
Que nul mortel ne pénètre.
C'est Dieu qui leur dit de se taire
Jusqu'au jour où tout parlera!

D'autres yeux de ces flots sans nombre
Ont vainement cherché le fond;
D'autres yeux se sont emplis d'ombre
A contempler ce ciel profond.

St. Matthew Passion

Have mercy Lord, my God

Have mercy,
My God, because of my weeping!
Look here,
Heart and eyes bitterly weep for you.

Guilt and pain

Guilt and pain
Break the sinful heart in two,
So the teardrops of my weeping
Pleasurable spices
Dear Jesus, for-you bear.

The sceptic

You believe in grains of coffee,
In omens, in high stakes...
But I believe only in your large eyes.

You believe in fairytales,
In days ill-starred, in dreams...
But, I believe only in your lies!

You believe in some vague god,
In some special saint,
In the power of Aves to counter evil...

I believe only in the hours blue
And pink, hours you lavish on me
In the ecstasy of the sleepless nights...

And so deep is my faith,
In all I believe,
That I live for you alone!

When the night is not starry

When the night is not starry,
Come rock yourself in the waters of the sea;
Night, like death, is veiled,
Waves, like life, are bitter.

The darkness and the abyss have a mystery
That no mortal can fathom.
It is God who summons them to silence
Until the day when all shall speak!

Other eyes without number in vain
Sought to sound these depths;
Other eyes have filled with darkness
In scanning the deep sky.

Toi, demande au monde nocturne
De la paix pour ton cœur désert!
Demande une goutte à cette urne!
Demande un chant à ce concert!

Plane au-dessus des autres femmes,
Et laisse errer tes yeux si beaux
Entre le ciel où sont les âmes
Et la terre où sont les tombeaux!

L'Énamourée

Text by Théodore de Banville (1823-1891)

Ils se disent, ma colombe,
Que tu rêves, morte encore,
Sous la pierre d'une tombe:
Mais pour l'âme qui t'adore
Tu t'éveilles ranimée,
Ô pensive bien-aimée!

Par les blanches nuits d'étoiles,
Dans la brise qui murmure,
Je caresse tes longs voiles,
Ta mouvante chevelure,
Et tes ailes demi-closes
Qui voltigent sur les roses.

Ô délices! je respire
Tes divines tresses blondes;
Ta voix pure, cette lyre,
Suit la vague sur les ondes,
Et, suave, les effleure,
Comme un cygne qui se pleure!

Fête galantes

Text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fit maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

You, ask of the nocturnal world
To shed peace on your forsaken heart!
Ask for a drop from this urn!
From this harmony, entreat a song!

Soar above all other women,
And let your beautiful eyes roam
Between heaven with its souls
And earth with its tombs!

The enamored

They say, my dove,
That you dream, although you are still dead
Beneath the headstone of a grave;
But for my soul which adores you
You awaken reanimated
O thoughtful beloved!

Through the sleepless starry nights,
In the breeze which murmurs,
I caress your long veils,
Your flowing hair,
And your half-closed wings
which flutter among the roses.

O delights! I breathe
Your divine blonde tresses
Your pure voice, a kind of lyre,
Follows the swell across the waters,
And, softly, touches them,
Like a swan which is weeping!

Elegant Festival

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
Cruel women, wrote many tender verses.

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

Whirl around in ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin chatters
Amid the shivers of the breeze.

Hugo Wolf:

Verschwiegene Liebe
Text by Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Über Wipfel und Saaten
In den Glanz hinein,
Wer mag sie erraten,
Wer holte sie ein?
Gedanken sich wiegen,
Die Nacht ist verschwiegen,
Gedanken sind frei.

Errät es nur eine,
Wer an sie gedacht
Beim Rauschen der Haine,
Wenn niemand mehr wacht
Als die Wolken, die fliegen,
Mein Lieb ist verschwiegen
Und schön wie die Nacht.

Über Nacht
Text by Julius Sturm (1816-1896)

Über Nacht, über Nacht
Kommt still das Leid,
Und bist du erwacht,
O traurige Zeit!
Du grüßest den dämmernden Morgen
Mit Weinen und mit Sorgen.

Über Nacht, über Nacht
Kommt still das Glück
Und bist du erwacht,
O selig Geschick!
Der düstre Traum ist zerronnen,
Und Freude ist gewonnen.

Über Nacht, über Nacht
Kommt Freud' und Leid,
Und eh du's gedacht,
Verlassen dich beid,
Und gehen dem Herrn zu sagen,
Wie du sie getragen.

Schlafendes Jesuskind
Text by Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Sohn der Jungfrau, Himmelskind! am Boden
Auf dem Holz der Schmerzen eingeschlafen,
Das der fromme Meister,
sinnvoll spielend,
Deinen leichten Träumen unterlegte;
Blume du, noch in der Knospe dämmernd
Eingehüllt die Herrlichkeit des Vaters!

O wer sehen könnte, welche Bilder
Hinter dieser Stirne,
diesen schwarzen Wimpern,
sich in sanftem Wechsel malen!
Sohn der Jungfrau, Himmelskind!

Silent Love

Over treetops and corn,
Thoughts float into the moonlight,
Who can guess them,
Who can overtake them?
Thoughts lull themselves gently,
The night can keep a secret,
Thoughts are free.

If only one woman could guess,
Who has been thinking of her,
In the rustling of the groves,
When no one is awake,
But the clouds, that fly,
My love is silent
And beautiful as the night.

Over Night

Over night, over night
Sorrow comes quietly,
And when you wake up,
O sad time!
You greet the dawning morning
With weeping and with cares.

Over night, over night
Happiness comes quietly,
And when you wake up,
O blessed fate!
The gloomy dream has melted away,
And joy is won.

Over night, over night
Comes joy and sorrow,
And before you know it,
Both will leave you,
And go to tell the Lord,
How you bore them.

Sleeping Christ-child

Son of the Virgin, child of Heaven! Asleep
On the wood of suffering that forms a cross,
That the devout Master,
Playing with a meaningful idea,
Placed under your light dreams;
You flower, even in the bud the glory
Of the Father glimmers from within you!

O to be able to see, what images
Pass in gentle succession,
Behind those black eyelashes,
Themselves in gentle succession paint!
Son of the Virgin, child of Heaven!

Er ist's
Text by Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Frühling läßt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.
Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen,
Ja du bist's!

Gaetano Donizetti:

Se a te d'intorno scherza
Text by anonymous author

Se a te d'intorno scherza
Un nuovo zeffiretto,
Non resti, oh Dio, negletto!
L'accogli: è un mio sospir.
Quel zeffiro respira
Fin che ti giunga al core;
È un messagger d'amore,
Di gioia, e di martir.

Lamento per la morte di Bellini
Text by Andrea Maffei (1798-1885)

Venne sull'ali ai zeffiri
Agl'Itali un sospiro:
Era dell'Orfeo Siculo
Ultimo e triste spiro;
Era l'addio del figlio
Che muore in stranio suol.

Commosa, Italia al nunzio
Di così ria sventura
Piange sul fato barbaro,
Che i suoi miglior le fura,
E il pianto dell'Italia
Ha l'eco in stranio suol.

Ora che al coro angelico
Ti unisti, o spirto eletto,
Spiega i concenti flebili,
Il canto dell'affetto,
E per udirti gl'angeli
Terran sospeso il vol.

Forse i concenti armonici
Che accordi in Paradiso
Verran sull'ale ai zeffiri
A confortarci al riso,
E fien l'addio del figlio
Che al ciel si mosse a vol.

It's Spring

Spring lets its blue ribbon
Flutter again in the breeze;
A sweet, familiar scent
Sweeps with promise through the land.
Violets are already dreaming,
And will soon arrive.
Listen, from far-off a soft harp tone!
Spring, yes it is you!
It is you that I have heard,
Yes, it is you!

If around you plays a breeze

If around you plays
A new little breeze,
May it not remain, O God, neglected!
Accept it: it is my sigh,
That breeze breathes
Until it reaches you at the heart;
It is a messenger of love,
Of joy, and of martyrdom.

Lament on the Death of Bellini

It came on the zephyr's wings
To the Italian lands a sigh:
It was the sigh of the Sicilian Orpheus
The last sad breath;
It was the farewell of the son
Who dies on foreign soil.

Italy was moved at the news
Of such a dreadful misfortune
Weeps over the barbarous fate,
That stole her best from her,
And Italy's tears
Have their echo in foreign soil.

Now that to the angelic choir
You unite yourself, O chosen spirit,
Spread the mournful harmonies
The song of affection,
And so that they can hear, the angels,
They will suspend their flight.

Perhaps the harmonious chords
That you tune in Paradise
Will come on the wings of the breezes
To comfort us to smile,
And may they be the farewell of the son
Who is moved to Heaven in flight.

La conocchia
Folk text from Canzone napoletana

Quann'a lo bello mio voglio parlare,
ca spisso me ne vene lu golio,
a la fenesta me mett'a filare,
quann'a lo bello mio voglio parlare

Quann'isso passa po' rompo lo filo,
e co'una grazia me mett'a priare
bello, peccarita, proite milo,
isso lu piglia, e io lo sto a guardare,
e accossi me ne vao' mpilo mpilo,
a jemmè!

Ned Rorem:

That shadow, my likeness
Text by Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

That shadow, my likeness,
that goes to and fro,
seeking a livelihood,
chattering, chaffering,
How often I find myself
standing and looking at it
where it flits,
How often I question and doubt
whether that is really me;
But among my lovers,
and caroling my songs
O I never doubt whether that is really me.

Do I love you more than a day?
Text by Jack Larson (1928-)

Do I love you more than a day?
Days used to be faint hours to endure.
Now, through our love, I feel each hour
on this spinned world about the sun.
Embodied time, I love creation. Through you.
And I love you more than a day.

The Drop Spindle

When I want to speak to my love,
As I often desire to do,
I sit at the window to spin,
When I want to speak to my love

Then when he passes I break the thread,
And plead charmingly with him,
My love, please bring it to me,
He brings it, and I gaze at him,
And then he slowly goes away,
Ah poor me!

Far—Far—Away
Text by Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

What sight so lured him
thro' the fields he knew
As where earth's green stole into
heaven's own hue,
Far - far - away?

What sound was dearest
in his native dells?
The mellow lin-lan-lone
of evening bells
Far - far - away?

What vague world whisper,
mystic pain or joy,
Thro' those three words
would haunt him when a boy,
Far - far - away?

A whisper from his
dawn of life? A breath
From some fair dawn
beyond the doors of death
Far - far - away?

Far, far, how far?
From o'er the gates of birth,
The faint horizons,
all the bounds of earth,
Far - far - away?

What charm in words,
a charm no words could give?
O dying words,
can Music make you live
Far - far - away?

Little Elegy

Text by Elinor Wylie (1885-1928)

Without you
No rose can grow;
No leaf be green
If never seen
Your sweetest face;
No bird have grace
Or power to sing;
Or anything
Be kind, or fair,
And you nowhere.

Look Down, Fair Moon

Text by Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

Look down, fair moon and bathe this scene,
Pour softly down night's nimbus floods,
on faces ghastly, swollen, purple;
On the dead, on their backs,
with arms toss'd wide,
Pour down your unstinted nimbus,
sacred moon.

Stopping by woods on a snowy evening

Text by Robert Frost (1874-1963)

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farm-house near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sounds the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

I strolled across an open field

Text by Theodore Roethke (1908-1963)

I strolled across an open field;
The sun was out;
Heat was happy.
This way! This way!
The wren's throat shimmered,
Either to other,
The blossoms sang.
The stones sang,
The little ones did,
And flowers jumped
Like small goats
A ragged fringe
Of daisies waved;
I wasn't alone in a grove of apples
Far in a wood
A nestling sighed;
The dew loosened
Its morning smells.
I came where the river
Ran over stones;
My ears knew
An early joy.
And all the waters
Of all the streams
Sang in my veins
That summer day.