

Anne-Claire Niver

voice

Ben Blozan, piano

assisted by:

David Covert, oboe

Anna Darnell, clarinet

Senior Recital

Wednesday, April 24, 2013

5:30 pm

Recital Hall, Music Building



UNCG

School of
Music, Theatre *and* Dance

Program

Trois Boureés (1924)

L'aïo dè rotso
Ound' onorèn gorda?
Obal, din lou limouzi

Joseph Cantaloube
(1879-1957)

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen (1897)

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht
Gieng heut' Morgen über's Feld
Ich hab' ein glühend Messer
Die zwei blauen Augen

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Intermission

Cinco Canciones negras (1962)

Cuba dentro de un piano
Punto de Habanera (Siglo XVIII)
Chévere
Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito
Canto Negro

Xavier Montsalvatge
(1912-2002)

Cabaret Songs (1977-1985)

Toothbrush Time
Fur (Murray the Furrier)
Waitin'
George
Amor

William Bolcom
(b. 1938)

Anne-Claire Niver is a student of Dr. Carla LeFevre

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

Joseph Canteloube:
Trois Boureés
Traditional

L'aïo dè rotso

L'aïo dè rotso té foro mourir, filhoto!
Nè té cal pas bèir'
oquèl', aïo, quèl' aïo,
Mès cal prèndr'un couot d'oquèl' aïo dè bi!
S'uno filhoto sè bouol morida, pitchouno,
Li cal pas douna d'oquèl' aïo dè rotso,
Aïmaro miliour oquèl' aïo dè bi!

Ound' onorèn gorda?

Ound' onorèn gorda, pitchouno droùlèto?
Ound' onorèn gorda lou troupèl pèl moti?
Onorèn obal din lo ribèirèto, din lou pradèl
l'erb è fresquèto; Paissarèn loï fèdoi pèl loï
flours, al louón dèl tsour nous forèn
l'omour!
Ogatso louï moutous, pitchouno droùlèto,
Ogatso louï moutous, lèis obilhé maï nous!
Ogatso louï fèdoi què païssou l'èrbo, è lèis
obilhé què païssou loï flours; naôtres,
pitchouno, què soun d'aïma, pèr viouvr'
obon lou plosé d'omour!

Obal din lou Limouzi

Obal din lou Limouzi, pitchoun' obal din
lou Limouzi,
Sé l'io dè dzèntoï drolloï, o bé, o bé,
Sé l'io dè dzèntoï drolloï, oïçi, o bé!
Golon, ton bèlo què siascou lèi drolloï dè
toun pois,
Lous nostrès fringairès èn Limouzi, Saboun
miliour counta flourèt' o bé!
Obal, din lou Limouzi, pitchouno, sé soun
golon,
Oïçi en Aoubèrgno, din moun pois, Lous
omès bous aïmoun è soun fidèls!

Gustav Mahler:
Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen
Text by Gustav Mahler

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,
Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,
Hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!
Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,
Dunkles Kämmerlein,
Weine, wein' um meinen Schatz,
Um meinen lieben Schatz!
Blümlein blau! Verdorre nicht! Vöglein süß!
Du singst auf grüner Heide.

Three Bourrées

The spring water

The spring water will make you die, little
one!
Pure water from the wood, little one,
take a wine blow to make you good! Ah!
When a girl wants to marry, little one,
One should not give him pure water,
She will be better to bring good wine!

Where will we keep?

Where will we keep, small young girl?
Where will we keep our herds in the
morning?
We will go over close to the river,
In the meadow the grass is so fresh;
Near the flowers we will put the ewes,
And we will make love all day!
Look at the sheep, small young girl,
Look at the sheep, the bees and us!
See the sheep which live of grass and the
bees which live of flowers; but we
Little ones, and others like us,
We live on the pleasures of love!

Down below in Limousin

Down below in Limousin, little one, how
beautiful the young girls are.
Ah, yes. But there are beautiful girls here
too.
Gallant lad, what if the girls are beautiful in
your home country,
The men in Limousin make very tender
love to us.
Ah, yes, down below, in Limousin, little
one, the gallant lads may be very loving,
but here in our Auvergne, the men love us
very faithfully.

Songs of a Wayfarer

When my darling has her wedding-day

When my darling has her wedding-day,
her joyous wedding-day,
I will have my day of mourning!
I will go to my little room,
my dark little room,
and weep, weep for my darling,
for my dear darling!
Blue flower! Do not wither! Sweet little bird
- you sing on the green heath! Alas, how

Ach, wie ist die Welt so schön! Ziküth!
Ziküth!
Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!
Lenz ist ja vorbei!
Alles Singen ist nun aus.
Des Abends, wenn ich schlafen geh',
Denk' ich an mein Leide.
An mein Leide!

Gieng heut morgen übers Feld

Gieng heut morgen übers Feld,
Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:
"Ei du! Gelt? Guten Morgen! Ei gelt? Du!
Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt? Zink! Zink!
Schön und flink! Wie mir doch die Welt
gefällt!"
Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld Hat mir
lustig, guter Ding', Mit den Glöckchen,
klinge, kling, Ihren Morgengruß geschellt:
"Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt? Kling,
kling! Schönes Ding! Wie mir doch die Welt
gefällt! Heia!"
Und da fing im Sonnenschein Gleich die
Welt zu funkeln an; Alles Ton und Farbe
gewann Im Sonnenschein! Blum' und
Vogel, groß und klein! "Guten Tag, ist's
nicht eine schöne Welt? Ei du, gelt? Schöne
Welt?"
Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an? Nein,
nein, das ich mein', Mir nimmer blühen
kann!

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer, Ein Messer in
meiner Brust, O weh! Das schneid't so tief
In jede Freud' und jede Lust. Ach, was ist
das für ein böser Gast! Nimmer hält er Ruh',
nimmer hält er Rast, Nicht bei Tag, noch bei
Nacht, wenn ich schlief.
O Weh!
Wenn ich in dem Himmel seh', Seh' ich
zwei blaue Augen stehn. O Weh! Wenn ich
im gelben Felde geh', Seh' ich von fern das
blonde Haar Im Winde wehn.
O Weh!
Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr' Und
höre klingen ihr silbern' Lachen,
O Weh!
Ich wollt', ich läg auf der schwarzen Bahr',
Könnt' nimmer die Augen aufmachen!

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz,
Die haben mich in die weite Welt geschickt.
Da mußt ich Abschied nehmen vom
allerliebsten Platz! O Augen blau, warum
habt ihr mich angeblickt? Nun hab' ich ewig

can the world be so fair? Chirp!
Chirp!
Do not sing; do not bloom!
Spring is over.
All singing must now be done.
At night when I go to sleep,
I think of my sorrow,
of my sorrow!

I walked across the field this morning

I walked across the fields this morning;
dew still hung on every blade of grass. The
merry finch spoke to me: "Hey! Isn't it?
Good morning! Isn't it? You! Isn't it
becoming a fine world? Chirp! Chirp! Fair
and sharp! How the world delights me!"

Also, the bluebells in the field merrily with
good spirits tolled out to me with bells
(ding, ding) their morning greeting: "Isn't
it becoming a fine world? Ding, ding! Fair
thing! How the world delights me!"

And then, in the sunshine, the world
suddenly began to glitter; everything
gained sound and color in the sunshine!
Flower and bird, great and small! "Good
day, is it not a fine world? Hey, isn't it? A
fair world?"
Now will my happiness also begin? No, no
- the happiness I mean can never bloom!

I have a red-hot knife

I have a red-hot knife, a knife in my breast.
O woe! It cuts so deeply into every joy and
delight. Alas, what an evil guest it is! Never
does it rest or relax, not by day or by night,
when I would sleep.
O woe!

When I gaze up into the sky I see two blue
eyes there. O woe! When I walk in the
yellow field, I see from afar her blond hair
waving in the wind.
O woe!
When I start from a dream and hear the
tinkle of her silvery laugh,
O woe!
Would that I lay on my black bier - Would
that I could never again open my eyes!

The two blue eyes of my darling

The two blue eyes of my darling -
they have sent me into the wide world. I
had to take my leave of this well-beloved
place! O blue eyes, why did you gaze on
me? Now I will have eternal sorrow and

Leid und Grämen.
 Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht Wohl
 über die dunkle Heide. Hat mir niemand
 Ade gesagt. Ade! Mein Gesell' war Lieb'
 und Leide!
 Auf der Straße steht ein Lindenbaum, Da
 hab' ich zum ersten Mal im Schlaf geruht!
 Unter dem Lindenbaum, Der hat seine
 Blüten über mich geschneit, Da wußt' ich
 nicht, wie das Leben tut, War alles, alles
 wieder gut! Alles! Alles, Lieb und Leid Und
 Welt und Traum!

**Xavier Montsalvatge:
 Cinco canciones negras**

Cuba dentro de un piano
 Text by Rafel Alberti

Cuando mi madre lle vaba
 un sorbete de fresa por sombrero,
 y el humo de los barcos a ún habanero,
 Mulata vuelta abajera,
 Cádiz se adormecía entre fandangos y
 habaneras y un lorito al piano quería hacer
 de tenor.
 Dime donde está la flor
 Que el hombre tanto venera.
 Mi tío Antonio volvía
 Con su aire de insurrecto. La Cabaña y el
 Principe sonaban por los patios del Puerto.
 Ya no birlla la Perla azul del mar de las
 Antillas.
 Ya se apagó se nos ha muerto.
 Me encuentre con la bella Trinidad.
 Cuba se había perdido; y a hora era verdad,
 era verdad; no era mentira.
 Un cañonero huido llegó
 Cantándolo en guajiras.
 La Habana ya se perdió.
 Tuvo la culpa el dinero.
 Calló, cayó el cañonero.
 Pero después,
 Pero ah después
 Fue cuando al "Sí" lo hicieron "Yes"!

Punto de Habanera (Siglo XVII)
 Text by Néstor Luján

La niña criolla pasa
 con su miriña que blanco.
 Qué blanco!
 Hola, crespón de tu es puma.
 Marineros, contempladla!
 Va mojadita de lunas
 que le hacen su piel mulata.
 Niña, no te quejes,

grief.
 I went out into the quiet night well across
 the dark heath. To me no one bade
 farewell. Farewell! My companions are
 love and sorrow!
 On the road there stands a linden tree, and
 there for the first time I found rest in sleep!
 Under the linden tree that snowed its
 blossoms onto me - I did not know how life
 went on, and all was well again!
 All! All, love and sorrow and world and
 dream!

Five black songs

Cuba within a piano

When my mother wore
 A strawberry sorbet for a hat,
 and the smoke of the ships was still the
 smoke from cigars, from dark Vuelta Abajo
 leaves,
 Cadiz went to sleep between fandangos and
 habaneras and a small parrot at the piano
 tried to sing tenor.
 Tell me where the flower is that man so
 intently worships.
 My uncle Antonio returned with his
 insurrectionist air. The Cabaña and the
 Principe resounded through the patios of
 the harbor.
 No more shines the blue pearl of the
 Antillean sea.
 It has gone out, it has died on us.
 I ran into the beautiful Trinidad.
 Cuba had been lost; And now it is true, it is
 true, it was no lie.
 A fleeing gunboat came in S
 inging the tale in guajiras.
 Havana was already lost.
 Money was to blame.
 It fell, the gunboat fell silent.
 But later
 Ah, but later
 When they took "Si" and turned it into
 "Yes"!

Habanera Strain (18th Century)

The creole girl passes by
 in her white crinoline.
 How white!
 Hey, the crepe of your foam
 Sailors, get a look at her!
 She walks moist from the droplets
 that are on her dark skin.
 Little girl, do not worry,

tan solo por esta tarde.
Quisierra mandar al agua.
que no se escape de pronto
de la cárcel de tu falda.
Tu cuerpo encierra esta tarde
rumor de abrir se de dalia.
Niña, no te quejes,
Tu cuerpo de fruta está
dormido en fresco brocade.
Tu cintura vibra fina
con la nobleza de un látigo.
Toda tu piel huele alegre
a limonal y a naranjo.
Los marineros te miran
y se te quedan mirando.
La niña criolla pasa
con su miriña que blanco
que blanco!

Chévere

Text by Nicolás Guillén

Chévere del navajazo
se vuelve él mismo navaja.
Pica tajadas de luna,
más la luna se le acaba;
pica tajadas de sombra
más la sombra se le acaba;
pica tajadas de canto,
más la canto se le acaba,
y entonces, pica que pica
carne de su negra mala!

Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito
Text by Ildefonso Pereda Valdés

Ninghe, tan chiquitito
el negrito que no quiere dormir.
Cabeza de coco, grano de café
con lindas motitas,
con ojos grandotes
como dos ventanas que miran al mar.
Cierra los ojitos, negrito asustado;
el mandinga blanco te puede comer.
Ya no eres esclavo!
y si duermes mucho el señor de casa
promete comprar traje con botones
para ser un "groom."
Ninghe, duérmete, negrito,
Cabeza de coco, grano de café.

Canto negro

Text by Nicolás Guillén

Yambambó, Yambambé!
Repica el congo solongo,
repica el negro bien negro.
Aoé! Congo solongo del Songo
baila yambó sobre un pié.
Yambambó! Yambambé!

all alone this evening.
I would like to order water.
not to escape too soon
from the prison of your skirt
Your body encloses this evening,
the murmur of the dahlia opening.
Little girl, do not fret,
Your body is fruit
asleep in the embroidered breeze.
Your waist quivers finely
with the nobility of a whip.
All your skin smells joyfully
of lemon and orange.
The sailors look at you
and they keep looking at you.
The creole girl goes by
with her white crinoline
how white!

The Man with a Knife

Cavalier of the knife thrust
turns himself into a knife.
He cuts the moon up in slices,
but he runs out of moon;
he cuts shadows in slices,
but he runs out of shadows;
he cuts songs up in slices,
but he runs out of songs,
and then he slashes away
at the flesh of his bad black woman!

Lullaby for a Little Black Boy

Ninghe, little tiny one
little black child who does not want to
sleep.
Coconut head, coffee bean
with pretty freckles
with big eyes
like two windows overlooking the sea.
Close your little eyes, frightened boy;
the white boogey-man is going to eat you.
You are not a slave anymore!
and if you sleep a lot the master of the
house
promises to buy you a suit with buttons
so you can be a groom.
Ninghe, sleep little black boy,
Coconut head, coffee bean.

Black Song

Yambambó! Yambambé!
The Congo solongo struts by,
the very black man struts by.
the Congo solongo from Songo
dances the yambó on one foot.
Yambambó! Yambambé!
Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,

Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,
 el negro canta y se ajuma.
 Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,
 el negro se ajuma y canta.
 Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,
 el negro canta y se va.
 Acuememe serembó aé,
 yambambó aé, yambambé aó.
 Tamba del negro que tumba,
 caramba, que el negro tumba,
 Yambá, yambó!
 Yambambé, yambambó, yambambé!
 Baila yambo sobre un pié!

the black man sings and gets drunk.
 Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,
 the black man gets drunk and sings.
 Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,
 the black man sings and goes.
 Acuememe serembó aé,
 yambambó aé, yambambé aó.
 Tamba the black man staggers,
 the black man staggers, caramba,
 caramba, the black man falls,
 Yambá, yambó!
 Yambambé, yambambó, yambambé!
 he dances the yambo on one foot!

William Bolcom:
Cabaret Songs
Text by Arnold Weinstein (1927-2005)

Toothbrush Time

It's toothbrush time,
 ten a.m. again and toothbrush time.
 Last night at half past nine it seemed O.K.
 But in the light of day not so fine at
 toothbrush time.
 Now he's crashing round my bathroom
 now he's reading my degree,
 perusing all my pills reviewing all my ills
 and he comes out smelling like me.
 Now he advances on my kitchen, now he
 raids ev'ry shelf till from the pots and pans
 and puddles and debris emerges three eggs
 all for himself.
 Oh, how I'd be ahead if I'd stood out of
 bed; I wouldn't sit here grieving, waiting
 for the wonderful moment of his leaving at
 toothbrush time, toothbrush time, ten a.m.
 again and toothbrush time.
 I know it's sad to be alone it's so bad to be
 alone, still I should've known that I'd be
 glad to be alone. I should've known, I
 should've known!
 Never should've picked up the phone and
 called him.
 And by the way, did you say nine tonight
 again? See you then. Toothbrush time!

Fur (Murray the Furrier)

My Uncle Murray the furrier was a big
 worrier,
 But he's no hurrier now, not today.
 He's good and retired now, didn't get fired,
 now
 Fulfills his desires on half of his pay.
 He eats in the best of dives, although he
 dines alone.
 He buried two wonderful wives
 And he still has the princess phone.
 It's the best of all possible lives,
 Owning all that he owns on his own.
 You see, he never took off a lot,
 And used to cough a lot,
 Fur in his craw from hot days in the store,
 Worked his way up to the top,
 Was the steward of the shop,
 Has a son who is a cop and he is free!
 My Uncle Murray, the retiree
 Loves this democracy
 And says it very emphatic'ly.
 He lives where he wishes,
 When he wants does the dishes,
 Eats greasy knishes, yessirree! He is free!
 No guilt, no ghost, no gift for no host,
 He goes, coast to coast, coughing, coughing.
 My Uncle Murray the furrier, no, no
 worrier he.

Waitin'

Waitin', waitin'
All my life.
That light keeps on
hiding from me
but it someday just might bless my sight.
Waitin', waitin'

George

My friend George
Used to say "Oh, call me Georgia, hon,
Get yourselves a drink."
And sang the best soprano
In our part of town
In beads, brocade and pins
He sang if you happened in
Through the door he never locked
And said, "Get yourselves a drink."
And sang out loud Till tears fell in the
cognac
And in the chocolate milk and gin
And on the beads, brocade and pins
When strangers happened through his open
door
George said, "Stay, but you gotta keep quiet
While I sing, and then a minute after,
And call me Georgia."
One fine day a stranger
In a suit of navy blue
Took George's life With a knife
George had placed beside an apple pie he'd
baked
And stabbed him in the middle Of Un bel di
vedremo Which he sang for this particular
stranger
Who was in the United States Navy.
The funeral was at the cocktail hour
We knew George would like it that way
Tears fell on the beads, brocade and pins
In the coffin
Which was white
Because George was a virgin
Oh, call him Georgia, hon
Get yourself a drink
You can call me Georgia, hon
Get yourself a drink!

Amor

It wasn't the policeman's fault in all the
traffic roar
Instead of shouting "Halt!" when he saw
me he shouted,
"Amor, Amor, Amor, Amor."
Even the icecream man (free icecreams by
the score)
Instead of shouting butter pecan one look at
me,
He shouted, "Amor, Amor, Amor!"
All over town it went that way.
Everybody took off the day.
Even philosophers understood how good
was the good
'cuz I looked so good!
The poor stoped taking less.
The rich stopped needing more.
Instead of saying "no" and "yes",
Both looking at me shouted "Amor!"
My stay in town was cut short.
I as dragged to court.
The judge said I disturbed the peace and
the jury gave him what for!
The judge raised his hand and instead of
desist and cease,
Judgie came to the stand, took my hand and
whispered,
"Amor, Amor, Amor, Amor!"
Night was turning into day,
I walked alone away.
(Never see that town again.)
But as I passed the churchhouse door
Instead of singing "Amen"
The choir was singing, "Amor, Amor,
Amor, Amor!"