



THE UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

GREENSBORO

School of
Music, Theatre *and* Dance

Chamber Singers

Welborn E. Young, conductor

Nancy Davis, accompanist

University Chorale

Carole Ott, conductor

Nancy Davis, accompanist

assisted by:

Taya Ricker and David Parks, violin

Corrie Franklin and Gizem Yucel, viola

Brian Carter and Eduardo Vargas, violoncello

Abigail Pack and Kevin Crumley, horn

Thursday, October 28, 2010

7:30 pm

Aycock Auditorium

Chamber Singers

A. M. D. G. (1939)

O Deus Ego Amo Te
Rosa Mystica

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Christ lag in Todesbanden, BWV 4 (c. 1707)

Sinfonia
Verse I – Christ lag in Todesbanden
Verse II – den Tod
Verse III – Jesus Christus, Gottes Sohn
Verse IV – Es war ein wunderlicher Krieg
Verse V – Heir ist das rechte Osterlamm
Verse VI – So feiern wir das hohe Fest
Verse VII – Wir essen und leben wohl

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Joann Martinson, Margaret Carpenter, Maggie Schwenker,
Nick Daniels, Jacob Wright, David Wiegel, *soloists*

Zigeunerlieder, Op. 103 (1887/88)

Wißt ihr, wann mein Kindchen
Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze
Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn
Weit und breit schaut niemand mich an
Rote Abendwolken ziehn Am Firmament

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Margaret Carpenter, Diana Yodzis, Nick Daniel, James Keith, *soloists*
Joann Martinson, Maggie Schwenker, Kelly Burns, David Weigel, *soloists*

Justin Hazelgrove, *conductor*

A Boy and A Girl

Eric Whitacre
(b. 1970)

Twa tanbou

Sydney Guillaume
(b. 1982)

Intermission

University Chorale

O Lord, in Thee from *Dettingen Te Deum*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1791)

Matt Webb; Graduate Conductor

The Moon is Silently Singing

David Hamilton
(b. 1955)

Abigail Pack, Kevin Crumley, *horn*

Nocturnes

Sa nuit d'été
Soneto de la noche
Sure on this shining night

Morten Lauridsen
(b. 1950)

Mirjam's Siegesgesang

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Caroline Oliveira, *soloist*

Justin Hazelgrove and Matt Webb are students of Dr. Young and Dr. Ott

In partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for the
Doctor of Musical Arts in Performance or Conducting

Benjamin Britten:

A. M. D. G.

Text by Francis Xavier

Translated by Gerard Manley Hopkins

O Deus Ego Amo Te

O God, I love Thee, I love Thee —
Not out of hope of heaven for me
Nor fearing not to love and be
In the everlasting burning.
Thou, Thou, my Jesus, after me
Didst reach Thine arms out dying,
For my sake sufferedst nails and lance,
Mocked and marred countenance,
Sorrows passing number,
Sweat and care and cumber,
Yea and death, and this for me,
And Thou couldst see me sinning;
Then I, why should not I love Thee,
Jesus, so much in love with me?
Not for heaven's sake; not to be
Out of hell by loving Thee;
Not for any gains I see;
But just the way that Thou didst me
I do love and I will love Thee:
What must I love Thee, Lord, for then?
For being my king and God. Amen.

Rosa Mystica

*In the Gardens of God, in the daylight divine
Find me a place by thee, Mother of mine.*

'The Rose is a mystery' - where is it found?
Is it anything true? Does it grow on the ground?
It was made of the earth's mould, but it went
from men's eyes,
And its place is a secret, and shut in the skies.

Show me thy loveliness, Mother of mine.

But where was it formerly? Which is the spot
That was blest in it once, though now it is not?
It is Galilee's growth; it grew at God's will
and broke into bloom upon Nazareth Hill.

*I shall keep time with thee,
in the daylight divine
I shall keep time with thee, Mother of mine.*

Tell me the name now, tell me its name:
The heart guesses easily, is it the same?
Mary, the Virgin, well the heart knows,
She is the Mystery, she is that Rose.

I shall come home to thee, Mother of mine.

Is Mary that Rose then? Mary, the tree?
But the Blossom, the Blossom there, who can
it be?
Who can her Rose be? It could be but One:
Christ Jesus, our Lord - her God and her Son.

*In the Gardens of God, in the daylight divine
Shew me thy son, Mother, Mother of mine.*

[The heart it smells sweet, who in that holy
place,]
Sweet unto God, and the sweetness is grace;
The breath of it bathes the great heaven above,
In grace that is charity, grace that is love.
To thy breast, to thy rest, to thy glory divine
Draw me by charity, Mother of mine.

J. S. Bach:

Christ lag in Todesbanden

Christ lag in Todesbanden

Christ lag in Todesbanden
Für unsre Sünd gegeben,
Er ist wieder erstanden
Und hat uns bracht das Leben;

Christ lay in death's bonds

Christ lay in death's bonds

Christ lay in death's bonds
given over for our sins,
He has risen again
and brought us life;

Des wir sollen fröhlich sein,
Gott loben und ihm dankbar sein
Und singen halleluja,
Halleluja!

Den Tod niemand zwingen kunnt

Den Tod niemand zwingen kunnt
Bei allen Menschenkindern,
Das macht' alles unsre Sünd,
Kein Unschuld war zu finden.
Davon kam der Tod so bald
Und nahm über uns Gewalt,
Hielt uns in seinem Reich gefangen.
Halleluja!

Es war ein wunderlicher Krieg

Es war ein wunderlicher Krieg,
Da Tod und Leben rungen,
Das Leben behielt den Sieg,
Es hat den Tod verschlungen.
Die Schrift hat verkündigt das,
Wie ein Tod den andern fraß,
Ein Spott aus dem Tod ist worden.
Halleluja!

Hier ist das rechte Osterlamm

Hier ist das rechte Osterlamm,
Davon Gott hat geboten,
Das ist hoch an des Kreuzes Stamm
In heißer Lieb gebraten,
Das Blut zeichnet unsre Tür,
Das hält der Glaub dem Tode für,
Der Würger kann uns nicht mehr schaden.
Halleluja!

So feiern wir das hohe Fest

So feiern wir das hohe Fest
Mit Herzensfreud und Wonne,
Das uns der Herre scheinen läßt,
Er ist selber die Sonne,
Der durch seiner Gnade Glanz
Erleuchtet unsre Herzen ganz,
Der Sünden Nacht ist verschwunden.
Halleluja!

Wir essen und leben wohl

Wir essen und leben wohl
In rechten Osterfladen,
Der alte Sauerteig nicht soll
Sein bei dem Wort der Gnaden,
Christus will die Koste sein
Und speisen die Seel allein,
Der Glaub will keins andern leben.
Halleluja!

therefore we should be joyful,
praise God and be thankful to Him
and sing Hallelujah,
Hallelujah!

No one could defeat death

No one could defeat death
among all humanity,
this was all because of our sins,
no innocence was to be found.
Therefore death came so soon
and took power over us,
held us captive in his kingdom.
Hallelujah!

It was a strange battle

It was a strange battle,
that death and life waged,
life claimed the victory,
it devoured death.
The scripture had prophesied this,
how one death gobbled up the other,
a mockery has been made out of death.
Hallelujah!

Here is the true Easter-lamb

Here is the true Easter-lamb,
offered up by God,
which was, high on the cross' stalk
roasted in hot love,
the blood marks our door,
faith holds it against death,
the strangler can no longer harm us.
Hallelujah!

So we celebrate the high festival

So we celebrate the high festival
with joy of heart and delight,
which the Lord radiates upon us,
He himself is the sun,
that through the splendor of his grace
illuminates our hearts completely,
the night of sin has disappeared.
Hallelujah!

We eat and live well

We eat and live well
on the true Easter bread,
the old leaven shall not
exist next to the word of grace,
Christ will be our food
and nourish the soul alone,
faith will live in no other way.
Hallelujah!

Johannes Brahms:

Zigeunerlieder, op. 103

Translation by Hugo Conrat

*Wißt ihr, wann mein Kindchen am
allerschönsten ist?*

Wißt ihr, wann mein Kindchen
am allerschönsten ist?
Wenn ih süßes Mündchen
Scherzt und lacht und küßt.
Mägdelein, du bist mein,
Inniglich küß ich dich,
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel
Einzig nur für mich.

Wißt ihr, wann mein Liebster
Am besten mir gefällt?
Wenn in seinen Armen
Er mich umschlungen halt.
Schätzselein, du bist mein,
Inniglich küß ich dich,
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel
Einzig nur für mich!

Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze

Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze
Sein blauäugig schönes Kind,
Schlägt di Sporen keck zusammen,
Czardas-Melodie beginnt,
Küßt und herzt sein süßes Täubchen,
Dreht sie, führt sie, jauchzt und springt;
Wirft drei blanke Silbergulden
Auf das Cimbäl, daß es klinglt.

Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn

Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn,
Mein süßes Lieb,
Was du einst mit heil'gem Eide
Mir gelobt?
Täusch mich nicht, verlaß mich nicht,
Du weißt nicht, wie lieb ich dich hab,
Lieb du mich, wie ich dich,
Dann strömt Gottes Huld auf dich herab.

Weit und breit schaut niemand mich an

Weit und breit schaut niemand mich an,
Und wenn sie mich hassen,
was liegt mir daran?
Nur mein Schatz der soll mich lieben allezeit,
Soll mich küssen, umarmen und Herzen in
Ewigkeit.

Kein Stern blickt in finsterner Nacht,
Keine Blum emir strahlt in duftiger Pracht.
Dein Augen sind mir Blumen Sternenschein,

Gypsy Songs, op. 103

English Translation by Ron Jeffers

*Do You know when my darling is most
beautiful?*

[He:]
Do you know when my darling
is most beautiful?
When her sweet mouth
teases and laughs and kisses.
Maiden, you are mine;
fervently I kiss you.
Heaven created you
solely and only for me.

[She:]
Do you know when my love
pleases me most?
When he holds me
closely in his arms.
Sweetheart, you are mine;
fervently I kiss you.
Heaven created you
uniquely for me!

The bronzed lad leads his lovely

The bronzed lad leads his lovely,
blue-eyed sweetheart to the dance.
He kicks his spurs together boldly
as the Czardas melody begins,
kisses and caresses his sweet little dove,
whirls her, leads her, shouts and leaps for joy,
and throws three shiny silver guilders
on the cymbal, making it ring.

Do you sometimes remember, my sweet love

Do you sometimes remember,
my sweet love,
what you once vowed to me
with a sacred oath?
Deceive me not, leave me not;
you know not how dearly I love you.
Love me as I love you;
then God's grace will pour down on you

Far and wide no one notices me

Far and wide no one notices me;
and if they hate me,
what do I care?
Only my darling shall love me always,
shall kiss me, embrace, and caress me
forever.

Not a single star shines in the dark night,
not a single flower blooms in fragrant splendor.
To me, your eyes are flowers and starlight

Die mir leuchten so freundlich,
die blühen nur mir allein.

Rote Abendwolken ziehn am Firmament

Rote Abendwolken ziehn Am Firmament,
Sehnsuchtsvoll nach dir, mein lieb,
das Herze brennt;
Himmel strahlt in glühnder Pracht
Und ich träum bei Tag und Nacht
Nur allein von dem süßen Liebchen mein.

Eric Whitacre:

A Boy and A Girl

Text by Octavio Paz (1914-1998)

Translation by Muriel Rukeyser

Stretched out
Stretched out on the grass
a boy and a girl.
Savoring their oranges, giving their kisses
likes waves exchanging foam.

Stretched out
Stretched out on the beach
a boy and a girl.
Savoring their limes, giving their kisses
like clouds exchanging foam.

Stretched out
Stretched out underground
a boy and a girl.
Saying nothing, never kissing
giving silence for silence.

Sydney Guillaume:

Twa Tanbou

Text by Louis Marie Celestin

Translated by Sydney Guillaume

Twa Tanbou
Kap fè yon diskisyon
Yon gwo dimanch maten
Lè yo sot nan Ginen

Yon Ti Kata
Yon Tanbouren
Yon Gwo Boula

Boula rete li di
Li di li ka frape pi fò
Boula rete li di
Se li ki ka frape pi fò

Tanbouren di li gen pi bèl son
Li di "lè map site, se rete tande"

Kata ki tap koute, li rete li move

that shine so kindly on me and bloom for me
alone.

Red clouds of evening drift across the sky

Red clouds of evening drift across the sky;
Full of longing for you, my love,
my hear burns.
The heavens shine in glowing splendor,
and I dream by day and night
solely for my sweet love.

Three Drums

Three drums
Are having an argument
A great Sunday morning
On their way back from Guinea

A little Kata...
A little Tanbouren...
A big Boula...

Boula declared
That he can hit the loudest
Boula declared
"I can hit the loudest!"

Tanbouren said "I have the most beautiful sound"
He said "when I perform, keep quiet and listen!"

Kata who was hearing all this became angry

Li pa te ka konprann kouman de kamarad,
Ki abiye ak menm rad
Ki pitit menm manman
Chita ap fè deblozay

Yon bon jou Madigra, Kata tonbe zouke
Dènye moun ki te la yo tout tonbe danse...

Tanbouden ak Boula kite la ap tande
Pou fè fèt la pi bèl: yo tou fon ribanbèl

Jou-sa-a
Yo chante yon chante ke'm pap janm bliye:

Tout tanbou ki dispèse
An nou kole zepòl
Poun fè la vi pi bèl

George Friederic Handel:
O Lord, in thee have I trusted
Text: Te Deum

O Lord, in thee have I trusted:
let me never be confounded

David Hamilton:
Canta en silencio la luna
Text: Miguel de Unamuno (1864-1936)

Canta en silencio la luna;
hay que oírla con los ojos;
canción Blanca, sosegada,
canción de amor misterioso

canción de amor que se aburre
por encontrarse tan solo;
las estrellas distraídas
rehusan hacerle coro.

Pobre luna que está ciega
y sola, no ve, sus ojos
sombras que sueñan, y canta
para disraer sus ocios.

Morten Lauridsen:
Nocturnes

Sa nuit d'été
Text: Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926)

Si je pourrais avec mes mains brûlantes
fondre ton corps autour ton coeur d'amante,
ah que la nuit deviendrait transparente
le prenant pour un astre attardé
qui toujours dès le premier temps des mondes

He could not comprehend how two soldiers
Who are dressed in the same outfit
And are children of the same mother
Are sitting around making a scandal.

One fine Mardi-Gras day Kata started to "zouk"
Every single person there began to dance...

Tanbouden and Boula who were there listening
To make the party more exciting, they
started a great throng

That day,
They all sang a song that I'll never forget:

All drums that are dispersed
Let's put our shoulders together
To make life more beautiful.

The moon is silently singing

The moon is silently singing –
one should hear it with one's eyes:
a white and lulling song,
a song of secret love,

a song of love growing weary
from seeing itself so alone:
absent-minded, every star
refuses to join in its choir.

Poor moon, oh, still so blind
and lonesome! It cannot see its own eyes –
shadows that dream – and sings
only to fill its idleness.

Nocturnes

Its summer night

If, with my burning hands, I could melt
the body surrounding your lover's heart,
ah! how the night would become translucent,
taking it for a late star,
which, from the first moments of the world,

était perdu et qui commence sa ronde
et tâtonnant de la lumière blonde
sa première nuit, sa nuit, sa nuit d'été.

Soneto de la noche

Text: Pablo Neruda (1904-1973)

Quando yo muera quiero tus manos en mis
ojos:
quiero la luz y el trigo de tus manos amadas
pasar una vez más sobre mí su frescura:
sentir la suavidad que cambió mi destino.

Quiero que vivas mientras yo, dormido, te
espero,
quiero que tus oídos sigan oyendo el viento,
que huelas el aroma del mar que amamos
juntos
y que sigas pisando la arena que pisamos.

Quiero que lo que amo siga vivo
y a ti te amé y canté sobre todas las cosas,
por eso sigue tú floreciendo, florida,

para que alcances todo lo que mi amor te
ordena,
para que se pasee mi sombra por tu pelo,
para que así conozcan la razón de mi canto.

Sure on This Shining Night

Text: James Agee (1909-1955)

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
high summer holds the earth.
hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wandering far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

Franz Schubert:

Mirjam's Siegesgesang

Text: Franz Grillparzer (1791-1872)

Rührt die Cymbel, schlagt die Saiten,
lasst den Hall es tragen weit,
gross der Herr zu allen Zeiten,
heute gross vor aller Zeit!

Aus Egypten vor dem Volke
wie der Hirt, den Stab zur Huth,
zogst du her, dein Stab die Wolke,
und dein Aug' des Feuers Gluth.

was forever lost, and which begins its course
with its blonde light, trying to reach out towards
its first night, its night, its summer night.

Sonnet of the Night

When I die, I want your hands upon my eyes:
I want the light and the wheat of your beloved
hands to pass their freshness over me one more
time: I want to feel the gentleness that changed
my destiny.

I want you to live while I wait for you, asleep,
I want your ears to still hear the wind, I want
you to smell the scent of the sea we both
loved,
and to continue walking on the sand we walked
on.

I want all that I love to keep on living,
and you whom I loved and sang above all
things to keep flowering into full bloom,

so that you can touch all that my love provides
you,
so that my shadow may pass over your hair,
so that all may know the reason for my song.

Touch the cymbal, strike the strings,
let it resound in the distance,
great the Lord for all the ages,
great today before all time!

Out of Egypt before the people
like a shepherd, with staff to guard,
thou didst arrive, thy staff the cloud,
and thine eye the fire's glow.

Zieh' ein Hirt vor deinem Volke,
stark dein Arm, dein Auge Gluth.

Und das Meer hört deine Stimme,
thut sich auf dem Zug, wird Land.
Scheu des Meeres Ungethüme
schau'n durch die krystall'ne Wand.
Wir vertrauten deiner Stimme,
traten froh das neue Land.

Doch der Horizont erdunkelt,
Ross und Reiter löst sich los,
Hörner lärmten, Eisen funkelt,
es ist Pharao und sein Tross.
Herr, von der Gefahr umdunkelt,
hilflos wir, dort Mann und Ross.

Und die Feinde mordentglommen
drängen nach den sichern Pfad,
jetzt und jetzt. Da horch! welch Säuseln!
Wehen, Murmeln, Dröhnen! Sturm!
'S ist der Herr in seinem Grimme,
einstürzt rings der Wasser Thurm.

Mann und Pferd,
Ross und Reiter,
eingewickelt, umspinnen,
im Netze der Gefahr,
zerbrochen die Speichen ihrer Wagen,
todt der Lenker, todt das Gespann.
Tauchst du auf, Pharao?
hinab, hinunter in den Abgrund,
schwarz wie deine Brust.

Und das Meer hat nun vollzogen,
lautlos rollen seine Wogen,
nimmer gibt es, was es barg,
eine Wüste, Grab zugleich und Sarg.
Schrecklich hat das Meer vollzogen,
Frevlergrab zugleich und Sarg.

D'rum mit Cymbeln und mit Saiten,
lasst den Hall es tragen weit,
Gross der Herr zu allen Zeiten,
heute gross vor aller Zeit!

Lead, a shepherd before thy people,
strong thine arm, thine eye a glow.

And the sea hears thy voice,
sets itself in motion, becomes land.
Shyly the sea's monsters
look through the crystal wall.
We trusted in thy voice,
trod with joy the new-made land.

But the horizon grows dark,
horse and rider break away,
horns clamor, iron glitters,
it is Pharaoh and his followers.
Lord, by danger plunged in darkness,
helpless are we, men and horses there.

And the enemies, ardent for murder,
press along the safe path,
closer and closer - then hark! what rustling!
blowing, murmuring, roaring! a storm!
It is the Lord in his wrath.
All around, the tower of water collapses.

Man and horse,
steed and rider
enwrapped, entangled
in the net of danger,
shattered the spokes of their chariots,
dead the driver, dead the team.
Dost thou rise to the surface, Pharaoh?
Down, below, into the depths,
black as thy breast.

And now the sea has done its work,
soundless roll its waves,
never does it yield what it has hidden,
a desert, grave and coffin at once.
Dreadfully the sea has done its work,
the evildoers' grave and coffin at once.

Therefore touch the cymbal, strike the strings,
let it resound in the distance,
great the Lord for all the ages,
great today before all time!

Chamber Singers

Soprano

Joann Martinson
Laura Dawalt
Margaret Carpenter
Liz Doebler
Chelsea Bonagura
Rachel Snow

Alto

Diana Yodzis
Eden Badgett
Anne Claire Niver
Amanda Keith
Maggie Schwenker

Tenor

Kelly Burns
Jacob Wright
Blaine Ziegenfuss
Nick Daniels

Bass

Justin Hazelgrove
Maclain Thompson
David Weigel
James Keith
Garrett Saake
Lucas Cecil

University Chorale

Soprano

Dana Boyle
Margaret Carpenter
Kristen Gobetz
Carolyn Golrick
Kiersten Holden
Meredith Jones
Amy Kemp
Kate King
Jessica Mariskanish
Caroline Oliveira
Donna Rendely
Katherine Richardson
Sarah Strickland
Natasha Todd

Alto

M. Eden Badgett
Miranda Freeman
Christina Gast
Katarina Kohari
Amber Leeming
Hannah Lomas
Michelle Miller
Mary Virginia Norris
JoAna Rusche
Katie Spaan
Sarah Tuetting
Olga Tsipis
Kirby Treadaway
Nana Wolfe-Hill

Tenor

Logan Cox
Joshua Hagstrom
Will Kelley
Daniel Kosel
Kenneth Leviner
Daniel Tolodziecki
Matt Webb
Jeremy Whitener

Bass

CJ Albee
William Britto
Cole Freeman
Michael Jones
Amon Neely
Paolo Pacheco
John Pavik
John Peeler
Ethan Price
Jayson Snipes

Department of Music Performance – Voice Area at UNCG:

Dr. Robert Bracey, Chair
Dr. Donald Hartmann
Dr. Carla LeFevre
Ms. Clara O'Brien
Ms. Levone Tobin-Scott
Dr. Nancy Walker
Dr. Robert Wells

Mr. David Holley, Director of Opera
Dr. Carole Ott, Professor of Choral Music
Dr. Welborn E. Young, Director of Choral Activities

On July 1, 2010, the performing arts units at UNCG were reorganized into a newly formed School of Music, Theatre and Dance. By joining these academic areas, the university created a vibrant and thriving performing arts community, which has enhanced visibility through their combined resources. From a total population of approximately 17,000 university students, the UNCG School of Music, Theatre and Dance serves approximately 1,200 majors with a full-time faculty and staff of over one hundred, making the UNCG School of Music, Theatre and Dance one of the largest such schools in the South. Many performances are presented in UNCG's Aycock Auditorium, a classic structure that recently underwent a \$19 million renovation.

UNCG has long been recognized for having 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. The Music Departments occupy a \$26 million building that is among the finest music facilities in the nation. A large music library with state-of-the-art technology, research, and study facilities houses all music reference materials. Other features of the building include two recital halls, a computer lab, a psycho-acoustics lab, electronic music studios, a recording studio, and expanded rehearsal, classroom, studio, and practice room space. A multi-level parking deck adjoins the music building to serve students, faculty, and concert patrons.

The Theatre Department offers a full range of liberal arts and professional degree programs that prepare students for a variety of career opportunities in theatre. The degrees, which are accredited by the National Association of Schools of Theatre, provide students with a vital mix of coursework that combines both theory and practice and allows for the development of skills and talents. The Theatre Department's curriculum is matched by an extensive co-curricular program that includes performance opportunities open to majors and non-majors alike. The department occupies space in the Taylor, Brown, Aycock, McIver and Curry buildings on campus.

The Dance Department offers degrees that provide professional preparation in technical and creative skills balanced with liberal education for a variety of career outcomes. The Dance Department is an accredited institutional member of the National Association of Schools of Dance. The department occupies space in the Health and Human Performance building and presents performances in the UNCG Dance Theatre and Aycock Auditorium.