UNCG
School *of* Music

Christina Gast
soprano

Nancy Davis, piano

and

Kiersten Holden
soprano

James Cornfoot, piano

Junior Recital

Tuesday, April 6th, 2010
5:30 pm
Recital Hall, School of Music

THE UNIVERSITY *of* NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

Program

Panis Angelicus — **César Franck** (1822-1890)

Ave Maria — **J.S. Bach/ Charles Gounod** (1685-1750/1818-1893)

Ms. Holden

Vo' Far Guerra from ***Rinaldo*** — **George Frederic Handel** (1685-1759)

Ms. Gast

Oiseaux, si tous les ans — **Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart** (1756-1791)

Fleur des Blés — **Claude Debussy** (1862-1918)
Nuit d'Étoiles

Ms. Holden

L'abbandono — **Vincenzo Bellini** (1801-1835)
La Farfalletta

Ms. Gast

La rondinella amante — **Antonio Vivaldi** (1678-1741)

Ah, mai non cessate — **Stefano Donaudy** (1879-1925)

Ms. Holden

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen, Op. 12 no. 2 — **Clara Schumann** (1819-1896)
Was weinst du, Blümlein, Op. 23 no. 1
Liebst du um Schönheit, Op. 12 no. 4

Ms. Gast

The Lordly Hudson — **Ned Rorem** (b. 1923)

from **A Cycle of Life: Five Songs** — **Landon Ronald** (1873-1938)
Down in the Forest (Spring)
Love, I have won you (Summer)
The Winds are Calling (Autumn)

Ms. Holden

from **Childhood Fables for Grownups** — **Irving Fine** (1914-1962)
The Frog and the Snake (1955)
Two Worms (1959)
The Duck and the Yak (1959)

Ms. Gast

Christina Gast is a student of Levonne Tobin-Scott
Kiersten Holden is a student of Clara O'Brien

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

César Franck:
Panis Angelicus | **Bread of Angels**
Text by Saint Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274)

Panis angelicus, fit panis hominum.
Dat panis coelicus, figuris terminum.

O res mirabilis, manducat Dominum
Pauper et servus et humilis.

Te trina Deitas, unaque, poscimus,
Sic nos tu visita sicut te colimus;
Per tuas semitas duc nos quo tendimus,
Ad lucem quam inhabitas. Amen.

The bread of angels becomes the bread of man.
This heavenly bread gives a reality beyond symbols.
O marvellous thing: the poor, lowly and humble
Now eats his Lord.

O Godhead, Three and One, thee we implore:
So visit us, just as now we Thee adore:
By thy paths lead us to where we aspire,
To the Light wherein thou dwellest. Amen.

J.S. Bach/ Charles Gounod:
Ave Maria | **Hail Mary**
Text adapted from the first chapter of Luke

Ave Maria gratia plena
Dominus tecum benedicta tu
in mulieribus et benedictus
fructus ventris tui Jesus.

Sancta Maria
ora pro nobis,
nobis peccatoribus
nunc et in hora mortis nostrae.

Hail Mary, full of grace,
The Lord is with thee.
Blessed art thou among women,
And blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

Holy Mary,
Mother of God,
Pray for us sinners,
Now and at the hour of our death.

George Frederic Handel:
Vo' Far Guerra from *Rinaldo* | **I want to make war**
Text by Giacomo Rossi

Vo' far Guerra, e vincer voglio,
Collo sdegno chi m'offende
Vendicar I torti miei.

Per abbatter quel orgoglio,
Ch'il gran foco i sen m'accende,
Sarah meco i stessi dei.

I go to make war and I want to win,
Over the indignation which offends me,
To avenge the wrongs done to me.

To demolish that pride
Which ignites the great fire in my breast,
The gods themselves will be with me.

Wolfgang A. Mozart:
Oiseaux, si tous les ans | **You birds, so every year**
Text by Antoine Ferrand (1678-1719)

Oiseaux, si tous les ans
Vous changez de climats,
Dès que le triste hiver
Dépouille nos bocages;
Ce n'est pas seulement
Pour changer de feuillages,
Ni pour éviter nos frimats;
Mais votre destinée
Ne vous permet d'aimer,
Qu'à la saison des fleurs.
Et quand elle est passée,

You birds, so every year
You change your climates
As soon as the sad winter
Strips our groves.
It isn't solely
For a change of foliage
Or to avoid our foggy winter weather.
But your destiny
Simply doesn't allow you to enjoy love
Beyond the season of flowers.
For when she (springtime) is gone,

Vous la cherchez ailleurs,
Afin d'aimer toute l'année.

You look for another place
To make an end of love every year.

Claude Debussy:
Fleur des Blés
Text by André Girod

Flowers of wheat

Le long des blés que la brise
Fait onduler puis défrise
En un désordre coquet,
J'ai trouvé de bonne prise
De t'y cueillir un bouquet.

Mets-le vite à ton corsage, -
Il est fait à ton image
En même temps que pour toi...
Ton petit doigt, je le gage,
T'a déjà soufflé pourquoi:

Ces épis dorés, c'est l'onde
De ta chevelure blonde
Toute d'or et de soleil;
Ce coquelicot qui fronde,
C'est ta bouche au sang vermeil.

Et ces bluets, beau mystère!
Points d'azur que rien n'altère,
Ces bluets ce sont tes yeux,
Si bleus qu'on dirait, sur terre,
Deux éclats tombés des cieux.

Amid the wheat that the breeze
Has ruffled in playful teasing,
Leaving disorder so gay,
Here I seize my chance to please you,
And pluck for you a sweet bouquet.

Place it lightly on your breast;
I made it in your image blest
And do you say, "Tell me why?"
A little bird, I have guessed,
Has already told you why!

First some ears of wheat, the flare
of your lovely hair,
Golden tresses full of sun;
Now the scarlet poppies fair,
These your lips that love has won.

And this blue, how enchanting,
But of azure disconcerting,
The blue are your own eyes,
No blue on this earth so dazzling,
Heaven's flow'rs fall'n from the skies.

Nuit d'Étoiles
Text by Theodore de Banville (1823-1891)

Night of Stars

Nuit d'étoiles sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfumes,
Triste lyre qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.
La sereine melancolie
Vient éclore au fond de mon Coeur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.
Je revois à notre fontaine
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux,
Cette rose c'est ton haleine
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Night of stars beneath your veils,
Beneath your breeze and your perfumes,
Sad lyre that sighs,
I dream of loves defunct.
The serene melancholy
Comes to blossom at the bottom of my heart,
And I hear the soul of my darling
Tremble in the wood dreaming.
I see again at our fountain
Your glance blue as the heavens,
This rose, it is your breath
And these stars are your eyes.

Vincenzo Bellini :
L'abbandono
Text by Anonymous

The Abandonment

Solitario zeffiretto,
A che movi i tuoi sospiri?
Il sospiro a me sol lice,
Ché, dolente ed infelice,
Chiamo Dafne che non ode
L'insoffribil moi martir.

Solitary little breeze,
for what moves you to sigh?
The sigh for me alone is allowed,
Who, sorrowful and unhappy,
Calls to Dafne who does not hear
My insufferable martyrdom.

Langue invan la mammoletta
E la rosa e il gelsomino;
Lunge son da lui che adoro,
Non conosco alcun ristoro
Se non viene a consolarmi
Col bel guardo cilestrino
Ape industre, che vagando
Sempre vai di fior in fiore,
Ascolta, ascolta.

Se lo scorgi ov'ei dimora,
Di' che rieda a chi l'adora,

Come riedi tu nel seno
Delle rose al primo albor.

Languishes in vain, the little violet
And the rose and the jasmine;
Far away am I from him whom I adore.
I know no relief
If he does not come to comfort me
With his beautiful gaze of blue.
Industrious bee, who roams
Always going from flower to flower,
Listen, listen.

If you find out where he dwells,
Say that he could returm to the one who adores him,
As you return to the bosom
Of the rose at the first light of dawn.

La Farfalletta
Text attributed to M. Politi – A. Gallo

The Little Butterfly

Farfalletta, aspetta, aspetta;
No volar con tanta fretta.
Far del mal non ti vogl'io;
Ferma, appaga il desir mio.

Vo' baciarti e il cibo darti,
Da perigli preservarti.
Di cristallo stanza avrai,
E tranquilla ognor avrai.

L'ali aurate, screzïate
So che Aprile t'ha ingemmate,
Che sei vaga, vispa e snella,
Fra i suo' eguali egli è il più bella.

Ma il crin d'oro ha il mio tesoro,
Il fanciullo ch'amo e adoro.
E a te pari vispo e snello
Fra i suo' eguali egli è il più bello.

Vo' carpirti, ad esso offrirti;
Più che rose, gigli e mirti
Ti fia caro il mio fanciullo,
Ed a lui sarai trastullo.

Nell'aspetto e terso petto
Rose, e gigli ha il moi diletto.
Vieni, sampa da' perigli,
Non cercar più rose e gigli.

Little butterfly, wait, wait;
Do not fly away with such haste.
I do not want to cause you harm;
Stop, satisfy my desire.

I want to kiss you and give you food,
From danger protect you.
A crystal room you will have
And tranquility always you will have.

Your wings respendant, colored
I know that April has bejeweled,
That you are pretty, lively and thin
Among your equals the most beautiful.

But hair of gold has my treasure,
The boy whom I love and adore.
And as you appear lively and thin
Among his equals he is the most beautiful.

I want to capture you, to offer you to him;
More than roses, lilies and myrtles
You will be dear to my boy,
And to him you will be a plaything.

In his looks and pure heart
Roses and lilies has my beloved.
Come, escape from perils,
Search no more among the roses and lilies.

Antonio Vivaldi:
La rondinella amante
Text by Carlo Goldoni (1707-1793)

The little loving swallow

La rondinella amante,
Lungi dal proprio nido,
Serba constante e fido
Al suo diletto il cor.

The little loving swallow,
Far from his nest,
Keeps constant and faithful
The delight of his heart

Non è possibil mai
cacciar dal proprio petto
il radicato affetto,
il primo dolce amor.

Not ever possible
To drive out from ones breast
The deep affection
Of first sweet love.

Stefano Donaudy:
Ah, mai non cessate
Text by Alberto Donaudy (1880-1941)

Ah, never cease

Ah, mai non cessate dal vostro parlar,
o labbra desiate ond'io folle vo'
col miel delle vostre parole vo' far
un dolce guanciale su cui dormirò.

O sonni beati da niun mai sognati
che su quel guanciale dormendo farò,
dormendo e sognando, vicino al tuo cor,
il dolce, desiato mio sogno d'amor.
Ah! dormendo, sognando, sognando d'amor!

Ah, never cease from your talking,
oh desired lips which I madly want;
with your words I want to make
a sweet pillow on which I will sleep.

Oh blessed dreams that no one ever dreamed,
that, sleeping on that pillow, I will make;
sleeping and dreaming, close to your heart,
the sweet, desired dream of love.
Ah! Sleeping, dreaming of love!

Clara Schumann:
Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen
Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

He came in storm and rain

Er is gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
Ihm schlug beklommen mein Herz entgegen.
Wie konnt' ich annen, daβ seine Bahnen
Sich einen sollten meinen Wegen.

Er is gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
Er hat genommen mein Herz verwegen.
Nahm er das meine? Nahm ich das seine?
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
Nun ist gekommen des Frühlings Segen.
Der freund zieht weiter, ich seh' es heiter,
Denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.

He came in storm and rain,
My anxious heart beat against his.
How could I have known that his path
Should unite itself with mine.

He came in storm and rain,
He took my heart boldly.
Did he take mine? Did I take his?
They both came together by themselves.

He came in storm and rain,
Now has come the springtime's blessing.
My love travels on, I watch with cheer,
For he remains mine, on any road.

Was weinst du, Blümlein
Text by Herman Rollett (1819-1904)

Why weep you, little blossom

Was weinst du, Blümlein, im Morgenshein?
Das Blümlein lachte:
Was fällt dir ein!
Ich bin ja fröhlich, ich weine nicht –
Die Freudenträne durch's Aug' mir bricht.

Du Morgenhimmel, bist blutig rot,
Als läge deine Sonne im Meere tot?
Da lacht der Himmel und ruft mich an:
Ich streue ja Rosen auf ihre Bahn!

Und strahlend flammte die Sonn' hervor,
Die Blumen blühten freudig empor.

Why weep you, little blossom, in the morning shine?
The little blossom laughed:
What are you thinking of?
I am indeed joyful, I weep not –
The tears of joy break through mine eyes.

You morning sky, are blood red,
As if your sun lay dead in the ocean?
Then laughs the heaven and calls out to me:
I sprinkle indeed roses upon your path!

And radiantly flamed the sun forth,
The flowers blossomed joyfully upward.

Des Baches Wellen jauchzten auf,
Und die Sonne lachte freundlich darauf.

The brooklet's waves rejoiced on,
And the sun laughed joyfully upon it.

Liebst du um Schönheit
Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Liebst du um Schönheit, o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne, sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!
Liebst du um Jugend, o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe der Frühling, der jung ist jedes Jahr!
Liebst du um Schätze, o nicht mich liebe.
Liebe die Meerfrau, sie hat viel Perlen klar.
Liebst du um Liebe, o ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer, dich lieb' ich immerdar!

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty, oh do not love me!
Love the sun, she has golden hair!
If you love for youth, oh do not love me!
Love the spring, who is young every year!
If you love for treasure, oh do not love me.
Love the mermaid, she has many clear pearls.
If you love for love, oh yes, love me!
Love me always, I shall love you ever more.