



Nancy Harder

piano

assisted by:

Jacey Kepich, clarinet
Melinda Whittington, voice

Graduate Recital

Saturday, May 2, 2009
1:30 pm
Organ Hall, School of Music



THE UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

Program

Zigeunermelodien

Mein Lied ertönt
Ei! Wie mein Triangel
Rings ist der Wald
Als die alte Mutter
Reingestimmt die Saiten
In dem weiten, breiten, luftgen Leinenkleide
Darf des Falken Schwinge

Anton Dvůřák
(1841-1904)

Clarinet Sonata No. 1 in F Minor, op. 120 (1894)

Allegro Appassionato
Andante un Poco Adagio
Allegretto Grazioso
Vivace

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Intermission

**Эдѣсь хорошо ...
У моего окна
Весеннія воды**

Sergei Rachmaninov
(1873-1943)

Metamorphoses

Reine de mouettes
C'est ainsi que tu es
Paganini

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Cabaret Songs

George
Toothbrush Time
At the Last Lousy Moments of Love
Amor

William Bolcom
(b. 1938)

Nancy Harder is a student of Dr. James Douglass

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

**Anton Dvůrák:
Zigeunermelodien**

Czech folksongs, translated into German by
Adolf Heyduk (1835 – 1923)

Mein Lied ertönt

Mein Lied ertönt, ein Liebespsalm,
beginnt der Tag zu sinken.
Und wenn das Moos, der welke Halm
Tauperlen Heimlich trinken.

Mein Lied ertönt voll Wanderlust
in grünen Waldeshallen,
Und auf der Pussta weitem Plan
lass frohen Sang ich schallen.

Mein Lied ertönt voll Liebe auch,
wenn Haide Stürme toben;
wenn sich zum letzten Lebenshauch
des Bruders Brust gehoben.

Ei! Wie mein Triangel

Ei! Ei, wie mein Triangel
wunderherrlich läutet!
Leicht bei solchen Klängen
in den Tod man schreitet!

In den Tod man schreitet
beim Triangel schallen!
Lieder, Reigen, Liebe,
Lebewohl dem Allen!

Rings ist der Wald

Rings ist der Wald so stumm und still,
das Herz schlägt mir so bange;
der schwarze Rauch sinkt tiefer stets
und trocknet meine Wangen.

Ei, meine Tränen trocknen nicht,
musst andre Wangen suchen!

Wer nur den Schmerz besingen kann,
wird nicht dem Tode fluchen.

Als die alte Mutter

Als die alte Mutter mich noch lehrte singen,
Tränen in den Wimpern gar so oft ihr hingen.

Jetzt wo ich die Kleinen selber üb' im Sange,
rieselt's in den Bart oft,
rieselt's oft von der braunen Wangen!

Gypsy Songs

My song resounds

My song resounds, a Psalm of love,
when the day begins to sink,
And when the moss, the withered blades
drink secret pearls of dew.

My song resounds, full of wanderlust
in green forest halls,
And on the far Hungarian plains
I let happy song resound.

My song resounds, full of love also,
when forest storms rage;
when the last breath of life
has risen from the brother's breast.

Ah! How my Triangle

Ah how my Triangle
splendidly rings!
Lightly in such sounds
one steps into death!

Into death one steps
with the Triangle sounding!
Songs, dancing, love,
Farewell to them all!

All Around is the Forest

All around is the forest so silent and still,
my heart beats anxiously within me;
the black smoke sinks constantly deeper
and dries up my cheeks.

Ah, my tears do not dry up,
you must search for other cheeks!

The one who can only sing of pain,
will not curse death.

As my old Mother

As my old Mother taught me to sing,
Tears often hung in her eyelashes.

Now I myself teach the little ones to sing,
they trickle often down the beard,
they trickle often down the brown cheeks!

Reingestimmt die Saiten

Reingestimmt die Saiten,
Bursche, tanz' im Kreise!
Heute froh, and morgen?
Trüb' nach alter Weise!

Nächster Tag' am Nile,
an der Väter Tische
reingestimmt die Saiten,
In den Tanz dich mische!

Purely tuned strings

Purely tuned strings,
boy, dance in circles!
Today—happily, and tomorrow?
Sadly with an old tune!

The next day at the Nile,
at the Fathers' table
purely tuned strings,
Join in their dance!

In dem weiten, breiten, luftgen Leinenkleide

In dem weiten, breiten, luft'gen Leinenkleide
freier der Zigeuner als in Gold und Seide,
Ja! Der gold'ne Dolman schnürt die Brust so
enge,
hemmt des freien Liedes wanderfrohe Klänge;
und wer Freude findet an der Lieder Schallen,
lässt das Gold, das schnöde,
in die Hölle fallen!

In the wide, broad, flowing linen clothes

In the wide, broad, flowing linen clothes
the gypsy is freer than in gold and silk,
Yes! The gold robe binds the chest so tightly,
inhibits the free songs' sounds of happy
wandering;
And he who finds joy in the songs' resounding,
lets the filthy Gold go to Hell!

Darf des Falken Schwinge

Darf des Falken Schwinge Tatrahöhn
umrauschen,
wird das Felsenest er mit dem Käfig
tauschen?

Since the falcon's wings

Since the falcon's wings are allowed to rustle
high in the cliffs,
would he exchange his cliff-nest for a cage?

Kann das wilde Fohlen jagen durch die Haide,
wird's am Zaum und Zügel finden seine
Freude?

The wild foal is able to hunt through the forest,
would he find the same joy under a bridle and
rein?

Hat Natur, Zigeuner. Etwas dir gegeben?
Ja! Zur Freiheit schuf sie mir das ganze
Leben!

Has nature given something to you Gypsy?
Yes! It gave me Freedom as my entire life!

Sergei Rachmaninov:

Эдѣсь хорошо ...
Here it is Good to Be ...
Text by G. Galina

Here it is good to be ...
Look there, in the distance
Shines the river like a flame,
The fields lie like a flowered carpet,
Light clouds above us.
Here there are no people ...
Here there is only silence ...
Here is only God—and I,
Flowers, and an old pinetree,
And you, my dream!

У моего окна
At my Window
Text by G. Galina

At my window a bird cherry blossoms,
Blossoms pensively in its silvery raiment ...
And with its fresh and fragrant branch
It bends and beckons ...
Of its quivering, ethereal petals
I joyfully take in a cheerful breath,
Their sweet aroma obscures my
consciousness,
And they sing love songs without words ...

Весенняя вода

Spring Torrents

Text by Fyodor Tyutchev

In the fields snow still lies,
But torrents resound with the joy of spring,
They surge and awaken the sleeping shore,
Flowing, sparkling, proclaiming,
Proclaiming to all the ends of the earth:
"Spring comes, spring comes!
We are heralds of spring,
We are sent forth to say:
Spring comes, spring comes!"
And the quiet, warm days of May
In a rosy, bright round dance,
Crowd joyfully in spring's steps.

Francis Poulenc:

Metamorphoses

Text by Louise de Vilmorin (1902 – 1969)

Reine des mouettes

Reine des mouettes, mon orpheline
Je t'ai vue rose, je m'en souviens
Sous les brumes mousselines
De ton deuil ancien
Rose d'aimer le baiser qui chagrine
Tu te laissais accorder à mes mains
Sous les brumes mousselines
Voiles des nos liens
Rougis, rougis, mon baiser te devine
Mouette prise aux noeuds des grands chemins

Reine des mouettes, mon orpheline
Tu étais rose, accordée à mes mains
Rose sous les mousselines
Et je m'en souviens.

C'est ainsi que tu es

Ta chair, d'âme mêlée
Chevelure emmêlée
Ton pied courant le temps
Ton ombre qui s'étend
Et murmure à ma tempe

Voilà, c'est ton portrait
C'est ainsi que tu es.
Et je veux te l'écrire
Pour que la nuit venue,
Tu puisses croire et dire,
Que je t'ai bien connue.

Paganini

Metamorphoses

Queen of the seagulls

Queen of the seagulls, my orphan
I have seen you pink, I remember
Under the misty muslins
Of your bygone mourning
Pink from the kiss which pains you
You let yourself surrender to my hands,
Under the misty muslins
Viols of our bond
Blush, blush, my kiss divines you.
Seagull captured at the meeting of the great
highways
Queen of the seagulls, my orphan
You were pink, surrendered to my hands
Pink under the muslins
And I remember it.

It is thus that you are

Your body, imbued with soul,
Your tangled hair,
Your foot pursuing time
Your shadow which stretches
And whispers close to my temples.

There, that is your portrait
It is thus that you are.
And I want to write it to you
So that when night comes,
You may believe and say,
That I knew you well.

Violon, hippocampe et sirène
Berceau de coeurs, coeurs et berceau
Larmes de Marie Madaleine
Soupir d'une Reine, Echo,
Violon orgueil de mains légères
Départ à cheval sur les eaux
Amour cheveauchant le mystère
Voleur en prière, Oiseau,
Violon femme morganatique
Chat botté courant la forêt
Puit des vérités lunatiques
Confession publique, Corset,
Violon alcool de l'âme en peine
Préférence muscle du soir
Epaules des saisons soudaines
Feuille di chêne, Miroir
Violin chevalier du silence
Jouet évadé du bonheur
Poitrine des mille présences,
Bateau de plaisance Chasseur.

Paganini

Violin, seahorse and siren
Cradle of hearts, heart and cradle
Tears of Mary Magdalene,
Sighs of a queen, echo,
Violin, pride of agile hands
Departure on horseback on the water
Love astride mystery
Thief at prayer, bird,
Violin, morganatic woman
Puss-in-boots ranging the forest
Well of insane truths,
Public confession, corset,
Violin, alcohol of the soul in pain
Preferred muscle of the evening
Shoulder of sudden seasons,
Leaf of the oak, mirror,
Violin, knight of silence,
Play-thing escaped from happiness
Bosom of a thousand presences,
Boat of pleasure, hunter.