



Whitney Myers
soprano
Ināra Zandmane, piano

Graduate Recital

Saturday, April 18, 2009

7:30 pm

Recital Hall, School of Music



THE UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

Program

Notturmo
Storia breve
Tanto bella
Lagrima
L'ultima ebbrezza
Luce

Ottorino Respighi
(1879-1936)

Chants d'Auvergne
Lou coucut
Oï ayai
La delaïssádo
Lou boussu

Joseph Canteloube
(1879-1957)

Intermission

Drei Lieder der Ophelia, Op. 67
Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb vor andern nun
Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag
Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

I am in need of music
Beautiful Dreamer
Black is the color of my true love's hair
I can't be talkin' of love
When I have sung my songs

Ben Moore
(b. 1960)
Stephen Foster
(1826-1864)
John Jacob Niles
(1892-1980)
John Duke
(1899-1984)
Ernest Charles
(1895-1984)

Whitney Myers is a student of Dr. Nancy Walker

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

Ottorino Respighi:

Notturmo

Text by Ada Negri (1870-1945)

Su' cespugli, vezzose,
In un sopor beato,
Si chinan le rose;
L'usignolo, celato
Tra le foglie rugiadoso,
Gorgheggia innamorato.
O, che dolce mistero,
Che fascino gentile
Pe'l tiepido sentiero!...
Vieni, a ninfa sinile,
Co'l passo tuo leggero
Tra li aliti d'aprile;
E un bel nido fiorente,
Una capanna bruna
M'accoglierà silente.
A la dolce fortuna,
Col raggio più lucente,
Sorriderà la luna!...

Storia breve

Text by Ada Negri (1870-1945)

Ella pareva un sogno di poeta;
Vestia sempre di bianco, e avea nel viso
La calma d'una sfinge d'oriente.

Le cadea sino ai fianchi il crindi seta;
Trillava un canto nel suo breve riso,
Tra si statua il bel corpo indolente.

Amò non fu riamata. In fondo al core,
tranquilla in fronte, custodi la rìa
Fiamma di quell'amor senza parole.

Ma quel desio la consumò
Ne l'ore d'un crepuscol d'Ottobre ella morì,
Come verbena quando manca il sole.

Tanto bella

Text by Ada Negri (1870-1945)

A la tua culla vennero le fate
E t'accenser d'incanto le pupille:

Ti guardarono gli astri e di faville
Cosparsero le ciocche inanellate.
Ninfe, sirene, in un'allegra danza
T'appreser la voce armoniosa:
A la guancia diede il color la rosa,

Nocturnal

On shrubs, charming,
In a happy drowsiness,
The roses bend;
The nightingale, concealed
Between the dew dropped leaves,
Trill enchantingly.
Oh, that sweet mystery,
That gentle glamour
To the lukewarm path
You come, like a nymph,
With your light step
With breaths of April between them;
And a beautiful flourishing nest,
A brown hut
You received my silence.
To the sweet fortune,
With the most shining ray,
The moon will smile!...

Brief Story

She seemed a poet's dream;
Always dressed in white, and had on her face
The calm of a sphinx of the orient.

Long and lustrous flowed her silken hair;
Her short clear laughter like a trilled song,
Statue-like, her beautiful indolent body.

She loved without return. Yet fed the blaze,
Of passion's fire which her clear brow belied
Of this hidden flame she spoke to none.

The unfulfilled desire consumed her
In an October twilight hour she died,
As the vervain dies for want of sun.

So Beautiful

The fairies came to your cradle
And with their incantations, brightened your
eyes:
The stars looked down on you
And sprinkled your curly locks with sparkles.
Nymphs and sirens in a joyous dance
Gave you your harmonious voice:
The rose gave you cheeks their color,

A l'alto, ogni fior la sua fragranza!
O tutta rilucente! O profumata!

Lagrima

Text by Ada Negri (1870-1945)

Tornai: la bocca tiepida
Sovra la fronte t'ho posata al fine,
Mentre la mano fervida
Stringea le trecce del tuo folto crine!

Ma la tua fronte più che neve gelida,
Ma la tua fronte bianca come cera
Mutato ha il bacio in un acuto spasimo
M'ha piena l'anima d'un angoscia fiera!...

Oh! lungo desiderio
Or di speranza più non si conforta:
Quel bacio mio fu l'ultimo,
Povera morta!...

L'ultima ebbrezza

Text by Ada Negri (1870-1945)

Un ultimo profumo inebriante versa,
magico fiore intorno a me:
Spandi un ultimo raggio a me dinante
astro di luce che mortal non è!...
O melodia sublime, indefinita,
Un'ultima tua nota io voglio udire,
Che m'echeggi nell'anima rapita
Come ardente cadenza di sospir!...
Un guardo ancor de' li occhi tuoi possenti
Un sorriso un accento un bacio ancor!
Dammi l'ultima ebbrezza che m'annienti
Nel fremito supremo dell'amor!...

Luce

Text by Ada Negri (1870-1945)

A fasci s'effonde
per l'aria tranquilla,
colora, sfavilla,
la mite frescura
del verde ravniva,
s'ingemma giuliva,
per terra e per ciel,
vittoriosa, calda e senza vel.
Son perle irradate
Danzanti nell'onde,
Son nozze di bionde
Farfalle e di rose,
La vita pagana

And every flower its perfume to your breath!
So brilliant and so fragrant!

Tears

You return the lukewarm mouth
Over the brow, I had you to the end.
While the fervent hand
Grips the braid of your thick hair!

But your brow is more than ice cold,
Your face has a white appearance
The kiss has changed into an acute pang
It has my soul full of a fair anguish!...

Oh the long desire
I am not comforted by the hope
That my kiss was the last
Poor dead girl!...

The Last Intoxication

One last intoxicating perfume pours,
From the magical flower around me:
You strip one last sparkling ray from me
Star of light that is not mortal!...
Oh sublime melody, indefinite,
I want to hear your final note,
You echo my kidnapped soul
Like the burning cadence of a sigh!...
One still look from your strong eyes
A smile an accent a still kiss!
Give me the last intoxication that destroys me
In the supreme quiver of love!...

Light

The beam pours itself
For the calm air
Color, it sparkles
The mild coolness
Of the green revives,
It is studded with merry gems,
On the ground and in the sky,
Victorious, warm and without veil.
Here pearls iridescent
Dancing in the waves
A wedding of fair
Butterflies and of roses
The pagan life

Dolcissima emana
 Dai baci dei fior...
 Il mondo esulta
 E tutto grida: Amor!
 Mi sento nell'alma
 La speme fluire,
 L'immenso gioire
 Di vivere sento,
 Qual schiera di rondini
 I sogni ridenti fra i raggi lucenti
 Si librano a vol...
 Son milionaria del genio e del soll...

Sends out sweetness
 From the kisses of the flower...
 The world exults
 And all shout: Love!
 I feel in my soul
 The flowing hope,
 The immense rejoicing
 To feel alive,
 Which a rank of swallows
 The happy dreams between the shining rays
 They hover at flight...
 I am a millionaire of genius and of light!...

Joseph Canteloube:

Lou Coucut

Text by Joseph Canteloube (1879-1957)

Lou coucut oqu'os un áuzel
 Que n'io pas capt plus de to bel
 Coumo lou coucut que canto,
 Lou mió coucut, lou tió coucut,
 E lou coucut dès autres! Dió?
 Obès pas entendut canta lou coucut?

Per obal, ol found del prat,
 Sé n'io un áubré flourit è gronat
 Qué lou coucut l'i canto.
 Lou mió coucut, lou tió coucut,
 E lou coucut dès autres. Dió?
 Obès pas entendut canta lou coucut?

E se toutsse les coucuts
 Bou liou pourta souneto,
 Ô! Foriôu çin cent troumpetoï!
 Lou mió coucut, lou tió coucut,
 E lou coucut dès autres. Dió?
 Obès pas entendut canta lou coucut?

Oï Ayai

Text by Joseph Canteloube (1879-1957)

"Oï, ayai, couçi ièu forai?
 N'ai pas de couoïffo!"
 Pierrou bo'lo fièyro,
 Pierrou lo li croumpo,
 Pierre lo li pourto,
 Pierrou lo li doun',
 Inquèr' ès pas lèvado,
 Dzomaï nè sé lèvo!
 "Lèvo, lèvo, lou dzour bè!
 Morgoridoto, lèvoté!"

"Oï, ayai, couçi ièu forai?
 N'ai pas de coutilhou!"

The Cuckoo

The cuckoo is a beautiful bird
 There are none as beautiful
 As the cuckoo that sings,
 Than my cuckoo, than your cuckoo,
 Than the other cuckoos! Say?
 Have you not heard the cuckoo sing?

There at the end of the meadow,
 There is a garnet red bloomed tree
 And there the cuckoo sings.
 He's my cuckoo, he's your cuckoo,
 He's everybody's cuckoo. Say?
 Have you not heard the cuckoo sing?

And of course if all the cuckoos
 Wanted to carry bells,
 Oh! They would out do five hundred trumpets!
 He's my cuckoo, he's your cuckoo,
 He's everybody's cuckoo. Say?
 Have you not heard the cuckoo sing?

Oh Dear!

"Oh dear, what will I do?
 I do not have a bonnet!"
 Pierre goes to the fair,
 Pierre buys it for her,
 Pierre carries it to her,
 Pierre gives it to her,
 She is still in bed,
 She never can get up!
 "Get up, get up, it is morning!
 Margarite get yourself up!"

"Oh dear, what will I do?
 I do not have a petticoat!"

Pierrou bo'lo fièyro,
 Pierrou lo li croumpo,
 Pierrou lo li pourto,
 Pierrou lo li doun',
 Inquèr' ès pas lèvado,
 Dzomaï nè sé lèvo!
 "Lèvo, lèvo, lou dzour bè!
 Morgoridoto, lèvoté!"

"Oï, ayaï, couçi ièu foraï?
 Que n'aï pas de comio!"
 Pierrou bo'lo fièyro,
 Pierrou lo li croumpo,
 Pierrou lo li pourto,
 Pierrou lo li doun',
 Inquèr' ès pas lèvado,
 Dzomaï nè sé lèvo!
 "Lèvo, lèvo, lou dzour bè!
 Morgoridoto, lèvoté!"

"Oï, moun Diou! Que fo frèt!
 Me cal quitta loulièt!"
 Prenguet lo comio,
 È maï lou coutilhou,
 È maï lou boborel,
 È maï lou moutsodou,
 È sès poulidos caussos,
 E metèt la couioïfo.
 "Que soui bèlo." so diguèt!
 E Morgorido sé lèvèt!

La Delaïssádo

Text by Joseph Canteloube (1879-1957)

Uno pastourèlo, èspèr',
 Olaï al capt del bouès
 Lou gala doguélo,
 Mè né bèn pas!

"Ay! Souï délaïssado!
 Qué n'aï pas vist lou mio galant;
 Crésio qué m'aïmábo,
 È ton l'aïmé iéu!"

Luziguèt l'estèlo,
 Aquèlo qué marco lo nuèt,
 È lo pauro pastourelletto
 Démouret à ploura...

Lou Boussu

Text by Joseph Canteloube (1879-1957)

Dzanètou tsou'l pounièirou
 Què sé souloumbravo,

Pierre goes to the fair,
 Pierre buys it for her,
 Pierre carries it to her,
 Pierre gives it to her,
 She is still in bed,
 She never can get up!
 "Get up, get up, it is morning!
 Margarite, get yourself up!"

"Oh dear, what will I do?
 I do not have a shirt!"
 Pierre goes to the fair,
 Pierre buys it for her,
 Pierre carries it to her,
 Pierre gives it to her,
 She is still in bed,
 She never can get up!
 "Get up, get up, it is morning!
 Margarite, get yourself up!"

"Oh my God! How cold it is!
 I must get out of bed!"
 She took the shirt,
 And the petticoat,
 And the apron,
 And the handkerchief,
 And the pants,
 And put on her bonnet.
 "How beautiful I am." she says!
 And Margarite got up!

The Forsaken Shepherdess

A shepherdess awaits,
 Over at the top of the wood
 For the one that she loves,
 But he does not come!

"Ah! He has forsaken me!
 I do not see my loved one;
 I believed that he loved me,
 And I love him so!"

When the star appears,
 That announces the night,
 And the poor shepherdess
 Remains alone to cry...

The Hunchback

Jeanette under an apple tree
 Is resting in the shade,

Què sé souloumbravo si,
Què sé souloumbravo la.

Oqui possèt un boussu
Què lo mirolhavo,
Què lo mirolhavo si,
Què lo mirolhavo la.

Ah! Poulido Dzanètou!
Boussèrès lo mèouno!
Boussèrès lo mèouno si!
Boussèrès lo mèouno la!

Per qué ieu lo bouostro sio
Cal coupa lo bosso!
Cal coupa lo bosso si!
Cal coupa lo bosso la!

Oï! Pècairé, Dzanètou!
Gordorai mo bosso!
Gordorai mo bosso si!
Gordorai mo bosso la!

Richard Strauss:

Drei Lieder der Ophelia

Text by Karl Joseph Simrock (1802-1876) after
William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*

Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb vor andern nun

Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb
vor andern nun?
An dem Muschelhut und Stab
Und den Sandalschuhn.
Er ist tot und lange hin,
Tot und hin, Fräulein!
Ihm zu Häupten grünes Gras,
Ihm zu Fuß ein Stein. O ho!
Auf seinem Bahrtuch, weiß wie Schnee,
Viel liebe Blumen trauern.
Sie gehn zu Grabe naß,
O weh! Vor Liebesschauern.

Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag

Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag,
So früh vor Sonnenschein.
Ich junge Maid am Fensterschlag
Will Euer Valentin sein.
Der junge Mann tut Hosen an,
Tät auf die Kammertür,
Ließ ein die Maid, die als Maid
ging nimmermehr herfür.
Bei Sankt Niklas und Charitas!
Ein unverschämt Geschlecht!
Ein junger Mann tut's, wenn er kann,

Is resting in the shade here,
Is resting in the shade there.

There passes by a hunchback
And he looks at her,
And he looks at her here,
And he looks at her there.

Ah! Gentle Jeanette!
I want you to be my sweetheart!
I want you to be my sweetheart here!
I want you to be my sweetheart there!

For me to be your sweetheart
You must cut off your hump!
You must cut off your hump here!
You must cut off your hump there!

Ouch! Go to the devil Jeanette!
I will keep my hump!
I will keep my hump here!
I will keep my hump there!

Three Songs of Ophelia

How should I your true-love know

How should I your true-love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.
He is dead and gone,
Dead and gone, Lady!
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone. O ho!
White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers.
Which bewept to the grave did not go,
With true-love showers.

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day.
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose and donned his clo'es
And dupped the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.
By Gis and by Saint Charity!
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't if they come to't.

fürwahr, das ist nicht recht.
Sie sprach: Eh Ihr gescherzt mit mir,
Verspracht Ihr mich zu frein.
Ich bräch's auch nicht beim
Sonnenlicht,
Wärst du nicht kommen herein.

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß,
Leider, ach leider, den Liebsten!
Manche Träne fiel in des Grabes Schoß
fahr wohl, fahr wohl, meine Taube!
Mein junger frischer Hansel ist's,
der mir gefällt --
und kommt er nimmermehr?
Er ist tot, o weh!
In dein Totbett geh,
er kommt dir nimmermehr.
Sein Bart war weiß wie Schnee,
Sein Haupt wie Flachs dazu.
Er ist hin, er ist hin,
kein Trauern bringt Gewinn:
Mit seiner Seele Ruh
und mit allen Christenseelen!
Darum bet ich! Gott sei mit euch!

Ben Moore:

I am in need of Music

Text by Elizabeth Bishop (1911-1979)

I am in need of music that would flow
Over my fretful, feeling fingertips,
Over my bitter-tainted, trembling lips,
With melody, deep, clear, and liquid-slow.
Oh, for the healing swaying, old and low,
Of some song sung to rest the tired dead,
A song to fall like water on my head,
And over quivering limbs, dream flushed to glow!

There is a magic made by melody:
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool
Heart, that sinks through the fading colors deep
To the subaqueous stillness of the sea,
And floats forever in a moon-green pool,
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.

By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, "Before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed."
He answers: "'So would I 'a' done by
Yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to by bed."

They bore him barefaced on the bier

They bore him barefaced on the bier,
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony
And in his grave rained many a tear-
Fare you well, my dove!
For bonny sweet Robin is
All my joy.
And will 'a not come again?
No, no, he is dead!
Go to thy death bed;
He never will come again.
His beard was white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll.
He is gone, he is gone
And we cast away moan:
God 'a' mercy on his soul!
And of all Christian souls,
I pray God. God bye you!

Stephen Foster:

Beautiful Dreamer

Text by Stephen Foster (1826-1964)

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me;
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee.
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,
Lulled by the moonlight have all passed away.
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,
List while I woo thee with soft melody.
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng.
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

Beautiful dreamer, out in the sea
Mermaids are chanting the wild lorelei.
Over the streamlet vapors are born,
Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.
Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart,
E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea;
Then will all clouds of sorrow depart.
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

John Jacob Niles:

Black is the color of my true love's hair

Text collected and adapted by John Jacob Niles (1892-1980)

Black, black is the color of my true love's hair,
Her lips are something rosy fair,
The pertest face and the daintiest hands
I love the grass whereon she stands.

I love my love and well she knows,
I love the grass whereon she goes;
If she on earth no more I see,
My life will quickly leave me.

I go to troublesome to mourn, to weep,
But satisfied I ne'er can sleep;
I'll write her a note in a few little lines,
I'll suffer death ten thousand times.

Black, black is the color of my true love's hair,
Her lips are something rosy fair,
The pretest face and the daintiest hands
I love the grass whereon she stands.

Ernest Charles:

When I have sung my songs

Text by Ernest Charles (1895-1984)

When I have sung my songs to you,
I'll sing no more.
'Twould be a sacrilege to sing at another door.
We've worked so hard to hold our dreams,
Just you and I.
I could not share them all again
I'd rather die with just the thought
That I had loved so well, so true,
That I could never sing again,
Except to you.

John Duke:

I can't be talkin' of love

Text by Esther Matthews

I can't be talkin' of love, dear,
I can't be talkin' of love.
If there be one thing I can't talk of,
That one thing do be love.

But that's not sayin' that I'm not lovin',
Still water, you know, runs deep,
And I do be lovin' so deep, dear,
I be lovin' you in my sleep.

But I can't be talkin' of love, dear,
I can't be talkin' of love.
If there be one thing I can't talk of,
That one thing do be love.