



Neal Stratford Sharpe
baritone

Christy Wisuthseriwong, piano

Senior Recital

Sunday, November 11, 2007

3:30 pm

Recital Hall, School of Music



THE UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

Program

**O wüsst' ich doch den Weg
Ständchen
Von ewiger Liebe**

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

**Nèère
Fêtes Galantes
L'Incrédule**

Reynaldo Hahn
(1874-1947)

Se a te d'intorno scherza

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Per pietà, bell'idol mio

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra

Francesco Tosti
(1846-1916)

Intermission

Songs of Travel

The Vagabond
Let Beauty Awake
The Roadside Fire
Youth and Love
In Dreams
The Infinite Shining Heavens
Whither must I wander?
Bright is the ring of words
I have trod the upward and the downward slope

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

Neal Sharpe is a student of Dr. Robert Bracey

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

Johannes Brahms

O wußt ich doch den Weg zurück

Text by Klaus Groth (1819-1899)

O wußt ich doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
O warum suchst' ich nach dem Glück
Und ließ der Mutter Hand?

O wie mich sehnet auszuruhn,
Von keinem Streben aufgeweckt,
Die müden Augen zuzutun,
Von Liebe sanft bedeckt!

Und nichts zu forschen, nichts zu spähn,

Und nur zu träumen leicht und lind;
Der Zeiten Wandel nicht zu sehn,
Zum zweiten Mal ein Kind!

O zeig mir doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
Vergebens such ich nach dem Glück,
Ringsum ist öder Strand!

Ständchen

Text by Franz Theodor Kugler (1808-1858)

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut';
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.

Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei,
Mit Flöt' und Geig' und Zither,
Und singen und spielen dabei.

Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
und lispelt "Vergiß nicht mein!"

Von ewiger liebe

Text by Josef Wenzig (1807-1876)

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,

Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:

Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,

Oh, if I only knew the road back,
The dear road to childhood's land!
Oh, why did I search for happiness
And leave my mother's hand?

Oh, how I long to be at rest,
Not to be awakened by anything,
To shut my weary eyes,
With love gently surrounding!

And nothing to search for, nothing to beware
of,
Only dreams, sweet and mild;
Not to notice the changes of time,
To be once more a child!

Oh, do show me the road back,
The dear road to childhood's land!
In vain I search for happiness,
Around me naught but deserted beach and
sand!

Serenade

The moon hangs over the mountain,
So fitting for love-struck people.
In the garden trickles a fountain;
Otherwise, it is still far and wide.

Near the wall, in shadows,
there stand the students three:
with flute and fiddle and zither,
they sing and play there.

The sounds waft up to the loveliest of women,
gently entering her dreams.
She gazes on her blond beloved
and whispers: "Forget me not!"

Of eternal love

Dark, how dark it is in the forest and field!
Night has fallen; the world now is silent.
Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke.
Yes, now even the lark is silent.

From yonder village there comes the young
lad,
Taking his beloved home.
He leads her past the willow bushes,
Talking so much, and of so many things:

"If you suffer shame and if you grieve,
If you suffer disgrace before others because of

Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.
Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:
Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.

Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?
Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergerhen,
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!

Reynaldo Hahn:

Text by Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle
(1818-1894)

Néère

Il me faut retourner aux anciennes amours:
L'Immortel qui naquit de la Vierge Thébaine,
Et les jeunes Désirs et leur Mère inhumaine
Me commandent d'aimer toujours.

Blanche comme un beau marbre, avec ses
roses joues,
Je brûle pour Néère aux yeux pleins de
langueur;
Vénus se précipite et consume mon cœur:
Tu ris, ô Néère, et te joues!

Pour apaiser les Dieux et pour finir mes
maux,
D'un vin mûri deux ans versez vos coupes
pleines;
Et sur l'autel rougi du sang pur des agneaux

Posez l'encens et les verveines.

Fêtes Galantes

Text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Echangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle [fait] maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

me,
Then our love shall be ended ever so fast
As fast as we once came together;
It shall go with the rain and go with the wind,
As fast as we once came together."

Then says the maiden, the maiden says:
"Our love shall never end!
Steel is firm and iron is firm,
Yet our love is firmer still.

Iron and steel can be recast by the smith
But who would transform our love?
Iron and steel can melt;
Our love, our love will have to last forever!"

Neaera

I must return to the loves of old:
The Immortal One, born of the Theban Virgin,
And youthful Desires and their cruel Mother
Command me to love anew.

White as beautiful marble, with her pink
cheeks,
It is Neaera I burn for with her languishing look;
Venus rushes up and consumes my heart:
You laugh, O Neaera, and frolic!

To appease the gods and end my woes,

Fill your goblets with two-year-old wine;

And on the altar, stained with lambs' pure
blood,
Set the incense and verberna.

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

L'Incrédule

Text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Tu crois au marc de café,
Aux présages, aux grands jeux...
Moi, je ne crois qu'en tes grands yeux.
Tu crois aux contes de fées,
Aux jours néfastes, aux souges...
Moi, je ne crois qu'en tes mensonges!

Tu crois en un vague Dieu,
En quelque saint spécial,
En tel "Ave" contre tel mal...
Je ne crois qu'aux heures bleues
Et roses, que tu m'épanches
Dans la volupté des nuits blanches...

Et si profonde est ma foi,
Envers tout ce que je crois,
Et si profonde est ma foi,
Que je ne vis que pour toi!

Gaetano Donizetti:

Se a te d'intorno scherzo

Anonymous

Se a te d'intorno scherza
Un nuovo zeffiretto,
Non resti, oh Dio, negletto!
L'accogli: è un mio sospir.
Quel zeffiro respira
Fin che ti giunga al core;
È un messenger d'amore,
Di gioia, e di martir.

Vincenzo Bellini:

Per pietà, bell'idol mio

Text by Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)

Per pietà, bell'idol mio,
non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;
infelice e sventurato
abbastanza il Ciel mi fa.

Se fedele a te son io,
se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi,
sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi
il mio core, il tuo lo sa.

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.

The Sceptic

You believe in reading coffee-grounds,
omens and Tarot cards;
all I believe in is your eyes.
You believe in fairytales,
unlucky days, and dreams;
all I believe in is your lies.

You believe in a vague divinity,
a special saint
and prayers for specific ailments;
I believe in the blue-and-pink hours
that you generously share with me
through the ecstasy of sleepless nights!

And my faith is so deep
in what I do believe in,
and my faith is so deep
that all I live for is you.

If around you plays
A new little breeze
May it remain not neglected, oh God
Accept it; it is my sign
That the breeze breathes
Until it reaches your heart
It is a messenger of love
of joy, and of my suffering.

For pity's sake, my beautiful idol
do not tell me that I am ungrateful;
unhappy and unfortunate enough
has heaven made me.

That I am faithful to you,
that I languish under your bright gaze,
Love knows, the gods know,
my heart [knows], and yours knows.

Francesco Paolo Tosti:

L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra

Text by Gabriele d'Annunzio (1863-1938)

L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra,
E la mia voluttà dal mio desire.
O dolce stelle, è l'ora di morire.

Un più divino amor dal ciel vi sgombra.

Pupille ardenti, O voi senza ritorno
Stelle tristi, spegnetevi incorrotte!
Morir debbo. Veder non voglio il giorno,
Per amor del mio sogno e della notte.

Chiudimi, O Notte, nel tuo sen materno,
Mentre la terra pallida s'irrorà.
Ma che dal sangue mio nasca l'aurora
E dal sogno mio breve il sole eterno!

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Text by Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)

The Vagabond

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field -
Warm the fireside haven -
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

The dawn divides the darkness from the light,
And my sensual pleasure from my desire,
O sweet stars, the hour of death is now at
hand:

A love more holy sweeps you from the skies.

Gleaming eyes, O you who'll ne'er return,
sad stars, snuff out your uncorrupted light!
I must die, I do not want to see the day,
For love of my own dream and of the night.

Envelop me, O Night in your maternal breast,
While the pale earth bathes itself in dew;
But let the dawn rise from my blood
And from my brief dream the eternal sun.

Let Beauty Awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful
dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber
of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
To render again and receive!

The Roadside Fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your
delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at
night,
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your
room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows
the broom;
And you shall wash your linen and keep your
body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is
near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to
hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the
roadside fire.

Youth and Love

To the heart of youth the world is a
highwayside.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level
land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden
gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

In Dreams

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand
As heretofore:
The unremember'd tokens in your hand
Avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,
Enshrines, endears.
Cold beats the light of time upon your face
And shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept
awhile
And then forgot.
Ah me! but he that left you with a smile
Forgets you not.

The Infinite Shining Heavens

The infinite shining heavens
Rose, and I saw in the night
Uncountable angel stars
Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,
Dumb and shining and dead,
And the idle stars of the night
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow
The stars [looked]¹ over the sea,
Till lo! I looked in the dusk
And a star had come down to me.

Whither must I wander?

Home no more home to me, whither must I
wander?
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and
heather:
Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust.
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-
tree,
The true word of welcome was spoken in the
door -
Dear days of old with the faces in the firelight,
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly
faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the
child.
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the
moorland;
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.
Now when day dawns on the brow of the
moorland,
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone
is cold.
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all
departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the
place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the
moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and the rain, bring
the bees and flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and
valley,
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing
hours.
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood

Fair shine the day on the house with open
door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the
chimney -
But I go for ever and come again no more.

Bright is the ring of words

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them,
Still they are carolled and said -
On wings they are carried -
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.

**I have trod the upward and downward
slope**

I have trod the upward and the downward
slope;
I have endured and done in days before;
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;
And I have lived and loved, and closed the
door.

