

Cass
02378



ELIZABETH BROOKS
soprano

Sharon Johnson, piano

Sunday, November 7, 1999
3:30 p.m.
Recital Hall, Music Building

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

PROGRAM

Ragion sempre addita

Alessandro Stradella
(1645-1681)

Tu mancavi a tormentarmi

Marco A. Cesti
(1620-1669)

Im Abendroth
Rastlose Liebe
Nachtviolen
Die Allmacht

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Intermission

Chant d'Auvergne
Oi Ayai
Pour L'enfant
Chut, Chut
Lou Coucut

Joseph Canteloube
(1857-1949)

Six Elizabethan Songs
Spring
Sleep
Winter
Dirge
Diaphenia
Hymn

Dominick Argento
(b. 1927)

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

TRANSLATIONS

Ragion sempre addita

How dearly are prized true souls
that persevere, or loved
or despised, in faithful endeavor
never changing, no, no.
It follows, I trow.
That faithless astray,
afar from love's way,
I never shall go.
It follows, I trow.

Tu mancavi a tormentarmi

Wilt no longer thou torment me,
cruel hope, no wish fulfilling?
Of fond memories art thou
distilling a new poison escape
to present me?
Mortal anguish so to languish
in the flames of a love consuming,
and my burning wound forebodes
how soon are coming woes
returning, Though my chain do
sorely gall me, I remain,
whatever befall me.

Im Abendroth

O how lovely is Thy world,
Father, when it shines in golden
light, when Thy radiance descends
and paints the dust with luster,
when the red, glowing in the clouds,
falls upon my quiet window!
Could I complain, could I doubt,
lose faith in Thee and myself?
No, I will carry Thy heaven here
in my bosom; and this heart,
before it falls, shall still drink
in Thy glow and lap up Thy light.

Rastlose Liebe

With the snow, the rain, the wind
against me, in misty chasms,
through foggy vapors ever onward.
Oh, without rest and peace
I should rather have sorrows
through which to struggle,
than so many joys of life to endure.

All the affection of one heart for
another, Ah, how strangely that
brings suffering.
How am I to escape?
Should I make for the woods?
All in vain. Crown of life,
happiness without repose,
love, this is what you are!

Nachtviolen

Evening violets, evening violets,
you enchant me with your beauty.
O the rapture, just to gaze upon
your petals blue.
Leaves of bright green spread
their shadows to defend you,
to adorn you,
but you gaze so calm and
silent in the soft spring air.
With your sad mien so exalted,
you have won this heart of mine.
Now there glows through night's
enchanting spell a magic that
unites us.

Die Allmacht

Great is Jehovah, the Lord!
For heaven and earth proclaim
His wonderous power.
You hear it in wild, raging storm,
in the roar of the stream's
thundering call; Great is Jehovah,
the Lord! Mighty is his power.
You hear it in the murmurs of
woodlands and forests, see it in
the waving of golden corn,
in sweet scented flowers' brilliant
array, in stars that fill all the blue
of heaven. Fearful sounds His
thunder's report, and flames from
His lightnings wildly through
the sky. But greater by far your
beating heart still proclaims
Jehovah's power, the everlasting
Lord God. Look to Him on High
and hope for grace and for mercy.
Great is Jehovah, the Lord!

Oi Ayai

'Oh! Yayai! What shall I do?
I haven't a cap!
Pierre goes to the fair,
Pierre buys her one,
Pierre brings it to her,
Pierre gives it to her,
she isn't up yet,
never gets up!
Get up, get up, it's almost light!
Ah, Marguerite, get up!
'Oh! Yayai! What shall I do?
I haven't a petticoat!
Pierre goes to the fair,
Pierre buys her one,
Pierre brings it to her,
Pierre gives it to her,
she isn't up yet,
never gets up!
Get up, get up, it's almost light!
Ah, Marguerite, get up!
'Oh! Yayai! What shall I do?
I haven't a shift.
Pierre goes to the fair,
Pierre buys her one,
Pierre brings it to her,
Pierre gives it to her,
she isn't up yet, never gets up!
'Get up, get up, it's almost light!
Ah, Marguerite, get up!
'Oh! My goodness! How cold it is?
I must get out of bed!
She took the shift,
and the petticoat,
and the bodice,
and the knickers,
and put on the cap,
and the kerchief,
'How beautiful I am!', she said.
And Marguerite got up!

Pour L'enfant

Sleep, sleep, minou, minauno,
sleep, sleep, come to the child!
But sleep doesn't come,
minauno, sleep, minou
minauno, but sleep doesn't come,
and our child can't get to sleep!
Sleep, sleep, minou
minauno, sleep, sleep,
come to the child!

Pass under the table and the
bench, minauno, sleep,
come to the child!

Chut, Chut

My father has found me a job.
It's to go and look after the cows,
hush, hush, hush!
Hush, hush, musn't say it!
Hush, hush, don't make so
much noise, don't make so
much noise!
No sooner had I arrived there,
than my lover met me.
Hush, hush, hush!
Hush, hush, musn't say it!
Hush, hush, don't make so
much noise, don't make so
much noise!
Didn't get as many stitches done,
as he gave me hugs and kisses!
Hush, hush, hush!
Hush, hush, don't make so
much noise, don't make so
much noise!
If there are girls with tidier hair,
they aren't better to kiss!
Hush...

Lou Coucut

The cuckoo is a fine bird,
there's none so fine
as the cuckoo who sings,
as my cuckoo, as your cuckoo
as the other people's cuckoo!
Well? Haven't you heard the
cuckoo sing? Over there,
at the bottom of the meadow
there's a flowery, garnet-red tree
and the cuckoo sings in it.
It's my cuckoo, it's your cuckoo,
it's other people's cuckoo!
Well, Haven't you heard the
cuckoo sing?
And, to be sure, if all the cuckoos
would wear a little bell,
Oh! They'd sound like five
hundred trumpets!
It's my cuckoo, it's your cuckoo,
it's other people's cuckoo!
Well? Haven't you heard the
cuckoo sing?