

UNCSA

**JODI BURNS AND
DMITRI SHTEINBERG
IN RECITAL**

Feb. 14 at 7:30 p.m.

WATSON HALL

Jodi Burns
SOPRANO

Dmitri Shteinberg
PIANO

PRESENTED BY
UNCSA

Brian Cole
CHANCELLOR

Saxton Rose
SCHOOL OF MUSIC, DEAN

JODI BURNS AND DMITRI SHTEINBERG IN RECITAL

This program is dedicated to Angela Vanstory Ward.

“Ich Schwebte”Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)
poem by Karl Friedrich Henckel
(1864-1929)

“Clair de lune”Gabriel Faure
(1845-1924)
poem by Paul Verlaine
(1845-1896)

“Verschwiegene Liebe” Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)
poem by Joseph von Eichendorff
(1788-1857)

“Breit' über mein Haupt”Richard Strauss
poem by Adolf Friedrich von Schack
(1815-1894)

“Green”Gabriel Faure
poem by Paul Verlaine

“Von ewiger Liebe” Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)
folksong adaptation by August Heinrich Hoffman von Fallersleben
(1798-1874)

“Je dis que rien ne m’épouvante” from “Carmen” Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)
libretto by Henri Meilhac
(1830-1897)
and Ludovic Halévy
(1834-1908)

INTERMISSION

**JODI BURNS AND
DMITRI SHTEINBERG IN RECITAL**

“Ebben ne andro lontana” from “La Wally” Alfredo Catalani
(1854-1893)
libretto by Luigi Illica
(1857-1919)

“Nacht” Richard Strauss
poem by Hermann von Gilm
(1812-1864)

“Gretchen am Spinnrade” Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)
poem by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
(1749-1832)

“Songs My Mother Taught Me” Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)
poem by Adolf Heyduk
(1835-1923)

“Fêtes galantes” Reynaldo Hahn
(1874-1947)
poem by Paul Verlaine

“Sure on this Shining Night” Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)
poem by James Agee
(1909-1955)

“Vissi d'arte” from “Tosca” Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)
libretto by Luigi Illica
(1857-1919)

“Love’s Philosophy” Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)
poem by Percy Bysshe Shelley
(1792-1822)

JODI BURNS AND DMITRI SHTEINBERG IN RECITAL

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Ich Schwebе

Ich schwebе wie auf Engelsschwingen,
Die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuß,
In meinen Ohren hör' ich's klingen
Wie der Geliebten Scheidegruß.
Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise,
Das spricht so zage, zart und rein,
Leicht lullt die nachgeklung'ne Weise
In wonneschweren Traum mich ein.
Mein schimmernd Aug' -- indeß mich füllen
Die süßesten der Melodien, --
Sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen
Mein lächelnd Lieb' vorüberziehn

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle
au clair de lune,
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes
parmi les marbres.

Verschwiegene Liebe

Über Wipfel und Saaten
In den Glanz hinein -
Wer mag sie erraten,
Wer holte sie ein?
Gedanken sich wiegen,
Die Nacht ist verschwiegen,
Gedanken sind frei.
Errät es nur eine,
Wer an sie gedacht
Beim Rauschen der Haine,
Wenn niemand mehr wacht
Als die Wolken, die fliegen -
Mein Lieb ist verschwiegen
Und schön wie die Nacht.

I float

I float as if on angels' wings,
My foot hardly touches the earth,
In my ears I hear a sound
Like my love's farewell greeting.
It sounds so sweetly, gently, softly,
It speaks such tender, timid, pure words,
The tune still sounds and lulls me gently
Into bliss-laden dreams.
My glistening eyes—while I'm filled
By the sweetest of melodies—
See my love, without clothes or veil,
Pass smiling by.

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers,
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises.
Singing as they go in a minor key
of conquering love and life's favours,
they do not seem to believe in their fortune
and their song mingles with the
light of the moon,
The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,
that sets the birds dreaming in the trees
and the fountains sobbing in their rapture,
tall and svelte amid
marble statues.

Silent love

Over treetops and cornfields
Into the gleaming light -
Who may guess them,
Who catch them up?
Thoughts go floating,
The night is silent,
Thoughts are free.
If only she could guess
Who has thought of her
In the rustling groves,
When no one else is awake
But the scudding clouds -
My love is silent
And lovely as night.

JODI BURNS AND DMITRI SHTEINBERG IN RECITAL

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Breit' über mein Haupt

Breit' über mein Haupt dein
schwarzes Haar,
Neig' zu mir dein Angesicht,
Da strömt in die Seele so hell und klar
Mir deiner Augen Licht.
Ich will nicht droben der Sonne Pracht,
Noch der Sterne leuchtenden Kranz,
Ich will nur deiner Locken Nacht
Und deiner Blicke Glanz.

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles
et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat
que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux
mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble
présent soit doux.
J'arrive tout couvert encore
de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer
à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos
pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui
la délasseront.
Sur votre jeune sein laissez
rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encor de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous
reposez.

Drape (your black hair) over my head

Unbind your black hair right
over my head,
Incline to me your face!
Then clearly and brightly into my soul
The light of your eyes will stream.
I want neither the glory of the sun above
Nor the gleaming garland of stars,
All I want are your black tresses
And the radiance of your eyes.

Green

Here are flowers, branches,
fruit, and fronds,
And here too is my heart that
beats just for you.
Do not tear it with your two
white hands
And let these humble gifts be
sweet and beautiful for your eyes.
I come all covered still covered all
over with the dew
That the winds of morning comes
to chill on my forehead.
Allow my fatigue to find rest at
your feet for a moment
So that I may dream of the coming
moments that will soothe it.
On your young breast let me
cradle my head
Still resounding with your last kisses;
After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while, since you
are resting.

JODI BURNS AND DMITRI SHTEINBERG IN RECITAL

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Von ewiger Liebe

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,
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 zergehn,
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!“

Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante

Je dis, que rien ne m'épouvante,
Je dis, hélas ! que je répons de moi;
Mais j'ai beau faire la vaillante,
Au fond du cœur, je meurs d'effroi!
Seule en ce lieu sauvage,
Toute seule j'ai peur,
Mais j'ai tort d'avoir peur;
Vous me donnerez du courage,
Vous me protégerez, Seigneur.
Je vais voir de près cette femme
Dont les artifices maudits
Ont fini par faire un infâme
De celui que j'aimais jadis:
Elle est dangereuse, elle est belle,
Mais je ne veux pas avoir peur,
Non, non, je ne veux pas avoir peur,
Je parlerai haut devant elle.
Ah! Seigneur,
Vous me protégerez!

Eternal Love

Dark, how dark in forest and field!
Evening already, and the world is silent.
Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,
And even the lark is silent now too.
Out of the village there comes a lad,
Escorting his sweetheart home,
He leads her past the willow-copse,
Talking so much and of so many things:
'If you suffer sorrow and suffer shame,
Shame for what others think of me,
Then let our love be severed as swiftly,
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.
Let us depart in rain and depart in wind,
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.'
The girl speaks, the girl says:
'Our love cannot be severed!
Steel is strong, and so is iron,
Our love is even stronger still:
Iron and steel can both be reforged,
But our love, who shall change it?
Iron and steel can be melted down,
Our love must endure for ever!'

I say that nothing frightens me

I say that nothing frightens me,
I say, alas! that I could answer for myself;
But no matter how brave I am,
In the depths of my heart I'm dying of fright!
Alone, in this wild place,
All alone, I'm afraid,
But I'm wrong to be afraid;
You will give me courage,
You will protect me, Lord.
I will soon come close to that woman,
Whose accursed means
Have ended up by infaming
The man I once loved.
She is dangerous, she is beautiful,
But I do not want to be afraid,
No, no, I don't want to have fear,
I will speak loudly in front of her,
Ah! Lord,
You will protect me!

JODI BURNS AND DMITRI SHTEINBERG IN RECITAL

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Ah ! Je dis, que rien ne m'épouvante,
Je dis, hélas ! que je répons de moi;
Mais j'ai beau faire la vaillante,
Au fond du cœur, je meurs d'effroi !
Seule en ce lieu sauvage,
Toute seule j'ai peur,
Mais j'ai tort d'avoir peur;
Vous me donnez du courage,
Vous me protégerez, Seigneur.
Protégez-moi, ô Seigneur!
Donnez moi du courage!
Protégez-moi, ô Seigneur!

INTERMISSION

Ebben! Ne andrò lontana

Ebben! Ne andrò lontana
Come va l'eco della pia campana
là fra la neve bianca,
là fra le nubi d'ôr;
laddóve la speranza, la speranza
è rimpianto, è rimpianto, è dolor!

O della madre mia casa gioconda
la Wally ne andrà da te, da te,
lontana assai, e forse a te,
e forse a te, non farà mai più ritorno,
nè più la rivedrai!
Mai più, mai più!

Ne andrò sola e lontana,
là fra la neve bianca, n'andrò,
n'andrò sola e lontana
e fra le nubi d'ôr!

Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!
Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt
die Garben

Ah! I say that nothing frightens me,
I say alas! that I could answer for
myself
But no matter how brave I am,
I'm dying of fright!
Alone, in this wild place,
All alone, I'm afraid,
But I'm wrong to be afraid;
You will give me courage,
You will protect me, Lord.
Protect me, O Lord!
Give me courage!
Protect me, O Lord!

Well then! I'll take off far away

Well then! I'll go off far away
Like the echo of a pious bell
there among the white snow,
there among the clouds of gold,
there where hope, hope
is regret, is regret, is sorrow!

Oh from my mother's joyful home
Wally will go away from you, from you!
far far away, and perhaps to you,
and perhaps to you, she'll return no more,
nor see you any more!
Never again, never again!

I'll go off alone and far away,
There amongst the white snow.
I'll go, I'll go, alone and far away
there among the clouds of gold.

Night

Night steps from the woods,
Slips softly from the trees,
Gazes about her in a wide arc,
Now beware!
All the lights of this world,
All the flowers, all the colours
She extinguishes and steals
the sheaves

JODI BURNS AND DMITRI SHTEINBERG IN RECITAL

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Weg vom Feld.
Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.
Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.
Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.
Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.
Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.
Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.
Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt.
Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss.
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!
Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

From the field.
She takes all that is fair,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof
The gold.
The bush stands plundered:
Draw closer, soul to soul,
Ah the night, I fear, will steal
You too from me.

Gretchen at the spinning-wheel

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.
When he's not with me,
Life's like the grave;
The whole world
Is turned to gall.
My poor head
Is crazed,
My poor mind
Shattered.
My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.
It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
It's only for him
I leave the house.
His proud bearing
His noble form,
The smile on his lips,
The power of his eyes,
And the magic flow
Of his words,
The touch of his hand,
And ah, his kiss!
My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

JODI BURNS AND DMITRI SHTEINBERG IN RECITAL

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn.
Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt'
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

Fêtes galantes

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent 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,
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

My bosom
Yearns for him.
Ah! if I could clasp
And hold him,
And kiss him
To my heart's content,
And in his kisses
Perish!

Gallant Parties

The gallant serenaders
And their fair listeners
Exchange sweet nothings
Beneath singing boughs.
Tircis is there, Aminte is there,
And tedious Clitandre too,
And Damis who for many a cruel maid
Writes many a tender song.
Their short silken doublets,
Their long trailing gowns,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the rapture
Of a grey and roseate moon,
And the mandolin jangles on
In the shivering breeze.

JODI BURNS AND DMITRI SHTEINBERG IN RECITAL

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Vissi d'arte

Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore,
non feci mai male ad anima viva!
Con man furtiva
quante miserie conobbi aiutai.
Sempre con fè sincera
la mia preghiera
ai santi tabernacoli sali.
Sempre con fè sincera
diedi fiori agl'altar.
Nell'ora del dolore,
perché, perché, Signore,
perché me ne rimunerì così?
Diedi gioielli della Madonna al manto,
e diedi il canto agli astri, al ciel,
che ne ridean più belli.
Nell'ora del dolor
perché, perché, Signor,
ah, perché me ne rimunerì così?

I lived for art

I lived for art, I lived for love
I never did harm to a living soul
With a furtive hand
so many troubles I encountered I soothed
Always with sincere faith
my prayer
rose to the holy tabernacles
Always with sincere faith
I gave flowers to the altars
In my hour of sorrow,
why, why, Lord,
why do you repay me so?
I gave jewels to the Madonna's mantle
and I gave my singing to the stars in heaven
which then shone more beautifully
In my hour of sorrow
why, why, Lord
Oh, why do you repay me so?

BIOGRAPHY

JODI BURNS, SOPRANO

Jodi Burns has been described as singing with a “plush voice and rich expressivity” (The New York Times) and “a golden pure voice with beauty in all ranges” (Cultural Voice of North Carolina). In her appearance in the Southeastern premiere of Kevin Puts’ “Silent Night,” (Piedmont Opera), The Winston-Salem Journal noted, “Burns dazzled with her lustrous soprano and bright charisma. The production is elevated whenever she appears on stage.”

In performance with Piedmont Opera as Laretta in Puccini’s “Gianni Schicchi” reviews noted: “Hers is a golden pure voice with beauty in all ranges” (Peter Perret/Cultural Voice of North Carolina) and “bringing coquettish enchantment reminiscent of Marilyn Monroe... [she] sang Puccini’s soaring melodic lines with unflinching musicality and lustrous tone. Burns had the audience in the palm of her hand from her first note” (Voix des Arts).

Other recent appearances include: Strauss’ “Four Last Songs” with the Western Piedmont Symphony, and with Piedmont Opera, she starred in two Donizetti operas; in the title role as Maria Stuarda (“Mary Queen of Scots”), and Adina in “The Elixir of Love.”

In North Carolina Burns sings frequently with the Winston-Salem Symphony, the North Carolina Symphony and the Piedmont Wind Symphony. Her collaborations with the PWS have also included a concert of her own compositions with her band Judy Barnes, as well as in duet with Ben Folds during his “Home for the Holidays” concert.

She holds a Bachelor of Music Education from The Ohio State University, and in 2011 she earned her Master of Music from the University of North Carolina School of the Arts (UNCSA) Fletcher Opera Institute, where she studied with Marilyn Taylor. She is a member of the voice faculty at UNCSA.

BIOGRAPHY

DMITRI SHTEINBERG, PIANO

Dmitri Shteinberg is privileged to partner with UNCSA faculty Jodi Burns for this program. Always active as an accompanist and vocal coach during his years in New York, Shteinberg was one of the studio pianists for the late Patricia Misslin, an acclaimed voice teacher whose students included Renee Fleming and Stephanie Blythe. He also played for the studios of Theodor Uppman (the creator of the title role in “Billy Budd”) and Mignon Dunn. Among the more adventurous programs were the complete Britten canticles, the Shostakovich Blok cycle, Handel oratorios (on the harpsichord), as well as role preparations and coaching Russian and Hebrew (for a Carnegie Hall performance of John Harbison’s “Four Psalms”). Shteinberg is also grateful for the mentorship he received from an important pianist and coach Raymond Beegle and the late harpsichordist and musicologist Kenneth Cooper.

UNCSA MANIFESTO

We Believe

ARTISTS enrich our culture, enlighten our society, lift our spirits, and feed our souls.

Integrative **ART EDUCATION** from an early age sparks a lifetime of creative thinking, powerful self-expression, and innovative problem solving.

Rigorous **ARTISTIC TRAINING** empowers our students and graduates to engage our communities, advance local and global creative industries, and inspire the world.

ART ORGANIZATIONS improve the quality of life and place in big cities and small communities, transforming them from merely livable to truly lovable.

UNC SCHOOL OF THE ARTS nurtures the talent, hones the craft, and develops the unique voices of emerging artists. We realize the full potential of exceptionally creative and passionate students to do their best work and become their best selves.

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

The School of Music gives talented young artists the opportunity to perfect their musical talent and prepare for life as professional musicians. Our training includes both private instruction and public performance experience, including more than 150 recitals and concerts presented each year. This performance experience, combined with career development opportunities and studies in music theory, literature and style, provides the ultimate training to help young musicians grow as both artists and professionals.

DEAN'S CIRCLES

The Dean's Circles support each of the five arts schools at UNCSA — Dance, Design & Production, Drama, Filmmaking and Music. Dean's Circle members support the school of their choosing with an annual gift of \$5,000 or more in support of discretionary funds, scholarships, or other fundraising priorities. Members enjoy special events and opportunities to interact with the school's dean, faculty and students. If you are interested in joining one or more UNCSA Dean's Circles, please contact Shannon Wright, Director of Development for Leadership Annual & Family Giving, at wrights@uncsa.edu or **336-770-1427**.

DEAN'S CIRCLE FOR THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Bergstone
Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm M. Brown
Mr. and Mrs. F. Hudnall Christopher, Jr.
Mr. Henry W. Church
Ms. Jean C. Davis
Mr. and Mrs. Barry A. Eisenberg
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Fort, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. John E. Gehring
Mrs. Katherine B. Hoyt
Dr. and Mrs. Frederic R. Kahl
Mr. Thomas S. Kenan III
Mr. Joseph P. Logan
Mr. and Mrs. R. Elliott McBride
Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus R. McBride
Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. McNair
Dr. Jane Pfefferkorn and Mr. William G. Pfefferkorn
Mr. and Mrs. William R. Watson
Mr. and Mrs. John D. Wigodsky
Ms. Patricia J. Wilmot

THE ASSOCIATES

The Associates, UNCSA's volunteer organization, invites you to join them. For more information about the organization and volunteer opportunities, visit www.uncsa.edu/associates or email them at UNCSAassociatesportal@uncsa.edu.

UNCSA

Pacifica Quartet with Anthony McGill

Feb. 21 at 7:30 p.m.

WATSON HALL

The Pacifica Quartet is joined by New York Philharmonic principal clarinetist Anthony McGill in a program of music by Brahms and Dvořák, plus new music. Formed in 1994, the Pacifica Quartet quickly won chamber music's top competitions, including the 1998 Naumburg Chamber Music Award.

Winter Dance

Feb. 23-25 at 7:30 p.m.

Feb. 26 at 2 p.m.

STEVENS CENTER

Winter Dance will highlight the strengths of both ballet and contemporary students in an exciting program of works of vastly different styles by George Balanchine, Claudia Schreier, Darrell Grand Moultrie and Shen Wei.

UNCSA Symphony Orchestra: Orchestral Premieres

Feb. 25 at 7:30 p.m.

CRAWFORD HALL

Faculty-artist Mark A. Norman leads the UNCSA Symphony Orchestra in the premieres of new works by UNCSA composition students – an inspiring performance showcasing the future of music.