

BURNS AND SHT STEINBERG

JODI BURNS AND DMITRI SHTEINBERG IN RECITAL

Dec. 6 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

Meine Liebe ist grün Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Suleika Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

Auf dem Wasser zu singen Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

V tak mnohem srdci mrdvo jest Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

Ich atmet einen Linden duft..... Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Liebst du um schonheit..... Gustav Mahler

Die Mainacht..... Johannes Brahms

Ah, Love but a Day Amy Beach
(1867-1944)

INTERMISSION

L'heure exquise Reynaldo Hahn
(1874-1947)

Notre Amour..... Gabriel Faure
(1845-1924)

JODI BURNS AND DMITRI SHTEINBERG IN RECITAL

Cancion tonta	Silvestre Revueltas (1899-1940)
El Caballito	Silvestre Revueltas
Palomita.....	Manuel M. Ponce (1882-1948)
Al Amor	Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)
Corazon porque pasais	Fernando Obradors
Del Cabello mas sutil	Fernando Obradors
De los alamos vengo Madre.....	Joaquin Rodrigo (1901-1999)
Ouvre ton Coeur	Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
Lost in the Stars	Kurt Weill (1900-1950)
What Good Would the Moon Be	Kurt Weill

BIOGRAPHIES

JODI BURNS

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 B.M. from Ohio State University, and in 2011 she earned her M.M. 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.

BIOGRAPHIES

DMITRI SHTEINBERG

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.

JODI BURNS AND DMITRI SHTEINBERG IN RECITAL

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

PART I

Junge Lieder I: Meine Liebe ist grün

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch
Und mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne;
Die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch
Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne.

Meine Seele hat Schwingen der Nachtigall
Und wiegt sich in blühendem Flieder,
Und jauchzet und singet vom Duft berauscht
Viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

German source: Felix Schumann

Suleika

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;
Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.

Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;
Ach, für Leid müßt' ich vergehen,
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.

Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.

Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.
German source: Marianne von Willemer

Auf dem Wasser zu singen

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen

PART I

Songs of Youth I: My love's as green

My love's as green as the lilac bush,
And my sweetheart's as fair as the sun;
The sun shines down on the lilac bush,
Fills it with delight and fragrance.

My soul has a nightingale's wings
And sways in the blossoming lilac,
And, drunk with fragrance, exults and sings
Many a love-drunk song.

English translation © Richard Stokes

Suleika

Ah, West Wind, how I envy you
Your moist pinions:
For you can bring him word
Of what I suffer away from him!

The movement of your wings
Wakes silent longing in my heart;
Flowers, meadows, woods and hills,
Dissolve in tears where you blow.

Yet your mild, gentle breeze
Cools my sore eyelids;
Ah, I'd surely die of grief,
Did I not hope to see him again.

Hurry, then, to my beloved,
Whisper softly to his heart;
Take care, though, not to sadden him,
And hide from him my anguish.

Tell him, but tell him humbly:
That his love is my life,
His presence here will fill me
With happiness in both.
English translation © Richard Wigmore

To be sung on the water

Amid the shimmer of the mirroring waves

JODI BURNS AND DMITRI SHTEINBERG IN RECITAL

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn;
Ach, auf der Freude sanft
schimmernden Wellen
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen
Tanzet das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.

the rocking boat glides, swan-like,
on gently shimmering waves
of joy.
The soul, too, glides like a boat.
For from the sky the setting sun
dances upon the waves around the boat.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines
Winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein;
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines
Säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines
Atmet die Seel' im errötenden Schein.

Above the tree-tops of the western grove
the red glow beckons kindly to us;
beneath the branches of the eastern grove
the reeds whisper in the red glow.
The soul breathes the joy of heaven,
the peace of the grove, in the reddening glow.

Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit.
Morgen entschwinde mit
schimmerndem Flügel
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,
Bis ich auf höherem strahlendem Flügel
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.
German source: Stolberg-Stolberg, Graf zu

Alas, with dewy wings
time vanishes from me on the rocking waves.
Tomorrow let time again
vanish with shimmering
wings, as it did yesterday and today,
until, on higher, more radiant wings,
I myself vanish from the flux of time.
English translation © Richard Wigmore

V tak mnohém srdci mrtvo jest

V tak mnohém srdci mrtvo jest,
jak v temné pustině,
v něm na žalost a na bolest,
ba, místa jedině.

So many a heart is as though dead

So many a heart is as though dead,
as in a dark wasteland;
yea, only for grief and for pain
does it have room.

Tu klamy lásky horoucí
v to srdce vstupuje,
a srdce žalem prahnoucí,
to mní, že miluje.

Then delusions of burning love
enter into that heart,
and the heart, yearning in misery,
believes that it loves.

A v tomto sladkém domnění
se ještě jednou v ráj
to srdce mrtvé promění
a zpívá, zpívá, starou báj!
Czech source: Gustav Pflieger-Moravský

And in this sweet belief
the dead heart once again
transforms itself into a paradise
and sings the old tale!
English translation © David Beveridge

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!
Im Zimmer stand

I breathed a gentle fragrance!

I breathed a gentle fragrance!
In the room stood

JODI BURNS AND DMITRI SHTEINBERG IN RECITAL

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Ein Zweig der Linde,
Ein Angebinde
Von lieber Hand.
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!
Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!
Das Lindenreis
Brachst du gelinde;
Ich atme leis
Im Duft der Linde
Der Liebe linden Duft.
German source: Friedrich Rückert

A spray of lime,
A gift
From a dear hand.
How lovely the fragrance of lime was!
How lovely the fragrance of lime is!
The spray of lime
Was gently plucked by you;
Softly I breathe
In the fragrance of lime
The gentle fragrance of love.
English translation © Richard Stokes

Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.
Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr.
Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.
Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.
German source: Friedrich Rückert

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair.
If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
Which is young each year.
If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
Who has many shining pearls.
If you love for love,
Ah yes, love me!
Love me always,
I shall love you ever more.
English translation © Richard Stokes

Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond durch
die Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht
über den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

May Night

When the silvery moon gleams
through the bushes,
And sheds its slumbering light
on the grass,
And the nightingale is fluting,
I wander sadly from bush to bush.

Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber
ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Covered by leaves, a pair of doves
Coo to me their ecstasy;
but I turn away,
Seek darker shadows,
And the lonely tear flows down.

JODI BURNS AND DMITRI SHTEINBERG IN RECITAL

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches
wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich
auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab.
German source:
Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty

When, O smiling vision, that shines
through my soul
Like the red of dawn, shall I find you
here on earth?
And the lonely tear
Quivers more ardently down my cheek.
English translation © Richard Stokes

PART II

L'heure exquise (1870)

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.
French source: Paul Verlaine

Notre amour

Notre amour est chose légère,
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.

PART II

Exquisite hour

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines...

Exquisite hour.
English translation © Richard Stokes

Our love

Our love is light and gentle,
Like fragrance fetched by the breeze
From the tips of ferns
For us to breathe while dreaming.

JODI BURNS AND DMITRI SHTEINBERG IN RECITAL

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

- Notre amour est chose légère.
Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.
- Notre amour est chose charmante.

- Our love is light and gentle.
Our love is enchanting,
Like morning songs,
Where no regret is voiced,
Quivering with uncertain hopes.
- Our love is enchanting.

Notre amour est chose sacrée,
Comme le mystère des bois
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.
- Notre amour est chose sacrée.

Our love is sacred,
Like woodland mysteries,
Where an unknown soul throbs
And silences are eloquent.
- Our love is sacred.

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.

Our love is infinite
Like sunset paths,
Where the sea, joined with the skies,
Falls asleep beneath slanting suns.

Notre amour est chose éternelle,
Comme tout ce qu'un Dieu vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du cœur,
- Notre amour est chose éternelle.
French source: Armand Silvestre

Our love is eternal,
Like all that a victorious God
Has brushed with his fiery wing,
Like all that comes from the heart,
- Our love is eternal.
translation © Richard Stokes

Canción tonta

(from Cinco Canziones de Ninos)
Mamá
yo quiero ser de plata.
Hijo,
tendrás mucho frío.

Mamá.
Yo quiero ser de agua.
Hijo,
tendrás mucho frío.

Mamá.
Bórdarme en tu almohada.
¡Eso sí!
¡Ahora mismo!
Poem: Federico Garcia Lorca

Silly song

(Español)
Mama,
I want to be made of silver.
Son,
you'll be very cold.

Mama,
I want to be made of water.
Son,
you'll be very cold.

Mama.
Embroider me in your pillow.
Of course!
Right away!
Poem: Federico Garcia Lorca

JODI BURNS AND DMITRI SHTEINBERG IN RECITAL

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

El Caballito

(from Cinco Canziones de Ninos)
Caballito que uncido al carro corres
Dime tu para que brille, dime tu.

Caballito que uncido al carro corres
Dime tu para que brille tu pelo tanto.

Como te las compones?
Sudando, sudando, sudando.
Poem: Federico Garcia Lorca

Palomita

Palomita vamos a mi tierra,
Y sermos felices los dos,
Gozaremos lo que un alma encierra
Y estaremos en gracia de dios.

Porque quiero de ti separarme?
Tengo otros amores, tengo otros consuelos?

Palomita vamos a mi tierra,
Y sereos felices los dos.
Palomita.
Text: Traditional

Al Amor

Dame, Amor, besos sin cuento
Asido de mis cabellos
Y mil y ciento tras ellos
Y tras ellos mil y ciento
Y después...
De muchos millares, tres!
Y porque nadie lo sienta
Desbaratemos la cuenta
Y... contemos al revés.
Spanish source: Cristobal de Castillejo

¿Corazón, porque pasáis ?

¿Corazón, porqué pasáis
Las noches de amor despierto

The Little Horse

(from Cinco Canziones de Ninos)
Little horse, yoked to your cart you run,
Tell me how you shine so, tell me.

Little horse, yoked to your cart you run,
Tell me how your coat shines so.

How do you do it?
Sweating, sweating, sweating.
Poem: Federico Garcia Lorca

Little Dove

Little dove let's go to my homeland,
And there we two will be happy
We will enjoy that which envelopes the soul,
And we will be in God's grace.

Why do I want to separate myself from you?
Do I have other lovers, other comforts?

Little dove let's go to my homeland,
And there we two will be happy.
Little dove.
Text: Traditional

To Love

Give me, Love, kisses without number,
your hands seizing my hair,
give me eleven hundred of them,
and eleven hundred more,
and then...
many more thousands, and three more!
And so that no one may know,
let's forget the tally
and...count backwards.
English translation © Richard Stokes

Heart, why are you passing (the nights of love)

Heart, why are you passing by
The nights of love awake

JODI BURNS AND DMITRI SHTEINBERG IN RECITAL

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Si vuestro dueño descansa
En los brazos de otro dueño?
Spanish source: Anonymous

If your owner rests
In the arms of another?
Spanish source: Anonymous

Del cabello más sutil

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.

From the finest hair

From the finest hair
in your tresses
I wish to make a chain
to draw you to my side.

Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.
Spanish source: Traditional

In your house, young girl,
I'd fain be a pitcher,
to kiss your lips
whenever you went to drink. Ah!
English translation © Richard Stokes

De los álamos vengo, madre

De los álamos vengo, madre,
de ver cómo los menea el aire.

I come from the poplars, mother

I come from the poplars, mother,
from seeing the breezes stir them.

De los álamos de Sevilla,
de ver a mi linda amiga,
de ver cómo los menea el aire.

From the poplars of Sevilla,
from seeing my sweet love,
from seeing the breezes stir them.

De los álamos vengo, madre,
de ver cómo los menea el aire.
Anonymous

I come from the poplars, mother,
from seeing the breezes stir them.
Spanish translation © Richard Stokes

Ouvre ton cœur

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.
Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?
Ouvre ton cœur à mon amour.

Open your heart

The daisy has closed its petals,
darkness has closed the eyes of day,
will you, fair one, be true to your word?
Open your heart to my love.

Ouvre ton cœur, ô jeune ange,
à ma flamme,
Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil.
Je veux reprendre mon âme,
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!
French source: Louis Delâtre

Open your heart to my ardour,
young angel,
that a dream may charm your sleep -
I wish to recover my soul,
as a flower unfolds to the sun!
English translation © Richard Stokes

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.

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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.

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UNIVERSITY

UNCSA Cantata Singers Holiday Concert

Dec. 10 at 2 p.m.

HOME MORAVIAN CHURCH

Embrace the holiday season with the beautiful music of the UNCSA Cantata Singers in this annual concert. Led by renowned faculty artist James Allbritten, the Cantata Singers are a dynamic vocal ensemble made up of talented students studying voice and opera at UNCSA. With a program of beloved repertoire, this concert promises to be an unforgettable celebration.

Decoda

Jan. 20 at 7:30 p.m.

WATSON HALL

UNCSA welcomes guest ensemble Decoda, a unique group of exemplary performers and passionate advocates for music in communities around the world, for a concert and residency. The ensemble will perform a concert that spans time and place — from the extraordinary medieval abbess Hildegard von Bingen to Valerie Coleman to Chick Corea. Some of the selections appear in unusual guises, having been transformed from the original, often by members of Decoda itself. These include the beautiful antiphon to St. Rupert by Hildegard, and Corea's magical Children's Songs, where the composer suggests: "Play them and play with them, re-harmonize, improvise, orchestrate" — in perfect alignment with Decoda's mission.