

Anima Vox

Carole Ott Coelho, voice
Tadeu Coelho, flute and alto flute

with
Robert Rocco, piano and harpsichord
and guests
Saxton Rose, bassoon
Danté Thomas, percussion

Watson Chamber Music Hall
Saturday, April 2, 2022 • 7:30 p.m.

Presented by

UNC School of the Arts
Brian Cole, Chancellor

School of Music
Saxton Rose, Dean



uncsa.edu/performances

Anima Vox

Iam diu dilecte mi Jesu, Motett, Op. 20, Isabella Leonarda
for voice, flute & continuo (c. 1700) (1620 - 1704)

Anima Vox
Robert Rocco, harpsichord
Saxton Rose, bassoon

Kimsa harawicha (Three Songs), Daniel Cueto
for soprano and alto flute (2017) (b. 1986)

Urqupi chu kañasqay
Patibamballay
Kacharpari

Anima Vox

Improvisation on the poem “Regina Coeli,” Anima Vox
by Auta de Souza, for flute and voice

Anima vox

Estudo de Virtuosidade No. 13, for solo flute (c. 1929) Pedro de Assis
(1873 - 1947)

Tadeu Coelho, flute

Improvisation on the poem “The Painted Lady,” Anima Vox
by Margaret Danner, for flute and voice

Anima Vox

Danza de la Mariposa, for solo flute (2011) Valerie Coleman
(b. 1970)

Tadeu Coelho, flute

Songs of Laurence Hope, Henry Thacker Burleigh
arranged for voice, flute and piano, (1915) (1866 - 1949)

Worth While arr. Anima Vox
The Jungle Flower
Kashmiri Song
Among the Fuchsias

Anima Vox
Robert Rocco, piano

Hombres Necios, for soprano, flute, piano, Phoebe Pylant
and percussion (2021) (world premiere) (b. 2007)

Anima Vox
Danté Thomas, percussion
Robert Rocco, piano

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Iam diu dilecte mi Jesu

Iam diu, dilecte mi Jesu, te concupivi

For a long time, my beloved Jesus, I have longed for you

O blande amor, te suspiravi, et non invenio.

Oh kind love, I sigh and do not find you.

Me miseram, quid faciam? ergo pergamne dare membra saporī? Ah, non potius circumam ubique, nec desistam ni invenero.

Poor me, what should I do? then go on to give the limbs to the taste? Ah, I'd rather go around everywhere, and don't stop unless I find you.

O vos milites generosi, quorum gloriae in certamine consurgunt, si quem diligit anima mea in bello vidistis, indicite, indicite mihi ubi cubat, ubi quiescet si eum contendam, si impugnat caput hostili, nam ad certamen parata sum.

Oh you noble soldiers, whose glory they rise in battle, if you have seen anyone in war, tell me, tell me where he lies, where he will rest, if I should contend with him, if he assails the head of an enemy, for I am ready to fight.

Resonate ergo tube, resonate. Dicite ad arma. Non paveo. Non timeo. Ad certamen parata sum.

Sound then trumpets, sound. Call to arms. I am not afraid. I'm ready to fight.

Resonate, ergo, tube. Ad certamen parata sum. O demens, si credideris in bello, mi Amor pacis frustra amor non plus non plus labores. Ah potius ad undarum delicias, ad cristalini fontis latebras

Sound, then, trumpets. I'm ready to fight. Oh madness, if you believe in war, my love of peace is vain love, no more hardships. Ah rather the delights of the waves, the hiding places of the crystalline spring.

Grato limpharum murmure fluctuans pascitur Amor meus. Ad fontes, ad limphas, ad celeris volo. Transcendens litora, dilectum colo.

My love is fed by the grateful murmur of the waves. To the fountains, to the waters, to the speedier. Transcending beaches, I cherish my choice.

Fluctuantis cordis mei syren suavis es mihi gravis.

You are the sweet syren of my fluctuating heart.

Nam mihi nondum venit optatus
cantus, O Amor,

O Amor tantus.

Quid possunt suspiria, quid labores, o
mi dilecte, si volitans in undis
confugis a me?

Sed quid doleo, quid languedo?

Quiesce, cor meum. Ecce in umbris
sylvis optatus amor, iam incolo in
amplexus. Hic sisto pedem. In
umbris laetis sylvis latet meus
amor.

Velox, vero, felix vado. Sponsum
quaero meum.

Heu misera, amore fervens frustra
circuo sylvas, frustra vagor per
hortos.

Ah, non invenio. Forsan in vertice
montis quiescet amor meus.

Iam conscendo colles, iam montes
apricos.

O amor meus, optata spes, culpas
non reus, nam clemens es.

Te solum quaero. Beata fors, in te
nunc spero, nec vincat mors.

Dilecte, quo tendis? Ah plus non
iocare, ne diu morare, languentem
non pendis.

Consolare me, queso, quia amore
languedo.

Veni tandem, veni, O dilecte optime.

Veni, veni, mi amor. Ah toties suspiro
te.

For me the desired result has not yet
come to the song, Oh Love,

Oh love so great.

What can sighs, what travails, O my
beloved, if you flee from me, hovering
in the waves?

But of what am I sorry? of what am I
sick? Rest still, my heart. Behold, in
the shade of the woods the longed-
for love, I now live in your embrace.
Check back here. My love lies in the
happy shades of woods.

Quick, true, happy go. I'm looking for
my spouse.

Alas, miserable, I wander around the
woods in vain, I wander through the
gardens in vain.

Ah, I can't find it. Perhaps my love will
be quiet on the top of the mountain.

Now I'm climbing the hills, now the
sunny mountains.

Oh my love, my longed-for hope, not
guilty of my faults, for you are
merciful.

I'm looking for you alone. Blessed is
chance, in you now I hope, and death
will not prevail.

Beloved, whither are you going? Ah
no more joking, lest you procrastinate
long.

Comfort me, I beg you, because I am
sick of love.

I have come at last, come, O best
beloved.

Come, come, my love. Ah, I sigh so
often.

Kimsa harawicha (Three Songs)

URQUPI ICHU KAÑASQAY

Urqupi ichu kañasqay

Qasapi ichu kañasqay
Kunankamachus rawracha
kunankamachus rupacha

Hinalla rawrakuptinqa
Hinalla rupariptinqa
Warma wiqichaykiwan
Challaykuy!
Warma wiqichaykiwan
Chasnuykuy!

*Ichu: a valuable grass of the upper Andes that is used as forage and for thatching.

PATIBAMBALLAY

Patibamballay
Patisachallay
Sunqu ruruchaykiqa
qurimantas kasqa
qullqimantas kasqa

KACHARPARI

Kunanmi ripunay punchaw.
manam kunanqa ripusaqchu,
paqarinñam.
Lluqsiptiy qawawankichik
chuspi tullu waqachichkaqta,
kusikusi llikamanta unanchantinta;
tinyaymi sisipa runtun kanqa
Muntirayqá? Muntirayqa
qintipa qisanmi kanqa!

THE ICHU THAT I BURNED ON THE MOUNTAIN

The ichu* that I burned on the mountain

The ichu that I burned at the top
perhaps it is still in flames
perhaps it is still ablaze

If it's still in flames

If it's still ablaze

With your child tears
(please) Smother it!

With your child tears
(please) Put it out!

PATIBAMBALLAY

Oh tree
Tree of Patibamba
nobody knew
that your heart was made of gold
that your chest was made of silver.

FAREWELL

This is the day of my departure.
I'm not leaving today, but tomorrow.
You will watch me depart
playing a whistle made from a fly's
bone
bearing, as a flag, a spider web
My drum will be the egg of an ant
And my headpiece? My headpiece
will be a hummingbird's nest!

Regina Coeli”

Toda a pureza do Amor,
Todo o feitiço do olhar,
Orvalho a cair na flor,
Serenos a cair no Mar...

All the purity of Love,
All the spell of the look,
Dew falling on the flower,
Serene falling into the sea...

Tudo em teu nome palpita,
Tudo embriaga e seduz,
Como a delicia infinita
De um paraíso de luz.

Everything in your name throbs,
Everything intoxicates and seduces,
like the infinite delight
From a paradise of light.

E, n'um canto repassado
De lyrismo que extasia,
Teu nome vive embalado,
Teu nome santo, ó Maria!

And, in a forgotten corner
Of ecstatic lyrism,
Your name lives wrapped,
Thy holy name, O Mary!

Four Songs

Worth While

I asked of my desolate shipwrecked soul
“Wouldst thou rather never have met
The one whom thou lovedst beyond control
And whom thou adorest yet?”
Back from the senses, the heart, the brain,
Came the answer swiftly thrown,
“What matter the price? We would pay it again,
We have had, we have loved, we have known!”

The Jungle Flower

Thou art one of the jungle flowers, strange and fierce and fair,
Palest amber, perfect lines, and scented with champa flower.
Lie back and frame thy face in the gloom of thy loosened hair;
Sweet thou art and loved — ay, loved — for an hour.
But thought flies far, ah, far, to another breast,
Whose whiteness breaks to the rose of a twin pink flower,
Where wind the azure veins that my lips caressed
When Fate was gentle to me for a too-brief hour.

Kashmiri Song

Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
Where are you now? [Who lies beneath your spell?]¹
Whom do you lead on Rapture's roadway, far,
Before you agonise them in farewell?
Oh, pale dispensers of my Joys and Pains,
Holding the doors of Heaven and of Hell,
How the hot blood rushed wildly through the veins
Beneath your touch, until you waved farewell.
Pale hands, pink tipped, like Lotus buds that float
On those cool waters where we used to dwell,
I would have rather felt you round my throat,
Crushing out life, than waving me farewell!

Among the Fuchsias

Call me not to a secret place
When daylight dies away,
Tempt me not with thine eager face
And words thou shouldst not say.
Entice me not with a child of thine,
Ah, God, if such might be,
For surely a man is half divine
Who adds another link to the line
Whose last link none may see.

Call me not to the Lotus Lake
That drooping fuchsias hide,
What if my latent youth awakes
And will not be denied?
Ah, tempt me not for I am not strong
(Thy mouth is a budded kiss)
My days are empty, my nights are long.
Ah, why is a thing so sweet so wrong,
As thy temptation is?

Hombres Necios "Foolish Men"

by Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz (1648-1695)

Translation: Michael Smith, from Poets.org

Hombres necios que acusáis
a la mujer, sin razón,
sin ver que sois la ocasión
de lo mismo que culpáis;

si con ansia sin igual
solicitáis su desdén,
por qué queréis que obren bien
si las incitáis al mal?

Combatís su resistencia
y luego, con gravedad,
decís que fue liviandad
lo que hizo la diligencia.

Parecer quiere el denuedo
de vuestro parecer loco,
al niño que pone el coco
y luego le tiene miedo.

Queréis, con presunción necia,
hallar a la que buscáis
para pretendida, Thais,
y en la posesión, Lucrecia.

¿Qué humor puede ser más raro
que el que, falto de consejo,
él mismo empaña el Espejo
y siente que no esté claro?

Con el favor y el desdén
tenéis condición igual,
quejándoos, si os tratan mal,
burlándoos, si os quieren bien.

Opinión, ninguna gana,
pues la que más se recata,
si no os admite, es ingrata,
y si os admite, es liviana.

You foolish men who lay
the guilt on women,
not seeing you're the cause
of the very thing you blame;

if you invite their disdain
with measureless desire
why wish they well behave
if you incite to ill.

You fight against her resistance
and then, with a grave face
you said that it was promiscuity
what diligent effort won.

In all your crazy shows
you act just like a child
who plays the bogeyman
of which he's then afraid.

With foolish arrogance
you hope to find a Thais
in her you court, but a Lucretia
when you've possessed her.

What kind of mind is odder
than his who mists
a mirror and then complains
that it's not clear?

Their favour and disdain
you hold in equal state,
if they mistreat, you complain,
you mock if they treat you well.

No woman wins esteem of you:
the most modest is ungrateful
if she refuses to admit you;
yet if she does, she's loose.

¿Cuál mayor culpa ha tenido
en una pasión errada:
la que cae de rogada,
o el que ruega de caído?

¿O cuál es de más culpar,
aunque cualquiera mal haga;
la que peca por la paga
o el que paga por pecar?

¿Pues, para qué os espantáis
de la culpa que tenéis?
Queredlas cual las hacéis
o hacedlas cual las buscáis.

Bien con muchas armas fundo
que lidia vuestra arrogancia,
pues en promesa e instancia
juntáis diablo, carne y mundo.

Who has embraced
the greater blame in passion?
She who, solicited, falls,
or he who, fallen, pleads?

Or who is more to blame,
even if both do act incorrectly:
she who sins for a wage
or he who pays to sin?

Why be outraged at the guilt
that is of your own doing?
Love them the way you make them
or make them the way you want
them.

Patent is your arrogance
that fights with many weapons
since in promise and insistence
you join world, flesh and devil.

BIOGRAPHIES

CAROLE OTT COELHO is Associate Director of Choral Activities at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro (UNCG). Her degrees include the Master of Music and Doctor of Musical Arts in conducting from the University of Michigan where she studied with Jerry Blackstone. She also holds a Bachelor of Music in music education from the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music where her primary instrument was horn. While pursuing graduate studies at the University of Michigan, Ott Coelho received a double Grammy for her role in the preparation of William Bolcom's "The Songs of Innocence and of Experience."

At UNCG, Ott Coelho directs the University Chorale and Women's Glee Club. She also teaches undergraduate and graduate conducting and graduate seminars in choral music. Additionally, she is the director of the Eastern Music Festival Choral Institute. Ott Coelho frequently appears as clinician and guest conductor both regionally and nationally and has spent several summers on the faculty at the Interlochen Summer Arts Camp and Blue Lake Fine Arts Camp in Michigan. Ott Coelho is a recipient of The American Prize in choral conducting (college/university division). An active soprano, Ott Coelho's vocal interests center around early music and improvisation. Recent research interests include free improvisation in the choral setting, vocal chamber music and the music of Josquin des Prez.

TADEU COELHO has been a resident artist/professor of flute at the North Carolina School of the Arts (UNCSA) since the fall of 2002. He has served as associate professor of flute at the University of Iowa from 1997-2002, as assistant professor of flute at the University of New Mexico from 1992-1997, and as visiting professor at the Ino Mirkovich Music Academy in Croatia. He has performed as first solo flutist of the Santa Fe Symphony, the Hofer Symphoniker in Germany and the Spoleto Festival Orchestra in Italy, among others, including guest appearances with the Boston Symphony in the summer of 1996.

A recipient of many awards and scholarships, including the Rockefeller Foundation, Fideicomiso para la cultura México/EUA, USIA/Fulbright,

LASPAU and CAPES, Coelho received his Doctor of Musical Arts degree from the Manhattan School of Music as a student of Julius Baker and Ransom Wilson. Started on the flute by his father, Coelho also studied with Keith Underwood, Thomas Nyfenger, Andrew Lolya and Arthur Ephross. Coelho gave his New York recital debut at Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall in April of 1992. In his native Brazil, Coelho studied also with Spartacco Rossi, João Dias Carrasqueira and Jean Noel Sagaard.

He is an avid proponent of new music and the music of the Americas. He has commissioned, performed, and recorded works by notable composers. His solo CDs include: "Nocturnes," "18th Century Flute Sonatas," "Modernly Classic," "Life Drawing" (works for solo flute), "iRompel!" (chamber music from Mexico), "Flutists of the World" and "Flute Music from Brazil." His other recordings include "Live from New Orleans" with Quarteto Vivace Brasil, and "Latin Voices" with his wife Carole Ott Coelho as part of the Anima Vox duo. His published works are available at Flute World. Coelho is a Miyazawa artist.

Anima Vox is an innovative flute and soprano duo specializing in seamless concert experiences and free improvisation. Flutist Tadeu Coelho and soprano Carole Ott Coelho blend their voices in ways that are simultaneously striking and ethereal. Always striving to diversify the chamber music field, the duo's repertoire ranges from Gregorian Chant to free improvisation and everything in between. For more information, please visit animavoxduo.com.

PHOEBE PYLANT is a flutist, pianist, harpist and soprano from the metro Atlanta area. She started writing flute duets at age 10. Since then she has composed prolifically for various instruments and ensembles. She was the Georgia winner and Southeast regional runner-up for the Music Teachers' National Association (MTNA) composition competition (junior division) in 2020. The following year Juan Ramirez of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra named her the 2021 Georgia winner of the inaugural statewide music composition competition hosted by Ztunes Music. Aside from her instruments and composing, she also enjoys painting, reading and knitting. She is currently studying flute with Tadeu Coelho in the UNCSA School of Music high school program.

UNCSA MANIFESTO

We Believe

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

Integrative **arts 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.

Arts 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.

DEAN'S COUNCILS FOR UNCSA

The Dean's Councils support each of UNCSA's five arts schools - Dance, Design & Production, Drama, Filmmaking, and Music. Dean's Council members support the school of their choosing with an annual gift of \$5,000 or more, work closely with the Dean to advance that school's mission and fundraising priorities, and enjoy a deeper relationship with the Dean and students of the school. If you are interested in joining one of these groups of committed individuals, please contact Vice Chancellor for Advancement Lissy Garrison at 336-770-3329 or garrisonl@unca.edu.

DEAN'S COUNCIL FOR THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm M. Brown

Mr. and Mrs. F. Hudnall Christopher, Jr.

Mr. Henry W. Church

Ms. Jean C. Davis

Mr. and Mrs. Drew M. Dixon

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Driscoll

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. Elliott McBride

Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus R. McBride

Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. McNair

Dr. Kathryn Mitchener

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 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.

UPCOMING PERFORMANCES

Billy Hunter and Anna Stoytcheva in Recital

Sunday, April 3, 2022 • 3 p.m.
Watson Chamber Music Hall

Billy Hunter, principal trumpet with the MET Opera Orchestra and professor of trumpet at the University of Texas at Austin, performs a recital with pianist Anna Stoytcheva.

UNCSA Guitar Studios in Recital

Tuesday, April 5, 2022 • 7:30 p.m.
Watson Chamber Music Hall

UNCSA students from the guitar studios perform in recital.

UNCSA Wind Ensemble in Concert: Of Our New Day Begun

Thursday, April 7, 2022 • 7:30 p.m.
Stevens Center

UNCSA presents the premieres of newly commissioned arrangements of marches and cotillions for concert band by Francis “Frank” Johnson, one of the most respected and sought-after bandleaders in New England in the early 19th century.

Johnson wrote over 200 works and was a pioneer for musicians in the young nation of his time. He was the first published African American composer in the U.S. and the first to integrate a music ensemble. In 1937, his band was the first to travel to Buckingham Palace via invitation from Queen Victoria, who presented him with a silver bugle in appreciation.

Chamber Commissions

Saturday, April 9, 2022 • 7:30 p.m.
Watson Chamber Music Hall

UNCSA faculty and students premiere works by composition students commissioned by an anonymous donor.

UNCSA

uncsa.edu/performances