
**CAPTIVE HEART: A
FLETCHER ALUMNI
RECITAL WITH EMILY
NEWTON**

Sept. 7, 2024 at 7:30 pm

WATSON HALL

Emily Newton*

SOPRANO

Joshua Rupley*

PIANIST

*JAMES ALLBRITTEN DISTINGUISHED GUEST
ARTIST IN OPERA

PRESENTED BY
UNCSA

Brian Cole

CHANCELLOR

Saxton Rose

SCHOOL OF MUSIC, DEAN

UNCSA

**CAPTIVE HEART:
A FLETCHER ALUMNI RECITAL WITH EMILY NEWTON**

from "Tannhäuser" (1845) Richard Wagner
(1813-1883)

Act II - "Dich, teure Halle"

Four Songs, Op. 35 Amy Beach
(1867-1944)

Night (translated from Ernst Scherenberg)
Allein! (Heinrich Heine)
Nähe des Geliebten (Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)
Forget-me-not (Henry Harris Aubrey Beach)

from "Il Trovatore" (1853) Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Act 1 - "Tacea la notte placida...Di tale amor"

from Madama Butterfly (1904) Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

INTERMISSION

12 Poems of Emily Dickinson Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

Nature, the gentlest mother
There came a wind like a bugle
Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
The world feels dusty
Heart, we will forget him
Dear March, come in!
Sleep is supposed to be
When they come back
I felt a funeral in my brain
I've heard an organ talk sometimes
Going to Heaven!
The Chariot

BIOGRAPHIES

EMILY NEWTON

Performing leading roles across a diverse repertoire, American soprano, Emily Newton, has established a reputation as an artist deeply committed to musical and dramatic expression. The *Süddeutsche Zeitung* enthused, “She sings and plays with a truth that is absolutely fascinating, and you can feel this in every nuance of Newton’s performance. Her Marschallin is a woman of today, and she imbues her with lyricism and drama, and a seemingly effortlessly produced vocal elegance.”

A member of the ensemble at Staatstheater Nürnberg since 2018/19, she has sung several leading roles, including the Marschallin (“*Der Rosenkavalier*”), Leonora (“*Il Trovatore*”), Ellen Orford (“*Peter Grimes*”), Elsa (“*Madama Butterfly*”), Èlisabeth (“*Don Carlo*”), Ursula (“*Mathis der Maler*”), Mimi (“*La bohème*”), Alice Ford (“*Falstaff*”), Contessa (“*Le nozze di Figaro*”), Donna Elvira (“*Don Giovanni*”), Rosalinde (“*Die Fledermaus*”), and Anna Nicole (“*Anna Nicole*”). In 2022, she created the role of Joan Clarke in the world premiere of Anno Schreier’s new opera, “*Turing*.” In the 2024/25 season she will appear in roles such as Lady Macbeth and Senta in Nürnberg and Elisabetta (“*Don Carlos*”) in Koblenz, among others. In addition to her operatic performances, she will give art song concerts in North Carolina, New Jersey, Augsburg and Nürnberg.

Other complete roles have included Desdemona, Arabella, Tatiana, Leonore (“*Fidelio*”), Lady Macbeth, Nedda, Fiordiligi, Anna Bolena, Donna Anna, Hanna Glawari, Micäela, and Female Chorus (“*The Rape of Lucretia*”). She has also sung at theaters such as the Wiener Staatsoper, Lisbon’s Teatro Nacional de São Carlos, Oper Frankfurt, Mannheim National Theater, Saarländisches Staatstheater Saarbrücken, Anhaltisches Theater Dessau, Theater Aachen, Theater Koblenz, Theater Hagen, Glimmerglass Opera, Opera Saratoga, Opera New Jersey, Opera in the Heights and Amarillo Opera, as well as working as a cover at The Metropolitan Opera, Bayreuth Festival and Oper Zürich.

On the concert stage, she joined the Dortmunder Philharmoniker for Mahler’s 8th Symphony, which was recorded live and released on the Dreyer Gaido label. Newton has performed the soprano solos in “*Vier letzte Lieder*,” “*Knoxville: Summer of 1915*,” Verdi’s *Messa da Requiem*, Debussy’s “*La Damaïsselle Èlue*,” Beethoven’s *Mass in C*, *Missa Solemnis* and 9th Symphony, Brahms’s *Requiem*, “*Elijah*,” “*The Creation*,” Mahler’s *Zweite Symphonie*, and Schubert’s “*Mirjam’s Siegesgesang*”

BIOGRAPHIES

Pursuing her interest in helping the next generations of singers achieve their own performance goals, Newton teaches voice at the University of Augsburg and maintains a small studio of private voice students. She has given workshops for the Opernstudio at Staatstheater Nürnberg and has also given presentations and master classes to students at Boston University, Depaul University, University of Miami, Ithaca College, Rice University, SUNY Fredonia, Mary Hardin Baylor University, Brazosport College, Austin College and the American Institute of Musical Studies in Graz, Austria.

Newton is from Lake Jackson, TX. She received her Bachelor of Music degree at the University of North Texas and continued her studies at the University of North Carolina School of the Arts, where she completed a Master of Music as an A.J. Fletcher Opera Institute fellow. She recently completed her Master of Arts in voice pedagogy at the Voice Study Centre and the University of Wales Trinity Saint David.

JOSHUA RUPLEY

American pianist Joshua Rupley grew up surrounded by the rugged natural beauty of New Mexico. As a homeschooled child, his education consisted of exploring nature, culture, and science with all his senses. From an early age he dove into diverse interests: poetry, politics, geology, linguistics, physics, music and whatever else came his way. As a teenager, he founded a club that brought young people to the state capital of Santa Fe to meet politicians and bring their concerns before the state legislature. As an actor and later director, he founded a theater troupe for teenagers, with which he performed classic stage works by Shakespeare, Molière, and Oscar Wilde.

Rupley received his first musical instruction at the age of 11 and made rapid progress. At 14, he began taking conducting lessons with Gabriel Gordon, and at 15, he had the opportunity to conduct one of his own compositions for symphony orchestra in concert. At 16, he organized his own first piano recital and won his first competition two years later. For the re-founding of the New Mexico Philharmonic, he was invited to perform Franz Liszt's "Totentanz" ("Dance of the Dead") for piano and orchestra.

BIOGRAPHIES

At the University of New Mexico, Rupley was the first fine arts student ever to receive the prestigious Regents Scholarship, the highest scholarship of the university. This enabled him to study piano under Falko Steinbach (Bachelor of Music) and German Language & Literature (Bachelor of Arts) simultaneously there.

He has always shown fascination for language: As a child, he was often busy inventing new languages and writing books in them. As a teenager, he took private Latin lessons. While a college student, he acquired the German language at an accent-free academic level within 6 months and then emigrated to Germany at the age of 20, to the cradle of European classical music.

After moving to Germany, he continued his studies at the Hochschule für Musik Würzburg with Inge Rosar and Silke-Thora Matthies. He attended master classes by Andrzej Jasinski and Markus Schirmer.

He completed a Master of Music in piano under Silke-Thora Matthies and a Master of Music in German lieder interpretation under Gerold Huber. During the master's programs, he was awarded the Deutschlandstipendium twice in a row. His song trio with soprano Anna-Lena Müller and mezzo-soprano Lena Elisabeth Vogler was supported by the Yehudi Menuhin Foundation.

He won prizes in various piano competitions, such as the Jackie McGehee Young Artists Competition (1st prize), the Olga Kern International Piano Competition (4th prize) and the Euregio International Piano Competition Geilenkirchen (Diploma).

In February 2017, Rupley was awarded a new Yamaha C3X grand piano on loan for one year by the Yamaha Music Foundation of Europe scholarship competition, which he was able to buy afterwards thanks to the generous support of many sponsors. He was also sponsored by the Seiler Pianoforte Company in Kitzingen, Germany. In 2022, he bought a Steinway Model B grand piano.

CAPTIVE HEART: A FLETCHER ALUMNI RECITAL WITH EMILY NEWTON

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

“TANNHÄUSER,” ACT II - “DICH, TEURE HALLE”

Dich, teure Halle, grüß ich wieder,
Froh grüß ich dich, geliebter Raum!
In dir erwachen seine Lieder
Und wecken mich aus düstrem Traum.
Da er aus dir geschieden,
Wie öd erschienst du mir!
Aus mir entfloh der Frieden,
Die Freude zog aus dir.

You, dear hall, I greet again.
I greet you joyfully, beloved room!
In you his songs awake
and rouse me from a troubled dream.
When he departed from you,
how dull you seemed to me!
Peace flew out of me
and joy drained out of you.

Wie jetzt mein Busen hoch sich hebet,
So scheinst du jetzt mir stolz und hehr.
Der mich und dich so neu belebet,
Nicht weilt er ferne mehr.
Sie mir gegrüßt!
Du, teure Halle, sei mir gegrüßt!

And now my bosom is raised high
as you now seem to me, proud & noble.
He who brings you and me to life anew
is no longer wandering far away.
I greet you!
You, dear hall, I greet you!

FOUR SONGS, OP. 35

Night

'Tis night; all silent, dreaming,
The earth in slumber lies;
While far above, high in the heaven
gleaming,
Slowly the stars arise.

'Tis night; in memory's vision,
From happy days of yore,
Come starry dreams of bliss departed
Forevermore,
Forever, evermore.

trans. from Ernst Scherenberg

CAPTIVE HEART: A FLETCHER ALUMNI RECITAL WITH EMILY NEWTON

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

ALLEIN!

Allein!

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

I stood darkly dreaming
And stared at her picture,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

About her lips
A wondrous smile played,
And as with sad tears,
Her eyes gleamed.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab!

And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

Heinrich Heine

Translation by Richard Stokes, author of
"The Book of Lieder" (Faber, 2005)

NÄHE DES GELIEBTEN

Ich denke dein, wenn mir der Sonne
Schimmer
Vom Meere strahlt;
Ich denke dein, wenn sich des Mondes
Flimmer
In Quellen malt.

I think of you, when the shimmering sun
Gleams from the sea;
I think of you, when the glittering moon
Is mirrored in streams.

Ich sehe dich, wenn auf dem fernen
Wege
Der Staub sich hebt;
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf dem
schmalen Stege
Der Wanderer bebt.

I see you, when on the distant path
Dust rises;
In deep night, when on the narrow
bridge
The traveller trembles.

CAPTIVE HEART: A FLETCHER ALUMNI RECITAL WITH EMILY NEWTON

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

NÄHE DES GELIEBTEN

Ich höre dich, wenn dort mit dumpfem
Rauschen

Die Welle steigt.

Im stillen Haine geh ich oft zu lauschen,

Wenn alles schweigt.

I hear you where, with muffled roar

The wave rears up.

In the silent wood I often hearken

When all is silent.

Ich bin bei dir, du seist auch noch so
ferne,

Du bist mir nah!

Die Sonne sinkt, bald leuchten mir die
Sterne.

O wärst du da!

I am with you, however far away you
be,

You are by my side!

The sun sets, soon the stars will shine
for me.

Ah! were you but here!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Translation by Richard Stokes, author of
"The Book of Lieder" (Faber, 2005)

FORGET-ME-NOT

Forget-me-not

From the depths of thy lovely eyes,

My dear forget-me-not,

Comes the truth that never dies,

And the blue from heaven above.

In the sparkle the sunlight gleams,

My dear forget-me-not,

And I live in their golden beams,

For my heart is captive there!

When grief lends her pearls to their
light,

My own forget-me-not,

Deny me no longer the right

To love and protect thee for aye.

Henry Harris Aubrey Beach

CAPTIVE HEART: A FLETCHER ALUMNI RECITAL WITH EMILY NEWTON

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

“IL TROVATORE,” ACT 1 - “TACEA LA NOTTE PLACIDA...DI TALE AMOR

Tacea la notte placida
e bella in ciel sereno.
La luna il viso argento
mostrava lieto e pieno...
Quando suonar per l'aere,
Infino allor sì muto,
Dolci s'udiro e flebili
gli accordi d'un liuto,
e versi melanconici
un Trovator canto.

Versi di preci ed umile
qual d'uom che prega Iddio
in quella ripeteasi
Un nome...il nome mio!
Corsi al veron sollecita...
Egli era! egli era desso!
Gioia provar che agli angeli
solo è provar concesso!
Al core, al guardo estatico
la terra un ciel sembrò.

Di tale amor, che dirsi
mal può dalla parola,
d'amor che intendo io sola,
il cor s'inebriò.

Il mio destino compiersi
non può che a lui dappresso...
S'io non vivrò per esso, per esso,
per esso morirò!

The serene night was silent
and lovely in the calm sky.
The moon happily revealed
its silvery full face...
When, resounding in the air
which until then had been so quiet,
sweet and sad were heard
the sounds of a lute,
and a troubadour
sang some melancholy verses.

Verses, beseeching and humble,
like a man praying to God:
and in them was repeated
a name...my name!
I ran eagerly to the balcony...
There he was! It was he!
I felt a joy that only the angels
are allowed to feel!
To my heart, my ecstatic eyes,
the earth seemed like heaven!

With such love that words
can scarcely tell,
of a love that only I know,
my heart is intoxicated.

My fate can be fulfilled
only at his side.
If I can't live for him,
then for him I'll die.

CAPTIVE HEART: A FLETCHER ALUMNI RECITAL WITH EMILY NEWTON

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

“MADAMA BUTTERFLY,” ACT II - “UN BEL DÌ, VEDREMO”

Piangi? Perchè? perchè?
Ah, la fede ti manca...
Senti.

You are crying? Why? Why?
Ah, you lack faith...
Listen.

Un bel dì, vedremo
levarsi un fil di fumo
dall'estremo confin del mare.
E poi la nave bianca
entra nel porto,
romba il suo saluto.
Vedi? È venuto!
Io non gli scendo incontro. Io no.
Mi metto là sul ciglio del colle e
aspetto,
e aspetto gran tempo e non mi pesa,
la lunga attesa.

One fine day we will see
a little smoke rising
on the far horizon of the sea.
And then the white ship will appear,
enter the port,
and rumble its greetings.
You see? It came!
I don't go down to meet him. Not me.
I stand there on the summit of the hill
and wait, and wait a long time, without
tiring
of the long vigil.

E uscito dalla folla cittadina
un uomo, un picciol punto
s'avvia per la collina.
Chi sarà? chi sarà?
E come sarà giunto
che dirà? che dirà?
Chiamerà Butterfly dalla lontana.
Io senza dar risposta
me ne starò nascosta
un po' per celia...
e un po' per non morire al primo
incontro,
ed egli al quanto in pena chiamerà,
chiamerà: piccina mogliettina
olezzo di verbena,
i nomi che mi dava al suo venire.

And departing out of the city crowd
a man, a small point,
goes to the hill.
Who could it be? Who could it be?
And how will he arrive?
What will he say? What will he say?
He will call Butterfly over the distance.
I won't give an answer.
I will hide myself from view
partly to tease him...
and partly not to die at the first
meeting,
and he will call for me in yearning,
he will call: little wife,
scent of verbena,
the names that he gave to me when he
first arrived.

Tutto questo avverrà, te lo prometto.
Tienti la tua paura,
io consciura fede l'aspetto.

All this will happen, I promise you.
Keep your fear.
I trust faithfully during the vigil.

CAPTIVE HEART: A FLETCHER ALUMNI RECITAL WITH EMILY NEWTON

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

12 POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON

1. Nature, the gentlest mother

Nature, the gentlest mother
Impatient of no child,
The feeblest or the waywardest, -
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill
By traveller is heard,
Restraining rampant squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation,
A summer afternoon, -
Her household, her assembly;
And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles
Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket,
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep
She turns as long away
As will suffice to light her lamps;
Then, bending from the sky,

With infinite affection
And infiniter care,
Her golden finger on her lip,
Wills silence everywhere.

2. There came a wind like a bugle

There came a wind like a bugle,
It quivered through the grass,
And a green chill upon the heat
So ominous did pass

CAPTIVE HEART: A FLETCHER ALUMNI RECITAL WITH EMILY NEWTON

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

We barred the windows and the doors
As from an emerald ghost
The doom's electric moccasin
That very instant passed.

On a strange mob of panting trees,
And fences fled away,
And rivers where the houses ran
The living looked that day,

The bell within the steeple wild,
The flying tidings whirled.
How much can come and much can go,
And yet abide the world!

3. Why do they shut me out of
Heaven?

Why -- do they shut me out of Heaven?
Did I sing -- too loud?
But -- I can sing a little minor,
Timid as a bird.

Wouldn't the angels try me --
just -- once -- more --
Just -- see -- if I troubled them --
But don't -- shut the door!

Oh if I -- were the Gentlemen
in the White [Robe]
and they -- were the little Hand -- that
knocked --
Could -- I -- forbid?

Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
Did I sing too loud?

CAPTIVE HEART: A FLETCHER ALUMNI RECITAL WITH EMILY NEWTON

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

4. The world feels dusty

The world feels dusty,
when we stop to die...
We want the dew then
Honors taste dry...

Flags vex a dying face
But the least fan
stirred by a friend's hand
Cools like the rain

Mine be the ministry
when thy thirst comes...
Dews of thyself to fetch
and holy balms.

5. Heart, we will forget him

Heart, we will forget him
You and I, tonight.
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I [my thoughts may dim];
Haste! lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him!

CAPTIVE HEART: A FLETCHER ALUMNI RECITAL WITH EMILY NEWTON

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

6. Dear March, come in!

Dear March, come in!
How glad I am!
I looked for you before.
Put down your hat -
You must have walked -
How out of breath you are!
Dear March, how are you?
And the rest?
Did you leave Nature well?
Oh, March, come right upstairs with me,
I have so much to tell!

I got your letter, and the bird's;
The maples never knew
That you were coming, - I declare,
How red their faces grew!
But, March, forgive me -
And all those hills
You left for me to hue,
There was no purple suitable,
You took it all with you.

Who knocks? that April?
Lock the door!
I will not be pursued!
He stayed away a year, to call
When I am occupied.
But trifles look so trivial
As soon as you have come,
That blame is just as dear as praise
And praise as mere as blame.

7. Sleep is supposed to be

Sleep is supposed to be,
By souls of sanity,
The shutting of the eye.

CAPTIVE HEART: A FLETCHER ALUMNI RECITAL WITH EMILY NEWTON

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Sleep is the station grand
Down which on either hand
The hosts of witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be,
By people of degree,
The breaking of the day.

Morning has not occurred!
That shall aurora be
East of Eternity;

One with the banner gay,
One in the red array, -
That is the break of day.

8. When they come back

When they come back -- if Blossoms do --
I always feel a doubt
If Blossoms can be born again
When once the Art is out --

When they begin, if Robins may,
I always had a fear
I did not tell, it was their last Experiment
Last Year,

When it is May, if May return,
Has nobody a pang
Lest in a Face so beautiful
He might not look again?

If I am there -- One does not know
What Party -- One may be
Tomorrow, but if I am there
I take back all I say --

CAPTIVE HEART: A FLETCHER ALUMNI RECITAL WITH EMILY NEWTON

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

9. I felt a funeral in my brain

I felt a funeral in my brain,
And mourners to and fro,
Kept treading, treading, till it seemed
That sense was breaking through.

And when they all were seated
A service like a drum
Kept beating, beating, till I thought
My mind was going numb.

And then I heard them lift a box,
And creak across my soul
With those same boots of lead.
Then space began to toll

As all the heavens were a bell,
And Being but an ear,
And I and silence some strange race,
Wrecked, solitary, here.

And then a plank in reason, broke,
And I dropped down and down --
And hit a world at every plunge,
And finished knowing -- then --

(A. Copland sets stanzas 1-4)

10. I've heard an organ talk sometimes

I've heard an organ talk sometimes
In a cathedral aisle
And understood no word it said
Yet held my breath the while...

And risen up and gone away,
A more Bernardine girl
And know not what was done to me
In that old hallowed aisle.

CAPTIVE HEART: A FLETCHER ALUMNI RECITAL WITH EMILY NEWTON

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

11. Going to Heaven!

Going to Heaven!
I don't know when,
Pray do not ask me how, -
Indeed I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to Heaven! -
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first
Save just a little place for me
Close to the two I lost!
The smallest "robe" will fit me,
And just a bit of "crown";
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home.

I'm glad I don't believe it
For it would stop my breath,
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious earth!
I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

12. The Chariot

Because I could not stop for Death --
He kindly stopped for me --
The carriage held but just ourselves --
and Immortality.

**CAPTIVE HEART:
A FLETCHER ALUMNI RECITAL WITH EMILY NEWTON**

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

We slowly drove -- he knew no haste,
And I had put away
My labour, and my leisure too
For His Civility --

We passed the school, where children
played,
We passed the fields of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
a swelling of the ground;
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries; but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity.

UNCSA MISSION

The University of North Carolina School of the Arts provides gifted emerging artists with the experience, knowledge, and skills needed to excel in their disciplines and in their lives, and it serves and enriches the cultural and economic prosperity of the people of North Carolina and the nation. UNCSA is the state's unique professional school for the performing, visual, and moving image arts, training students at the high school, undergraduate, and master's levels for professional careers in the arts.

(Approved by the UNC Board of Governors 2/2014)

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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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UNCSA Symphony Orchestra

Sept. 14 at 7:30 p.m.

CENTENARY UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

The UNCSA Symphony Orchestra opens its season with Music Director Robert Franz leading a program that features composers striving to evoke the sound and spirit of their people. Antonín Dvořák struggled to loosen the formal German structures prevalent in his time and express his identity as a Bohemian composer.

He accomplished this beautifully in his magnificent Symphony No. 8, where those Bohemian flavors come into play. Similarly, legendary jazz icon Duke Ellington sought to elevate the music of African Americans in his historic first Carnegie Hall concert in 1943 that presented his panoramic symphonic masterpiece “Black, Brown, and Beige.” Pulitzer Prize-winner Jennifer Higdon’s “Spirit” opens the concert.

Black Mountain Trio: The Path of Romanticism

Sept. 24 at 7:30 p.m.

WATSON HALL

Come journey with the Black Mountain Trio, composed of School of Music faculty artists, on the “Path of Romanticism” as they present three notable stops along the way: Mendelssohn’s delightful First Piano Trio; Dvořák’s well-known “Dumky” Piano Trio in E minor, Op. 90 (the six dumky movements are examples of a Bohemian musical genre that features sudden key changes and tempos, from slow and gloomy to fast and exuberant); and in-between Martinů’s “Bergerettes” shows a transition point from the late Romantic to the Modernist era.

The fact that Martinů composed this 1939 trio in Paris might account for its French title, as a “bergerette” is a shepherdess’ rustic song of earlier times. The Black Mountain Trio is Dmitri Vorobiev, piano; Kevin Lawrence, violin; and Brooks Whitehouse, cello.

FRANZ
DVOŘÁK
ELLINGTON
HIGDON