

UNCSA

OF RIVER AND FIELD

Aug. 25 at 4:30 p.m.

WATSON HALL

Andrea Edith Moore

SOPRANO

Grace Anderson

CELLO

David Heid

PIANO

PRESENTED BY

UNCSA

Brian Cole

CHANCELLOR

Saxton Rose

SCHOOL OF MUSIC, DEAN

OF RIVER AND FIELD

Chanson d'Amour Amy Beach

In manus tuas..... Caroline Shaw

Grace Anderson, solo cello

Little River Songs Poems and Music by Jennifer Higdon

Little River
Blue Smoke

INTERMISSION

Through the Window Poems and Music by Kenneth Frazelle

Holly Ridge
Heat
Little Dog
Hurricane
Piano
Row on Row
Dog Interlude
Graduation
Through the Window
Storefront Winda
An Ending

PROGRAM NOTES

Amy Beach was one of the first successful American female composers of her day, achieving large scale commissions despite having never gone to study in Europe as her contemporaries would have done. In 1896, Beach was the first American Woman to receive a premiere of a symphonic work with a major orchestra, the Gaelic Symphony with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Chanson D'amour immerses us in the soundscape of the soprano, cello, piano trio and is Beach's setting of Victor Hugo's romantic poem is her own take on the European/French tradition of *mélodie*.

Jennifer Higdon's "Little River Songs" were written about the river and landscapes in the mountains of Eastern Tennessee near the composer's childhood home. A new resident of the North Carolina Piedmont, Higdon finds herself closer to home yet still returns to these Tennessee locales from her upbringing.

Dangerous parts of the "Little River" have been infamously known for terrible drownings, sometimes accidental and sadly sometimes purposeful in moments of deep despair. The solace of the "Blue Smoke" blankets the rolling Appalachians and hearken a familiar folk tune in a trio depicting the land, the mist and the air.

In manus tuas by North Carolina native and Pulitzer Prize winning Caroline Shaw is based on a 16th century motet by Thomas Tallis. While there are only a few slices of the piece that reflect exact harmonic changes in Tallis' setting, the motion (or lack of) is intended to capture the sensation of a single moment of hearing the motet within a large space. — Caroline Shaw

"Through the Window" is an exploration of events in my mother's earlier years. She was born in a rural area during the Great Depression. She picked cotton and worked in tobacco, and eventually graduated from college. Like her own mother, she was widowed at a young age, and sacrificed a great deal to provide for her three young children.

The songs depict both the exuberance of childhood and life's difficult times. One song "Storefront Winda" is devoted to her mother, my grandmother.

Over the years, I've noticed that some of my mother's stories shift - even contradict each other. This idea of "Misremembering" intrigues me, and occurs throughout the cycle. — Kenneth Frazelle

"Through the Window" was commissioned by Mallarmé Chamber Players with support from the North Carolina Arts Council's "Come Hear North Carolina" grant initiative and underwritten by a gift from Linda and Stuart Nelson.

BIOGRAPHIES

GRACE ANDERSON

Praised for her “transforming performance” (Classical Voice of North Carolina), cellist Grace Anderson has concertized throughout North America and Europe. Highlights include solo and chamber music concerts at the Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall, Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center, Los Angeles County Museum of Art, festivals including the Caramoor and Aspen International Festivals, and chamber music concerts in Canada, France, Germany and the Netherlands.

In North Carolina, where she now lives, Anderson has performed with the Mallarmé Chamber Players, on the Secret Artists Series at Wake Forest University, and at UNC Chapel Hill and the University of North Carolina School of the Arts. Her 2023-24 season includes concerts in Germany and Peru, and at North Carolina’s Davidson College and UNC Wilmington. In addition to performing, Grace teaches and directs cello workshops in which she arranges music of all genres for cello ensemble.

Anderson plays cellos made by Giovanni Francesco Pressenda and Marten Cornelissen and a bow made by François-Nicholas Voirin.

DAVID HEID

David Heid is currently on the faculty at Duke University where he is the Director of Duke Opera Theater as well as serving on the piano faculty, working with singers and teaching a class in collaborative piano. Heid is in demand throughout the region as a collaborative artist and has worked with many of the area’s leading organizations including the North Carolina Symphony, North Carolina Opera, Mallarmé Chamber Players, Opera Wilmington, Chamber Orchestra of the Triangle, Duke Symphony, Durham Chorale Society, Raleigh Chamber Music Guild, Theater in the Park, Thompson Theater Summerfest, Long Leaf Opera and Triangle Opera. He was previously on staff of the renowned Juilliard School in New York City.

Heid has had a lengthy career as a collaborative pianist enjoying work with generations of leading singers. Among the singers he has worked with include Jennifer Johnson Cano, Susan Dunn, Marisa Galvany, Leah Hawkins, William Stone and Christine Weidinger and cellist Bonnie Thron.

Heid has been privileged to serve as pianist for masterclasses given by legendary performers such as Renee Fleming, Yo-Yo Ma and Simon Estes. He is a proud graduate of SUNY Fredonia School of Music.

BIOGRAPHIES

ANDREA EDITH MOORE

Andrea Edith Moore “wows audiences with her powerful and flexible soprano voice, her acting ability, and her dedication and drive” (CVNC). Andrea enjoys a range of collaborations with artists including Vladimir Ashkenazy, Gerhardt Zimmermann, David Zinman, Eighth Blackbird and Michelle Dorrance. Equally at home in the music of our time and of the distant past, she has starred in roles ranging from “The Countess” to Sara in Higdon’s “Cold Mountain.”

Moore’s commitment to voices from her home state of North Carolina has led her to commission and premiere works by Kenneth Frazelle, Allen Anderson, Robert Ward and numerous others. Moore developed, premiered and recorded Daniel Thomas Davis’s “Family Secrets: Kith and Kin,” “a major new work and fascinating new chamber opera.” (Fanfare Magazine) and was nominated for a 2022 Grammy under producer Elaine Martone’s “Classical Producer of the Year” nod. On her second album “My Soul is All But Out of Me,” featuring four living American composers, “Moore sings these songs with a glowing voice. She inhabits them thoroughly.” (American Record Guide)

Moore is a prizewinner in the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, was a fellow at the Blackbird Creative Lab and has twice received the Yale School of Music Alumni Award. She holds degrees from Yale University, Peabody Conservatory and UNCSA.

OF RIVER AND FIELD

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Chanson d'Amour

L'aube naît, et ta porte est close !
Ma belle, pourquoi sommeiller ?
À l'heure où s'éveille la rose
Ne vas-tu pas te réveiller ?

Chorus:
Ô ma charmante,
Écoute ici
L'amant qui chante
Et pleure aussi !

Toute frappe à ta porte bénie
L'aurore dit : Je suis le jour !
L'oiseau dit : Je suis l'harmonie !
Et mon cœur dit : Je suis l'amour!

Chorus 1x

Je t'adore, ange, et t'aime, femme.
Dieu qui pour toi m'a complété
A fait mon amour par ton âme,
Et mon regard pour ta beauté !

Chorus 1x

Little River

I float down, Little River,
Watch the eddies, carry leaves,
The grave of pooling, singing bitter
Beneath the cooling, shedding trees.

The still of water, which flows so deep,
Paints with murky, silt-filled slough,
It's slowly shifting, on to carry,
The rushing water, through rocks it shoots.

will float down, Little River,
Watch the eddies, carry leaves,
The grave of pooling, I'm singing bitter,

Love Song

Dawn begins to come, and your door is closed!
My beauty, why are you sleeping?
At the hour when the rose is awakening,
are you not also going to awaken?

Oh my charming one,
Listen here,
to the lover who sings
and also weeps!

Everything knocks at your blessed door.
Dawn says, "I am the day!"
The bird says, "I am harmony!"
And my heart says, "I am love!"

I adore you, angel, and I love you, woman,
God, who made me for you,
made my love for your soul,
and my gaze for your beauty!

Poem by Victor Hugo

OF RIVER AND FIELD

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Beneath the stars, below the trees.
I saw my true love, standing still,
Upon the ledge, of the Sinks upstream,
Then with eyes closed, s/he stretched
her/his hands out,
And flew towards heaven, and flowed
downstream

I will float down, Little River,
Feel the eddies, carry me,
The grave of pooling, made by tears,
From my lost love, please bury me.
Carry me, this Little River,

Still my heart, the pain it leaves
My pooling grave, of flowing water,
My tears, they grow, bury me.
Carry me, Little River,
Bury me. Bury me.

Blue Smoke

The air it streams through the light,
Blue waves of mountains enfold,

I hear the distant creek sigh,
This ancient place marks my soul.
The whippoorwill sings at night,
The black crow caws through the day,

A song of breeze in the pines,
The hiss of fields full of hay.
These mountains make memories,
I look and always see you,
Through Smoky Mountains' blue haze,
I sing a hymn of smoke, blue.

Jennifer Higdon
Little River Songs
Music and Texts by the composer

OF RIVER AND FIELD

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

I. Holly Ridge

Holly Ridge, Holly Ridge
Playing in the sandy yard
It was fun
We played real hard
Drawing hopscotch squares
And wild animals with sticks
In the white sand.

Holly Ridge, Holly Ridge
Down the road
Venus fly traps,
Open pink, hungry
Hungry mouths like clams
Sticky strange eyelashes

Down the other road
An old herb lady
Her arms were twisted driftwood
Crooked and cracked, windburned
Dry as scaly pine bark
She could cure sick babies

Flush with fever
Sing a soothing song
Holly Ridge, Holly Ridge
We scratched faces in the sand
Oyster shells for eyes and mouths
We played with what we had
In Holly Ridge.
The ocean was across the bridge
In Holly Ridge
We hardly ever went
'Cause my mother
Was afraid of the water.
"It's an angry lion!"

Holly Ridge
Hated to leave you
Venus flytraps
The herb lady,
The sandy yard,
The ocean nearby.

OF RIVER AND FIELD

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

II. Heat

Home from college
Coming back from church.
We saw throbbing, throbbing
Zig-zag rising lines
Pulsing from the horizon.
The closer we got,
The hotter it became.

Orange flames
Where the house should be.
Oh Lord! No.

Our house is gone.
Just a rectangle
Of zig-zag, zig-zag heat.
The house, gone.
The flowers, gone.
The picture albums, gone.

The only thing
They were able to pull
Out of the fire
Was a rocking chair.

III. Little Dog

I had a little dog.
One of Daddy's hunting hounds.
The only one we let in the house.
He was a clean little dog.

My dog, he wasn't tall.
Most hounds were not that small.
He had black spots, white and tan.
He was the best little dog.

He raced across the fields
Past the barn, into the woods.
He earned his keep
Catching squirrels and rabbits
And when he came home
We'd feed him table scraps.

OF RIVER AND FIELD

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Sometimes during a full moon
You'd hear a far-off howl.
My little hound howling,
Bound homeward.
My little dog.

IV. Hurricane

Hurricane! Hurricane!
Hurry in!
Get the mules in the barn.
What about the dogs and chickens?
Guess they'll have to wait.

Pounding rain, howling wind,
The house shakes.
Howling hounds
Howling underneath the house.

Endless, endless rain,
Relentless wind.
Far away, I hear the mules braying.
Rattling windows,
Hail coming in sideways
Like baseballs.
I'm scared!
The house is whirling.

Mama and Dad said "Don't be scared.
It's gonna be alright."
"Then how come the animals
Are frightened
And the house is shaking?"
Scared myself into sleep.

The storm is over, over.
Let's take a look outside.

V. Piano

A piano in a tree!
How'd it get there?
Let's go see!
Look! Look!

OF RIVER AND FIELD

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

A piano in a tree!

Mother Nature tore things up.
Whirls of wind and swirling rain
Made a mess of things
Ah, made a mess!

A piano in a tree!
How'd it get there?
I don't know.
It beats me.
It beats all I ever saw.

Where's my little dog?
Could he be up in the tree?

I don't see him anywhere.
But we'll find him.

VI. Row on Row

Row on row
Green, yellow tobacco leaves
Row on row.
From sun-up 'til 'bout four
In the afternoon
Sweat and sand
And sticky hands.
We'll wash up soon.

But, you know,
Looking back,
It wasn't so bad.
I got to be with my friends.

Across the way
My uncle's cotton field.
I enjoyed that
More than working tobacco.
I'd pick most summers
Since I was eight.
Enjoyed that
More than working tobacco.
Cause there was a scuppernong arbor
At one end of the field.

OF RIVER AND FIELD

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

We'd rest in the shade
And I got paid!

But back to tobacco.
Us young girls
Would pick the leaves
Three of four from each plant
Bottom to top
Row after row.

And the older girls and women
Would loop the leaves
Around sticks
Round and round
To cart to the barn.

You know
Looking back
It wasn't that bad
'Cause my thoughts
Were on books and grades
And college.
On leaving.

VII. Dog Interlude

Heard loud bangy noises
Looked out through the window
Dad had shot my little dog.

Later they told me
Little dog ran away.

VIII. Graduation

Coming back from graduation practice.
I was valedictorian.
Mother and Dad were so proud.
I hope my speech is all right.

Dad drove me home.
It was so hot.
Windows rolled down.
I noticed the car
Was slowing down.

OF RIVER AND FIELD

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Looked over and Dad
Was slumped over the steering wheel
Arms dangling, eyes frozen.
Ran as fast as I could to get help.
Past the sweet potato house,
The tobacco rows,
The cotton field.
I ran as fast as I could, so hot!

But when we returned to the car
He was dead.

Three days later
We had the funeral.
Then we had the graduation.

Graduation.

IX. Through the Window

Through the window
Little boy and his mother
Department store window.
Sales lady asks, "Can I help you?"
(Mama:) "I need a black dress."
(Sales Lady:) "A black dress in July?"
(Mama:) "My husband's funeral is tomorrow."
(Sales Lady:) "I see... I'm so sorry...
He must've been very young.
Let's see what we have."

Little boy with his Mama
In the dressing room.
Three Mamas in a three way mirror.
Sad Mama
Scared Mama
Sweet Mama
In a three way mirror.

(Boy:) "It's hot in here! I want to run!"

(Boy:) "Where will Daddy go?"
(Mama:) "To Heaven."

OF RIVER AND FIELD

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

(Boy:) “No! I mean where will they put him?”

(Mama:) “In a box in the ground.”

(Boy:) “A box?”

(Mama:) “Like a bathtub.”

(Boy:) “What’s a widow?”

(Mama:) “So many questions.”

(Boy:) “Who will be the Daddy now?”

X. Storefront Winda

Once a month we’d march
To the shopping center
Our grandmother worked
At the fabric store.

She designed and arranged
The holiday windas.
She’d see us coming
And rush to the door.

We knew all the latest colors
Like avocado and burgundy.
You could hear slicing scissor sounds
As she snipped silk and organdy.

At Christmas she put on quite a show.
Those fifties light bulbs
A real fire hazard.

She went to town with spray can snow.
And fiber glass angel hair
All strewn and scattered
On the cross Jesus looked down
From above
On a landscape of jelly beans
And plastic bunnies.

Her Storefront winda
Was a labor of love
But the preacher didn’t think
It was all that funny.

OF RIVER AND FIELD

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Her house became a paradise
After she went to Honolulu.
Barbie Dolls in Hula skirts
And turquoise waves
Around the bathtub
And plastic palm trees too.

Even with her countless ailments
In some ways she was tough as a hen.
Salty tongue and piercing words,
She was also fragile,
Eggshell thin.

When she shopped at the Piggly Wiggly
She'd run into Mizz so-and-so.
"She acts like she thinks a lot of me.
Me! Me! Me?
Of course, I never cared that much for her!"

XI. An Ending

Sometimes I wonder...
Sometimes I wonder if I ever never had
A little dog.
Lost
Little dog

Kenneth Frazelle
Through the Window
Music and Texts by the composer



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)



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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UNCSA Symphony Orchestra Presents

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.