

Florida Atlantic University

School of the Arts

Department of Music

presents a
Master's Conducting Recital

The Choral Music of Zoltán Kodály

Catherine Anne Briggs, conductor

with the

**Florida Atlantic University
Women's Chorus, Vocal Performance Troupe,
& Chamber Singers**

Tuesday, April 20, 2010

7:00 p.m.

University Theater

This lecture recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the Master of Arts degree in Music from the graduate conducting studio of Dr. Patricia P. Fleitas.

Program

~all music by Zoltán Kodály

Magyarország Címere

The Arms of Hungary

Bounteous my land; Your hills and vales are a bosom of riches.
Swathing your farmlands run four mighty rivers so clear.
Yet all these riches are but a cruel jest of nature,
For you can ne'er be great, save through the heart of your Sons.

Esti dal

Evening Song

Peaceful woods, the dusk descending. Fragrant now with Summer's ending,
There I rested, and e'er sleeping, praying, sought His sweet safekeeping

Thus I lay there, silent, praying "Lord, I wander every straying
Wand'ring through this worls, yet knowing Thou will guard me and my going."

"Let now darkness from Thee hide me, May Thine angels watch beside me.
Guard us all while we are sleeping, safe forever in Thy keeping
Ever, ever in Thy keeping

Túrót eszik a cigány

See the gypsies

The gypsy eats curded cheese "duba",
After that he quarrels, "leba",
He says he will slap my face, "duba",
Next, he will hit his grandfather, "leba".

Past the budding fig tree he drives his caravan.
"Rida, rida, bom, bom, bom."
He has a life that is free.

Program

Katalinka

Ladybird

Ladybird, O fly now, up into the sky now,
Hark to the drumming! Now the Turks are coming!
Hurry, hurry will you or they'll catch and kill you!
Pickle you in brine, tie you up in twine,
Trussing you to toast you, griddle you, or roast you.
Take you to the tower, grind you up in flour
Listen! Hear the Turks a-coming, musn't let them catch you!
Fly! Fly! Ladybird, O Fly now!

Ave Maria

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with Thee
Blessed are thou among women,
And blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners,
Now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

Tantum ergo V

Sing, O Tongue, the mystery of the glorious Body,
And of the precious blood, which he King of all nations,
The fruit of a noble womb, poured fourth as the ransom for the world.

Let us therefore, bowing low, Venerate so great a Sacrament;
And let the old Law give way to the new rite;
Let faith afford assistance to the deficiency of the senses.

To the Begetter and the Begotten, let there be praise and jubilation
Salvation and honor, and power and blessing;
And to the One proceeding from both let there be equal praise.
Amen.

Program

Táncnóta

Dancing Song

People say the Magyars now no more are light footed!
That's because their shoes and cloths aren't for dancing suited.
What they need are jingling spurs. Boots of shining leather,
Brooches set with pearls and gems, caps with egret feather.
That befits a Magyar!

Polish linen is my shirt, but all torn and jagged,
Crimson leather are my boots, but eh soles are ragged,
Mended then my boots must be, ev'ry rent and tatter
Though they're patched and shabby for the dance it does matter.

Once I caught a monster gnat, with my sword I struck it
Then I melted down its fat, more than filled a bucket
Cobbler, cobbler mend my boot, you'll be paid so that's that
Though I may not have a coin, you shall have my gnat's fat.

Who dares to say the Magyar cannot dance? Ho!
If he can't I'd like to know who else can?
Soon, soon it will fall to pieces! Now the sole is off!
Go on dancing hey! Go on dancing till you drop! Hey! Ha!

Hegyi Éjszakák Movement I

Mountain Nights

Program

Quattro Madrigali

Four Madrigals

1. *Chi Voul Veder* (Who wants to see?)

Who wants to see visible love?
Look at me, the one who stole my heart.
In my eye he makes his home living and takes he bow in hand and corners
with the arrow.
No, every man who injures daughters of love,
But only he who sees that to value faithfulness to her service.

3. *Chi d'amor Sente* (Whose heart feels love?)

Whose heart feels Love's and his heart feels as a pilgrim
Not traveling the right path.
And even when he has a woman with her looks, actions, or ways
Why is he not content?
Never lose hope and don't delay, but my honesty brings his torment
Always listen to wise arguments.
As Love wants now high, now low, now bowed.
Who wants to learn the doctrine of love?
How the heart works to be suffering and dismayed
But always be obedient to his wife?
But that every one who is suffering may enter the garland flower garden.
Go, sing, my Lord Love, and take from him free license;
And then say to each lover, leading to revere his woman,
As women are wise and have in them the clear and the divine.

Program

Fölszállott a páva

The peacock, flew over the city hall. See the poor people, free them.
You proudly stand, Bright as the morning, Cry, so all can hear you,
"Tomorrow, things will be different, it will be over."
Now eyes will shine to the sky.
New winds make the tress rustle. Hushed, we await the new,
Hungarian miracle
Either we are foolish and we are going to die,
Or our belief will be reality,
Or new Hungarian meaning will mold a new nation,
Or everything stays the same like the very sad, Hungarian life.
Lightning strikes the courthouse!
Or shall human spirits whither in subjection?
A peacock flew over the city hall, See the poor people, free them.

The Peacock

Psalm 121

I will lift mine eyes unto the hills unto the hills; Whence cometh my help?
My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth.
He will protect thy footsteps, and he that keeps thee He will not sleep.
He that keepeth Israel shall no slumber, nor shall He sleep.
He is thy guard, and thy shade on thy right hand.
Burning sun shall harm thee not, nor shall the moon by night.
He shall preserve thee safe from harm.
The Lord of hosts shall guard thee, preserve thee from ev'ry ill.
Lo, He shall preserve thy soul.
He shall preserve thy going out and coming in
From this day forth forevermore.

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