LYNN UNIVERSITY
Conservatory of Music

Recital

featuring

Laura Wilcox, viola
Tao Lin, piano

7:30 p.m.  November 30, 2001
Amarnick-Goldstein Concert Hall
Simply Grand

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Erstarrung
Ich such' im Schnee vergebens
Nach ihrer Tritte Spur,
Wo sie an meinem Arme
Durchstrich die grüne Flur.
Ich will den Boden küssen,
Durchdringen Eis und Schnee
Mit meinen heißen Tränen,
Bis ich die Erde seh'.
Wo fin'd ich eine Blüte,
Wo fin'd ich grünes Gras?
Die Blumen sind erstorben,
Der Rasen sieht so bläß.
Soll denn kein Angedenken
Ich nehmen mit von hier?
Wenn meine Schmerzen schweigen,
Wer sagt mir dann von ihr?
Mein Herz ist wie erstorben,
Kalt starrt ihr Bild darin;
Schmilzt je das Herz mir wieder,
Fließt auch ihr Bild dahin!

Congealing
I search the snow in vain
For the trace of her steps.
Where she, arm in arm with me,
Crossed the green meadow.
I want to kiss the ground,
Penetrate ice and snow
With my hot tears,
Until I see the soil.
Where will I find a blossom,
Where will I find green grass?
The flowers are all dead,
The turf is so pale.
Shall then no momento
Accompany me from here?
When my pains cease,
Who will tell me of her then?
My heart is as if dead,
Her image frozen cold within;
If my heart ever thaws again,
Her image will also melt away!

Die Post
Von der Straße her ein Posthorn klingt.
Was hat es, daß es so hoch aufspringt,
Mein Herz?
Die Post bringt keinen Brief für dich.
Was drängst du denn so wunderlich,
Mein Herz?
Nun ja, die Post kommt aus der Stadt,
Wo ich ein liebes Liebchen hat,
Mein Herz!
Willst wohl einmal hinüberseh'n
Und fragen, wie es dort mag geh'n,
Mein Herz?

The Post
From the highroad a posthorn sounds.
Why do you leap so high,
My heart?
The post does not bring a letter for you,
Why the strange compulsion,
My heart?
Of course, the post comes from the town,
Where I once had a dear sweetheart,
My heart!
Would you like to take a look over there,
And ask how things are going,
My heart?
Der stürmische Morgen
Wie hat der Sturm zerrissen
Des Himmels graues Kleid!
Die Wolkenfetzen flattern
Umher im matten Streit.
Und rote Feuerflammen
Zieh'n zwischen ihnen hin;
Das nenn' ich einen Morgen
So recht nach meinem Sinn!
Mein Herz sieht an dem Himmel
Gemalt sein eig'nes Bild -
Es ist nichts als der Winter,
Der Winter kalt und wild!

Täuschung
Ein Licht tanzt freundlich vor mir her,
Ich folg' ihm nach die Kreuz und Quer;
Ich folg' ihm gern und seh's ihm an,
Daß es verlockt den Wandersmann.
Ach ! wer wie ich so elend ist,
Gibt gem sich hin der bunten List,
Die hinter Eis und Nacht und Graus
Ihm weist ein helles, warmes Haus.
Und eine liebe Seele drin.
Nur Täuschung ist für mich Gewinn!

Der Leiermann
Drüben hinterm Dorfe
Steh ein Leiermann
Und mit starren Fingern
Dreht er was er kann.
Barfuß auf dem Eise
Wankt er hin und her
Und sein kleiner Teller
Bleibt ihm immer leer.
Keiner mag ihn hören,
Keiner sieht ihn an,
Und die Hunde knurren
Um den alten Mann.
Und er läßt es gehen,
Alles wie es will,
Dreht, und seine Leier
Steh ihm nimmer still.
Wunderlicher Alter!
Soll ich mit dir geh'n ?
Willst zu meinen Liedern
Deine Leier dreh'n ?

The Stormy Morning
How the storm has torn asunder
The heavens' grey cover!
The cloud tatters flutter
Around in weary strife.
And fiery red flames
Dart around among them;
That's what I call a morning
That really fits my mood!
My heart sees in the heavens
Its own image painted -
It's nothing but the winter,
Winter cold and wild!

Deception
A light does a friendly dance before me,
I follow it here and there;
I like to follow it and watch
The way it lures the wanderer.
Ah, a man as wretched as I am
Is glad to fall for the merry trick
That, beyond ice and night and fear,
Shows him a bright, warm house.
And a loving soul within -
Only deception lets me win!

The Organ Grinder
Over there beyond the village
Stands an organ-grinder,
And with numb fingers
He plays as best he can.
Barefoot on the ice,
He totters here and there,
And his little plate
Is always empty.
No one listens to him,
No one notices him,
And the dogs growl
Around the old man.
And he just lets it happen,
As it will,
Plays, and his hurdy-gurdy
Is never still.
Strange old man,
Shall I go with you ?
Will you play your organ
To my songs ?
Laura Wilcox viola

Laura Wilcox is a graduate from SUNY-Purchase School of Music in New York and McGill University in Montreal. She has studied with Emanuel Vardi, Lorand Fenyves, Robert Levin, Charles Castleman, Paul Rolland, and John Graham. Further studies include coaching with members of the Emerson, Juilliard, Cleveland, and Orford string quartets. Ms. Wilcox is currently the professor of viola and coaches chamber music at the Conservatory of Music at Lynn University where she has formed the “Voila Viola" ensemble featuring students from her studio class. Outside of her solo recitals, she performs regularly with her colleagues of the Conservatory. Ms. Wilcox is also member of the “Nova Trio" which features works for viola, clarinet and piano.

Her recitals and solo appearances in Canada, the United States, Latin America, and Europe have been qualified as "outstanding..., a true virtuoso..., brilliant..., unique beautiful sound..., sensitive..., eloquent...". She has received awards from the Canada Council for the Arts, the Chalmers Foundation, the Laidlaw Foundation and the Ontario Arts Council.

Besides most of the classical repertoire for viola, Ms. Wilcox has performed an extensive list of contemporary works, many of which have been commissioned or written for her. She recently has recorded for the SNE/Allegro record label the Sonate for Solo Viola by Gyorgy Ligeti and works by Sergio Barroso, Bruce Mather and Brian Cherney for viola. Also available on the SNE/Allegro record label are works by Brahms, Barroso, Schumann, Cage.

Recently performed works include the world premiere of Sergio Barroso's Concerto for Viola and Orchestra, Penderecki and Bartók viola concertos, the North and South American premieres of the Sonata for Solo Viola by Gyorgy Ligeti, and compositions by Xenakis, Barroso, Piazzolla, Henze, Yun, Feldman, Cage and Jose Yuasa.

Recent major performances include solo recitals at Montreal Pollack Hall, the National Arts Centre in Ottawa, Porto Alegre '98 International Festival of New Music, International Festival “Campos do Jordão”, the 1999 World Viola Congress, Montreal Chapelle du Bon-Pasteur, São Paulo Teatro São Pedro, and Toronto Glenn Gould Studio, 1999 Rio de Janeiro “Século Vinte” festival, as well as soloist appearances with the São Paulo State Symphony Orchestra, and the Esprit Orchestra in Toronto.

Other performances include the Gaudeamus, Bravol, Scotia, Aspen, Grand Teton, Made in Canada, ISEA, and Sound Symposium festivals and numerous recitals and live recordings for CBC “Two New Hours” across Canada. She has participated in the BONK New Music Festival and the festival of the Americas in Miami, Florida. Ms. Wilcox has upcoming performances in Ontario, Alberta, and British Columbia of Canada and in Washington and Florida of the United States.

Tao Lin piano

A frequent and heralded performer in nearly a hundred programs each year, Tao Lin was born into a musical family in Shanghai, China. Admitted to the Shanghai Conservatory at eight, his progress was rapid and resulted in his winning prizes in numerous competitions - including the Alexander Tcherepnin Award. He was a founding member of the Shanghai Trio, which was a finalist in the First International Chamber Music Competition in Osaka, Japan. He came to South Florida in 1990 to pursue undergraduate studies under Roberta Rust at the Harid Conservatory (where he received the Award for Outstanding Performance) and graduate studies under Ivan Davis at the University of Miami. As winner of each School’s concerto competition, he performed Mozart’s Concerto No. 24 and Rachmaninoff’s Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, and was a prize winner in competitions of the National Society of Arts and Letters, the Music Teachers National Association and Florida Symphonic Pops and in the Eighth Annual Palm Beach International Invitational Piano Competition.

Tao Lin made his European debut in 1995 with a concert tour of Norway. Enthusiastically received by critics and audiences, he was invited back for another tour in
1997. In the U.S., he has participated in the Aspen, Round Top, Sanibel and Highlands Music Festivals (working with such teachers as David Northington, Joseph Kalichstein and Stephen Hough), and appeared as guest artist in both the Tennessee and Virginia Music Teachers Association Conferences as well as three times in the popular Mainly Mozart Festival.

Lin’s debut recording is available on the Piano Lovers label and features music by Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and Balakirev.

**Lieder from Die Winterreise**

**GERMAN**

_Gute Nacht_

_Fremd bin ich eingezogen,_
_Fremd zieh' ich wieder aus._
_Der Mai war mir gewogen_
_Mit manchem Blumenstrauß._
_Das Mädchen sprach von Liebe,_
_Die Mutter gar von Eh’, -_
_Nun ist die Welt so trübe,_
_Der Weg gehüllt in Schnee._
_Ich kann zu meiner Reisen_
_Nicht wählen mit der Zeit,_
_Muß selbst den Weg mir weisen_
_In dieser Dunkelheit._
_Es zieht ein Mondenschatten_
_Als mein Gefährte mit,_
_Und auf den weißen Matten_
_Such' ich des Wildes Tritt._
_Was soll ich länger weilen,_
_Daß man mich trieb hinaus ?_
_Läß irre Hunde heulen_
_Vor ihres Herren Haus;_
_Die Liebe liebt das Wandern -_
_Gott hat sie so gemacht -_
_Von einem zu dem andern._
_Fein Liebchen, gute Nacht !_
_Will dich im Traum nicht stören,_
_Wär schad' um deine Ruh’._
_Sollst meinen Tritt nicht hören -_
_Sacht, sacht die Türe zu !_**ENGLISH**

(translation by Celia Sgroi)

_Good Night_

_I came here a stranger,_
_As a stranger I depart._
_May favored me_
_With many a bunch of flowers._
_The girl spoke of love,_
_Her mother even of marriage -_
_Now the world is so gloomy,_
_The road shrouded in snow._
_I cannot choose the time_
_To begin my journey,_
_Must find my own way_
_In this darkness._
_A shadow of the moon travels_
_With me as my companion,_
_And upon the white fields_
_I seek the deer’s track._
_Why should I stay here any longer_
_So that people can drive me away ?_
_Let stray dogs howl_
_In front of their master’s house;_
_Love loves to wander -_
_God made it that way -_
_From one to the other,_
_My dearest, good night !_
_I don’t want to disturb your dreaming,_
_It would be a shame to wake you._
_You won’t hear my step,_
_Softly, softly the door closes !_
_I write in passing_
_On your gate: Good night,_
_So that you may see_
_That I thought of you._
PROGRAM

Lieder from Winterreise (1827) ................. Franz Schubert / Wilcox
Gute Nacht (Good Night) (1797-1828)
Erstarrung (Congealing)
Die Post (The Post)
Der sturmische Morgen (Stormy Morning)
Tauschung (Deception)
Der Leiermann (The Organ Grinder)

Gymnopedie No. 1 (1888) .................... Erik Satie / Wilcox (1866-1925)
Gnossienne No. 3 (1890) .................... Erik Satie / Wilcox (1866-1925)

Elegie for solo viola (1944) ................... Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971)

Doxa for viola and piano* (1995) .... Judith Shatin (1949-)

Intermission

“Arpeggione” Sonata in a minor (1824) ........ Franz Schubert
Allegro moderato (1797-1828)
Adagio
Allegretto

Vocalise, op. 34 no. 14 (1915) ............ Sergei Rachmaninoff
(arranged by Robert Schultz in its original key, C# minor) (1873-1943)

Die Biene (The Bee) ......................... Franz Schubert / Arnold (1808-1878)

*Florida premier
LYNN UNIVERSITY
PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA

Arthur Weisberg, conductor
Sergiu Schwartz, violin

BRAHMS Violin Concerto
BRAHMS Symphony No. 2

7:30 p.m. Saturday
December 8, 2001
Coral Springs City Center

Tickets: $22-28 (round-trip bus transportation: $10)
(561) 999-4377 tickets@lynn.edu