UNLV
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA LAS VEGAS
College of Fine Arts - Department of Music

Presents a

Master's Recital

Christina Douglas
soprano

with

Michelle Lee, piano

Phillip Lenberg, conductor

Mert Sermet, Lee Richey, Mandy Andreason, Zoe Kohen Ley,

Jesie Robinson, Ted Hartwell, Andrew Travers; cello

Sunday, April 18, 2010
7:30 pm
Doo Rando Recital Hall
Beam Music Center
Program

The Soldier Tired of War's Alarms
from Artaxerxes

Ständchen
Selections from Brentano Lieder
Amor
Säusle, liebe Myrthe

Stripsody

Cathy Berberian (1925-1983)

INTERMISSION

Plevishis' rozoj, solovej
Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov (1844-1908)
Rezechet oblaakov
Ne veteve vysoty

Chansons de Ronsard
Darius Milhaud (1892-1974)
A une Fontaine
A Cupidon
Tais-toi Babillardne
Dieu vous Gard'

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5
Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)
I. Aria
II. Dansa

This concert is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree
Master of Music in Performance.
Christina Douglas is a student of Töd Fitzpatrick.

The Soldier Tired of War's Alarms

Thomas Arne (1710-1778)

Thomas Arne, most famous for his anthem "Rule Britannia," was probably the most significant figure in 18th century English theatre. Though much of his output is now lost, most of his surviving works are somehow derived from the theatre. Arne paved the way for English composers by departing from the Baroque style of Handel and Purcell. His melodies are tuneful and folks-like. Artaxerxes, written and premiered at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden in 1762, was the first attempt at a full-scale opera seria in English. In "The Soldier Tired of War's Alarms," the character Mandane is accompanied by full orchestra and solo trumpet.

The soldier tired of war's alarms,
Forbids the clang of hostile arms
And scorn the spear and shield.

But if the brazen trumpet sound,
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
And dare again the field.

Text by Thomas Arne

Ständchen
Selections from Brentano Lieder
Amor
Säusle, liebe Myrthe

Ständchen and the Brentano lieder represent two different stylistic periods in Richard Strauss's life. Strauss wrote Ständchen, one of his most popular songs, from 1885-87. The ostinato accompaniment creates a sense of urgency and excitement. Strauss's early songs are firmly rooted in the Romantic period, while his later Lieder are orchestralized and influenced by opera. This is especially apparent in Amor's high-flying vocal line and rich accompanimental texture. This Lied, written for coloratura soprano, is reminiscent of Zerbinetta from Strauss's opera Ariadne auf Naxos. Amor differs from other Strauss Lieder in that its predominantly melismatic and contains vocal trills. It also has an unusually high tessitura. Säusle, liebe Myrthe also echoes Strauss's operatic vocal writing with its expansive vocal lines and dense harmonic texture.

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise mein Kind
Um Keinen von Schlummer zu wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach,
baumb zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Bäumen, und fliegen.
Dumm leise, mein Schwester, dass nichts sich rast,
Nur leise auf, auf die Knie hin gelegt.
Mit Stirn, wie Tritt der Eilen sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen.
Pflug leicht hinaus in die Mondschacht.
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blühen am meinenden Bach
and duften um Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

Open up, but softly my child
So as to waken not one who sleeps.
Hardly murmurs the brook,
A leaf on the bush and the hedge.
So softly my maiden, that nothing stirs,
Just lay your hand softly on the door latch.
With steps, how the footsteps of elves so soft,
Soft enough to hop over flowers.
Fly lightly out into the moonlit night.
To me in the garden to steal.
The flowers are sleeping in the rippling brook
And fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.

Sit here, it darkens mysteriously.
Beneath the Linden trees,
Shall shine our kisses.
And the rose, when in the morning it wakes.

Translation by Lawrence Snyder
An dem Feuer saß das Kind
Amon, Amon
Und war bloß
Mit dem kleinen Flügel sachel
In die Flammen er und lachte,
Pischke, plache, schlafes Kind.

Ach, der Flügel brennt dem Kind!
Amon, Amon
Lust geschwitz!
O wie in die Glut durchgepeint!
Flügel schlagend läutet sie noch
In der Hirtin Schöns erinner'n
Hülfsreiche das schlafes Kind.

Und die Hirtin hilft dem Kind,
Amon, Amon
Bos und blind.
Hirtin, sieh, dein Herz entbrandet,
Hast den Schelmen nicht gekennet.
Sah, die Flammen wächst geschwitzt.
Hast dich vor dem schlafen Kind!

Clemens Brentano

Stripsody

Cathy Berberian was an American singer of diverse interests from Operetta to American folk dance to pantomime. She sang in various genres from the new music of her husband Luciano Berio to the operas of Claudio Monteverdi. Berberian was interested in exploring the possibilities of the human voice and viewed the voice as an "unlimited instrument." She wrote Stripsody, her first vocal composition, in 1966. It is described by her website as "an exploration of onomatopoetic sounds of comic strips." Berberian liked to explore the possibilities of the voice and the theatrical element is always present in her music. Stripsody is a piece of graphic score, illustrated as a comic strip. The piece requires the singer to imitate a radio sound effects person and depicts several different "scenarios" through various vocal sounds.

INTERMISSION

Plenivska rozoj, solovej
Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov (1844-1908)
Redeiok oblakov
Ne veter veja v vosyty

Russian songs, or Romances, are rooted in the religious and folk heritage of Russia. They often contain oriental themes, but overall are very emotional melodically and textually. Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov was a nationalistic composer whose most successful compositions were his operas, although he wrote over seventy romances. These three romances represent two different periods of song composition in his life. Plenivska rozoj, solovej represents the first period, containing oriental themes, especially apparent in the initial melody. Redeiok oblakov and Ne veter veja v vosyty represent the second period of composition. These late romances display more interaction between music and text. "Redeiok is almost a miniature tone-poem, describing a vivid picture of nature."

Plenivska rozoj, solovej
I den I noch pojet nad noj;
No rozla molonga pevam vremle...;
Na lile tat pevets toj;
Pojt dlia dev modolj;
A deva milajne znajet—;
Komi pojet I ottehgo;
Pechal ny pevski takale?

Text by Aleskej Koltov

The nightingale in fervent song
Wooded the rose all night long;
But she did not listen and bent her head...
Thus often she lesser songs
A melody of hope and fear;
But even the maiden hears—
She does not know of whom he sings
Or why so sadly
Translation by Constance Bache

Redeiok oblakov lezhacha greda;
Zvezda pechal'na, vechernjaja zvezda;
Tvoj huch osen' obistal' vinozna;

I dremljashchii zvyk, I chornyski shal' veschni;
Ljubil' ty svoj slabyj met v nebrojnoj vinozhe;
Om damy razbudit', umrihivo vo noze;
Ja pomin' ty voskhoj, znamen'je osetilo;
Nad mirnyoj stranj, kde vse vojna serdso milo;
Onenjoy to polnoj lyub'je,
Gde dremljat nezvorny mir i tymennyj kiparis;
Sladostno shumit poluden'nye vol'ny.

The flying chain of clouds is thinning in the sky.
O you the Evening star, the star of love on high!
Your beams are silvering the distant withered plain,
And both the dreamy bay and marvelously chains.
I love your banks gleam here in the heavenly height;
And all my dreams were sowned by your light.
I do remember you, or star how you were rising.
Above the peaceful land where everything was pleasing
Where slender poplars raised their crowns above the dunes
Where tender myrtles sleep and cypress in dark veils
Where in the middle of the day the songs of waves were haunting.

Text by Aleskej Koltov

Translation by Constance Bache

Translation by Emily Ezust
Long time ago when I was there upon the mountain Above the sea, I dragged my thoughtful loneliness. When all the hills were drowned into the sleepiness, A maid who looked for you came into the darkness And to her lady friend she called you by name.

Translation by Dmitri Smirnov

Not the wind blowing from the heights
Touched the leaves in a moonlight night
You touched my soul
It is red, like the leaves,
Like a gust, it has many strings.
Life's whirlwind pulled at it
And in a devastating assault,
Howling and whistling, tore the strings
And then bedewed it with cold snow.
Not what you say delights the ear.
Your touch is very light,
Like the dust which waits from flowers,
Like a breath of air in May night.

Translation by Henry Pleasants

Le jour pousse la nuit
Et la nuit sombre.
Pousse le jour qui lut d'une obscure éclipse.
L'automne suit l'été
Et la première rage
Des vents à point échafaudé.
Après l'orage,
Mais la fièvre d'amour
Qui me tourmente,
Demembre en moi toujours
Et me tente.
C'est n'est pas vrai,
Qu'il faille prendre
Ta lettre dans une autre ville
Se devoit joindre,
Pour les paresseux
Et les amants,
Mais non pas moi, ni ceux
Quittance la Musée...

Translation by David Jonathan Justman

But listen, lively little fountain
who dost my thirst so oft appease,
Reclining here beneath the mountain,
Ladle in the refreshing breeze
When frugal summer is reclaiming
the fruit of Ceres' bared breast,
with every threatening floor exceeding
Beneath the weight of her bequest.
O thus may thou remain forever,
A sacred place for all those
Who, sick with life's eternal fever,
Share thy discourse, thy repose
And may the moon at midnight, glancing
Upon the valley always
The nymphs that rally here for dancing
to leap and bound in revelry.

Translation by Henry Pleasants

Day pursues the night,
And somber night,
Pursues day, which glows
With a dark shadow.
Autumn follows Summer
And the wind's bitter rage never existed.
Once the storm is over,
But the fever of love
Which torment me
Remains in me always
And never lets up.
It wasn't me, God
Who needed to be stung
your arrow
Should have hit someplace else.
Pursue the lazy
And amuse them,
But not me, not those
Who love the muse.

Translation by David Jonathan Justman

Quiet, chattering swallow
Or if I get my hands on you
I'll tear the feathers from your wing
Or cut out your tongue.
In the morning, your endless cackling
Makes my head turn.

You can sing all day,
All evening, all night.
In my chimney if I want
But in the morning don't make me up
When I'm dozing
With my Cassandra in my arms.

God be with you, faithful messengers of Spring, swallows.
Happes, conchas, rosinhas,
Tons, e vos cores das saudades
Quis de certas formas de ramos
Aimez les bois verdéletes.

Dieu vous garde, belles paquerettes,
Belles roses, belles fleurettes.
Et vous, nations, joie du monde.
Du sang d'Ajaks et de Narcissas,
Et vous thym, anise et mélisse.
Vous soyez les bienvenus.

Dieu vous garde, troupe divisée
Les papillons qui par la prairie
Les douces herbes aux yeux,
Et vous, nouvel essai d'âme,
Quelques fleurs jaunes et vermeilles
De votre bouche baisitez.

Cent mille fois je ressuis
Votre belle et douce venue.
O que faisons cette saison
Et ce doux coquet des rivages,
Au prix des vents et desOurages
Qui m'enfuirent en la maison!

A hundred thousand times I salute
Your sweet return.
Oh, how I love this season
And the sweet cuckoo on the banks.
The winds and storms
That have kept me shut in the house!

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5
Arria

Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)

Heitor Villa-Lobos was famous for blending his native Brazilian music with European influences. Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5 is probably Villa-Lobos' single most famous composition and a great example of this blended style. Villa-Lobos wrote nine Bachianas Brasileiras in total and created them as homage to J.S. Bach, adapting the Baroque style to his native music. Each movement has two titles; one for Bach and the other nationalistic. Villa-Lobos was a cellist and wrote Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5 for soprano and eight cellos.

Arria

Tarde uma nove o rosa lena e transparente,
Sobre o espaço sonhadora e bela!
Surge na infinidade a lua desconcerta,
Enfeitando a tarde, qual meiga dorzela.
Que se apresaa e allunda sonhadoramente,
Em ansios de alma para ficar bela,
Grita ao céu e a terra, toda a Natureza!
Cala a passada aos seus tristes queixumes,
E reflete o mar toda a sua riqueza...
Só uma luz da lua despectora aguda,
A cruel saudade que ri e chora!
Tarde uma nove o rosa lena e transparente,
Sobre o espaço sonhadora e bela!

Translation by Ruth V. Cardoza

Dansa

Irei, meu passarinho do Sertão do Cariri,
Irei, meu companheiro, cada viola?
Cada meu bem? Cada Maria?
Ai triste sorte a do violao cantado?
Ai! Sem a viola em que cantava o seu amor,
A quem eu amo?
Ah! Suas asas são fúrias de heresia.
Que tua faixa do Sertão quando assobia,
A gente e a gente sem quebrar.
Ah! Teu canto chega lá do fundo do sertão, ah!
Como da brisa amolecendo o coração, ah!
Irei, Solça teu canto! Canta mais!
Pra aleijar o Cariri!
Canta, cambazinha! Canta júri! Canta irê!
Canta, canta sofre Patativa! Benteve!
Maria acorda que é dia de Cantem todos vocês
Passarinhos do sertão! Benteve! Eh! Sahia!
Sahia!
Lá! Lá! Eh! Sahia da mata cantadas!
Lá! Lá! Eh! Sahia da mata sofredas!
O voo canto vem do fundo do sertão
Como uma brisa amolecendo o coração.

Text by Manuel Bandeira

Irê, my little bird of the Sertão of Cariri.
Irê, my companion, where is the guitar,
Where is my beloved? Where is Maria?
Ah! Sad fate of singer guitar-player.
Ah! Without his guitar with which he sang in his
His whistle is his flute of Irê.
And his flute of desert, when whistles, ah!
We suffer without wishing.
Your singing comes just from the deep desert.
Like a breeze that melts the heart.
Ah! Irê! Free your singing! Sing more!
Sing more to remind me Cariri!
Sing Cambazinha, sing Jurei.
Sing Irê, sing suffering Patativa, born-te-vi.
Maria, wake up, it is morning!
Sing all of you, birds of the desert! Born-te-vi,
Lia... Eh! Sahia, singer of the woods!
Lia... Eh! Sahia, sufferer of the woods!
Your singing comes from the deep sertão.
Like a breeze that melts the heart.

Translation by Mira Rubín