Department of Music
College of Fine Arts
presents a

Doctoral Recital

Justin Bland, trumpet and baroque trumpet
Eugenie Burkett, organ
Erin Kennelly, soprano

PROGRAM

Alessandro Melani
(1639–1703)

All’armi pensieri
I. Aria
II. Recitativo/Aria
III. Recitativo/Aria
IV. Recitativo/Aria

Giovanni Bonaventura Viviani
(1638–1693)

Sonata prima per trombetta sola
I. [Andante]
II. [Allegro]
III. [Presto]
IV. [Allegro]
V. [Adagio]

INTERMISSION

André Jolivet
(1905–1974)

Arioso Barocco

Anthony Plog
(b. 1947)

4 Themes on Paintings of Edward Munch
I. The Sun
II. The Dance of Life
III. Woman Embracing Death
IV. Night

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)

Three Chorale Preludes
Herzlich thut mich verlangen, BWV 727
Ich ruf’zu dir, Herr Jesu Christ, BWV 639
Erbarm’ dich, o Herre Gott, BWV 721

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree
Doctor of Musical Arts in Applied Music

Justin Bland is a student of Steven Trinkle.

Friday, April 13, 2012
5:30 p.m.
Dr. Arturo Rando-Grillot Recital Hall
Lee and Thomas Beam Music Center
University of Nevada, Las Vegas
1. Aria
All’armi, pensieri,
Ardire, mio core,
Pugnando si sperì
Vittoria in amore.

La tromba
Rimbomba,
A Guerra mi sfida
Bellezza homicida,
E intiman’ l’assalto
Al petto di smalto
Due mori guerrieri.

All’armi, pensieri.

Quel dio si disarmi
Che nudo di fede
Si crede
Piergarni
Con l’armi di barbieri arcieri.

2. Recitativo
Ma vano e ogni difesa,
Se con soave forza,
Dolce foco nel seno accende l’alma,
E di quei rai brillanti
Non men del cor sono i pensieri amanti.

Aria
Se d’un volto mi struggo all’ardore,
Nel core l’incendio estingue non so;
Discior le catene non può
Chi brama le pene e bacia lo strale
che’l sen gli piago.

3. Recitativo
Crescan’ le fiamm’ in seno,
Che fra le fiamm’ avvolto
Olocausto il mio cor sarà d’un volto.
In un ciel di bellezza
La pista venga meno,
Adorerò l’asprezza.
Vibri fulmini irato, e dardi scocchi,
Che sempre a questo core
Strali saran’ gli sguardi, arco quegl’occhi

Aria
Se un petto constant si fa,
Non teme di sorte lo stral’:
A colpo fatal’.
La mia speme dal cor nor si divelle
Cifre del mio gioir sono due stelle.

4. Recitativo
Negl’arcani sovrani del cielo,
D’un bel volto a quest’alma penante
Registra l’empietà rote d’affanni.
Tiranni v’amorò, lumi severi.

Aria
All’armi, pensieri,
Ardire, mio core,
Pugnando si sperì
Vittoria in amore.

1. Aria
To arms, (my) thoughts,
Take courage, my heart,
By fighting, let up hope
To gain victory in love.

The trumpet
Resounds;
A murderous beauty
Challenges me to a fight;
And two black warriors
Are declaring war
On a bosom of stone.

Take up arms, thoughts.

That god disarms himself
Who, deprived of any faith,
Thinks
That he can wound me
With the weapons of (two) barbarian bowmen.

To arms, thoughts.

2. Recitative
But vain is any defense,
If, With gentle strength,
The soul kindles a sweet flame in the bosom,
And every boldness blunts,
And the loving thoughts are not less
Burning than those rays of the heart.

Aria
If I am consumed by the ardour of a face,
I cannot quench the fire of my heart;
He cannot loosen the chains
Who craves for the pains (of love)
and kisses the arrow which pierced his bosom.

3. Recitative
Let the flames blaze in my bosom,
For, wrapped in flames,
Holocaust my heart will be to a face.
In a heaven of beauty
Let pity fade away,
I will love harshness.
Let him (love) strike with anger and shoot spears,
So that always to this heart
Arrows will be her glances, bows her eyes.

Aria
If a bosom becomes steadfast,
It does not fear the fatal arrow;
At a mortal blow
My hope does not part from my heart.
Symbols of my rejoicing are the two stars.

4. Recitative
In the sovereign mysteries of Heaven,
The cruelty of a beautiful face towards this painted soul
Records signs of anguish.
I will want you as my tyrants, severe lights (=eyes).

Aria
To arms, my thoughts,
Take courage, my heart,
By fighting, let up hope
To gain victory in love.