

4-8-2010

## Senior Recital

Pier Lamina Porter  
*University of Nevada, Las Vegas*

Michelle Lee  
*University of Nevada, Las Vegas*

Sandro Ladu  
*University of Nevada, Las Vegas*

Christina Riegert  
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## Authors

Pier Lamina Porter, Michelle Lee, Sandro Ladu, Christina Riegert, John Pollock, Roberto Chavez, Blake Riley, and Gina Bombola

### Midtide


Gone are the years of my youth,  
Gone the fire in my soul.  
Empty my heart, empty my life,  
Now only the waiting!  
I can remember days full of sunlight,  
Of joy, of laughter.  
I can remember blessed moments,  
Time shared, lives joined!  
Gone are the things that I cherished,  
Gone all my dreams!  
Empty my thoughts and the hours they used to fill,  
Now only a blank wall!  
I can remember vows made in faith,  
In warmth, in passion!  
I can remember each word of our pledge,  
Our trust or promise! Now lost.  
Each tender moment I spent,  
Waiting the sound of your voice!  
For gone is my love,  
Gone my only love!

### Bereft

By his bedside I sat with love in my heart,  
As I had sat long ago.  
In childhood to bring sleep to his eyes.  
But now, to hold back the last sleep.  
My son, departing for isles uncharted!  
My Boy! His life an unvoiced thought,  
His future lost in the mist!  
I hoped, though there was no hope,  
Too soon his last breath came,  
And part of me died too!

Text: Verna Arvey

<sup>1</sup> Kimball, Carol, *"Song: a guide to style and literature"*, (Milwaukee, Wisconsin., 2005), p. 500.



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

Presents a

Senior Recital

**Pier Lamia Porter**

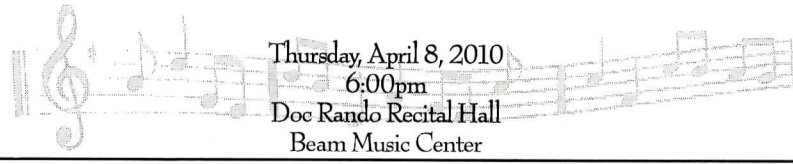
soprano

*with*

*Michelle Lee, piano*

*Featuring*

*Sandro Ladu, violin*  
*Christina Riegert, violin*  
*John Pollock, viola*  
*Roberto Chavez, cello*  
*Blake Riley, bass*  
*Gina Bombola, harp*



Thursday, April 8, 2010  
6:00pm  
Doc Rando Recital Hall  
Beam Music Center

## From the Heart of a Woman

## Program Notes and Translations

Abendempfindung

Gina Bombola, harp

W. A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)

### Obsession

Perduta ho la pace

Callejeo

Plainte d'amour

Giuseppe Verdi  
(1813-1901)

Enrique Granados  
(1867-1916)

Pauline Viardot-Garcia  
(1821-1910)

### Yearning

Intorno all'idol mio

Oh! Quand je dors

Les Filles de Cadix

Marco Antonio Cesti  
(1623-1669)

Franz Liszt  
(1811-1886)

Leo Delibes  
(1836-1891)

### -Pause-

### Anguish

Die Mainacht

Olas gigantes

Watch and Pray

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

Manuel de Falla  
(1876-1946)

Undine Smith Moore  
(1904-1989)

### From the Hearts of Women

Little Mother

Midtide

Coquette

Bereft

William Grant Still  
(1895-1978)

Sandro Ladu, Christina Riegert, Violin

John Pollock, Viola

Robert Chavez, Cello

Blake Riley, Bass

Gina Bombola, Harp

*This concert is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree  
Bachelor of Music in Performance.  
Pier Lamia Porter is a student of Alfonso Anderson.*

Mozart completed "Abendempfindung" on June 24, 1787. Although this piece was written in the eighteenth century, it's through composed melody and sentimentality fast forwards into the nineteenth century; rendering Franz Schubert a foundation to build upon. During an evening, the narrator contemplates the passing of time and life. She then speaks of her own death and asks the listener to shed a tear for her, which will become the most beautiful pearl in her crown.

### Abendempfindung

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,  
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;  
So entfliehn des Lebens schönste Stunden,  
Fliehn vorüber wie im Tanz.

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,  
Und der Vorhang rollt herab;  
Aus ist unser Spiel, des Freundes Träne  
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht (mir weht, wie Westwind leise,  
Eine stille Ahnung zu),  
Schließ ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,  
Fliege in das Land der Ruh!

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,  
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,  
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen  
Und will himmelauf euch wehn.

Schenk auch du ein Tränchen mir  
Und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab,  
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke  
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach! schäme  
dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weihn;  
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe  
Dann die schönste Perle sein!

Text: Joachim Heinrich Campe

### Evening Impression

It is evening, the sun has disappeared,  
and the moon radiates silver-light;  
thus flees life's most beautiful hours,  
fly by as in the dance.

Soon escapes life's colorful scene,  
And the curtain rolls down;  
Ended has our play, the friend's tear  
Flows already upon our grave.

Soon perhaps, (a gentle West wind blows to me  
A silent foreboding)  
I end this life's pilgrimage,  
Fly into the land of rest!

Will you then at my grave cry,  
Gaze mournfully my ashes  
Then, o friends, will I appear to you  
And will send heaven to you

Give also you a little tear to me  
And pick me a violet for my grave,  
And with your soulful glance  
Look then gently down on me.

Dedicate a tear to me, and ah!  
But be not ashamed to dedicate it to me;  
Oh, it will in my tiara  
Then the most beautiful pearl be!

Translation: Pier Lamia Porter

### Obsession

Giuseppe Verdi is known to be one of the most influential Romantic composers of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. His works are frequently performed in opera houses around the world. His art songs are just as popular but seen to be "sketches" of his operas. "Perduta ho la pace" is a setting of Gretchen's lament at the spinning wheel from Goethe's *Faust*, in an Italian translation by Luigi Balestra.

In 1911, Enrique Granados' recognition as a composer was eternally established with the success of his piano suite *Goyesca*. "*Callejeo*" is a song taken out of the *Colección de Tonadillas* written in 1910; inspired by the paintings of Francesco Goya. *Tonadilla* is a term derived from *tonada*, a song of theatrical character. The vocal phrases are firmly rooted in Spanish vocal traditions and the guitar is graphically illustrated in the piano.<sup>1</sup>

Pauline Viardot-Garcia was the daughter of two opera singers, Manuel Garcia and Joaquina Garcia-Stitchès. After her father's early death she studied voice with her mother and piano with Franz Liszt. Madame Viardot, as she called herself from that time forward, had one of the most exciting careers in music history. She wrote more than 100 songs, four operettas, one opera, many piano works, and two volumes of violin music. "*Plainte d'amour*" is an arrangement of Chopin's *Mazurka #1 in F-sharp minor*, op. 6 no. 1.

### Perduta ho la pace

Perduta ho la pace,  
ho in cor mille guai;  
Ah, no, più non spero  
trovarla più mai.

M'è buio di tomba  
ov'egli non è;  
Senz'esso un deserto  
è il mondo per me.

Mio povero capo  
confuso travolto;  
Oh misera, il senno,  
il senno m'è tolto!

Perduta ho la pace,  
ho in cor mille guai;  
Ah, no, più non spero  
trovarla più mai.

S'io sto al finestrello,  
ho gl'occhi a lui solo;  
S'io sfuggo di casa,  
sol dietro a lui volo.

Oh, il bel portamento;  
oh, il vago suo viso!  
Qual forza è nei sguardi,  
che dolce sorriso!

E son le parole  
un magico rio;  
Qual stringer di mano,  
qual bacio, mio Dio!

Perduta ho la pace,  
ho in cor mille guai;  
Ah, no, più non spero  
trovarla più mai.

### I Have Lost the Peace

I have lost the peace  
I have in my heart one thousand woes;  
Ah, no, I can hope  
To find it never again.

Everywhere he is not  
Is like a tomb;  
Without him the world  
Is a desert for me.

My poor head  
Is confused, upset;  
Oh misery, my senses,  
My senses are gone!

I have lost the peace  
I have in my heart one thousand woes;  
Ah, no, I can hope  
To find it never again.

If I stay at the window  
I watch for him alone;  
If I leave the house,  
Only back to him I fly.

Oh, his beautiful bearing;  
Oh, his beautiful features!  
What force in his glances,  
What a sweet smile!

And his words are  
A magic brook;  
What a clasp of his hand,  
What a kiss, my God!

I have lost the peace  
I have in my heart one thousand woes;  
Ah, no, I can hope  
To find it never again.

Anela congiungersi  
al suo il mio petto;  
Potessi abbracciarlo,  
tenerlo a me stretto!

Baciarlo potessi,  
far pago il desir!  
Baciarlo! potessi  
baciata morir.

Text: Luigi Balestra

### Callejeo

Dos horas ha que callejeo  
pero no veo,  
nerviosa ya, sin calma,  
al que le di confiada  
el alma.

No vi hombre jamás  
que mintiera más que el majo  
que hoy me engaña;  
mas no le ha de valer  
pues siempre fui mujer de maña  
y, si es menester,  
correré sin parar,  
tras él, entera España.

Text: Fernando Periquet

### Plainte d'amour

Chère âme, sans toi j'expire,  
Pourquoi taire ma douleur?  
Mes lèvres veulent sourire  
Mes yeux disent mon malheur.  
Hélas! Loin de toi j'expire,

Que ma cruelle peine,  
De ton âme hautaine  
Désarme la rigueur.

Cette nuit dans un rêve,  
Je croyais te voir;  
Ah, soudain la nuit s'achève,  
Et s'enfuit l'espoir.

Je veux sourire  
Hélas! La mort, la mort est dans mon coeur.

Text: Louis Pomey

Breathless to join  
His breast to mine;  
I could embrace him  
Hold him top me tightly!

I could kiss him,  
To satisfy my desire!  
To kiss him! And I could  
Being kissed, die.

Translation: Pier Lamia Porter

### I wander

Two hours that I wander  
But I don't see,  
Nervous and without calm,  
The man to whom I trustingly gave  
My soul.

Never before saw a man  
That lied more  
Than him who now deceives me;  
But, it'll be of no use to him  
For I've always been a stubborn woman  
And, if necessary,  
I'll run without stopping  
After him, through the whole Spain.

Translation: Pier Lamia Porter

### Love's Lament

Dear soul, without you I die,  
Why silence my sorrow?  
My lips want to smile  
My eyes speak my misfortune.  
Alas! Far from you I die.

May my cruel pain,  
Disarm the hardness  
Of your haughty soul.

Tonight in a dream,  
I believed I saw you;  
Ah, suddenly the night is over,  
And hope flies away.

I want to smile  
Alas! Death, death is in my heart.

Translation: Pier Lamia Porter



## Yearning

Antonio Cesti was one of the most celebrated of the mid-seventeenth century generation of Italian operatic composers. As a tenor he was regarded as "the glory and splendor of the secular stage." Cesti's *Orontea*, one of the most celebrated operas of the seventeenth century, is considered a significant antecedent of eighteenth century opera buffa. In the aria "Intorno all'idol mio" from the end of Act II, *Orontea*, Queen of Egypt, sings of her love for the sleeping painter Alidoro. The smooth melodic line carries a sensuous melancholy, intensified periodically by a dissonant leap.

Written in 1842 and revised the following decade, "Oh! quand je dors" was the first of seven poems of Victor Hugo that Franz Liszt would set between 1842 and 1849. Liszt had already known Victor Hugo in 1827 and invited him to his concerts. Liszt's close association with poets are evident in the large amount of music that is based on literature. The first version of "Oh! quand je dors" was published in Berlin in 1844, along with two other Hugo settings, "Enfants, si j'étais roi" and "S'il est un charmant gazon"; the three were again published together in their second versions in 1859.

Born in France, Léo Delibes received his early training with his mother and uncle. He is best known for his popular opera *Lakmé* and as the first composer to write music of high quality for the ballet. His songs demonstrate his integral melodic gift and his flair for bringing out the best elements of the voice, writing with grace and attractive rhythms to bring the text vividly to life. The accompaniment for "Les Filles de Cadix" in D minor is a kind of Spanish trumpet-call dance melody, changing to a steady guitar strum as the voice enters. The introduction to this piece bears a striking resemblance to the gypsy song "Les tringles des sistres tintaient" from Georges Bizet's *Carmen*.

### Intorno all'idol mio

Intorno all'idol mio spirate pur, spirate,  
Aure, Aure soavi e grate,  
E nelle guancie elette  
Baciatelo per me,  
Cortesi, cortesi aurette!

Al mio ben, che riposa  
Su l'ali della quiete,  
Grati, grati sogni assistete  
E il mio racchiuso ardore  
Svelate gli per me,  
O larve, o larve d'amore!

Text: Anonymous

### Oh! quand je dors

Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de ma  
couche,  
comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura,  
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche...  
Soudain ma bouche  
S'entrouvrira!

### Around my idol

Pray blow around my idol,  
Blow, sweet welcome breezes,  
And on his beloved cheeks  
Kiss him for me, obliging little  
breezes!

To my love who is resting on the wings of  
peace,  
Bring pleasant dreams.  
And conceal my passion  
Reveal to him on my behalf,  
O shades of love!

Translation: Pier Lamia Porter

### Oh! When I sleep

Oh, when I sleep, approach my bed,  
As Laura appeared to Petrarch;  
And as you pass, touch me with your breath...  
Suddenly my lips  
Will part!

Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève  
Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura,  
Que ton regard comme un astre se lève...  
Soudain mon rêve  
Rayonnera! Ah!

Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une flamme,  
Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura,  
Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens femme...  
Soudain mon âme  
S'éveillera!

Text: Victor Hugo

### Le Filles de Cadix

Nous venions de voir le taureau,  
Trois garçons, trois fillettes,  
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau,  
Et nous dansions un boléro  
Au son des castagnettes;  
Dites-moi, voisin,  
Si j'ai bonne mine,  
Et si ma basquine va bien, ce matin,  
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?  
Ah! ah!  
Les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela

Et nous dansions un bolero  
Un soir c'était dimanche,  
Vers nous s'en vint un hidalgo  
Cousu d'or, la plume au chapeau,  
Et la poing sur la hanche:  
Si tu veux de moi,  
Brune au doux sourire,  
Tu n'as qu'à le dire,  
Cette or est à toi.  
Passez votre chemin, beau sire,  
Ah! Ah!  
Les filles de Cadix n'entendent pas cela.

Text: Louis Charles Alfred de Musset

On my dreary brow, troubled perhaps too long  
By a dark dream  
Let your gaze fall like light from a star  
Soudain my dream  
Will radiate! Ah!

Then on my lips which floats a flame,  
Flash of love that God himself purified  
Place a kiss and from an angel become a woman...  
Suddenly my soul  
Will awaken!

Translation: Pier Lamia Porter

### The Girls of Cadiz

We had just seen the bull,  
Three boys, three young girls,  
On the grass it was nice  
And we danced a bolero  
to the sound of castanets:  
Tell me, neighbor,  
whether I have a nice face  
And if my skirt looks alright this morning  
You think I have a slender waist?  
Ah! ah!  
The girls of Cadiz like that well enough

And we dance a bolero  
One evening it was Sunday,  
To us comes up a hidalgo,  
Sewn with gold, a feather in his hat,  
And his fist on his hip:  
"If ever you want me  
Brunette with the soft smile,  
You only have to say so  
This gold is yours  
Go on your way, handsome sire  
Ah! Ah!  
The girls of Cadiz don't understand that.

Translation: Pier Lamia Porter

## Anguish

"Die Mainacht" is the second song of Johannes Brahms' *Vier Gesänge*, Op. 43 collection. These four pieces have become among Brahms' most famous and often performed songs. In "Die Mainacht" the singer is describing her alienation as she wanders miserably from bush to bush in the moonlight; the piano introduction establishes the sense of lack of direction. Johann Voss edited Ludwig Hölty's text and Brahms used 3 out of the 4 verses.

Manuel de Falla is widely regarded as the most distinguished Spanish composer of the early twentieth century. Falla's reputation is based primarily on two lavishly Iberian ballet scores: *El amor brujo* (*Love the magician*) and *El Sombrero de tres picos* (*The Three-Cornered Hat*). With its broad, melodic phrases and arioso vocal style *Olas gigantes* could easily be mistaken for a German art song.

Often referred to as the "Dean of Black Women Composers," Undine Smith Moore was a notable and prolific composer of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. She began studying piano at the age of 7, and at the age of 20 became the first graduate of Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee to receive a scholarship to Juilliard. Moore is best known for her choral works, including *Scenes from the Life of a Martyr*, a 16-part oratorio based on the life of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., which was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize. She was awarded honorary Doctor of Music degrees by Virginia State College (1972) and Indiana University (1976).

### Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche blinkt,  
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen streut  
Und die Nachtigall flötet,  
Wand' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllet von Laub girret ein Taubenpaar  
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,  
Suche dunklere Schatten,  
Und die einsame Thräne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot  
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf  
Erden dich?  
Und die einsame Thräne  
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab!

Text: Ludwig Höltz

### Olas gigantes

Olas gigantes que os rompéis bramando  
En las playas desiertas y remotas,  
Envuelto entre las sábanas de espuma,  
¡Llevadme con vosotras!

Ráfagas de huracán, que arrebatáis  
Del alto bosque las marchitas hojas,  
Arrastrando en el ciego torbellino,  
¡Llevadme con vosotras!

Nubes de tempestad que rompe el rayo  
Y en fuego ornáis las desprendidas orlas,  
Arrebatado entre la niebla oscura,  
¡Llevadme con vosotras!

### The May Night

When the silvery moon through the shrubbery flashes,  
And its slumbering light over the lawn spreads,  
And the Nightengale sings,  
I wander sadly from bush to bush.

Covered over by leaves coos a pair of doves  
Its enchantment to me; but I turn myself,  
seek darker shadows,  
And the lonely tear flows.

When, oh smiling image, which like morning glow  
Shines through my soul, do I find you on  
earth?  
And the lonely tear flows  
Trembles hotter down my cheek!

Translation: Pier Lamia Porter

### Gigantic Waves

Gigantic waves that break roaring  
In the remote and deserted beaches,  
Enveloped among blankets of foam...  
Take me with you!

Blasts of the hurricane that tear  
From the high woods the shriveled leaves,  
Dragging them along in the blind whirlwind.  
Take me with you!

Storm clouds broken by lightning  
And in fire decorating the broken surf  
Snatched from the dark sky...  
Take me with you!

Llevadme, por piedad, adonde el vértigo  
Con la razón me arranque la memoria.  
¡Por piedad! ... ¡Tengo miedo de quedarme  
Con mi dolor a solas, con mi dolor a solas!

Text: Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer

Take me, for pity's sake, to where vertigo  
Can tear out memory and reason.  
For pity's sake! I am afraid to remain  
With my grief alone, with my grief alone!

Translation: Pier Lamia Porter

### Watch and pray

Mama, is Massa goin' to sell us tomorrow?  
Yes, Yes, Yes.  
Oh watch and pray.  
Is he a-goin' to sell us down to Georgia?  
Yes, yes, yes.  
Oh! down to Georgia,  
Watch and pray. Oh mama  
Don't you grieve after me.  
Oh, watch and pray.

### From the Hearts of Women

Best known for his orchestral works, African American composer William Grant Still also composed at length for the voice: nine operas, several choral pieces and many vocal solos and duets. Composed in 1959, the four songs in *From the Hearts of Women* are distinctly different from Still's other song cycle *Songs of Separation*, composed in 1949. For the earlier cycle he engaged texts by five male poets to describe the various emotions of a person at the end of a romantic relationship. For the text of his second cycle he asked his wife Verna Arvey, for a description of the feminine emotional landscape. She takes a "verbal snapshot" of four very diverse women of various ages. In *From the Hearts of Women*, one woman paints sketches of four very different women; a child playing with her doll, a middle aged woman, a coquette and a mourning mother.

### Little Mother

Baby sweetheart, baby darling, baby on my knee!  
My sweetheart, little angel, by my side the night long.  
Little playmate, dear companion, with me through the day!  
'Cause I love you, you will listen to the things I tell you.  
Baby please don't be naughty now.  
You'll get a spanking if you are bad!  
Mommy tells you, "Be good."  
Stop your crying, and you'll get a reward."  
Daddy says you're only a rag doll,  
But I know better.  
Now, go to sleep, and when you wake up,  
We'll have more fun together.

### Coquette

By the sea, in the streets, at the ball,  
I go forth wanting romance, wanting fun.  
With a word, with a glance, with a gesture,  
I'm seeking someone to adore me.  
When I find him I'll greet him with pleasure,  
When I greet him I'll wait for his smile.  
For in this game we'll be partners,  
In this gay game of flirtation.  
In the spring, in the fall, in the summer,  
I go forth wanting romance, wanting fun.  
In the light, in the dark, 'neath the moon,  
I'm seeking someone to adore me.  
When I find him I'll join him in banter;  
In that moment I'll look far afield.  
For in this game I seek new partners,  
Since the game is worth more than the prize.