UNLV
University of Nevada, Las Vegas
College of Fine Arts - Department of Music
Presents a

Junior Recital

Dominique Pollina
soprano

with

Valeria Ore, piano

Tuesday, April 27, 2010
7:30 pm
Doc Rando Recital Hall
Bean Music Center
La pastorella delle alpi
Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
Vincenzo Bellini and Gioachino Rossini were well-known composers of Italian bel canto opera. Their art songs contain the flashy vocal embellishments and beautiful melodies characteristic of their operatic arias. Rossini's La pastorella delle alpi is a fun-filled waltz starring a flirtatious Alpine shepherdess. In contrast, Bellini's L'abbandono describes a heartbroken woman's plea for the return of her lost love.

L'abbandono
Vincenzo Bellini (1908-1992)
La pastorella delle alpi
Son bella pastorella
Che scende ogni mattino
Ed offre un cestellino
Di fresche frutta e fior
Chi viene al primo albero
Avra vezzose rose
E poma ruggiassose
Venite al mio giardino.

Wandrers Nachtlied I
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Chi viene al primo albero
Avra vezzose rose
E poma ruggiassose
Venite al mio giardino.

Wandrers Nachtlied II

Standchen

Les cloches
Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Venite o passagiero,
La pastorella e qua,
Ma il fior del suo pensiero
Ad uno sol dura.

Nuit d'étoiles

Weep You No More
Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
Text by Count C. Pepoli

The Faithless Shepherdess

Translation by Dominique Pollina

This performance is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Bachelor of Music in Performance.

Dominique Pollina is a student of Alfonse Anderean.
Sempre vai di fior in fiore,
Ascolta, ascolta.

Se lo scorgi, o'ei dimora
Di' che rieda chi l'adora
Come riedi tu nel seno
Delle rose al primo albor.

Anonymous Text

Always coming and going from flower to flower
Listen, listen

If you catch sight of him,
Tell him to return to the one who adores him
As you return to the bosom
Of the roses at first dawn.

Translation by Dominique Pollina

Franz Schubert was one of the greatest composers of German lieder, or song. His compositions are extremely expressive—the piano and voice work together to create the character of the music. "Wanderer's Nachtlied," written in two parts, is a more subtle example. The piano provides a quiet backdrop to the tale of a weary traveler searching for rest. In "Ständchen" the piano line creates aguitar-like accompaniment to a serenade meant to woo a lover.

Wandrer's Nachtlied I
Der du von dem Himmel bist,
Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillst,
Den, der doppelt elend ist,
Doppleit mit Entzückung füllst,
Ach, ich bin des Treibens müde!
Was soll all der Schmerz und Lust?
Süsser Friede!
Komm, ach, komm in meine Brust!

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Translation by Dominique Pollina

Wanderer's Night Song I
You who are from heaven,
All grief and pain release,
You, who are doubly miserable,
Are doubly filled with delight,
Ah! I am tired of the hustle!
What's the meaning of all the pain and desire?
Sweet peace!
Come, ah, come into my breast!

Text by Ludwig Rellstab

Translation by Werner Singer

These two pieces by Claude Debussy are very similar both in thematic material and musical style. Both "Les Cloches" and "Nuit d'étoiles" revolve around the concept of memory, and how bits of nature can stir up memories from the past. In both pieces Debussy uses chromaticism to express the mix of emotions these memories inspire. The piano line begins softly and builds to a rolling climax as the speaker of each poem lets a burst of feeling. Debussy completes both songs with a return to the soft dynamic, and a thoughtful ending.

Les Cloches
Les feuilles souffraient sur le bord
des branches, Delicatement,
Les cloches tintentaient, légeres et franches,
Dans le ciel clément.

Text by Paul Bourget

Translation by Dominique Pollina

The Bells
The leaves opened in the edge
of the branches, delicately
The bells chimed, light and clear,
In the mild sky

Rythmic and fervent as an anthem,
The distant call
Reminds me of the Christian whiteness
Of the flowers on the altar.

Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses années,
Et dans le grand bois,
Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées
Des jours d'autrefois.

Text by Paul Bourget

Translation by Dominique Pollina
Nuit d'étoiles  
Nuit d'étoiles,  
Sous tes voiles,  
Sous tab rise tes parfums  
Triste lyre, Qui soupiré,  
Je rêve aux amours évanis.

Text by Théodore de Banville  
Translation by Gary Arvin

Night of Stars  
Night of stars.  
Beneath your veils,  
In your breeze and fragrance  
Sad lyre, that sighs,  
I dream of past loves.

La sereine mélancolie  
Vient éclorer au fond de mon cœur  
Et j'entends l'amour de ma mère  
Tressailler dans le bois rêveur.

Je revois à notre fontaine  
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;  
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,  
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Roger Quilter set his songs to beautiful poems by English writers. Both The Faithless Shepherdess and Weep you no more are set to anonymous poems from the Elizabethan era. They are part of Quilter's song cycle, Seven Elizabethan Songs, Op. 12.

Sitting beside a crystal fountain,  
In shadow of a green oak tree,  
Upon his pipe this song play'd he:  
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love  
Your mind is light, soon lost, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight  
I was your heart, your soul, your treasure  
And ever more you sobb'd and sigh'd  
Burning in flames beyond all measure:  
Three days endured your love to me,  
And it was lost in other three!  
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love  
Your mind is light, soon lost, for new love.

Anonymous Text

Weep you no more  
Weep you no more, sad fountains;  
What need you flow so fast?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!  
But my Sun's heavenly eyes  
View not your weeping;  
That now lies sleeping.  
Softly now, softly lies sleeping, sleeping.  
Sleep is a reconciling,  
A rest that peace begets;  
Doth not the sun rise smiling  
When fair at even he sets?  
Rest you, then rest, sad eyes! Melt not in weeping,  
While so lies sleeping,  
Softly now, softly lies sleeping, sleeping.

The Faithless Shepherdess  
While that the sun with his beams hot  
Scorch'd the fruits in vale and mountain,  
Philon, the shepherd late forgot