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,

Josie Robinson, Ted Hartwell, Andrew Travers; cello

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

The Soldier Tired of War's Alarms
from *Artaxerxes*

**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 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.

Ständchen

**Selections from Brentano Lieder**

Amor

Säule, liebe Myrthe

**Richard Strauss (1864-1949)**

The soldier tired of wars alarms,
Forswears the clang of hostile arms
And scorns the spear and shield.

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

*Text by Thomas Arne*

Ständchen

**Selections from Brentano Lieder**

Amor

Säule, liebe Myrthe

*Richard Strauss (1864-1949)*

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 1884–87. The essential accompaniment creates a sense of urgency and excitement. Strauss's early songs are firmly rooted in the Romantic period, while his later Lieder are orchestral-conceived 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 it is predominantly melismatic and contains vocal trills. It also has an unusually high tessitura. Säule, liebe Myrthe also echoes Strauss's operatic vocal writing with its expansive vocal lines and dense harmonic texture.

Plevishis' rozoj, solovej
Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov (1844-1908)

Redejet oblakov
Re
Ne vet er veja s vysoty

*Chansons de Ronsard*

Darius Milhaud (1892-1974)

A une Fontaine
A Cupidon
Tais-toi Babillarde
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 Tod Fitzpatrick.

Open up, but softly my child
So as to wake no one who sleeps.

Mach auf, mach' auf, doch leise mein Kind
Und Keinen von Schlummer zu wecken.

Kaum murmelt der Bach,
Laurenz Snyder
An dem Feuer saß das Kind
Amon, Amon
Und war blutig!
Mit dem kleinen Flügel fachelt
In die Flammen er und schlächt,
Ficht, lächle, schlaues Kind.

Ach, der Flügel brennt dem Kind!
Amon, Amon
Laut geschrien!
O wie in die Glut durchschneint!
Flügelschlagend läut er mit rein;
In der Hirtin Schoff entrinn
Hilfssuche das schlaue Kind.

Und die Hirtin hilft dem Kind,
Amon, Amon
Bus und blind.
Hirtin, sieh, dein Herz entbrannt,
Hat den Schelmen nicht gekannt.
Seh, die Flamm' wächst geschwin.
Hüt dich vor dem schlaue Kind!

Clemens Brentano

Translation by John Glenn Paton

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 abilities 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 onomatopoeic 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 an example of a graphic score, illustrated as a comic strip. The piece requires the singer to imitate a radio sound effects person and depicts several different 'scenes' through various vocal sounds.

INTERMISSION

Plenivšia rozoj, solovej
Redjet oblakov
Ne veter veja s vvsyty

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. Plenivšia rozoj, solovej represents the first period, containing oriental themes, especially apparent in the initial melody. Redjet oblakov and Ne veter veja s vvsyty represent the second period of composition. These later songs display more interaction between music and text. Redjet is almost a miniature tone-poem, describing a vivid picture of nature.

Translation by Constance Bache

The nightingale in fervent song
Wooded the rose all night long.
But she did not listen and bent her head...
Thus often the lover sings
A melody of hope and fear.
But even if the maiden hears—
She doesn't know whom he sings
Or why so sadly.

Translation by Constance Bache

The flying chain of clouds is thinning in the sky.
O you the Evening star, the star of hope on high!
Your beam is silencing the distant withered plain,
And both the dreamy bay and marble rocky chains.
I love your vague gloom there in the heavens.
And all my sleep thoughts were broken 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 dales
Where tender myrtles sleep and cypresses in dark veils.
Écoute moi, Fontaine vive,
En qui j'ai eu si souvent,
Couche tout plat depuis ta rive,
Oise à la franche du vent,
Quand l'été ménager monsieur,
Le sein de Cerès dévoué,
Et leur par compass écarène,
Garnissant tout le ble blau.
Ainsi toujours puissants-tu être
En religion à tous ceux
Qui te bonte ou fontent paître
Les verts rivaux à leurs beaux,
Ainsi toujours la lune claire
Voie à minuit au fond d'un val
Les Nymphes près de ton repaire
À mille bons mener le ball!

But listen, lively little fountain
who dost my thirst so oft appease,
Reclining here beneath the mountain,
Like in the refreshing breeze
When frugal summer is reclaiming
the fruit of Ceres' bared breast,
with every thrilling floor exclaiming
Beneath the weight of her bequest.
O thus may thou remain forever,
A sacred place for all those
With 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 novelty.

Translation by Henry Pleasants

Day pursues the night,
And summer night
Pushes day which glows
With a dark shadow.
Autumn follows summer
And the wind's bitter rage
Never exist
Once some storm is over
But the fever of love
Which torments me
Remains in me always
And never lets up.
If it were not for God,
Who needed to be stung
Your arrow
Should have hit some place else.
Persue 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
And cut out your tongue.
In the morning, your endless caddling
Makes my head turn.

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

God be with you, faithful messengers
Of Spring, swallows,
Huppes, coeurs, roses rouges, 
Tournesols, et vos citrouilles sauvages. 
Qui de ces sortes de rameaux 
Amenez les bois verdoyants. 

Dieu vous garde, belles pétales et 
Belles roses, belles fleurettes, 
Et vous boutons jaunes jolis. 

Ou s'agissaient et de Narcisse, 
Et vous thym, ariettes et mélisses. 
Vous soyez bien revues.

Dieu vous garde, troupe diaprée 
Des papillons qui par le pré 
Les doux herbes aux oisettes. 

Et vous, nouvel esmaël d'abricots, 
Qui les fleurs jaunes et vermillons 
De votre bouche baisecettes.

C'est mille fois je ressaisie 
Votre belle et douce venue. 
Ou que jaime cette saison 
Et ce doux coquet des rivages, 
Au prix des vents et des orages 
Qui m'enfermait en la maison!

Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5

Aria

Dansa

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 cells.

Aria

Tarde, um nuvem rosa lenta e transparente, 
Sobre o espaço sonhador e bela! 

O sol nasceu, o dia veio, a terra toda a Natureza! 

Que se apresse e ali num sonhadoramente, 
Em anseios de alma para ficar bela,

Rasga o céu a terra toda a Natureza! 

Cala a passada aos seus tristes queixumes, 
E reflete o mar toda a sua riqueza... 

Stavne a luz da luz deserta agonia, 
A cruel saudade que ri no coração! 

Tarde uma nuvem rosa lenta e transparente, 
Sobre o espaço sonhador e bela!

Translation by Ruth V. Carlsen

Dansa

Irê, meu passarinho do Sertão do Cariri, 
Irê, meu companheiro, Cáde viu? 

Cáde meu bem? Cáde Maria? 

A trieste sorte a do viu do cantado! 

A gente sabe quem cantou o seu amor, 

Oh! Seu aço esbarro no rumo do coração! 

Que sua flauta do Sertão quando você abraçou, 

Oh! A gente ouviu sua voz! 

Oh! Teu canto chegou lá no fundo do coração! 

Corro de aqui amolecer o coração, oh! 

Irê, Solte teu canto! 

Pra alebrar o Cariri! 

Canta, cambucinha! Canta justiça! Canta Irê! 

Canta, canta sobe Patativa! Benvejo! 

Maria acorda e dá a cântico todos vocês! 

Passarinhos do sertão! Benvejo! Oh! Sábio! 

Sábio! 

Lá! Lá! Ela! Sábios da mata cantados! 

Lá! Ela! Sábios da mata sonhadores! 

O voo canto vem do fundo do coração! 

Corro de aqui amolecer o coração. 

Text by Manuel Bandeira

Translation by Mira Rubín