Christina Douglas
soprano

with
Michelle Lee, piano
Phillip Lenberg, conductor
Mert Sermet, Lee Richey, Mandy Andreacon, Zoe Kohen Ley,
Josie Robinson, Ted Hartwell, Andrew Travers; cello

Sunday, April 18, 2010
7:30 pm
Doc Rando Recital Hall
Beck Music Center
Program

The Soldier Tired of War's Alarms
from Artaxerxes
Thomas Arne (1710-1778)

Ständchen
Selections from Brentano Lieder
Amor
Säule, liebe Myrthe

Stripsody
Cathy Berberian (1925-1983)

INTERMISSION

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

Redejet oblakov
Ne vetver veja s vysoty

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

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

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 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 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

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 estante accompaniment creates a sense of urgency and excitement. Strauss’s early songs are firmly rooted in the Romantic period, while his later Liefer are orchestrally-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 orchestral 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.

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise mein Kind
Um Keinen von Schlummer zu wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach,
baum zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büchsen und Hecken.
Drum leise mein Mädchens, dass nicht sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Kinnle gelegt.
Mit Tritt der Eben so sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen.
Pflege leicht hinaus in die Mondschneelicht
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Ringe schlummern die Blumen am resedfenden Bach
und duften um Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.
Sitzt nieder, hier, dämmerst geheimnisvoll.
Unter den Linden bauen,
Die Nachtblüten zu Haupten.
Soll von unseren Küsten träumen.
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,
Hoch blühn
von den Wonne schauen der Nacht.

Text by Adolf Friedrich von Schack

Translation by Lawrence Snyder

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.
By the fire sat the child
Cupid, cupid, and was blind.
With his little wings he fans
into the flames and smiles.
Fan, smile, wily child.

Ah, the child's wing is burning!
Cupid, cupid, runs quickly!
O how the burning hurt him deeply!
beat his wings, he weeps loudly; to the shepherdess lap runs.
Crying for help, the wily child.

And the shepherdess helps the child,
Cupid, cupid, naughty and blind.
Shepherdess, look, your heart is burning,
You did not recognize the rascal.
See, the flame is growing quickly.
Save yourself, from the wily child!

Translation by John Glenn Paton

Text by Clemens Brentano

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Striposy

Cathy Berberian (1925-1983)

Cathy Berberian was an American singer of diverse interests from Opera to American folk dance to pantomime. She sang in various genres from the 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 Stripsy, 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. Stripsy 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 "sciences" through various vocal sounds.

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INTERMISSION

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Plenivshch rozoj, solovej
Redjet obliakov
Ne veter veja s vysyty

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov (1844-1908)

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 nationalist 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. Plenivshch rozoj, solovej represents the first period, containing oriental themes, especially apparent in the initial melody. Redjet obliakov and Ne veter veja s vysyty 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.

Text by Aleksandr Koltsov

Translation by Constance Backes

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The nightingale in fervent song
Woosed the rose all night long.
But she did not listen and bent her head.
Thus oft the lover sings
A melody of hope and fear.

Oh, even the maiden hears—
She doesn't know whom he sings
Or why so sadly.

Translation by Constance Backes

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The flying chain of clouds is thinning in the sky.
O thou, the Evening star, the star of hope on high.
Your beam is silvery the distant winder's plain,
And both the dreamy bay and marly rock do shine.
I love your gaze glow there in the heavenly height;
And all my deep thoughts were stoked 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 trunks above the dale,
Where tender myrtles slept and cypress in dark veils
Wherein the middle of the day the songs of waves were haunting.

Translation by Emily Ezust

Text by Clemens Brentano
Long time ago when I was there upon the mountain
And the sun I dropped my thoughts and business.
When all the nuts were dressed in 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 Shostakovich

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 gusl, it has many strings.
Life's whirlwind pulled it at
And in a devastating assault,
Howling and whistling, tore the strings
And then bedecked it with cold snow.
Yet what you say delights the ear.
Your touch is very light.
Like the dust which waits from flowers,
Like a breath of air in a 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 l'apres rage
Des vents ne point esté
Aprèsorage.
Mais la belle d'amour
Qui me tourmente
Demeure en moi toujours
Et ne s'altère.
Ce n'est pas moi, Dieu,
Quel fait la joie
Ta fleche en un autre lieu
Se devait joindre.
Pour quil les pareurs
Et les amours
Mais non pas moi, ni ceux
Qu'iraime la Muse...

Translation by David Jonathan Asman

But listen, lively little fountain
who dost my thirst so oft appease,
Reclining there beneath the mountain,
Idle in the refreshing breeze.
When fragrant summer is reclaiming
the fruit of Cesere bared breast,
With every threatening cloud exclaiming
Beneath the weight of her heaviest.
Oh thus may thou remain forever,
A sacred place for all those
Who, sick with life 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 somber night
Pushes day which grows
With a dark shadow.
Autumn follows summer
And the winds bitter rage
Never existed.
Once the storm is over.
But the heart of love
Which torment me
Remains in me always
And never lets up.
It was not I, God
Who need 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 Henry Pleasants

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Translation by Henry Pleasants
Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5
Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)

Aria

Danza

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.

Aria

Tarde, uma noite rosa lenta e transparente,
Sobre o espaço sonhadora e bela!
Surge no infinito a lua desembarca,
Encheu-se a tarde, qual meiga donzela.
Quem se aproveia e adorna sonhadoramente,
Em anseios de alma para ficar bela,
Grita ao céu e ao terra, toda a Natureza!
Cala a passada aos seus tristes queixumes;
E reflete o mar toda a sua rigidez...
Sente a lua, da lua deserta e gira,
A cruel audácia que ri e chora:
Tarde uma noite rosa lenta e transparente,
Sobre o espaço sonhadora e bela!

Text by Ruth V. Correia

Translation by Mima Rubim

Danza

Irene, meu passarinho do Sertão do Cariri,
Irene, meu companheiro, Cade viola?
Cade meu bem? Cade Maria?
Ai triste sorte a do violeiro cantado!
Ah! Sei a viola em que cantava a seu amor,
a sua alma, amante, chora.
Ah! Seu abandono é tua flauta de Irene.
Que tua flauta do Sertão quando abandona,
Ah! A gente sofre um acidente.
Ah! Teu canto chega lá do fundo do Sertão,
Como da brisa amolecendo o coração, ah!
Irene, dóla teu canto! Canta mais!
Pára além do Cariiri!
Canta, cambuciirim! Canta juri! Canta Irene!
Canta, canta dos laços fadigados!
Maria acorda que é dia! Cantem todos vocês
Passarinhos do Sertão! Benveit! Ei! Sabia!
Saila!
Lá! Lá! Ei! Sabia da mata cantada!
Lá! Ei! Sabia da mata escondida!
O voo canto vem do fundo do Sertão
Como uma brisa amolecendo o coração.

Text by Manuel Bandeira

Irene, my little bird of the Sertão of Cariri
Irene, my companion, where is the guitar,
Where is my beloved? Where is Maria?
Ah! Sad fate of the singer guitarist-player.
Ah! Without his guitar with which he sang in his
his whistle is his flute of Irene
And his flute of desert, when whistles, ah!
We suffer without wishing!
Your singing comes just from the deep desert
Like a breeze that mingles the heart! Ah!
Irene! Free your singing! Sing more!
Sing more to remind me Cariri!
Sing Cambuciirim, sing Juriti,
Sing Irene, singing the red deer,
Maria, wake up, it's morning!
Sing all of you, birds of the desert! Ben-te-vi,

Lia... Ei Sabia, singer of the woods!
Lia... Ei Sabia, sufferer of the woods!
Your singing comes from the deep Sertao
Like a breeze that mingles the heart!

Translation by Mima Rubim