



Presents a

Master's Recital

**Christina Douglas**

soprano

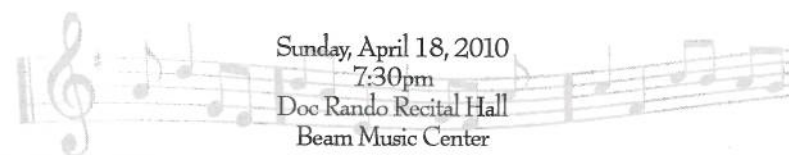
*with*

*Michelle Lee, piano*

*Phillip Lenberg, conductor*

*Mert Sermet, Lee Richey, Mandy Andreason, Zoe Kohen Ley,*

*Josie Robinson, Ted Hartwell, Andrew Travers; cello*



## Program

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

Ständchen  
Selections from *Brentano Lieder*  
Amor  
Säusle, liebe Myrthe Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Stripsody Cathy Berberian (1925-1983)

## INTERMISSION

Plevishis' rozoj, solovej  
Redejet oblakov  
Ne veter veja s vysoty Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov (1844-1908)

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

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

*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.*

The Soldier Tir'd of War's Alarms Thomas Arne (1710-1778)  
Thomas Arne, most famous for his anthem "Rule Britannia" was probably the most significant figure in 18<sup>th</sup> 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 folk-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 Tir'd 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  
Säusle, 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 1885-87. The ostinato accompaniment creates a sense of urgency and excitement. Strauss's early songs are firmly rooted in the Romantic period, while his later *Lieder* 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 melismatic and contains vocal trills. It also has an unusually high tessitura. *Säusle, 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 com Schlummer zu wecken.  
Kaum murmelt der Bach,  
kaum zittert im Wind  
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.  
Drum leise main Mädchen, dass nichts sich regt,  
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.  
Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,  
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen.  
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht  
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.  
Rings schlummern die Blüthen am rieselnden Bach  
und duften um Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.  
Sitz nieder, hier, dämmerts geheimnissvoll  
Unter den Linden bäumen,  
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten  
Soll von uns'ren Küssen träumen.  
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,  
Hoch glühn  
von den Wonne schauen der Nacht.

*Text by Adolf Friedrich von Schack*

Open up, but softly my child  
So as to wake no one who sleeps.  
Hardly murmurs the brook,  
Hardly shakes the wind  
A leaf on the bush and the hedge.  
So softly my maiden, so that nothing stirs,  
Just lay your hand softly on the door latch.  
With steps, how the footsteps of elves so soft,  
Soft enough to hop over flowers.  
Fly lightly out into the moonlit night.  
To me in the garden to steal.  
The flowers are sleeping in the rippling brook  
And fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.  
Sit here, it darkens mysteriously  
Beneath the linden trees,  
The nightingale over our heads  
Shall steal our kisses.  
And the rose, when in the morning it wakes,  
Shall glow  
From the wondrous passions of the night.

*Translation by Lawrence Snyder*



An dem Feuer saß das Kind  
Amor, Amor  
Und war blind;  
Mit dem kleinen Flügel fächelt  
In die Flammen er und lächelt,  
Fächle, lächle, schlaues Kind.

Ach, der Flügel brennt dem Kind!  
Amor, Amor  
Läuft geschwind!  
O wie in die Glut durchpeinet!  
Flügelschlagend laut er weinet;  
In der Hirtin Schoß entrinnt  
Hülfeschreiend das schlaue Kind.

Und die Hirtin hilft dem Kind,  
Amor, Amor  
Bös und blind.  
Hirtin, sieh, dein Herz entbrennet,  
Hast den Schelmen nicht gekennet.  
Sieh, die Flamme wächst geschwinde.  
Hüt dich vor dem schlaunen Kind!  
Clemens Brentano

*Text by Clemens Brentano*

Säusle liebe Myrthe!  
Wie still ist in der Welt,  
Der Mond, der Sternenhirte auf klarem Himmelsfeld  
Treibt schon die Wolkenschafe zu Born  
Des Lichtes hin.  
Schlaf, mein Freund.  
O schlafe, bis ich wieder bei dir bin.  
Säusle, liebe Myrthe und träum im Sternenschein,  
Die Turteltaube gürte auch ihre Brut schon ein,  
Still ziehn die Wolkenschafe zum Born  
Des Lichtes hin.  
Schlaf, mein Freund,  
o schlafe, bis ich wieder bei dir bin.  
Hörst du wie die Grille zirpt?  
Stille, stille, lass uns lauschen,  
Selig, wer in Träumen stirbt!  
Selig, wen die Wolken wiegen,  
wenn der Monde in Schlaflied singt!  
O, wie selig kann der fliegen,  
den der Traum den Flügel schwingt,  
Dass an blauer Himmelsdecke  
Sterne er wie Blumen pflückt:  
Schlaf, traume, flieg, ich wecke bald dich auf  
Und bin beglückt!  
Säusle, liebe Myrthe! Ich bin beglückt!

*Text by Clemens Brentano*

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 hurts him deeply!  
beating his wings, he weeps loudly;  
to the shepherdess's 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

*Translation by John Glenn Paton*

Rustle, dear Myrtle!  
How quiet it is in the world  
The moon, the shepherd of the stars in the bright field of heaven  
Drives the cloud-sheep  
To the spring of light.  
Sleep, my friend.  
O sleep, until I am with you again.  
Rustle, dear Myrtle and dream in the starlight,  
The turtledove cooed her brood to sleep,  
Quietly float the cloud-sheep  
Toward the spring of light.  
Sleep, my friend,  
O sleep, until I am with you again.  
Hear you how the fountains roar?  
Hush, hush, let us listen.  
Blessed is he who dies in his dreams!  
Blessed is he who clouds cradle,  
When the moon a lullaby sings!  
O, how blissfully can he fly,  
he who in his dreams brandishes wings,  
So that on the blue roof of Heaven  
stars may be like flowers pick:  
Sleep, dream, fly, I will awaken you soon,  
And you will be happy!  
Rustle, dear Myrtle! I will be happy!

*Translation by Emily Ezust*

Stripsody

Cathy Berberian (1925-1983)

Cathy Berberian was an American singer of diverse interests from Opera to Armenian 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

Plenivshis' rozoy, solovej  
Redejet oblakov  
Ne veter veja s vysoty

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

Plenivshis' rozoy, solovej  
I den' I noch' pojot nad nej;  
No roza molcha pesnjam vnemlet...  
Na lire tak pevets inoj  
Pojot dlja devy molodoj;  
A deva milijane znajet—  
Komu pojot I otchego  
Pechal' ny pesni tak ego?  
Text by Aleksey Koltsov

*Text by Aleksey Koltsov*

Redejet oblakov letuchaja grjada.  
Zvezda pechal' naja, vechernjaja zvezda!  
Tvoj luch oserebril uvjadshie ravliny,  
I dremlyushchij zaliv, I chornykh skal vershiny.  
Ljublju tvoj slabij svet v nebesnoj vyshine;  
Om dumy razbudil, usnuvshie vo mne:  
Ja pomnju tvoj voskhod, znakomoje svetilo,  
Nad mimoju stranoj, gde vsjo dlja sesrdsa milo,  
Gde strojny topoly v dolinakh vozneslis',  
Gde dremlet neznyj mirt i tjomnyj kiparis,  
I sladostno shumjat poludennye volny.

The nightingale in fervent song  
Wooped 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 of whom he sings  
Or why so sadly.  
translation by Constance Bache

*Translation by Constance Bache*

The flying chain of clouds is thinning in the sky.  
O you the Evening star, the star of woe on high!  
Your beam is silvering the distant withered plain,  
And both the dreamy bay and murky rocky chains.  
I love your vague glow there in the heavenly height;  
And all my sleepy thoughts were woken 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 slept and cypress in dark veils,  
Where in the middle of the day the songs of waves were haunting.



Tam nekogda v gorakh, serdechnoj dumy polnyj,  
Nad morem ja vlichil zadumchivuju len',  
Kogda na khizhiniy skhodila noch' ten'—  
I deva junaja vo mgle tebja iskala  
I imenem svoim podrugam nazyvala.

*Text by Aleksander Pushkin*

Ne veter veja s vysoty,  
Listov kasnulsja noch'ju lunnoj.  
Mojej dushi kosnulas' ty.  
Ona trevozhna, kak listy,  
Ona, kak gusli mnogostrunna.  
Zhitejskij vikhr' ejo terzal  
I sokrushitel' nym nabegom,  
Svistja I voja, struny rval  
I zanosil kholodnym snegom.  
Tvoja zhe rech' laskaet slukh,  
Tvojo legko prikosnoven'je,  
Kak ot tsvetov letjashchij pukh,  
Kak majskoj nochi dunoven' je.

*Text by Aleksai Tolstoj*

Quatre chansons de Ronsard  
A Une Fontaine  
A Cupidon  
Tais-toi Babillarde  
Dieu vous Garde

Darius Milhaud was a French composer commonly associated with *les six*. His huge output of compositions is unfortunately largely ignored. While he wrote much music in Paris, his later works are greatly inspired by time spent in Brazil and New York City. "Chansons de Ronsard" was written in 1840-41 in Oakland, CA. The set shows the jazz influence of New York and the rhythm of Brazil, especially in *Tais-toi Babillarde* and *Dieu vous Garde*. Milhaud was also a pioneer in the use of percussion, which he uses in a unique way in the orchestral setting of these songs. "Chansons de Ronsard" were written for col-oratura soprano Lily Pons and are among the composer's most successful compositions.

Écoute moi, Fontaine vive,  
En qui j'ai rebu si souvent,  
Couché tout plat dessus ta rive,  
Oisif à la fraîcheur du vent,  
Quand l'été ménager moissonne  
Le sein de Cérès dévêtu,  
Et l'air par compas résonne  
Gémissant sous le blé battu.  
Ainsi toujours puisses-tu être  
En religion à tous ceux  
Qui te boiront ou fairont paître  
Tes verts rivages à leurs boeufs.  
Ainsi toujours la lune claire  
Voie à minuit au fond d'un val  
Les Nymphes près de ton repaire  
À mille bonds mener le bal!

Long time ago when I was there upon the mountain  
Above the sea I dragged my thoughtful laziness,  
When all the huts were drowned into the sleepiness,  
A maid who looked for you came into the darkness  
And to her lady friends she called you by name.

*Translation by Dmitri Smimov*

Not the wind blowing from the heights,  
Touched the leaves in a moonlit night.  
You touched my soul.  
It is restless, like the leaves,  
Like a gusli, it has many strings.  
Life's whirlwind pulled at it  
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 wafts from flowers,  
Like a breath of air in a May night.

Darius Milhaud (1892-1974)

But listen, lively little fountain  
who dost my thirst so oft appease,  
Reclining here beneath the mountain,  
Idle in the refreshing breeze  
When frugal summer is reclaiming  
the fruit of Ceres' bared breast,  
with ev'ry threshing floor exclaiming  
Beneath the weight of her bequest.  
O thus may thou remain forever,  
A sacred place for all those,  
Who, sick with life's eternal fever,  
Share thy discourse, thy repose.  
And may the moon at midnight, glancing  
Upon the valley always see  
The nymphs that rally here for dancing  
To leap and bound in revelry.

*Translation by Henry Pleasants*

Écoute moi, Fontaine vive,  
En qui j'ai rebu si souvent,  
Couché tout plat dessus ta rive,  
Oisif à la fraîcheur du vent,  
Quand l'été ménager moissonne  
Le sein de Cérès dévêtu,  
Et l'air par compas résonne  
Gémissant sous le blé battu.  
Ainsi toujours puisses-tu être  
En religion à tous ceux  
Qui te boiront ou fairont paître  
Tes verts rivages à leurs boeufs.  
Ainsi toujours la lune claire  
Voie à minuit au fond d'un val  
Les Nymphes près de ton repaire  
À mille bonds mener le bal!

Le jour pousse la nuit  
Et la nuit somber  
Pousse le jour qui luit  
D'une obscure ombre.  
L'Automne suit l'Été  
Et l'âpre rage  
Des vents n'a point été  
Après l'orage.  
Mais la fièvre d'amours  
Qui me tourmente  
Demeure en moi toujours  
Et ne s'álente.  
Ce n'était pas moi, Dieu,  
Qu'il fallait poindre;  
Ta flèche en d'autre lieu  
Se devait joindre.  
Poursuis les paresseux  
Et les amuse,  
Mais non pas moi, ni ceux  
Qu'aime la Muse...

Tay toy, babillarde Arondelle  
Ou bien, je plumeray ton aile  
Si je t'empongne, ou d'un couteau  
Je te couperay la languette,  
Qui matin sans repos coquette  
Et m'estourdit tout le cerveau.

Je te preste ma cheminée,  
Pour chanter toute la journée,  
De soir, de nuit, quand tu voudras.  
Mais au matin ne me reveille,  
Et ne m'oste quand je sommeille  
Ma Cassandre d'entre mes bras.

Dieu vous gard, messagers fideles  
Du Printemps, gentes hirondelles,

But listen, lively little fountain  
who dost my thirst so oft appease,  
Reclining here beneath the mountain,  
Idle in the refreshing breeze  
When frugal summer is reclaiming  
the fruit of Ceres' bared breast,  
with ev'ry threshing floor exclaiming  
Beneath the weight of her bequest.  
O thus may thou remain forever,  
A sacred place for all those,  
Who, sick with life's eternal fever,  
Share thy discourse, thy repose.  
And may the moon at midnight, glancing  
Upon the valley always see  
The nymphs that rally here for dancing  
To leap and bound in revelry.

*Translation by Henry Pleasants*

Day pursues the night,  
and somber night  
Pushes day, which glows  
With a dark shadow.  
Autumn follows Summer  
and the winds' bitter rage  
never existed  
Once the storm is over.  
But the fever of love  
which torments me  
Remains in me always  
And never lets up.  
it wasn't me, God,  
who needed 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 David Jonathan Justman*

Quiet, chattering swallow,  
or if I get my hands on you  
I'll tear the feathers from your wing  
or cut out your tongue.  
In the morning, your endless cackling  
Makes my head turn.

You can sing all day,  
all evening, all night  
In my chimney if you want  
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, coucous, rossignoles,  
Tourtres, et vous oiseaux sauvages  
Qui de cent sortes de ramages  
Animez les bois verdelets.

Dieu vous gard, belles pâquerettes,  
Belles roses, belles fleurettes,  
Et vous boutons jadis connus  
Du sang d'Ajax et de Narcisse,  
Et vous thym, anis et mélisse,  
Vous soyez les bien revenus.

Dieu vous gard, troupe diaprée  
Des papillons, qui par la pré  
Les douces herbes suçotez;  
Et vous, nouvel essaim d'abeilles,  
Qui les fleurs jaunes et vermeilles  
De votre bouche baisotez.

Cent mille fois je resalue  
Votre belle et douce venue.  
Ô que j'aime cette saison  
Et ce doux caquet des rivages,  
Au prix des vents et des orages  
Qui m'enfermaient en la maison!

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 celli.

Aria  
Tarde, uma nuvem rosea lenta e transparente,  
Sobre o espaço sonhadora e bela!  
Surge no infinito a lua docemente,  
Enfeitando a tarde, qual meiga donzela  
Que se apreseia e alinda sonhadoramente,  
Em anseios d'alma para ficar bela,  
Grita ao céu e a terra, toda a Natureza!  
Cala a passara da aos seus tristes queixumes,  
E reflete o mar toda a sua riqueza...  
Suave a luz da lua desperta agora,  
A cruel saudade que ri echora!  
Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente,  
Sobre o espaço sonhadora e bela!

Tex by Ruth V. Correa

hoppoes, cuckoos, little nightingales,  
turtledoves and wild birds  
who make the greenwood  
Lively with a hundred sorts of warbles.

God be with you, lovely daisies,  
beautiful roses, pretty little flowers,  
and you buds, once known  
as the blood of Ajax and Narcissus.  
and you thyme, anise, wild cherry.  
Welcome back.

God be with you, multi-coloured troop  
of butterflies sucking  
the sweet grasses of the field,  
and you, new swarm of bees  
kissing the yellow  
And red flowers.

A hundred thousand times I salute  
Your sweet return.  
Oh, how I love this season  
And the sweet cackling on the banks  
after the winds and storms  
That have kept me shut in the house!

Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)

Evening, a rosy, slow and transparent cloud  
Over the space dreamy and beautiful  
the moon sweetly appears in the horizon  
Decorating the afternoon like a nice damsel  
Who rushes and dreamy adorns herself  
With an anxious soul to become beautiful  
Shout all Nature to the sky and to the earth!  
All birds become silent to the Moon's complaints  
And the Sea reflects its great splendor.  
Softly, the shining Moon just awakes  
The cruel missing that laughs and cries  
Evening, a rosy, slow and transparent cloud  
Over the space dreamy and beautiful...

Translation by Mima Rubim

Dansa  
Irerê, meu passarinho do Sertão do Cariri,  
Irerê, meu companheiro, Cadê viola?  
Cadê meu bem? Cadê Maria?  
Ai triste sorte a do violeiro cantadô!  
Ah! Sem a viola em que cantava o seu amô,  
love  
Ah! Seu assobio é tua flauta de irerê:  
Que tua flauta do Sertão quando assobia,  
Ah! A gente sofre sem querê!  
Ah! Teu canto chega lá do fundo do sertão, ah!  
Como ã brisa amolecendo o coração, ah!  
Irerê, Solta teu canto! Canta mais!  
Pra alembrá o Cariri!  
Canta, cambaxira! Canta juriti! Canta Irerê!  
Canta, canta sofrê Patativa! Bemtevi!  
Maria acorda que é dia Cantem todos vocês  
Passarinhos do sertão! Bemtevi! Eh! Sabia!  
Sabia!  
Lá! Liá! Eh! Sabia da mata cantadô!  
Liá! Eh! Sabia da mata sofrêdô!  
O vosso canto vem do fundo do sertão  
Como uma brisa amolecendo o coração.

Text by Manuel Bandeira

Irerê, my little bird of the Sertao of Cariri  
Irerê, my companion, where is the guitar,  
Where is my beloved? Where is Maria?  
Ah! Sad fate of singer guitar-player  
Ah! Without his guitar with which he sang to his

His whistle is his flute of Irerê  
And his flute of desert, when whistles, ah!  
We suffer without wishing!  
Your singing comes just from the deep desert  
Like a breeze that melts the heart! Ah!  
Irerê! Free your singing! Sing more!

Sing more to remind me Cariri!  
Sing Cambaxira, sing Juriti,  
Sing Irerê, sing suffering Patativa, bem-te-vi  
Maria, wake up, it is morning!  
Sing all of you, birds of the desert! Bem-te-vi,

Lia...Eh Sabia, singer of the woods!  
Lia...eh Sabia, sufferer of the woods!  
Your singing comes from the deep sertao  
Like a breeze that melts the heart!

Translation by Mima Rubim