

Ouachita Baptist University

## Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita

---

Guest Artist Concert Performances, Programs,  
and Posters

Division of Music

---

3-15-1979

### Marjo Carroll in a Guest Artist Recital

Marjo Carroll

Follow this and additional works at: [https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/guest\\_music](https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/guest_music)



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

---

#### Recommended Citation

Carroll, Marjo, "Marjo Carroll in a Guest Artist Recital" (1979). *Guest Artist Concert Performances, Programs, and Posters*. 57.

[https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/guest\\_music/57](https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/guest_music/57)

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Division of Music at Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita. It has been accepted for inclusion in Guest Artist Concert Performances, Programs, and Posters by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita. For more information, please contact [mortensona@obu.edu](mailto:mortensona@obu.edu).

# MUSIC

## AT OUACHITA

March 15, 1979, 7:00 P.M.

Recital Hall, Mabee Fine Arts Center

### GUEST ARTIST RECITAL

**MARJO CARROLL**      **soprano**

**Russell Hodges**      **piano**

#### I

George Frederick Handel  
(1685-1759)

Sommi Dei  
Aria from "Radamisto"

Piangerò la sorte mia  
Recitative and Aria from "Giulio Cesare"

#### II

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

Wir wandelten (We Wandered)

Das Mädchen spricht (The Maiden Speaks)

Die Mainacht (The May-night)

Meine Liebe ist grün (My Love is Green)

#### III

Reynaldo Hahn  
(1874-1947)

Si mes vers avaient des ailes (If My Verses Had Wings)

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

La Chevelure (The Tresses)

Emmanuel Chabrier  
(1841-1894)

Les Cigales (The Crickets)

Franz Liszt  
(1811-1886)

Oh, quand je dors (Oh, When I Slumber)

#### IV

Charles Naginski  
(1909-1940)

The Pasture  
(Robert Frost)

David Diamond  
(b. 1915)

As Life what is so Sweet  
(Anonymous, circa 1624)

Samuel Barber  
(b. 1910)

The Monk and His Cat  
(8th or 9th century, translated by W. H. Auden)

John Duke  
(b. 1899)

The Bird  
(Elinor Wylie)

Sommi Dei  
Aria from "Radamisto"

George Frederick Handel

Supreme gods, take heed of my sufferings,  
Protect an unhappy soul!

Piangerò la sorte mia  
Recitative and Aria from "Giulio Cesare"

RECITATIVE  
Why then, in one day, am I deprived of magnificence and glory?  
Oh, cruel fate! Cesar, my beloved idol, is probably dead,  
Cornelia and Sesto are defenseless  
And cannot give me assistance.  
Oh God! Is there no hope left in my life?  
ARIA  
I will bemoan my fate  
So cruel and brutal,  
As long as there is breath left in my body.  
And when I am dead and  
Become a ghost, I will haunt  
Tyranny night and day.

Wir wandelten (We Wandered)

Johannes Brahms

We walked one day, we two together,  
Silent was I, and thou so silent;  
Much would I give, could I discover,  
As thus we walked, what thoughts were thine.  
What I then thought, may now, as ever, remain unsaid!  
But this I'll tell thee:  
So sweet the thoughts that I was thinking  
So happy all the world around,  
That through my mind my thoughts came stealing  
Like golden chimes within me pealing  
More sweetly far, and far more lovely,  
Than any other earthly sound!

Das Mädchen spricht (The Maiden Speaks)

Swallow, please tell me  
Is it your old man with whom you built your nest?  
Or have you just recently married him?  
Tell me, what are you twittering,  
Tell me, what are you whispering  
So intimately in the early morning?  
Am I right by thinking that you are a recent bride?

Die Mainacht (The May-night)

When the silvery moon glimmers through tangled boughs,  
And her slumberous light streams over the grass,  
And the nightingale chants,  
Sadly I wander from glade to glade.  
Hiding deep in the leaves trill a pair of turtle doves  
Softly cooing of love.  
Ah! love is not for me,  
Fain, I'd hide me in shadows,  
And there a lonesome tear drops.  
When, oh smiling face, like the rosy morn  
Streaming into my soul, will I find you on earth?  
And the lonesome teardrop trembles  
Burning down my cheek.

Meine Liebe ist grün (My Love is Green)

My love is green as the alderbush,  
Like the sun so bright, is my treasure;  
The sun that shines down on the alderbush  
And fills it with perfume and pleasure.  
My soul has the wings of the nightingale,  
And cradled in blossoming lilac.  
And wild exaltation, it sings with joy,  
An irresistible love song.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes (If My Verses Had Wings)

Reynaldo Hahn

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,  
To your garden so beautiful,  
If my verses had wings  
Like the bird!  
They would fly, glittering,  
To your cheerful fireside,  
If my verses had wings  
Like the mind!  
To you, pure and faithful  
They would hasten, night and day,  
If my verses had wings  
Like love!

La Chevelure (The Tresses)

Claude Debussy

He told me: "Last night I dreamed.  
I had your tresses around my neck.  
I wore your locks like a dark chain  
Around my neck and on my breast.  
I caressed them and they were my own;  
And we were thus forever united,  
By the same tresses, lips upon lips,  
As two laurels often have but one root.  
And gradually, it seemed to me,  
So much were our limbs entwined,  
That I became you,  
Or that you entered into me, like my dream."  
When he had finished,  
He gently laid his hands upon my shoulders,  
And he looked at me with a glance so tender  
That I cast down my eyes and trembled.

Les Ciagles (The Crickets)

Emmanuel Chabrier

The sun is straight above the path,  
The shade turns blue under the fig trees,  
These cries in the distance multiply,  
'Tis noontime, 'tis noontime that sings!  
Under the orb which leads the choir  
The hidden songstresses  
Emit their hoarse screams,  
From an untiring heart!  
The crickets, these little animals,  
Are more soulful than the viols;  
The crickets, the little crickets,  
Sing better than the violins!  
They indulge in it, the crickets,  
On the heaps of gray dust,  
Under the stunted olive trees;  
Stars of pale little flowers,  
Intoxicated from singing this way,  
They make their mad music;  
And always their song arises  
From the tufts of the russet lawn.  
The crickets, these little animals,  
Are more soulful than the viols;  
The crickets, the little crickets,  
Sing better than the violins!  
For the dishevelled country folk in the cottage,  
The great orb pours down,  
In torrents from the sky,  
Slumber and its balm;  
All is dead, nothing is heard any more  
Except them, always, frenzied,  
Amidst the detached sounds  
Of some far away angelus.  
The crickets, these little animals  
Are more soulful than the viols;  
The crickets, the little crickets,  
Sing better than the violins!

Oh, quand je dors (Oh, When I Slumber)

Franz Liszt

Oh, when I slumber, come close to my couch  
Like to Petrarch appeared Laura.  
And when in passing your breath touches me,  
Then my lips will suddenly open...  
On my mournful forehead, where perhaps is ending  
A dark dream, which lasted too long,  
Let your glance like a star arise;  
Suddenly my dream will become radiant!  
Then on my lips, where a flame is fluttering  
Lightning of love, by God Himself made pure,  
Place a kiss and change from angel into woman,  
And suddenly my soul will be awakened!  
Oh, come as to Petrarch appeared Laura!