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### Diana Ellis in a Faculty Recital

Diana Ellis

*Ouachita Baptist University*

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Ouachita Baptist University  
Bernice Young Jones School of Fine Arts

Division of Music

presents

*Diana Ellis*

Soprano

Accompanied by

*Cindy Fuller*

Piano

*Sim Flora*

Flute

in

Faculty Recital

) Thursday, September 4, 1997

7:30 pm

*W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall*  
*Mabee Fine Arts Recital Hall*

## Program

### I

**Giulio Cesare**

George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

*V'adoro, pupille*

**Così fan tutte**

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

*Una donna a quindici anni*

### II

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1928)

*Nuit d'Etoiles*  
*Beau Soir*  
*Mandoline*

**Faust**

Charles Gounod  
(1818-1893)

*The Jewel Song*

### III

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

*Ich trage meine Minne*  
*Nichts*  
*Zueignung*

**La Bohème**

Giacomo Puccini  
(1858-1924)

*Donde lieta*

## IV

### **Spirituals**

Arr. Hall Johnson

*There is a Balm in Gilead*  
*Swing low, sweet chariot!*

Arr. Margaret Bonds

*He's got the whole world in His hands*

## V

### **The Wizard of Oz**

Harold Arlen  
(1905-1986)

*Somewhere Over the Rainbow*

### **An American Tail**

James Horner, Barry Mann,  
and Cynthia Weil

*Somewhere Out There*

### **West Side Story**

Leonard Bernstein  
(1918-1990)

*Somewhere*  
Sim Flora, flute

*You are cordially invited to a reception in the Gallery immediately following the recital.*

## Translations

“V’adoro, pupille”  
(I adore you, eyes)  
from **Giulio Cesare**

I adore you, eyes, missiles of love,  
Your spark is welcome to my breast.  
My sad heart desires you, who inspire pity,  
And whom it always calls its best beloved.

---

“Una donna a quindici anni”  
(A lady at fifteen years)  
from **Così fan tutte**

A lady at fifteen years of age  
Must know each great fashion,  
Where the devil has the tail,  
What is good, and what is bad,  
Must know the malicious ways,  
That like fall-in-love lovers,  
Feign laughter, feign tears,  
Invent fine reasons.  
She must in a moment give attention to  
A hundred people,  
With the eyes talk to a thousand,  
To give hope to all, whether handsome or ugly,  
To know how to hide herself; without  
embarrassment,  
Without blushing, to know how to lie,  
And like a queen from the high throne  
With “I can” and “I wish” make herself obeyed.  
It seems that they have a taste for such a  
doctrine;  
Long live Despina, who knows how to serve.

---

“Nuit d’Etoiles”  
(Night of Stars)

Night of stars, beneath your veils,  
Amid your breezes and your scents,  
While a sad lyre is sighing,  
I dream of my late loves.  
Serene melancholy  
Suddenly unfolds at the bottom of my heart,

And I sense the soul of my beloved  
Trembling in the dreaming forest.  
I see again, in our fountain,  
Your glances blue at the skies:  
This rose, it is your breath,  
And these stars are your eyes.

---

“Beau Soir”  
(Beautiful Evening)

When, in the setting sun, the streams are rosy,  
And when a warm breeze floats over the fields  
of grain,  
A counsel to be happy seems to emanate  
from all things  
And rise toward the troubled heart;  
An advice to enjoy the pleasure of being alive,  
While one is young and the evening is beautiful,  
For we shall as this wave goes, —  
It, to the sea; we, to the grave.

---

“Mandoline”  
(Mandolin)

The serenading swains  
And their lovely listeners  
Exchange insipid remarks  
Under the singing boughs.  
There is Tircis and there is Aminta,  
And the eternal Clitander,  
And there is Damis, who for many cruel ladies  
Fashions many tender verses.  
Their short silken vests,  
Their long dresses with trains,  
Their elegance, their gaiety  
And their soft blue shadows  
Whirl madly in the ecstasy  
Of a moon rose and gray,  
And the mandolin chatters  
Amid the trembling of the breeze . . .  
La, la, la, la, la . . .

“The Jewel Song”  
from **Faust** Gounod

I laugh on seeing myself so lovely  
I laugh to see myself  
So beautiful in this mirror, Ah!  
Is it you, Marguerita, is it you?  
Answer me, answer quickly!  
No! It is no longer you! No,  
It is no longer your face;  
It is the daughter of a king,  
Whom one salutes in passing!  
Ah, if he were here! If he saw me thus!  
He would find me like a beautiful young lady.  
Let us complete the metamorphosis.  
I am still anxious to try on the bracelet  
and the necklace!  
Lord! It is like a hand placed on my arm!

---

“Ich trage meine Minne”  
(I carry my Love) Strauss

I carry my love, ●  
Mute with rapture.  
In my heart and my mind  
Where I go. ●  
Yes, our encounter,  
Dearest one,  
Cheers through all the days  
Allotted to me.  
Though skies are grim,  
And jet-black is the night,  
Brightly shines my love’s  
Sun splendor.  
And though deceitful is the sinful world,  
And it grieves me,  
Its wretchedness will be blinded  
By your snow innocence.

---

“Nichts”  
(Nothing) Strauss

You say I should name her,  
My queen of the realm of song?  
What fools you are,  
I know her less than you!

You ask me the color of her eyes,  
You ask me about the sound of her voice,  
You ask about her walking, dancing, carriage,  
Ah, what do I know of that!  
Is not the sun the source  
Of all life, of all light?  
And what do we know of it,  
I and you and everyone? Nothing, nothing!

---

“Zueignung”  
(Devotion) Strauss

Ah, you know it, dear soul,  
That, far from you, I languish,  
Love causes hearts to ache, —  
To you my thanks!  
Once, drinking to freedom,  
I raised the amethyst cup,  
And you blessed the drink, —  
To you my thanks!  
You exorcized the evil spirits in it,  
So that I, as never before, ●  
Cleansed and freed, sank upon your breast,  
To you my thanks!

---

“Donde Lieta”  
(From-whence Happy) Puccini  
from **La Bohème**

From-whence happy she left at your call of love,  
Mimi returns alone to her solitary nest.  
She returns another time to weave artificial  
flowers!  
Goodbye, without bitterness. Listen, listen,  
Gather the few things that I left scattered.  
In my drawer remain that little ring of gold  
And the book of prayers.  
Wrap everything in an apron  
And I will send the concierge.  
Wait, under the pillow there’s the little pink  
bonnet.  
If you wish . . .  
If you wish to keep it as a keepsake of love . . .  
Goodbye, without bitterness.

## The Artists

Diana Ellis is Instructor of Voice at Ouachita Baptist University. She holds the B.M.E. from Louisiana College, the M.M. from Mississippi College, and is currently pursuing the Doctorate of Musical Arts in Vocal Performance at the University of North Texas.

Cindy Fuller is Adjunct Instructor of Voice and Staff Accompanist at Ouachita. She also serves as church organist and children's choir director at First Baptist Church in Arkadelphia. She holds the B.M. and B.M.E. from Baylor University, and the M.M. from Sam Houston State University.

Sim Flora is Chair of the Department of Theory and Composition at Ouachita Baptist University. He holds the Ph.D, in Music Education from the University of Oklahoma, the M.M.E. degree from Ouachita Baptist University and the B.M.E. from Southern Illinois University.