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Glenda Secret and Jon Secret in a Faculty Recital

Glenda Secret

Ouachita Baptist University

Jon Secret

Ouachita Baptist University

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*Ouachita Baptist University
Jones School of Fine Arts
Division of Music*

presents

Glenda Secrest

Soprano

and

Jon Secrest

Tenor

in

Faculty Recital

assisted by

Cindy Fuller

Piano

Thursday, September 12, 1996

W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall

7:30 p.m.

I

<i>Puis qu'ici bas toute âme</i>	<i>Gabriel Fauré op. 10</i>
<i>Pleurs d'or</i>	<i>op. 72</i>
<i>Tarantelle</i>	<i>op. 10</i>

Mr. and Mrs. Secrest

II

<i>Torna a Surriento</i>	<i>Ernesto De Curtis</i>
<i>Non ti scordar di me</i>	
<i>Rondine al Nido</i>	<i>V. De Crescenzo</i>
<i>Ideale</i>	<i>F. Paolo Tosti</i>
<i>Stornellata marinara</i>	<i>Pietro Cimara</i>

Mr. Secrest

III

<i>from the third series of Chants d'Auvergne</i>	<i>Joseph Canteloube</i>
<i>Lo fiolaré</i>	
<i>Lou boussu</i>	
<i>Brezairola</i>	
<i>Malurous qu'o uno fenno</i>	

Mrs. Secrest

IV

La Bobème

Giacomo Puccini

Che gelida manina

Mr. Secrest

Sì, mi chiamano Mimì

Mrs. Secrest

O soave fanciulla

Mr. and Mrs. Secrest

V

She Loves me

Bock and Harnick

Tonight at 8

Mr. Secrest

*Will he like me?
Ice Cream*

Mrs. Secrest

She Loves me

Mr. Secrest

Assisted by Scott Holsclaw

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

Translations

Puls qu'ici bas toute âme

(Since in This World Every Soul)

Victor Hugo

Since in this world every soul

Gives someone

His music, his flame,

or his perfume;

Since everything

Always gives

Its thorn or its rose

To its loves;

Since April gives the oaks

A charming noise,

Since night gives troubles

Sleeping forgetfulness;

Since, when it comes

To rest there,

The bitter wave gives

To the shore a kiss;

I give you at this time,

Leaning over you,

The best thing

I have in me!

Receive my countless wishes,

Oh my love!

Receive the light or the shadow

Of all my days!

My flights full of ecstasies,

Free of suspicions,

And all the caresses

Of my songs!

My spirit which without a sail,

Drifts aimlessly,

And which has only your look

For guiding star!

Receive, my celestial treasure,

O my beauty,

My heart, of which nothing remains,

Love has taken away!

Pleurs d'or (Golden Tears)

Albert Samain

Tears suspended on flowers,

Tears of springs lost

In the moss of hollow rocks;

Tears of autumn poured forth,

Tears of horns heard

In the large sad woods;

Tears of Latin bells,

Carmelites, Feuillantines,

Voice of belfries in fervor;

Tears, silvery songs

In Florentine basins

At the end of the dreaming garden;

Tears of starry heights,

Tears of veiled flutes

In the blue of the sleeping park;

Tears on long pearly eye lashes,

Tears flowed from the lover

to the soul of her friend;

Tears of ecstasy, delicious weeping,

Fall from the nights! Fall from the flowers!

Fall from the eyes!

Tarantelle Mark Monnier

The moon climbs and shines in the skies.

It is daylight in the dead of night.

Come with me, she said to me,

Come on the crackling sand

Where the tarantella dancers skip

And glide while wiggling.

Come, dancers! There are two of them;

Trample on the water, trample around them;

The man is well-made, the girl is beautiful:

But take care! Without thinking about it,

Dancing the tarantella is a game of love.

Mild is the voice of the tambourine!

If I were the daughter of a sailor

And you a fisherman, she said to me,

Every night joyously we would dance the tarantella

While loving each other.

Translations by Jack Estes

Torna a Surriento (Come back to Sorrento)

G.B. De Curtis-Neapolitan Dialect

Watch the sea so bright and lovely
Waking depths of tender feeling,
Like to you of whom I'm thinking
Till I'm dreaming though awake.

See the lovely dewy garden
Breaking scent of orange blossoms:
Such a sweet and gracious perfume
That it enters in one's heart.

And you say "good-bye, I'm going"
This poor heart of mine you're leaving.
Leaving this fair land of loving
Can you bear to not return.

Then leave me not
Nor give me this torment.
Come back to Sorrento
that I may live.

See the waves of fair Sorrento
What a treasure lies beneath them!
One though all the world may journey
But may never find their like.

See the Syrens all around you.
Looking on you so enchanted.
And so dearly do they love you.
That they fain would kiss your lip.

And you say "good-bye: I'm going"
This poor heart of mine you're leaving
Leaving this fair land of loving
Can you bear to not return.

They leave me not
Nor give me this torment.
Come back to Sorrento
That I may live.

Non ti scordar di me

(Say you will not forget)

Domenico Furno

When all too soon the summer dies,
Away the swallow flies to warmer weather,
Too soon our hours of happiness together
Have flown and left my heart an empty nest.

But the swallows return when winter's done,
Will you come back to me
When springtime brings back the sun?

Say you will not forget,
For all my life I will be true.
Say you will not forget,
My dearest dreams are all of you.

Say you will not forget,
My life is linked with yours,
Fly back to rest,
Where love has built a nest,
Say you will not forget.

English words by Arthur Wimperis

Rondine al Nido (Homing Swallows) L. Sica

A friendly swallow has returned to its nest
Under the eaves to rest
As the almond tree blossoms near the tower:

For every year it flies back
At the same day and hour
To return it soars over seas and hills above.

It is only love
When oft it takes flight far away,
You pray in vain,
It returns no more.

In the soft twilight of the gently evening
Springtime is slowly waning,
The swallows chatter in their flights so lovely;

They own a world so happy;
But I am sad and lonely
Now over hills and seas you soar to come to me.

My own darling,
My whole heart you were.
And my light, you've taken flight,
To return no more.

English words by Arthur Clyde

Ideale (My Ideal) F. Paolo Tosti

I followed you like a rainbow of peace
Along the streets of heaven.
I followed you as a friendly torch
Of the night in veil.

And I felt you in the light, in the air,
In the flowers perfume.
And my lonely room was full of you,
of your brilliance.

I am enraptured, at the sound of your voice.
I dreamed a long time;
And from the earth every anxiety, every cross,
On that day I forgot.

Come back, sweet Ideal.
Come back at once to smile at me again.
And for me will shine again in your appearance
A new dawn.

Come back sweet ideal.
Come back, Come back.

Stornellata marinara (Song of the Sea)

Goffredo Pesci

Ah! flowers of the sea!
When I feel great sorrow in me,
I dance for thee,
In my heart, and my passion softly stirs.

Ah! I cry from within!
The wind whispers under your balcony,
and song goes on the waves,
I sing for you, flower of passion.

Ah! Moon on the mole,
The gaiety of the song of heaven,
and the joy of life is in every flight.
However, I am sad because I am alone.

Sea, adorned with pearls!
Your mouth is red with flowers.
I detach the song as a red flower.
Ah! from a mouth which is charming!

Ah! Imperial sea!

English words by Jean Sloop

Lo fiolaré (The Spinner)

When I was little
I tended the sheep,
ti lira lira lira, etc.

I had a distaff
and I took a shepherd,
tira lira lira lira, etc.

For tending my sheep
he asks me for a kiss,
tira lira lira lira, etc.

no skintlint I,
I give him two instead!
Tira lira lira lira, etc.

Lou boussu (The Hunchback)

Beneath an apple tree, Jeanette
is resting in the shade,
is resting in the shade here
is resting in the shade there,
is resting in the shade.

A hunchback passes by
and takes a look at her,
and takes a look at her here,
and takes a look at her there,
and takes a look at her!

Oh Jeanette, so sweet and kind,
will you be my sweetheart?
will you be my sweetheart here,
will you be my sweetheart there,
will you be my sweetheart?

Ha! if you want me as your sweetheart,
first cut off your hump!
Cut off your hump here,
Cut off your hump there,
first cut off your hump!

Ouch! Go to the devil Jeanette!
I shall keep my hump!
I shall keep my hump here,
I shall keep my hump there,
I shall keep my hump!!

Brezairla (Lullaby)

Come, come sleep, descend upon these eyes,
come, sleep, oh come!
Come from wherever you will!
Sleep will not come, the laggard!
Sleep will not come,
the baby will not sleep! Oh!
Sleep, come, hurry up!
Sleep, come hurry, up!
Sleep, oh do come here!
It doesn't want to come,
the baby will not sleep!
Sleep, come, hurry up!
Sleep, come to the baby! Oh!

Come, come sleep, etc.
It is coming at last, the laggard!
it is coming, here it is!
And the baby is going to sleep...Ah!

Malurous qu'ò uno Fenno (Wretched the man who has a wife)

Wretched the man who has a wife,
wretched the man without one!
He who hasn't got one wants one,
he who has one doesn't!
Tradera laderi derero, etc.

Happy is the woman
who has the man she needs!
But happier still is she
who's managed to stay free!
Tradera laderi derero, etc.

Che gelida manina (How cold your little hand is)

What a frozen little hand, let me warm it.
What's the use of looking? We won't find it in the
dark.
But through luck, it is a moonlit night and here the
moon is close.
Wait, little miss, I will say to you with two words who
I am, what I do, how I live.
Do you want me to? Who am I? I write. And how
do I live? I live.
In happy poverty I squander like a great lord rhymes
and hymns of love.
For dreams and for fancies, and for castles in the air,
I have the spirit of a millionaire.
Sometimes from my strongbox two thieves-beautiful
eyes-steal all the jewels.
They entered here with you just now, and my
customary dreams and my beautiful dreams
suddenly disappear!
But the theft does not grieve me because hope has
taken its place.
Now that you know me, speak, please speak...Who you
are? Won't you please stay?

Sì mi chiamano Mimi (Yes, they call me Mimi)

Yes, they call me Mimi, but my name is Lucia. My
story is brief.
On linen or on silk, I embroider at home and outside.

I am tranquil and happy and it is my recreation to
make lilies and roses.
Those little things that have such sweet enchantment
please me, that speak of dreams and fancies,
those things that are called poetry.
Do you understand me? They call me Mimi, I do not
know why.
Alone, I make dinner for myself. I do not always go to
mass, but I pray often.
I live alone, all alone; there in a white little room, I
look out on the roofs and into the sky, but
when the thaw comes, the first sun is mine, the first
kiss of April is mine.
The first sun is mine. There, a rose grows in a
vase...leaf by leaf I observe it.
How pleasing is the perfume of a flower! But the
flowers that I make, alas, do not have a fragrance.
I would not know what else to tell you about myself;
I am your neighbor who comes at the wrong hour to
bother you.

O soave fanciulla (O adorable angel)

Rodolfo: O adorable angel, o gentle vision, surrounded
by the moonlight's silver flow. In your sweet
person, I realize my fondest dreams of long ago!
Rodolfo and Mimi: Never have I known before so
divine a rapture! A Love so tender and glowing!
Rodolfo and Mimi: Never have I known before so
divine a rapture! A Love so tender and glowing!

Rodolfo: Radiant with happiness my heart is glowing.
Now at last I have found you, my one and only love!
Mimi: Oh, how its soothing power overcomes my
heart with gladness. How sweet to be in love! No,
please don't!
Rodolfo: My sweetheart.
Mimi: Your friends are waiting....
Rodolfo: You're sending me away then?
Mimi: I would say...but I dare not...
Rodolfo: What?
Mimi: Would you take me along?
Rodolfo: What, Mimi? Would you not rather stay at
home with me? Outside its freezing!
Mimi: I'll stay close beside you.
Rodolfo: And later? **Mimi:** I wonder!
Rodolfo: Take my arm my little darling.
Mimi: I obey you, my lord.
Rodolfo: Your love is mine?
Mimi: I love you!
Rodolfo and Mimi: My love, My love!