

Ouachita Baptist University

## Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita

---

Faculty Performances

Faculty Publications

---

9-12-1995

### Cindy Fuller in a Faculty Recital

Cindy Fuller

*Ouachita Baptist University*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/fac\\_perform](https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/fac_perform)



Part of the [Music Education Commons](#), and the [Music Performance Commons](#)

---

#### Recommended Citation

Fuller, Cindy, "Cindy Fuller in a Faculty Recital" (1995). *Faculty Performances*. 73.

[https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/fac\\_perform/73](https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/fac_perform/73)

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

# Ouachita Baptist University School of Music

presents

**Cindy Fuller**, soprano  
Rebecca Moore, piano

Tuesday, September 12, 1995  
7:30 p. m.

Mabee Recital Hall  
OBU Campus

**Giulio Cesare**

E pur così/Piangerò la sorte mia

George Frederick Handel  
(1685-1759)

Ridente la calma

Joseph Myslivecek (1737-1781)  
arr. Mozart

Un moto di gioia

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

S'il est un charmant gazon  
Au bord de l'eau  
En Prière  
Notre amour

Gabriel Faure  
(1845-1924)

**Hérodiade**

Il est doux, il est bon

Jules Massenet  
(1842-1912)

INTERMISSION

Der Jäger  
Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer  
Vergebliches Ständchen  
Das Mädchen spricht  
O liebliche Wangen

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

**Five Folk Songs**

I. The Water is Wide  
III. Go 'Way From My Window  
V. All the Pretty Little Horses

arr. Luigi Zaninelli  
Am. folk song  
folk blues  
Am. folk lullaby

Sim Flora, flute

**Three Poems of James Agee**

How Many Little Children Sleep  
A Lullaby  
Sonnet

Thomas Pasatieri  
(b. 1945)

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

## Translations

### **E pur cosi/Piangerò la sorte mia (Nicola Haym)**

Can I thus in a single day lose all my power and splendour? Ah, grievous fate!  
Caesar, my divinity, is perhaps dead; Cornelia and Sextus have been unarmed and  
can give me no help. O God! No hope is left in my life.

I will lament my lot, so harsh and cruel, as long as I have breath in my body. But  
when I am dead my ghost will haunt the tyrant on all sides by night and day.

Translation: 1970 Lionel Salter

### **Ridente la calma (Anonymous) K. 152**

Calm awakes, smiling, in my soul, and no trace of wrath or fear remains.  
Meanwhile, beloved, you come to tighten those sweet bonds so dear to my heart.  
Calm awakes, smiling, in my soul, etc.

Translation: 1973 Salter

### **Un moto di gioia (Lorenzo da Ponte?) K. 579**

I feel in my bosom a tremor of joy which proclaims delight amid my fears. Let us  
hope that sorrow will end in contentment; fortune and love are not always tyrants.

Translation: 1973 Salter

### **Reve d'Amour (Victor Hugo)**

If there is a lovely lawn watered by the sky,  
Where in every season is born some blossoming flower,  
Where one gathers freely lily, woodbine and jasmine,  
There I want to make a path for your feet to tread.

If there is a loving breast wherein honor dwells,  
Where a tender devotion never is morose,  
If this noble breast always beats for a worthy aim,  
I will make of it the pillow where your head can rest.

If there is a dream of love with the scent of roses,  
Where one finds every day something that is sweet,  
A dream blessed by the Lord, where two souls unite,  
Oh, I will make of it the nest where your heart will rest.

Translation: 1956 Sergius Kagen

### **Au bord de l'eau (Sully Prudhomme)**

To sit together, on the bank of the stream that passes, to see it pass;  
Together, when a cloud floats in space, to see it float;  
When a cottage chimney is smoking on the horizon, to see it smoke;  
If nearby a flower spreads its fragrance, to absorb its scent;  
To hear at the foot of the willow, where water murmurs, the water murmur,  
Not to notice, while this dream lasts, the passage of time,  
But to feel deep passion only to adore each other;  
Not to care at all about the world's quarrels, to ignore them,  
And alone, together, facing all that grows weary, not to grow weary;  
To be in love while all passes away, never to change!

Translation: 1956 Kagen

### **En Prière (Stephan Bordèse)**

If the voice of a child can reach you, O my Father,  
Listen to the prayer of Jesus on His knees before You.  
If You have chosen me to teach Your laws on the earth,  
I will know how to serve you, holy King of Kings, O Light!  
Place on my lips, O lord, the salutary truth,  
So that whoever doubts, should with humility revere You!  
Do not abandon me, give me the gentleness so necessary,  
To relieve the suffering, to alleviate pains, the misery!  
Reveal Yourself to me, Lord, in whom I have faith and hope,  
I want to suffer for You and to die on the Cross, at Calvary!

Translation: 1956 Kagen

### **Notre Amour (Armand Silvestre)**

Our love is a light thing like the perfumes which the wind lifts from the top of the fern to be inhaled in dreaming. Our love is a light thing.

Our love is a thing with charm, like the songs of the morn, with no expression of regret, in which vibrates an uncertain hope...Our love is a charming thing!

Our love is a sacred thing like the mysteries of a forest, where a strange soul is trembling, where stillness has a voice; Our love is a sacred thing!

Our love is an infinite thing, like the paths of sunsets, where the sea united with the skies, slumbers under declining suns;

Our love is an eternal thing, like all things that Almighty God has touched with the fire of his wing, Like all that comes from the heart; Our love is an eternal thing!

Translation: 1956 Kagen

### **Il est doux, il est bon (Paul Milliet and Henri Grémont)**

Salomé:

He whose voice erases all pains, the prophet is here, it is to him that I go.

He is gentle, he is kind, his speech is serene. He speaks...everything becomes silent, more lightly over the plain passes the attentive air without a sound. He speaks.

Ah! when will he return? When will I be able to hear him? I was suffering, I was alone, and my heart has calmed down listening to his tender, melodious voice. My heart has calmed down. Beloved prophet, can I live without you!

It is there, in that desert, where the spellbound crowd had followed his steps, that he welcomed me one day, forsaken child, and that he held out his arms to me!

He is gentle, etc.

Translation: 1983 Eta and Martial Singher

**Der Jäger (Halm) Op. 95, No. 4**

My love is a hunter; green are his clothes and blue are his eyes,  
only his heart is too big.

My love is a hunter who always hits his target and charms as many maidens as he wishes.

My love is a hunter who knows the way and the path, but will only come to me by the door of the church.

Translation: 1995 Charles Fuller

**Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer (Lingg) Op. 105, No. 2**

Each night I sleep more lightly; like a veil my grief lies trembling over me. Often in my dreams I hear you calling outside my door. No one wakes and lets you in; I awaken and weep bitterly.

Yes, I shall have to die; you will kiss another when I am pale and cold. Before the May breezes blow, before the thrush sings in the wood, If you could see me once again, Come, o come soon!

Translation: 1973 Philip Miller

**Vergebliches Ständchen (Niederrheinisches Volkslied) Op. 84, No. 4**

He: Good evening, my dear, good evening, my child! I come out of love for you, ah, open the door for me! Open the door for me!

She: My door is locked, I will not let you in. Mother warned me that if I let you in willingly all would be over with me!

He: The night is so cold, the wind is so icy, that my heart is freezing. My love will be extinguished; open up for me, child!

She: If your love is extinguished, just let it go out! Just keep on extinguishing it; go home to bed, to rest! Good night, my boy!

Translation: 1973 Miller

**Das Mädchen spricht (Gruppe) Op. 107, No. 3**

Swallow, tell me, is it your last year's mate with whom you have built your nest, or have you recently made your first vows to him?

Say, what are you twittering, say, what are you whispering so intimately this morning? Surely, you too are not yet long a bride?

Translation: 1973 Miller

**O liebliche Wangen (Flemming) Op. 47, No. 4**

O lovely cheeks, to touch you, and to kiss you fills me with yearning.

My sunlight, o eyes that find and bind me, you are my joy and the beginning of heaven. O heaven on earth, will you be mine?

Oh most beautiful of the beautiful, come quickly, do not delay, show me that you care, most beautiful one.

Translation: 1962 Coffin and Singer