

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

Taylor Claire Post

Mezzo-Soprano

&

Phyllis Walker

Piano

In a Senior Voice Recital

W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall
Mabee Fine Arts Center
February 13, 2009
11 a.m.

Christmas Oratorio

Patiently have I waited for the Lord

Camille Saint-Saens

(1835-1921)

Messiah

Behold, a virgin shall conceive

O, thou that tellest good tidings to Zion

George Frederic Handel

(1685-1759)

Das erste veilchen

Felix Mendelssohn

(1809-1847)

When I beheld the first violet bloom,
I gaz'd on its beauty, I breath'd its perfume;
The herald of Springdawn closely was prest,
And fondly cherish'd to live on my breast
The spring is departed, the violet is dead,
Flowers more gay now deck its bed.
Unheeded they blossom, in mem'ry I see,
The violet, the violet, in mem'ry I see,
The violet, the violet that first bloom'd so sweetly for me.

Maria Wiegenlied

Max Reger

(1873-1916)

Amid the roses Mary sits, and rocks her Jesus-child.
While amid the treetops, sighs the breeze so warm and mild,
And soft and sweetly sings a bird upon a bough
Ah, baby, dear one, Slumber now!
Happy is Thy laughter, holy is Thy silent rest,
Lay Thy head in slumber, fondly on Thy mother's breast.

C'est mon ami

arr. Bainbridge Crist

(1883-1969)

If through your village there should wander,
A shepherd youth with footsteps light,
To whom your heart is drawn at sight,
And knowing him your love grows fonder,
Bring him to me, lovers are we!
I have his heart and mine has he.

If he can wake the echoes sleeping
Within the woods as he goes by;
And if his flute's sweet melody
Can move the shepherdess to weeping,
Bring him to me, lovers are we!
I have his heart and mine has he.
If to some poor and needy brother,
Who is not young and strong of limb,
And came to ask a lamb of him,
He'd give the lambkin and its mother,
Mine he must be, lovers are we!
I have his heart and mine has he.

Psyche'

Emile Paladilhe
(1844-1926)

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature!
The rays of the sun kiss you far too often.
Your locks too often allow the wind to caress them.
When the wind blows your hair, I am jealous of it!
Even the air you breathe passes over your lips with too much pleasure.
Your garment touches you too closely.
And whenever you sigh, I do not know what grips me with fear;
perhaps, that of all your sighs, one may escape me.

Le Violette

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

Tender violet, I adore you,
O how bashful, Gently graceful
How you shrink from my advances,
Hiding shyly in the grasses,
Much too hopeful are my wishes,
You rebuke my ardent glances.
Tender violet, I adore you!

The Last Five Years
Climbing Uphill

Jason Robert Brown
(1970-)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements of the degree Bachelor of Music in Church Music.

Ms. Post is a student of Dr. Stephen Garner.

**You are cordially invited to a reception in the Hammons Gallery,
following the recital**