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### Diane Besser in a Guest Artist Recital

Diane Besser

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# Hear the Sounds of Music at Ouachita

October 12, 1981, 7:00 P.M.

Mabee Fine Arts Center Recital Hall

## Guest Artist Recital

**DIANE BESSER,** Lyric Soprano

**Ron Ballard,** Piano

### Program

Bella mia fiamma. . . . Resta, oh cara

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Liebesbotschaft

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Auf dem Wasser zu singen, Op. 72

An die Laute, Op. 81, No. 2

Rastlose Liebe, Op. 5, No. 1

Io son l'umile ancella

Francesco Cilea  
(1866-1950)

(Adriana Lecouvreur)

Reve d'amour

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

Chanson d'amour, Op. 27, No. 1

Au bord de l'eau

Après un Reve

Nell, Op. 18, No. 1

from "Amphion"

Charles Ives  
(1874-1954)

Marie

Allegro

The Daisies, Op. 2, No. 1

Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

Rain has fallen, Op. 10, No. 1

# PROGRAM NOTES

## Bella mia fiamma...Resta, oh cara

W. A. Mozart

Heart's beauty flaming, I leave you! It has not suited high heaven to make us happy; Severed already is the pure tie that bound us, that united our spirits before the consummation and fulfillment of their own single will. Farewell, Love! Let Death end forever all my woe! ---- Stay, Love, I perish. All ties I sever. You, I cherish, know it is vain: What we treasure we cannot retain. --- Care for her; let your endeavor be to comfort the one I'm leaving. --- Come, find the temple, face the altar. No postponement aids atonement; Hasten reckoning, death is beckoning; footsteps falter, but the soul may not remain!

## Liebesbotschaft

Franz Schubert

Rushing brook, so silver and bright, are you hurrying to my beloved so gaily and quickly? Ah, my little brook, be my messenger; carry to her the greetings of one far away. All your flowers cultivated in the garden that adorn you so beautifully and your roses with their crimson glow, little brook, refresh these with your cool flow. When you sit dreaming upon the bank, in fond reverie, my beloved, comfort my sweet one with a loving glance, for I will soon return. When the sun sets in golden splendor and my love falls gently asleep, soothing in sweet rest, whisper dreams to my beloved one.

## Auf dem Wasser zu singen

Franz Schubert

Amid the shimmer of the mirroring waves glides, like swans, the rocking boat. Ah, on the soft shimmering waves of joy the soul glides away like a boat; for down from the heavens upon the waves the evening dances around the boat. Over the treetops of the groves to the west the rosy gleam beckons us on under the branches of the grove to the east the iris rustles in the rosy light; happiness of the heavens and quiet of the groves the soul breathes in the brushing light. Ah time passes with dewy wings for me on the rocking waves so tomorrow may time fade with shimmering wings again, as yesterday and today; until I, ascending on higher shining wings myself, shall yield to the changing time.

## An die Laute

Franz Schubert

Softly, softly, my little lute, whisper what I confide to you thru yonder window! As upon the waves of the gentle breeze, moonlight and sweetly scented flowers be lifted up to my beloved. Though those nearby are envious, and a light flickers in every window, so, even more softly, my little lute, may your song be carried only to my beloved.

## Rastlose Liebe

Franz Schubert

Through snow, through raindrops, the wind resisting, through clouds of thunder, through fogs unending, ever on! Nowhere rest or peace! Rather I'd suffer torment unending, than so to endure all the passions of living. All the desires of one for another, ah! ... in such different ways one can suffer. Where shall I flee? On to the Woods? Nothing can help me. Life's sweetest garland, restless delight. Love is your name, yes, love is your name. Rest

## Io son l'umile ancella

(Adriana Lecouvreur)

Francesco Cilea

Behold! .... I hardly breathe...A humble hand maid I...the poet's willing slave; he gives to me the fable, which I in people's hearts engrave. I know the art of speaking verse...to express the human scene...so delicate an instrument, so mighty a theme...gentle, joyful or cruel, they call me, they call me loyalig...my voice a gentle zephyr, my voice a gentle zephyr, that all too soon must die.

## Reve d'Amour

Gabriel Fauré

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.

## Chanson d'Amour

Gabriel Fauré

I love your eyes, I love your face, O my rebellious, o my fierce one, I love your eyes, I love your lips where my kisses will exhaust themselves. I love your voice, I love the strange gracefulness of everything that you say, O my rebellious one, o my dear angel, my inferno and my paradise! I love your eyes, I love your face, I love everything that makes you beautiful, from your feet to your hair, o you, to whom ascend all my desires!

## Au bord de l'eau

Gabriel Fauré

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 murmurs, 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!

## Après un Reve

Gabriel Fauré

In a slumber charmed by the image I dreamed of happiness, ardent mirage; your eyes were more tender, your voice pure and clear. You were radiant like a sky brightened by sunrise; you were calling me, and I left the earth to flee with you towards the light; the skies opened their clouds for us, splendors unknown, glimpses of divine light... Alas! alas, sad awakening from dreams! I call to you, oh night, give me back your illusions; return, return with your radiance, return, oh mysterious night.

## Nell

Gabriel Fauré

Your purple rose in your brilliant sun, oh June, sparkles as if intoxicated, bend toward me, too, your golden cup: my heart and your rose are alike. Under the soft shelter of shady boughs sounds a voluptuous sigh; and turtle doves coo in the spreading wood, oh my heart, their amorous lament. How sweet is your pearl in the flaming sky, star of the pensive night! But sweeter still is the vivid light which shines in my heart, my charmed heart! The singing sea, along the shore, will silence its everlasting murmur, 'ere in my heart, dear love, oh Nell, your image will cease to bloom!