

Ouachita Baptist University

Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita

Guest Artist Concert Performances, Programs,
and Posters

Division of Music

10-22-1991

Christine Donahue in a Guest Artist Recital

Christine Donahue

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/guest_music



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Donahue, Christine, "Christine Donahue in a Guest Artist Recital" (1991). *Guest Artist Concert Performances, Programs, and Posters*. 147.

https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/guest_music/147

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Division of Music at Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita. It has been accepted for inclusion in Guest Artist Concert Performances, Programs, and Posters by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita. For more information, please contact mortensona@obu.edu.

MUSIC

OUACHITA BAPTIST UNIVERSITY

GUEST ARTIST SERIES
RECITAL HALL
MABEE FINE ARTS CENTER
OCTOBER 22, 1991
SEVEN-THIRTY P.M.

CHRISTINE DONAHUE, soprano
David Glaze, pianist

PROGRAM

Ohimé ch'io cado Eri già tutta mia	Claudio Monteverdi
Aller au bois	Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov
Oh, quand je dors	Franz Liszt
Les Filles de Cadiz	Leo Delibes
<i>Vier Letzte Lieder</i> Frühling September Beim Schlafengehn Im Abendrot	Richard Strauss

INTERMISSION

<i>The Hermit Songs</i> At Saint Patrick's Purgatory Church Bell at Night Saint Ita's Vision The Heavenly Banquet The Crucifixion Sea-Snatch Promiscuity The Monk and His Cat The Praises of God The Desire for Hermitage	Samuel Barber
<i>La Rondine</i> La Canzona di Doretta	Giacomo Puccini
<i>La Boheme</i> Musetta's Waltz	
<i>Tosca</i> Vissi d'Arte	

The audience is cordially invited to a reception in the gallery immediately following the recital.

Translations

Ohimé ch'io cado

Alas, I fall, alas my foot stumbles again as before,
and now I must again bathe my withered, fallen hope
in fresh tears.

Oh, immortal champion (Cupid), how such feeble disdain
now is put to flight. Oh faithless, fickle charmer you
have pitted me, clad only in a glass armour, against a
cruel sword of solid diamond.

Oh lovely eyes, if virtue was ever beautiful and pity just,
pray do not deny me a glance and a smile so that prison
for the sake of such a fair charmer become my Paradise.

Eri già tutta mia

You were my all, that spirit and that heart you
captured in a snare of love. Oh beauty, oh valor, oh
wonderful constancy where are you? You used to be mine
but no more. Ah, you are mine no more.

Only for me those lovely eyes turned smiling,
for me that hair of gold spread itself to the winds. Oh
fleeting happiness, oh firmness of heart where are you?....
The joy in my face ah, that no more reflects my song,
my laughter is changed to tears. Oh despairing sighs,
oh fading pity where are you?....

Aller au bois

Going to the woods to gather berries, answering the joyous
voices of my companions - Hallooo!- singing in chorus,
repeating after Lel the joyous songs celebrating spring - Hi!
Lado, my Lel! - that is my dream and my happiness. I cannot
live without songs.

Give your consent, my father, and when you return with
the winter to the great dense woods, in the evening I will
sing. I will sing to brighten the solitude with my ever
merrier refrains.

Good Lel will teach them to me and I will quickly
learn them. Oh, father! to sing is my only happiness, my joy!

Oh, quand je dors

Oh, when I slumber come close to my couch like to
Petrarch appeared Laura. And when in passing your
breath touches me, then my lips will suddenly open....
on my mournful forehead, where perhaps is ending
a dark dream, which lasted too long, let your glance
like a star arise; suddenly my dream will become radiant!
Then on my lips, where a flame is fluttering
lightning of love, by God himself made pure, place a
kiss and change from angel into woman, and suddenly
my soul will be awakened! Oh come, as to Petrarch
appeared Laura!

Les Filles de Cadix

They have come from seeing the bull, three boys and three girls.
On the lawn it is pleasant and we dance a bolero
to the sound of the castanets: " Tell me, neighbor, do I have a
pleasing appearance? Is my skirt attractive this morning?
Do I cut a fine figure?" The girls from Cadiz love to hear that.
And we danced a bolero, one evening - it was Sunday - there
came towards us a hidalgo - the plume of his hat stitched
with gold and his hand on his hip: "If you wish it of me,
sweet - smiling dark girl, you have only to say it and
this gold is yours." "Be on your way, good sir! The girls
of Cadiz don't understand such things!"

Four Last Songs

Spring

In dusky hollows I long dreamed of your trees and blue skies,
of your fragrance and bird song. Now you stand revealed
in glitter and glory, flooded with light, like a miracle.
You recognize me, and gently beckon; my whole
body trembles with your holy presence.

September

The garden is in mourning; the rain falls cool among
the flowers. Summer shivers quietly on its way toward
its end. Golden leaf after leaf falls from the tall acacia.
Summer smiles, astonished, feeble, in this dying dream
of a garden. For a long while yet in the roses, she
will linger on, yearning for peace, and slowly close
her weary eyes.

Going to Sleep

Now that day wearies me, my yearning desire will receive
more kindly, like a tired child, the starry night. Hands,
leave off your deeds, mind, forget all thoughts; all of
my forces yearn only to sink into sleep. And my soul,
unguarded, would soar on widespread wings, to live in
night's magical sphere more profoundly, more variously.

In the Glow of Evening

Through sorrow and joy we have walked hand in hand;
let us rest now from wandering in this quiet country.
Mountains slope all around us and the sky already
darkens; only two larks climb in the sky, dreaming
in the night. Come in; let them flutter, for it is already
time to sleep; let us not lose our way in this loneliness.
Come nearer, gentle peace, profound in the glow of evening!
How weary we are of wandering; is this
perhaps - death?