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An Evening of Opera Arias by the Ouachita Opera Theatre

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Ouachita Baptist University

Vivian Conrad

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Ouachita Opera Theatre

Ouachita Baptist University

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Recommended Citation

Secret, Jon; Conrad, Vivian; and Ouachita Opera Theatre, "An Evening of Opera Arias by the Ouachita Opera Theatre" (1995). *Student Concert Performances, Programs, and Posters*. 174.

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

presents

**An Evening of Opera Arias
by the
Ouachita Opera Theatre**

Jon Secrest, Director

Vivian Conrad, Piano

December 5, 1995

Mabee Fine Arts Center Recital Hall

7:30 p.m.

PROGRAM

Die Zauberflöte

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)**

**Dies Bildniss ist bezaubernd schön
Eddie Struble, Tenor**

**Ach, ich fühls
Nicole Bender, Soprano**

Don Giovanni

**Il mio tesoro intanto
Ted Duncan, Tenor**

**Deh vieni alla finestra
Jamie Staley, Baritone**

The Old Maid and the Thief

**Gian-Carlo Menotti
(b.1911)**

**When the Air Sings of Summer
Joshua Payne, Baritone**

Carmen

**Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)**

Habenera

Nicole Duncan, Mezzo-Soprano

Faust

**Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)**

**Salut! demeure chaste et pure
Keith Percefull, Tenor**

Don Pasquale

**Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)**

**Bella siccome un angelo
Micah McBay, Baritone**

La Favorita

**Spirto gentil
Mark Simmons, Tenor**

Gianni Schicchi

**Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)**

**O mio babbino caro
Beverly Smoke, Soprano**

Manon Lescaut

**In quelle trine morbide
Colleen Coleman, Soprano**

La Bohème

**Donde lieta usci
Adrienne Allison, Soprano**

**Quando me'n vo
Leslie Srygley, Soprano**

Translations:

Dies Bildniss ist bezaubernd schön

This image is charmingly beautiful,
as yet no eye ever has seen!
I feel it, how this image of God
my heart with new impulse fills.
Though I can not name this "something,"
I feel it burn like a fire.
Is this the feeling love?
Yes, yes, it is love alone.
Oh, if only I could find her!
Oh, if she already stood before me!
I would, full of delight, draw her to my bosom,
and eternally she would be mine!

Ach, ich fühl's

Ah, I feel it, it has disappeared,
love's happiness is eternally gone!
Nevermore will you return to my heart
such hours of bliss.
Look, Tamino, these tears
flow, beloved, for you alone.
If you do not feel love's longing
then rest will come only in death.

l mio tesoro

anwhile, go to console my treasure,
and try to dry her tears.
Tell her that I go to avenge her wrongs.
I wish to return a messenger of destruction
and death.

Deh vieni alla finestra

Ah, come to the window, O my treasure,
ah, come to console my sorrow.
If you do not give me comfort,
I'll die before your eyes.
Your mouth is sweeter than honey
your heart is made of sugar.
Do not be cruel to me, my joy,
but let yourself be with me, my beautiful love.

Habanera

Love is a wild bird
That no one is able to tame,
And it is quite in vain that one calls him
If it suits him to refuse.
Nothing avails, threat or prayer,
One speaks well, the other is silent;
And it is the other that I prefer
He has said nothing; but I like him.
Love is free like a gypsy,
It has never, never known any law,
If you do not love me, I love you;
If I love you, beware!
But if I love you, if I love you, beware!
The bird that you thought you were capturing
Fluttered his wings and took flight;
When love is distant, you expect it in vain;
When you no longer expect it, it is here!
All around you, quickly, quickly,
It comes, it goes away, then it returns;
When you think you hold it, it evades you!

Salut! demeure chaste et pure

What unknown worry bothers me?
I feel love laying hold of my being!
Oh Marguerita, at your feet here I am!
Greetings! dwelling chaste and pure,
where the presence of an innocent and heavenly soul is
felt!
What richness in this poverty!
In this hovel, what happiness!
Oh nature, it is here that you made her so beautiful!
It is here that this child has slept beneath you wing,
And grown beneath your gaze.
Here where with your breath enveloping her soul,
You made with love blossom out the woman
Into this angel of the heavens! It is here! Yes!
It is here!

Bella siccome un angelo

Beautiful as an angel wandering on earth,
Fresh as the lily, that opens in the morning,
With an eye that speaks and laughs,
and a look that conquers all hearts,
ebony hair, and a smile enchanting.
A soul innocent, ingenuous, goodness that inspires you
with love, ah!
Sympathetic to the poor, kind, sweet, loving, Ah!
Heaven caused her to be born to make a heart happy.

Spirto gentil

Gentle spirit,
in my dreams
you shone one day;
but then you vanished.
Fly from my heart, false hope,
delusion of love-
fly away together.
Beside you
I forgot the tears of my father,
my homeland, and heaven,
unfaithful woman.
In the midst of so much love
you marked my heart with mortal shame.
Alas!

O mio babbino caro

O my dear daddy, he pleases me, he is handsome;
I want to go to Porta Rossa to buy a ring!
Yes, yes, I wish to go there!
And if I should love him in vain,
I would go to the Ponte Vecchio and
throw myself into the Arno!
I pine away and torment myself!
O God, I wish I could die!
Daddy, have pity on me!

In quelle trine morbide

In those laces soft, in the gilded alcove,
there is a silence, a mortal chill...
a coldness that freezes me!
And I, who am accustomed to a voluptuous caress
of lips ardent and a fiery embrace,
now have something entirely different!
O my humble abode, you return before my eyes...
gay, insulated, white,
like a gentle dream of both peace and love!