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Cindi Ann Price in a Senior Voice Recital

Cindi Ann Price

Ouachita Baptist University

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SENIOR RECITAL

Cindi Ann Price, Soprano
Mary Worthen, Pianist

Ouachita Baptist University
School of Music
Seven-thirty P.M.
Thursday, August Thirtieth

Nineteen Hundred and Ninety

Mabee Fine Arts Center Recital Hall
Arkadelphia, Arkansas

I

ON THIS ISLAND

Let the florid music praise! Benjamin Britten

Seascape (1913-1976)

Nocturne

C'est bien abondance

II

Befreit Richard Strauss

(1864 - 1949)

Ruhe, meine Seele

Zueignung

III

MANON LESCAUT

Giacomo Puccini

In quelle trine morbide

(1858 - 1924)

LINDA DI CHAMOUNIX

Gaetano Donizetti

O luce di quest' anima

(1797 - 1848)

IV

CANTATA

John Carter

Prelude

(1930 -)

Rondo

Recitative

Air

Toccata

Miss Price's recital is given in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music Degree. She is a student of Mr. David DeArmond.

Special thanks to Mr. DeArmond, Mrs. Worthen, Dr. Wright, Dr. Bolton, and all my wonderful freinds, and especially my family, whose support and prayers helped me to finally give this recital!

You are cordially invited to attend a recpetion in the Gallery following the performance.

TRANSLATIONS

NOCTURNE

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Now through night's caressing grip
Earth and all her oceans slip.
Capes of China slide away
From her fingers into day
And th'Americas incline
Coasts towards her shadow line.

Now the ragged vagrants creep
Into crooked holes to sleep:
Just and unjust, worst and best,
Change their places as they rest:
Awkward lovers lie in fields
Where disdainful beauty yields:

While the splendid and the proud
Naked stand before the crowd
And the losing gambler gains
And the begger entertains:
May sleep's healing power extend
Through these hours to our friend.

Unpursued by hostile force,
Traction engine, bull or horse
Or revolting succubus;

Calmly till the morning break
Let him lie,
Then gently awake.

C'EST BIEN ABONDANCE

Benjamin Britten

As it is plenty;
As it's admitted
The children happy
And the car, the car
That goes so far
And the wife devoted:
To this as it is,
To the work and the banks
Let his thinning hair
And his hauteur
Give thanks, give thanks.

Let him not cease to praise
Then his spacious days;
Yes, and the success
Let him bless, let him bless:
Let him see in this
The profits larger
And the sins venal,
Lest he sees as it is
The loss as major
And final, final, final, final,
final, final.

All that was thought
As like as not, is not;
When nothing was enough
But love,
But love and the rough future
Of an intransigent nature
And the betraying smile,
Betraying, but a smile:
That that is not, is not;
Forget, Forget, Forget.

BEFREIT (FREED)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

You will not weep, softly, softly,
 You will smile and, as if before a journey,
 I will respond with a glance and a kiss.
 Our lovely four walls, you gave them life,
 I have made them for you into a whole world,
 Oh, happiness!
 Then will you warmly clasp my hand,
 And surrender to me your soul,
 Will leave me with our children.
 You gave me all your life,
 I will give it back to them,
 Oh, happiness!
 It will be very soon, we both know it;
 We have freed each other from pain,
 And so I gave you back to the world.
 Henceforth, you will come only to me in dreams,
 To bless me and to cry with me,
 Oh, happiness!

RUHE, MEINE SEELE (REST MY SOUL)

Richard Strauss

Not a breeze is stirring,
 Softly slumbering lies the grove;
 Through the dark cover of foliage
 Steal the bright sunbeams,
 Rest, rest, my soul,
 Your turmoil has been furious,
 You have raged and trembled,
 Like the surf when it swells!
 These times are turbulent
 They cause distress to heart and mind.
 Rest, rest, my soul,
 And forget what threatens you!

ZUEIGNUNG (DEVOTION)

Richard Strauss

Ah, you know it, dear soul,
 That, far from you, I languish,
 Love causes hearts to ache,
 To you my thanks!
 Once, drinking to freedom,
 I raised the amethyst cup,
 And you blessed the drink,
 To you my thanks!
 You exorcized the evil spirits in it,
 So that I, as never before,
 Cleansed and freed, sank upon your breast,
 To you my thanks!

In those soft silken curtains
 In that gilded alcove
 There's a silence,
 there's an icy chill,
 There's a silence,
 there's a chill that freezes!

I, who once knew the fervour
 of fond caresses,
 and from dear lips
 to taste love's ardent
 and most perfect kisses,
 And now all that is over!

My little humble dwelling,
 I see you there before me
 secluded and enchanting
 like a vision so peaceful of rest,
 of rest and love!

O LUCE DI QUEST' ANIMA

GAETANO DONIZETTI (1797-1848)

Ah, tis too late no,
 perhaps e'en waited here all though vainly
 for our fixed meeting, my dear beloved Carlo,
 and who can tell me how anxiously departed,
 yes, anxious too am I!

Pledge of affection he has left her these flowers!
 Oh noble heart thou! and for thy heart I love thee,
 modest tho'd be thy station!

Both indeed in poor condition, our wealth is love,
 and fond hope! He young and humble artist,
 one day may yet acquire renown treasure;
 his bride he then will call me, o joy!
 Ah, what pleasure!

My soul's delight and treasure,
 to thee my faith is plighted;
 our bonds of truth united,
 no power on earth can part;
 Of life my only pleasure
 without thee, all seems lonely,
 Oh! yes, I love thee, only,
 thou reignest in this heart!
 My soul's delight and treasure,
 to thee my faith is plighted,
 our bonds of truth united
 no power on earth can part,
 our bonds of truth united
 No power on earth can part!
 Oh! fly, beloved! to cheer this bosom;
 I droop, am weary, away from thee,
 Ah! hast, love to me, to me, haste,
 love, haste, love, haste, love, haste,
 I love but, I love, I love, I love, love thee!