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11-14-1991

### Amanda Gail Pickett and Dana Marie O'Neal in a Joint Senior Voice Recital

Amanda Gail Pickett  
*Ouachita Baptist University*

Dana Marie O'Neal  
*Ouachita Baptist University*

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**Ouachita Baptist University**

**School of Music**

**presents**

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*Amanda Gail Pickett*

*mezzo-soprano*

**Kristi Petit**

**pianist**

**and**

*Dana Marie O'Neal*

*soprano*

**Cindy Burks**

**pianist**

**in**

**Senior Recital**

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**November 14, 1991**

**7:30 p.m.**

**Mabee Fine Arts Center Recital Hall**

# PROGRAM

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## I

In A Cottage by the Green .....Henry Purcell  
(1659-1695)

**Miss Pickett and Mrs. O'Neal**

## II

Du bist wie eine Blume .....Robert Schumann  
(1810 - 1856)

Heidenröslein .....Franz Schubert  
(1797 - 1828)

Beau Soir .....Claude Debussy  
(1862 - 1918)

Psychè .....Emile Paladilhe  
(1844 - 1926)

## III

*Le Nozze di Figaro* .....Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
Non so più cosa son (1756 - 1791)

## IV

Quando ti rivedrò .....Stefano Donaudy  
(1879 - 1925)

Weep You No More Sad Fountain .....Roger Quilter  
(1877 - 1953)

Into the Night .....Clara Edwards

**Miss Pickett**

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V

- Pentecost Cantata No. 68 .....J. S. Bach  
My Heart Ever Faithful (1685 - 1750)

VI

- Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht .....Johannes Brahms  
Vergebliches Stüäanchen (1833 - 1897)

VII

- Les Nuits d' Été .....Hector Berlioz  
Villanelle (1803 - 1869)  
Chère Nuit .....Alfred Bachelet  
(1864 - 1944)

VIII

- Five Shakespeare Songs .....Roger Quilter  
Under the Greenwood Tree (1877 - 1953)  
Take, O take those lips away  
It was a Lover and his Lass

IX

- Le Nozze di Figaro* .....Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
E Susanna non vien! (1756 - 1791)  
Dove sono i bei momenti

Mrs. O'Neal

Members of the Epsilon Delta Chapter of  
Sigma Alpha Iota Fraternity will sing the Chorale.

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*You are cordially invited  
to a reception immediately  
following the performance  
in the gallery  
of Mabee Fine Arts Center.*

USHERS

David Goodman

Stacy Roberts

Miss Pickett's recital is given in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music Education degree. She is a student of Mrs. Mary Shambarger.

Mrs. O'Neal's recital is given in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music Education degree. She is a student of Mrs. Julia Dodge.

## TRANSLATIONS

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### **Der Tod das ist die Kühle Nacht**

Oh, death is like the cool night  
And life is like the sultry day  
The darkness falls  
I'm weary,  
The day leaves me tired and sad  
Over my bed, in the trees branches,  
There sings a nightingale  
She sings a joyous love song  
I hear it in my dreams.

### **Vergebliches Stänchen**

He: Good evening, my sweet  
    Good evening, my child  
    Love brings me to you  
    Ah, be kind and open the door.  
She: My door is closed and you can't come in  
    Mother has warned me, if you come in  
    All is over with me.  
He: The night is so cold and the wind is so icy  
    My heart will freeze and my love will die  
    Please be kind.  
She: Let a love that is so frail die away  
    If you are distressed, go home to rest  
    Good Night, my boy.

### **Villanelle**

When the new season will come,  
When the frosts will have vanished,  
We two shall go, my lovely one,  
To gather lilies-of-the-valley in the woods  
Under our feet, picking the pearls  
Which one sees trembling in the morn;  
We shall go to hear the blackbird,  
We shall go to hear the blackbirds whistling;  
Spring has come, my lovely one;  
This is the blessed month for lovers;  
And the bird smoothing its wings,  
Says a poem on the rim of its nest,  
Oh, come then to this mossy bank  
To talk of our glorious love,  
And tell me with your voice so sweet,  
Forever!  
Far, far away, straying from our path  
Let us put to flight the hidden rabbit  
And the buck, in the mirror of the springs  
Admiring its bent antlers;  
Then homeward, so happy, so at ease,  
Entwining our fingers to make a basket,  
Let us return, carrying wild strawberries

### **Chère Nuit**

Soon the hour will come.  
Behind the hill see the sun setting  
And hiding its jealous rays . .  
I hear the soul of things singing  
And narcissus and roses  
    waft to me perfumes most sweet.  
Dear night of serene clarity, you  
    who brings back the gentle lover,  
Oh, descend and veil the earth in  
    your mystery, tranquil and charming.  
My happiness is reborn under your wing,  
Oh night more lovely than the lovely days.  
Oh, arise! Oh, arise! Perhaps to  
    revive once more the shining dawn  
Of my love?  
Dear night of serene clarity,  
    you who brings back the gentle lover,  
Oh, descend and veil the earth in your mystery,  
    tranquil and charming.  
Dear night, Oh, descend!

### **Dove sono i bei momenti**

Recitative:  
Is Susanna not here!  
I am impatient to find out what  
    his lordship said to her proposal  
And yet I am doubtful, our project is bold  
My lord is so impulsive and jealous  
But what's the harm  
I will be disguised as Susanna and she  
    will take my place under cover the night  
Oh, Heaven! What humiliation I suffer  
    to reduce me to this cruel husband.  
Did ever a woman have to live such a life  
    of neglect and desertion  
Such jealous furies, Such insults,  
Once he loved me, now he disdains me  
    and even betrays me.  
Now I must beg assistance from my servant.  
Aria:  
    Where are those wondrous moments  
    Of sweetness and pleasure  
    Where are those vows made  
    By lying lips!  
    Why if everything has changed  
    to sorrow and suffering  
    Does the memory of former bliss still  
    linger in my heart?  
    Why does that memory not fade.

Oh, if my pining and devotion might  
at least bring a change in his grateful heart.

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## TRANSLATIONS

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### Du bist wie eine Blume

Thou art as a flower,  
so fair and pure thou art;  
I gaze on thee,  
and sadness fills my devoted heart.  
My hands in tender devotion,  
I'd rest upon thy hair,  
Praying that God ever keep thee  
so lovely, pure, and fair.

### Heidenröslein

A little boy saw a little rose  
blooming in the meadow.  
Young and fresh with morning dew,  
He ran fast to get a better view.  
He gazed upon it with pleasure,  
The little red rose on the hedge.

The boy said, "I'll break you, little red rose,"  
The rose said, "My thorns are few,  
but their sting you'll surely rue,  
and I shall not suffer."  
Little red rose on the hedge.

The wild boy broke the little rose on the hedge,  
The little rose defended itself and pricked the boy  
And although he wailed, he had to suffer  
The little red rose on the hedge.

### Beau soir

Oft in the setting sun,  
waters glow like red roses,  
And a shimmering femor waves  
o'er fields of grain  
Calm of evening  
a land of happiness discloses,  
E'en to hearts that are filled with pain.  
Let us taste all the utmost joy of life and being.  
In this day of my youth  
while evening is in bloom,  
For we shall all depart,  
like yonder water flowing to distant seas,  
While we to the tomb.

### Psyche

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature!  
The rays of the sun kiss you too often,  
Your locks permit too much the wind's caresses;  
When they are fondled by it, I resent it!  
Even the air you breath  
With too much pleasure passes o'er your lips.  
Your gown touches you too closely.  
And, whenever you sigh  
I do not know what makes me so terribly afraid  
Amidst your sighs, those almost hidden sight.

### Non so più cosa son

I can't give you a good explanation  
for this new and confusing sensation.  
Every lady I see makes me tremble,  
makes me tremble with pleasure and pain.  
When of love there is merely a mention,  
I am spellbound and rapt with attention.  
I weave romances and daydreams together,  
filled with longing I cannot explain.  
If I knew what it is I'd confess it,  
but I am at a loss to express it,  
yet I know that it always excites me,  
That it thrills me again and again.

Love is my inspiration, only consideration.  
In rivers, woods, and flowers,  
I feel it magic streaming,  
awake, asleep, and dreaming.  
In gentle winds and showers,  
I hear its mellow tone,  
Love is my conversation, theme without variation,  
I tell my love-song to glens and mountains,  
To rivers, and fountains,  
to moon and stars in heaven.  
The gentle breezes echo my every word and tone,  
And if no one will listen,  
Then I will talk alone of love,  
Talk to myself alone.

### Quando ti rivedro

When will I see you again  
faithless love,  
Once so dear to me?  
So many tears I have wept  
now that another comes between us,  
So that I fear that every joy has fled for good  
and all in my life.  
An yet, the more I despair,  
the more hope returns.  
The more I have you in my thoughts,  
the more my soul  
returns to loving.  
When will I see you again,  
faithless love,  
once so dear to me?