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Wendy Kaye Canterbury in a Junior Voice Recital

Wendy Kaye Canterbury
Ouachita Baptist University

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OUACHITA BAPTIST UNIVERSITY

School of Music

JUNIOR RECITAL

WENDY KAYE CANTERBURY, Soprano
Patti Bryant, Accompanist

Friday, November 4, 1988, 11:00 A. M.
Mabee Fine Arts Center Recital Hall

I

Hark, the ech'ing air
(The Fairy Queen)

Henry Purcell
(ca. 1659-1695)

Or che le r`edole

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

O del mio amato ben

Ah, mai non cessate

II

Die Nacht, Op. 10, No. 3

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Schlagende Herzen, Op. 29, No. 2

III

Trois Chants de Noël

Frank Martin
(1890-1974)

Les Cadeaux
Image de Noël
Les Bergers

with Beth Maloch, flute

A Simple Song
(Mass)

Leonard Bernstein
(b. 1918)

Die Nacht Strauss
(The Night)

Out of the forest comes the night,
Quietly she moves in from behind the trees;
She oversees all around her,-
Beware now!
All the lights of the world,
All the flowers, all the colors, she extinguishes;
She steals the sheaves from the fields;
She takes everything that is lovely,
Steals the silver from the streams,
From the copper dome of the cathedral
She takes away its gold.
The spray of flowers stands plundered,
Draw closer, soul to soul;
Oh, I am afraid the night will steal
You, too, from me.

Schlagende Herzen Strauss
(Throbbing Hearts)

A youth was going through meadows and fields,
Kling, klang, his heart did beat;
On his finger shown a golden ring,
Kling klang, his heart did beat;
Oh, meadows, oh fields, how beautiful you are!
Oh, hills, oh, forests, how beautiful!
How good and beautiful are you,
Golden sun in the skies you appear
Kling klang, kling klang, his heart did beat.
The youth hurried with lively step,
Kling klang, his heart did beat.
He took with him many a laughing flower,
Kling klang, his heart did beat.
Over the meadows and fields blows the wind of Spring,
Over the hills and forests blows the wind of Spring,
Deep in my heart blows the wind of Spring,
That drives me toward you, gently, softly.
Kling klang, his heart did beat.
Midst meadows and fields a maiden stood,
Kling klang, her heart did beat.
She shielded her eyes with her hand, to look afar,
Kling klang, her heart did beat
Over meadows and fields,
Over hills and forests,
To me, to me, he is hastening,
Oh, if he only were already with me!
Kling klang, Kling klang, her heart did beat.

Trois Chants de Noël Frank Martin

Les Cadeaux (The Gifts)

I saw three gentlemen on the road
Each more handsome than the other,
Having their hands full of gifts,
Compared to theirs, what will ours be?
You might as well say: nothing!
They presented to the little prince
Myrrh, gold, and incense.
Our poor presents seemed very small
Beside the treasure of the three kings.
He considered the jewels.
As for us, we were staring in silence.
Then he turned toward us
And his first sweet smile was for us.

Image de Noël (Picture of Christmas)

Jesus, the child of pictures,
The cute pink and white baby
Holds out his two hands toward the wise men.
Or to a trembling shepherd.
The ox, without ceremony,
Chews its cud while slightly grumbling.
And the Virgin in a blue coat
Smiles at the company.

Les Bergers (The Shepherds)

It was not yet midnight
When the new star shone
To light the earth.
Then suddenly the heavens opened up,
And was brightly veiled,
One could see in Paradise
All the angels gathered
To pray
Through the desert, walking barefoot,
All the shepherds had arrived
At the poor hut.
They were playing for the child Jesus
With tunes on the flute.
The angels were singing: Gloria
And the herdsmen: Hosana!
Alleluia.

Or che le r dole Stefano Donaudy
(Now That The Fragrant Colors)

Now that the fragrant green colors return,
the greens that flowers and bushels and grass wear,
it is time to intertwine ourselves in dances.
Come to the meadow; flower among flowers.

Gigue or folk dance, come to dance,
in muslin dressed;
oh, to hold you forever,
speaking of love.
I wish for no sweeter pain.

In the light movement of a dancing turn,
such a delight arises, such a burning love,
that every other agony is soon forgotten.
Come to the meadow, flower among flowers.

Gigue or folk dance, come to dance,
in muslin dressed;
oh, to hold you forever,
speaking of love.
I wish for no sweeter pain.

O del mio amato ben
(O The Lost Enchantment Of My Beloved)

O the lost enchantment
of my beloved.
Far from my eyes
is that which was to me glory and pride
Now, through all those silent rooms,
I seek her and call her name,
with heart full of hope.
But I look in vain, and I call in vain,
and weeping is so dear to me
that on weeping entirely, I feed my heart.

It seems to me that without her
everyplace is sad.
Night seems day,
ice is fire.
If I think of lending myself
to other affairs of life,
one thought only torments me.
Without her, what will I do?
My life seems
an empty thing without my beloved.

Ah, mai non cessate
(Oh, Never Stop Talking)

Oh never stop talking,
Your lips for which I go insane with desire,
Your lips for which I go insane with desire,
With the honey of your words
you make a sweet pillow upon which I plan to sleep,
a sweet pillow upon which I will sleep.
Oh blessed slumber, imagined by no one,
On that pillow, while sleeping, I will enjoy
while asleep and dreaming, close to your heart,
my sweet, longed-for dream of love.
Sleeping and dreaming, dreaming of love.