

Ouachita Baptist University

Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita

Concert Performances, Programs, and Posters

Division of Music

10-20-1986

Christine Harvie in a Senior Recital

Christine Harvie

Ouachita Baptist University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/music>



Part of the [Music Education Commons](#), and the [Music Performance Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Harvie, Christine, "Christine Harvie in a Senior Recital" (1986). *Concert Performances, Programs, and Posters*. 474.

<https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/music/474>

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 Concert Performances, Programs, and Posters by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita. For more information, please contact mortensona@obu.edu.

Quachita Baptist University

School of Music

presents

Christine Harvie

assisted by

John Briggs, pianist

in

Senior Recital



October 20, 1986

7:00 p.m.

Mabee Fine Arts Recital Hall

Oh! had I Jubal's lyre
from "Joshua"

G. F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Lied Maritime

Vincent d'Indy
(1851-1931)

Voi, che sapete
from "Le Nozze di Figaro"

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Lied der Braut
I
II

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Spirate pur, spirate

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1955)

Bessie Bobtail
Monks and Raisins

Samuel Barber
(1919-1981)

Members of the
Epsilon Delta Chapter of Sigma Alpha Iota
will sing the chorale



Program Notes

Oh! had I Jubal's lyre

Jubal - Genesis 4:21

Miriam - Exodus 15:20-21

Lied Maritime

In the sea at a distance, the sun is going down. The sea is calm without a ripple. The many colored waves spread without a sound caressing the dark beaches. Your eyes, you treach'rous eyes are closed. And my heart is tranquil like the sea. At the distance, on the sea the storm is beginning, and the sea stirs and boils. The waves are up to the skies erect, superb, and crumble, howling toward the abysses. Your eyes, your treach'rous eyes, so sweet, up to the bottom of my soul and my heart. Itself exacts and itself breaks like the sea.

Voi, che sapete

Cherabino who is the page to Count Almaviva, is describing how he is tormented by the pangs of young love. He sighs and moans without wishing to, and throbs and tembles without knowing what to do. He cannot find peace day or night. But in the end he admits that the pangs of love are also joyful.

Lied der Braut

I.

Mother you are the first one I loved. Believe not, because I love him very much that I love you any less. Let me leave with your blessing, let me fall in love.

II.

Let me cling to him mother. Ask not if he will change. Question not how this love will end. Let me cling to him, let me!

Spirate pur, spirate

Blow breezes to my love and tell that I am well. Assure him that he is in my heart.



USHERS

Anne Harvie

Aaron Harvie

Miss Harvie's recital is given in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music Education Degree. She is a student of Mrs. Mary Worthen.

You are cordially invited to a reception immediatly following the recital in the gallery of Mabee Fine Arts Center.