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Marla Reeves in a Senior Voice Recital

Marla Reeves

Ouachita Baptist University

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SENIOR RECITAL

Marla Reeves, Soprano

assisted by
Janine Reeves Tiner, Piano
Jay Crowder, Piano
Becky Holt, Violin
Earl Hesse, Clarinet

Ouachita Baptist University
School of Music
Seven O'Clock P.M.
Monday, April Twenty-fifth
Nineteen Hundred and Eighty-eight
Mabee Fine Arts Center Recital Hall
Arkadelphia, Arkansas

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Judas Maccabaeus

So Shall the Lute and Harp Awake

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Der Jäger (Friedrich Halm)
Sandmännchen (Nursery Rhyme)
O komme, holde Sommernacht (Melchior Grohe)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

La Clemenza di Tito

Parto! Ma tu ben mio

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Turandot

Tu che di gel sei cinta

Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

Les Nuits d'Été (Théophile Gautier)

Villanelle
Le spectre de la rose
Sur les lagunes

Dominick Argento
(1927-)

Songs about Spring (e.e. cummings)

who knows if the moon's a balloon
Spring is like a perhaps hand

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

Along the Field (A.E. Housman)

We'll to the Woods No More
In the Morning
Good-Bye
Fancy's Knell

You are invited to a reception in the Gallery following the program.
Miss Reeves, a candidate for the Bachelor of Music degree,
is a student of Dr. Thomas Bolton.

The Ushers are Amanda Allen and Brian Smith

TRANSLATIONS

So Shall the Lute and Harp Awake

So shall the lute and harp awake,
And sprightly voice sweet descant run,
Seraphic melody to make,
In the pure strains of Jesse's son.

Der Jäger

Mein Lieb ist ein Jäger,
Und grün ist sein Kleid,
Und blau ist sein Auge,
Nur sein Herz ist zu weit.

Mein Lieb ist ein Jäger,
Trifft immer ins Ziel,
Und Mädchen berückt er,
So viel er nur will.

Mein Lieb ist ein Jäger,
Kennt Wege und Spur,
Zu mir aber kommt er
Durch die Kirchtüre nur.
(Friedrich Halm)

Sandmannchen

Die Blümelein sie schlafen
Schon längst im Mondenschein,
Sie nicken mit den Köpfen
Auf ihren Stengelein.
Es rüttelt sich der Blütenbaum,
Er säuselt wie im Traum:
Schlafe, schlafe, schlaf du,
mein Kindelein.

Die Vögelein sie sangen
So süß im Sonnenschein,
Sie sind zur Ruh gegangen
In ihre Nestchen klein.
Das Heimchen in dem Ährengrund,
Es tut allein sich kund:
Schlafe, schlafe, schlaf du,
mein Kindelein.

Sandmännchen kommt geschlichen
Und guckt durchs Fensterlein,
Ob irgend noch ein Liebchen
Nicht mag zu Bette sein.
Und wo er nur ein Kindchen fand,
Streut er ihm in die Augen Sand.
Schlafe, schlafe, schlaf du,
mein Kindelein.

The Huntsman

My love is a huntsman,
and his suit is green,
and his eyes are blue;
only his heart is too large.

My love is a huntsman,
always on target,
and he beguiles the girls,
as many as he likes.

My love is a huntsman;
he knows the paths and tracks,
but to me he will come
only through the church door.

The sandman

The little flowers have long been
asleep in the moonlight;
they nod their heads
on their little stems.
The flowering tree stirs;
it whispers as if in a dream:
Sleep, sleep, sleep,
my child.

The little birds sang
so sweetly in the sunshine,
they have gone to their rest
in their tiny nests.
The cricket in the corn
alone makes itself heard:
Sleep, sleep, sleep,
my child.

The sandman steals up
and looks through the window
to see if any little darling
is not yet in bed.
And for every single child that he
finds,
he sprinkles sand in the eyes.
Sleep, sleep, sleep,
my child.

Sandmännchen aus den Zimmer,
Es schläft mein Herzchen fein,
Es ist gar fest verschlossen
Schon sein Guckäugelein.
Es leuchtet morgen mir Willkomm
Das Äugelein so fromm!
Schlafe, schlafe, schlaf du,
 mein Kindelein.
(Volkslied)

Sandman, leave the room;
my sweetheart is fast asleep;
his eyes are already
quite firmly closed.
Tomorrow the innocent little eyes
will beam a welcome to me!
Sleep, sleep, sleep,
my child.
(Folk-song)

O komme, holde Sommernacht (Melchior Grohe)

O komme, holde Sommernacht, ver schwiegen;
Dich hat die Liebe recht gemacht zum Siegen!
Da brechen manche Knospen los, ver stohlen,
Da öffnen ihren süßen Schoss Violon,
Da neigt ihr Haupt im Dämmerchein die Rose,
Da wird mein Liebchen auch noch mein, das lose!

O come, delightful summer night

O come, delightful summer night, so silent!
Now with your aid love can be victorious!
From off the branch small buds escape in secret,
and all the tiny violets sweetly open!
The rose has bowed her head in golden twilight,
and fate decrees that my adored be mine now!

Parto! Ma tu ben mio
from the opera "Titus"

This scene in Act I takes place in Rome, in the year A. D. 80.
Vitellia, daughter of the Emperor Vitellius, evolved a plot against
Titus, Emperor of Rome. She hopes to use Sextus, who is in love with her,
and is a friend of Titus, as a tool in a scheme to assassinate Titus.
After vain attempts to persuade Vitellia to abandon her plot against the
Emperor, Sextus consents under the spell of her charms and sings this aria.

Parto, parto, ma tu ben mio meco ritorna in pace:
Sarò qual più ti piace, quel che vorrai farò.
Guardami, e tutto obbligo, e a vendicarti io volo.

A questo sguardo solo da me si penserà,
Ah qual poter, O Dei! donaste alla beltà!

I go, I go, but you, my love, make peace with me;
I shall be as you wish me, I shall do as you like.
Just look at me, and I will forget everything; I shall
fly to avenge you.

Another glance, and I will take care of the rest.
Oh gods, what power you have given to beauty!

(Text by Caterino Mazzola. English translation by Waldo Lyman.)

Turandot

Long ago in Peking, a slave girl, Liu, helped to reunite her master, Timur, a banished king of the Tartars, and his son, Calaf, with whom Liu is in love. Calaf, whose true identity cannot be revealed, falls in love with Turandot, daughter of the Chinese emperor, and vows to solve the three riddles for which her other suitors have lost their lives. Liu tries to dissuade him. Calaf solves the riddles and decides to release Turandot from a humiliating servitude, but only if she finds out his true identity before morning. Turandot forces the entire city to help her. Liu, in defense of Timur, states that she alone knows his identity. Torture fails to betray the secret. Liu's love for Calaf is such that she will die to ensure his victory.

Tu, che di gel sei cinta,
da tanta fiamma vinta
l'amerai anche tu!
Prima di questa aurora
io chiudo stanca gli occhi,
perche egli vinca ancora . . .
per non . . . per non verderlo piu!

You who wrap yourself in ice,
vanquished by so much fire
you, too, will love him!
Before this dawn,
tired I shall close my eyes,
so that he may win again . . .
never . . . never to see him again!

Les Nuits d'Été (The Summer Nights)

1. Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois,
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles,
Que l'on voit au matin trembler.
Nous irons écouter les merles,
Nous irons écouter les merles siffler;

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni;
Et l'oiseau satinant son aile,
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.
Oh! Viens donc sur ce banc de mousse
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce,
Toujours!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses
Faisant fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim, au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis chez nous, tout heureux,
tout aisés,
En paniers, enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons, rapportant des fraises
des bois.

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 blackbirds,
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, staying from our
path,
Putting 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.

2. Le spectre de la rose

Soulève ta paupière close
Qu'effleure un songe virginal!
Je suis le spectre d'une rose
Que tu portais hier au bal.
Tu me pris encore emperlée
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,
Et, parmi la fête étoilée,
Tu me promenas tout le soir.
O toi qui de ma mort fus cause,
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,
Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose
A ton chevet viendra danser.
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame
Ni messe ni De Profundis,
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,
Et j'arrive du paradis.
Mon destin fus digne d'envie,
Et pour avoir un sort si beau
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie:
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose
Un poète avec un baiser
Ecrivit: "Ci-git une rose,
Que tous les rois vont jalouser."

3. Sur les lagunes

Ma belle amie est morte,
Je pleurerai toujours;
Sous la tombe elle emporte
Mon âme et mes amours.
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,
Elle s'en retourna;
L'ange qui l'emmena
Ne voulut pas me prendre.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour s'en aller sur la mer
La blanche créature
Est couchée au cercueil;
Comme dans la nature
Tout me paraît en deuil!
La colombe oubliée
Pleure et songe à l'absent,
Mon âme pleure et sent
Qu'elle est dépareillée,
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour s'en aller sur la mer
Sur moi la nuit immense,
S'étend comme un linceul.
Je chante ma romance
Que le ciel entend seul.
Ah! Comme elle était belle
Et comme je l'aimais!
Je n'aimerai jamais
Une femme autant qu'elle . . .
Que mon sort est amer!

The Spectre of the Rose

Open your closed eyelid
Gently touched by a virginal dream!
I am the spectre of the rose
That you wore last night at the ball.
You have taken me still covered with
the pearls
Of the sprinkler's silvery tears,
And amidst brilliant festivities,
You carried me through the night.
O you, who were the cause of my death,
Without your being able to escape him,
My rose-colored spectre will come
Every night to dance at your bedside.
But have no fear at all: I do not ask
Either a mass or De Profundis.
This fragrant perfume is my soul,
And I am from paradise.
My destiny could be envied,
And to have so beautiful a fate,
More than one would have given his
life,
For on your breast I have my tomb,
And on the alabaster where I repose,
A poet wrote with a kiss:
"Here lies a rose
Which all kings might envy."

On the Lagoons

My fair friend is dead,
I will mourn forever;
She has taken with her into the tomb
My soul and my love.
Without waiting for me
She has returned to heaven;
The angel who led her away
Did not wish to take me.
How bitter is my fate!
Oh! To go to sea without love!
The white form
Is lying in the coffin:
How all of nature
Seems gloomy to me!
The forgotten dove
Weeps and dreams of the absent one;
My soul weeps and feels
That it is left alone!
How bitter is my fate!
Oh! To go to sea without love!
The immense night over me
Spreads like a shroud;
I am singing my song
That heaven alone can hear.
Oh! How fair she was,
And how much I loved her!
I will never love
A woman as much as I loved her . . .
How bitter is my fate!

Songs about Spring

I

who knows if the moon's
a baloon, coming out of a keen city
in the sky--filled with pretty people?
(and if you and i should

get into it, if they
should take me and take you into
their balloon,
why then
we'd go up higher with all the
pretty people

than houses and steeples and clouds:
go sailing
away and away sailing into a keen
city which nobody's ever visited,
where

always
it's
Spring)and everyone's
in love and flowers pick themselves

II

Spring is like a perhaps hand
(which comes carefully
out of Nowhere)arranging
a window, into which people look
(while people stare
arranging and changing placing
carefully there a strange
thing and a known thing here)and

changing everything carefully

spring is like a perhaps
Hand in a window
(carefully to
and fro moving New and
Old things, while
people stare carefully
moving a perhaps
fraction of flower here placing
an inch of air there)and

without breaking anything.

Along the Field

We'll to the Woods No More

We'll to the woods no more,
The laurels all are cut,
The bowers are bare of bay
That once the Muses wore;
The year draws in the day
And soon will evening shut:
The laurels all are cut,
We'll to the woods no more.
Oh we'll no more, no more
To the leafy woods away,
To the high wild woods of laurel
And the bowers of bay no more.

In the Morning

In the morning, in the morning,
In the happy field of hay,
Oh they looked at one another
By the light of day.

In the blue and silver morning
On the haycock as they lay,
Oh they looked at one another
And they looked away.

Good-Bye

Oh see how thick the goldcup flowers
Are lying in field and lane,
With dandelions to tell the hours
That never are told again.
Oh may I squire you round the meads
And pick you posies gay?
--'Twill do no harm to take my arm.
"You may, young man, you may."

Ah, spring was sent for lass and lad,
'Tis now the blood runs gold,
And man and maid had best be glad
Before the world is old.
What flowers to-day may flower to-
morrow,
But never as good as new.
--Suppose I wound my arm right round--
"'Tis true, young man, 'tis true."

Some lads there are, tis shame to say,
That only court to thief,
And once they bear the bloom away
'Tis little enough they leave.
Then keep your heart for men like me
And safe from trustless chaps.
My love is true and all for you.
"Perhaps, young man, perhaps."

Oh, look in my eyes, then, can you
doubt?
--Why, 'tis a mile from town.
How green the grass is all about!
We might as well sit down.
--Ah, life, what is it but a flower?
Why must true lovers sigh?
Be kind, have pity, my own, my
pretty,--
"Good-bye, young man, good-bye."

Fancy's Knell

When lads were home from labour
At Abdon under Clee,
A man would call his neighbor
And both would send for me.
And where the light in lances
Across the mead was laid,
There to the dances
I fetched my flute and played.

Ours were idle pleasures,
Yet oh, content we were,
The young to wind the measures,
The old to heed the air;
And I to lift with playing
From tree and tower and steep
The light delaying,
The flute the sun to sleep.

The youth toward his fancy
Would turn his brow of tan,
And Tom would pair with Nancy
And Dick step off with Fan;
The girl would lift her glances
To his, and both be mute:
Well went the dances
At evening to the flute.

Wenlock Edge was umbered,
And bright was Abdon Burf,
And warm between them slumbered
The smooth green miles of turf;
Until from grass and clover
The upshot beam would fade,
And England over
Advanced the lofty shade.

The lofty shade advances,
I fetch my flute and play:
Come, lads, and learn the dances
And praise the tune to-day.
To-morrow, more's the pity,
Away we both must hie,
To air the ditty,
And to earth I.

Good-Bye

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