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Theresa Henthorne Brown in a Senior Voice Recital

Theresa Henthorne Brown *Ouachita Baptist University*

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DIVISION OF FINE ARTS

OF

OUACHITA BAPTIST COLLEGE

presents

THERESA HENTHORNE BROWN

pupil of

David Scott

in

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL

Polly Nation, Accompanist

April the Twenty-fifth

Nineteen Hundred and Sixty

Eight O'Clock

MITCHELL HALL

- Botschaft (The Message) Brahms Fan ye breezes, fan the cheek of my sweet lady. If she should by chance ask, how poor I am faring say: "His grief was past all bearing, but now this joy of living has been restored since his lady thinks of him.
- Der Tod das ist die kuhle Nacht (Ah, death the still, cool night will be) Brahms Death will be the still cool night and life the sultry day. It's growing dark and I am drowsy, the day has so wearied me. The nightingale sings of nothing but love in the tree that rises above my couch. I hear it, it comes to me through my dreams.

Vergeblisher Standchen (The Vain Suit) Brahms (He) Good evening, my sweet, I come for love of thee, so lift the latch for me.

(She) My door is locked, I'll not let you in! My mother spoke the truth, should you come in all would be o'er with me. (He) The night is cold, the wind is wild. Soon my heart will freeze and

(He) The night is cold, the wind is wild. Soon my heart will freeze and my love will be gone.

(She) If it must go let it. Go home to bed, to rest. So goodnight, my lad!

- La Chevelure (Her Hair) Debussy He said: In the night I dreamed that I could feel thy hair like a dusky veil around my throat and over my bosom. When he ceased to speak, he gazed on me with a look so tender, that with a sudden thrill I lowered my eyes.
- Chere Nuit (Dearest Night) ______ Bachelet Sweet the hour soon to come! The sun is declining in shadow. I hear the song nature is singing. Winds bring the fragrance of rare tulips and the rose. Dearest night who the tender lover calls, spread out the silvery mantle of thy enchantment. Dearest night! Charming, mysterious! Are you come to hallow my love?
- La Cloche (The Bell) Saint-Saens Alone in thy sombre tower, thou slumberest now, and naught disturbs the shadows deep neath thy cavernous throat where thy thunder's asleep.
- Je dis que rien ne m'epouvante (Carmen) Alone in this dismal place, I'm afraid, although it is wrong to fear. I shall see this woman whose treacherous art has achieved the shame of the man I once loved. She is wily and false but I will not yield to fear. O Lord, Thou wilt be near to me. O Lord, Thou will ever be near!

Pace, pace, mio Dio (La Forza del destino) Verdi Calm me, O Father! Cruel misfortune my woeful heart still tries. I loved him well! Such wondrous grace and valor did heaven to him impart. Alvaro, I love thee! But in heaven it is written that I shall never see thee again.

Set me as a seal G	leorge Rochberg
When I bring to you colour's toys John A	Alden Carpenter
Love in the Dictionary C	elius Dougherty
God's World	Jacques Wolfe
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind	_ Roger Quilter

Ushers

Lillie McKnight Sallie Guthrie