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### Martha Savage in a Senior Voice Recital

Martha Ann Savage

*Ouachita Baptist University*

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*Ouachita Baptist University*

*School of Music*

*presents*

*Martha Ann Savage, Soprano*

*Sylvia McDonnough, Piano*

*in*

*Senior Recital*

*March 7, 1980*

*7:00 p.m.*

*Mabee Fine Arts Center Recital Hall*

I

Lord, in Thee do I Trust	Dietrich Buxtehude (1637-1707)
Candace Burton, Violin I Becki Cox, Violin II Terry Jackson, Organ	

Alleluja from <u>Exsultate, jubilate</u>	W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)
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Jerusalem from <u>Saint Paul</u>	Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)
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Song of Joy	John Ness Beck
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II

Stizzoso, mio Stizzoso	Giovanni Pergolesi (1710-1736)
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An die Musik	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
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Wohin?	Franz Schubert
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III

Ten Blake Songs Infant Joy The Piper The Lamb The Shepherd Eternity	Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
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Shannon Scott, Oboe

IV

Il est doux, il est bon from <u>Hérodiade</u>	Jules Massenet (1842-1912)
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## TRANSLATIONS

### STIZZOSO, MIO STIZZOSO

Unruly, Sir, unruly,  
And fain to play the bully?  
But naught you'll gain by violence;  
Tis time to end this riot,  
Be quiet, And now keep silence, hush!  
Serpina you'll obey!

I think you comprehend me, yes!  
For you've not dared offend me  
This many and many a day.

### AN DIE MUSIK

O gracious Art, in how many grey hours  
When life's fierce orbit encompassed me,  
Hast thou kindled my heart to warm love,  
Hast charmed me into a better world!

Oft has a sigh, issuing from thy harp,  
A sweet blest chord of thine,  
Thrown open the heaven of better times;  
O gracious Art, for that I thank thee!

### WOHIN?

I heard a brooklet rushing  
From its spring in the rocks  
Rushing down to the valley  
So fresh and wondrously clear.

I know not how it befell me,  
Nor who counselled me,  
But I too had to go down the hill,  
With my walking-staff.

Downwards and ever onwards,  
And ever following the brook;  
And ever fresher and brighter,  
The brook went rippling.

Is that, then, my road?  
O brooklet, say... whither?  
You with your rippling  
Have quite bemused my senses.

"Rippling" do I say?  
That is surely no rippling,  
It must be water-nymphs singing  
Their roundelays in the depths.

Cease singing, my friend, cease rippling,  
And follow blithely on!  
There are mill-wheels turning  
In every limpid brook.

IL EST DOUX, IL EST BON

He whose word erases all pains,  
The Prophet is here! I go to him.

He is gentle, he is good, his word is calm:  
He speaks, all is quiet.

More light on the plain,  
Looking attentive, he passes without noise.  
He speaks!

Ah! When will he return!  
When will I hear his voice?

I suffered, I was alone and my heart was calmed  
By listening to his voice melodious and tender,  
My heart was calmed!

Beloved prophet, could I live without you!

It is there! in that desert where the crowd  
surprised followed his footsteps,  
That he received me one day  
an abandoned child! And where he opened  
to me his arms.

Ushers

Fred Patton

Jonathan Besancon

Miss Savage is a student of Mr. Harold Jones.

Miss Savage presents this recital in partial fulfillment  
of the degree Bachelor of Music in Applied Music.