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### Becky Sowerbutts and John Frady in a Joint Senior Recital

Becky Sowerbutts

*Ouachita Baptist University*

John Frady

*Ouachita Baptist University*

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**Ouachita Baptist University  
School of Music  
presents**

**Becky Sowerbutts**  
**Soprano**

**Krisie Holmes, pianist**

**and**

**John Frady**  
**Tenor**

**Terri Lucas, pianist**

**in**

**Senior Recital**

**7:30 p.m.**

**March 7, 1991**

**Mabee Fine Arts Center Recital Hall**

Program

Sospiri di foco

Francesco Cavalli  
(1602-1676)

*The Creation*

And God Created Man  
In Native Worth

Franz Joseph Haydn  
(1732-1809)

Mr. Frady

Shepherd! Thy Demeanour Vary

Thomas Brown  
(18th century)

Abbandono  
Contrasto

Ottorino Respighi  
(1879-1936)

Mrs. Sowerbutts

*Die Zauberflöte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön

Mr. Frady

Wie Melodien zieht es mir

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

Vergebliches Ständchen

Brahms

Mrs. Sowerbutts

Lydia  
En Prière

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

Allerseelen

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

Mr. Frady

*Faust*  
The Jewel Song

Charles Gounod  
(1818-1893)

Mrs. Sowerbutts

I Love All Graceful Things

Eric H. Thiman  
(1900-1975)

Cindy

Reginald Boardman

Mr. Frady

Just-Spring

John Duke  
(1899-1984)

*Desert Song*  
Romance

Sigmund Romberg  
(1887-1951)

Mrs. Sowerbutts

The Epsilon Delta Chapter of Sigma Alpha Iota  
will sing the Chorale.

You are cordially invited to a reception in the  
Gallery following the performance.

This recital is given by Mrs. Sowerbutts in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Bachelor of Music Education in Choral Music. She is a student of Mrs. Julie Dodge.

This recital is given by Mr. Frady in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Church Music. He is a student of Mrs. Julie Dodge.

USHERS

Kathy Emmerling

David George

THE JEWEL SONG

Ah, the joy past compare, these jewels bright to wear.

Is it thou, Marguerite, is it thou?

Now reply, tell me truly,

No, no! this is not I!

Surely, enchantment is o'er me!

Some king's daughter, I spy.

This is not I!

Some king's daughter I spy.

All are bending before me!

Ah! might it only be,

Were he but here to see!

Now as a royal lady, he would indeed adore me!

Here are more ready to adorn me

I can hardly wait to try on

This bracelet here, the necklace yonder.

Ah! it is like a hand laid on my arm to oppress me.

LYDIA

Lydia, on your cheeks and on your neck so fresh and white,  
How sparkingly the fluid golden tresses,  
Which you loosen this shining day is the best of all.  
Let us forget the eternal grave,  
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,  
Shine on your blossoming lips.  
A hidden lily spreads uncessingly.  
A divine fragrance is in your breast;  
Numberless delights emanate from you, young goddess.  
I love you and die, oh my love!  
Kisses have carried away my soul!  
Oh Lydia, Give me back life that I may die.

EN PRIÈRE

If the voice of a child can reach you,  
Oh my father,  
Listen to the prayer of Jesus on His knees  
Before you.  
If you have chosen me to teach Your laws  
On the earth,  
I will know how to serve you, holy King of Kings,  
Oh Light!  
Place on my lips, oh Lord,  
The salutary truth,  
So that whoever doubts, should with humility  
Revere You!  
Do not abandon me, give me the gentleness  
So necessary,  
To relieve the suffering, to alleviate pains,  
The misery!  
Reveal Yourself to me, Lord in whom I have  
Faith and hope,  
I want to suffer for You and to die on the Cross,  
At Calvary!

ALLERSEELEN

Place here by me the mignonette so fragrant,  
And close beside them asters bright and gay,  
And let us speak again of love's sweet rapture,  
As once in May.  
Give me your hand, in secret I'll caress it.  
Should others see, I'll care not what they say.  
Again enthrall me with your glance so tender,  
As once in May  
Today on every grave the flowers are blooming,  
One day each year all who have died are free,  
Come to my heart that I again may hold you,  
As once in May

### WIE MELODIEN ZIEHT ES MIR

My thoughts like haunting music drift through my mind today.  
Like flowers of spring they blossom, like fragrance fade away.  
But when I try to hold these thoughts that are so dear to me  
In graying mists they vanish; and like a breath they flee.  
And yet within my rhyming, a hidden perfume lies.  
And memory of that music brings teardrops to my eyes.

### IN DEM SCHATTEN MEINER LOCKEN

In the shadow of my tresses, fast asleep my love one lies.  
Shall I wake my love? Ah, no!  
With such care, I comb my curling tresses early in the morning.  
But in vain is all my trouble, by the wind they're soon entangle  
Tangled tresses, blown by soft winds,  
They have lulled my love to sleep.  
Shall I wake my love? Ah, no!  
I must listen as he chides me, that his grief is past enduring,  
That he lives and dies each moment, gazing on my charms alluring  
"Vixen", he has often called me, yet he sleeps here at my side.  
Shall I wake my love? Ah, no!

### VERGEBLICHES STANDCHEN

Pleasant evening, my sweet, pleasant evening, my child!  
Pleasant evening, my child!

Love brings me here to you, ah, treat me kindly,  
Open wide the door, I implore, open wide the door.

The door is closed tightly, I'll not let you in,  
Mother has made it clear,  
If you're once in here, all is over with me.

The night is so cold, the wind just like ice,  
My heart will freeze, my dear,  
Then love will die, I fear.  
Therefore, I implore, open wide the door.

Love that is so frail, let it die away.  
If you are so distressed, go home to bed to rest.  
So good night young man, good night!



### SOSPURI DI FOCO

Burning sighs  
Setting the breezes afire,  
Fly swiftly  
To my beloved  
And tell him  
Of my great anguish.  
Gentle breezes,  
You who hear my complaints,  
Fly to the heart  
Of the one I adore,  
And say that I languish  
In deep despair.

### ABBANDONO

I am so tired of struggling; give me peace.  
Your power is greater than mine.  
I am so tired of thinking;  
Give me the serenity of your lofty glance.  
I am so weary of dreaming.  
Awaken me to that glorious day.  
I am so weary of wandering.  
Assure me of your promise,  
And call me to rest.

### CONTRASTO

The moon weeps slowly on the budding dew  
The once joyous song of love all but forgotten.  
How bittersweet the laughter of the weeping moon  
Reflects the sadness of the former lovers' faces.  
Oh friend, forget greivous loves in your youth.  
The moon weeps as the cycle starts once again.

### DIES BILDNIS IST BEZAUBERND SCHÖN

This picture is enchantingly fair,  
Such as no eye has ever seen!  
I feel how this divine image  
Fills my heart with new emotion.  
Although I cannot name this sensation,  
Yet I feel it burning here like fire:  
Can this feeling be love?  
Yes, yes it is love indeed!  
O, If I could only find her!  
If she could at last appear before me!  
Ardent and pure hearted, what would I do?  
Overwhelmed with delight, I would  
Press her to this fervent breast,  
And she would be mine then forever.