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2-22-1962

### Letha Belknap in a Senior Voice Recital

Letha Belknap

*Ouachita Baptist University*

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THE DIVISION OF FINE ARTS

OF

OUACHITA BAPTIST COLLEGE

presents

LETHA BELKNAP

pupil of

David Scott

in

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL

Jo Ann Ferguson, Accompanist

February <sup>28</sup> 1, 1962

Eight O'Clock

MITCHELL HALL

# PROGRAM

## I

- Strike the Viol ..... Henry Purcell  
My Heart Ever Faithful ..... J. S. Bach  
Come Scoglio (Cosi fan tutte) ..... Wolfgang Mozart

Bold intruders, leave this house this very instant- We shall not let you profane our ears, our spirits' inmost reaches, with your vile, sacrilegious, disgusting speeches! Do not attempt to win our love or ever find the way to our hearts. Our faith is lasting and belongs now and always to our beloveds til the day of our death, pure and unfailing, in the face of misfortune ever prevailing.

## II

- Du bist die ruh ..... Franz Schubert  
Thou art sweet peace and tranquil rest. I long for thee to soothe my breast. I dedicate, 'mid joys and sighs, thy dwelling in my heart and eyes. Come, then, to me, and close the door; never leave me more. Chase every pain from out this breast, calming this heart to joyful rest. Let thy pure light my glance control; with lustre bright fill thou my soul.

- Die Soldatenbraut ..... Robert Schumann  
If only the king, too, were told how true is my love, and how bold! For the king he would shed all his blood. For me just the same, so he would! My love has no ribbon or star; no cross, such as nobles would wear. He'll never be a general, I know. From the army I wish he would go! Three stars they are shining so bright, high over the town through the night. Rose red shall a ribbon there bind us. And in life many crosses shall find us.

- Volkliedchen ..... Robert Schumann  
When at the morn in a dress of green I through the garden go, what I first think, I ween, is: "How fares my true love now?" Were mine the stars on high, there's none but he minght have it. My heart I'd give if I knew only how to move it.

## III

- Ariette ..... Paul Vidal  
Were I sunshine, I should come, pretty maiden; were I sunshine flashing bright from the skies, I should pour the light of my fire, sweet maiden, in thy pretty eyes. Were I Zephyrus, I'd blow through thy tresses, through the tresses soft of thy golden hair. Were I perfume sweet, and thy smile malicious, yet I should impress on thy dimpled cheek, or thy lips delicious, a delirious kiss!

- La Chevelure ..... Claude Debussy  
Now he said: In the night I dreamed that I could feel thy hair around my neck. Yes, it was thy hair like a dusky veil around my neck and over my bosom. I caressed thy hair, for it was mine own, and by it we together were bound for aye, bound by our united tresses, with lips to lips, together, as oft two laurel trees have one root between them. And, more and more, it seemed to me, that our being so merged into one, that at last I came to be thee, or that thou hadst like a dream entered my spirit. When he ceased to speak, he gently placed his hands upon my shoulders, and he gazed on me with a look so tender, that with a sudden thrill I lowered my eyes.

- Ouvre ton coeur ..... George Bizet  
The daisy has closed its crown; the shadow has closed the eyes of the day. My charmer, will you your promise keep? The daisy has closed its crown. Open thy heart to my love.

## IV

- Lia's Air (The Prodigal Son) ..... Claude Debussy

## V

- Young Thought ..... W. Francis McBeth  
In the Silence of Night ..... Sergei Rachmaninoff  
Music I Heard With You ..... Richard Hageman

**Ushers**

**Linda Evans and Mary Miller**

**Reception**

**Women's New Dormitory**