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Jillian Grace Turner in a Senior Coloratura Soprano Recital

Jillian Grace Turner

Ouachita Baptist University

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Ouachita Baptist University
School of Fine Arts
Division of Music
Presents

Jillian Grace Turner
Coloratura Soprano

and

Phyllis Walker
Piano

In a Senior Voice Recital

7:30 p.m.
January 22, 2015
W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall
Mabee Fine Arts Center

Messiah George Frideric Handel
Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter Of Zion (1685-1759)

**Befreit
Morgen!** Richard Georg Strauss
(1864-1949)

Lakmé Léo Delibes
Ah! Où va la jeune indoue (1836-1891)

Ten Thousand Angels Ray Overholt
(1924-2008)
arr. by Tom Fettke

When Praise Demands a Sacrifice Sue C. Smith and
Russell Mauldin
arr. by Tom Fettke

La Danza
La Pastorella delle Alpi

Gioacchino Antonio Rossini
(1792-1868)

Il Barbiere di Siviglia
Una voce poco fa

Italian Street Song

Victor Herbert
(1859-1924)

For the First Time in Forever

Kristen and Robert Lopez
(b. 1975)

Befreit

You will not weep, softly, softly,
you will smile and, as if before a journey,
I will respond with a glance and a kiss.
Our lovely four walls, you gave them life;
I have made them for you into a whole world,
Oh, happiness!

Then you will warmly clasp my hand,
and surrender to me your soul,
Will leave me with our children.
You gave me all your life,
I will give it back to them.
Oh, happiness!

It will be very soon, we both know it;
We have freed each other from pain,
And so I gave you back to the world.
Henceforth, you will come to me only in my dreams,
To bless me and to weep with me.
Oh, happiness!

Morgen!

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
and on the path that I will follow,
It shall again unite us, happy ones,
Upon this sun-breathing earth...
And to the wide shore, with its blue waves,
We will quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless, we shall look into each other's eyes,
And upon us will descend the muted silence of happiness.

Ah! Où va la jeune indoue

Where goes the young Indian girl,
daughter of the pariahs,
When the moon plays about,
In the tall mimosa trees?

She runs over the moss
And she doesn't remember,
That everywhere is shunned
The child of the pariahs;
Past the pink laurels,
Dreaming of sweet things, Ah!

She passes without noise
And laughing at the night.

Over there in the forest more gloomy,
Who is the traveller, lost?
All around him
The eyes shine in the shadows,
He wanders on bewildered and lost!
The wild beasts roar with pleasure,
They go to pounce on their prey.

The young girl runs up
And braves their fury:

She has in her hand the wand
Where tinkle the bells of the enchanter!

La Pastorella delle Alpi

I am the beautiful shepherdess,
Who descends every morning,
I offer a little basket,
With fresh fruit and flowers.
Whoever comes at dawn.
Will have nice roses
And dew sprinkled apples.
Come all to my garden.
Ah.

Whoever in night's frightness
Looses his way,
In my shelter
Will find his path again.
Come, o traveler
The shepherdess is here,
But her tender thoughts
Address to one alone!
Ah.

Una Voce Poco Fa

A voice a while back
echoes here in my heart;
already my heart has been pierced
and Lindoro inflicted the wound.
Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;
I swear it, I will win.

My guardian will refuse me;
I shall sharpen all my wits.
In the end he will be calmed
and I shall rest content...

I am docile, I'm respectful,
I'm obedient, gentle, loving;
I let myself be ruled,
I let myself be guided.

But,
but if they touch me
on my weak spot,
I'll be a viper
and a hundred tricks
I'll play before I yield.

The stranger looks at her,
She stands dazzled.
He is more handsome than all the Rajahs!
He will blush, if he realizes that he owes his life,
to the daughter of pariahs.

But he, lulling her to sleep in a dream,
He transports her to heaven,
And telling her: 'your place is there!'
It was Vishnu, son of Brahma!

Since that day in the depths of the forest,
The traveller may sometimes hear
The faint sound of the wand
Where tinkle the bells of the enchanter!

La Danza

Already the moon dips into the sea,
Mamma mia, we're going to leap!
The hour is beautiful for dancing,
And no one in love will want to miss!

Soon we'll be dancing, round and round,
my ladies, come here,
See a handsome smiling fellow,
Willing to dance with everyone.

As long as in heaven sparkles a star,
And the moonbeams will shine
The most handsome with the fairest,
will dance the night away.

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
Now the moon is over the ocean;
Mamma mia, mamma mia,
Mamma mia, we're going to leap!

Faster, faster, faster,
faster, faster, faster,
Mamma mia, we're going to leap!
La la ra la ra ...

Hopping, jumping, turning, spinning,
every couple have a turn,
Back and forth, over again,
and return where you began.

Dance, dance with the blonde,
with the brunette of here and there,
with the redhead follow along.
with the pale one, keep still.

Long live dancing, round and round!
I am a king, I am a lord,
It is the world's greatest pleasure
The most beautiful delight!

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
now the moon is over the ocean;
Mamma mia, Mamma mia,
Mamma mia, we're going to leap!

Faster, faster, faster,
faster, faster, faster,
Mamma mia, we're going to leap!
La la ra la ra ...

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Performance.

Ms. Turner is a student of Dr. Glenda Secrest.

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