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Adrienne Allison in a Senior Voice Recital

Adrienne Allison

Ouachita Baptist University

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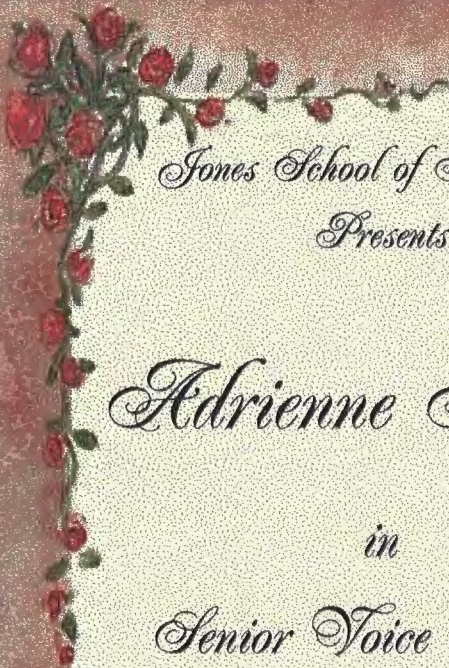
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*Jones School of Fine Arts
Presents*

Adrienne Allison

in

Senior Voice Recital

*accompanied by
Terri Lucas*

Friday, January 24, 1997

11.00 a.m.

Francois W. McBeth Recital Hall

Program

In amor ci vuol ardir

Antonia Bembo (1640-1715)

Piangi gemo sospiro

Antonio Tavaldi (1678-1741)

L'Heure exquise

Reynaldo Hahn (1874 - 1947)

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Dein blaues Auge

Johannes Brahms (1833 - 1897)

Das Mädchen spricht

Translations

In amor ci vuol ardir

In love, there must be burning,
too timid my heart!
Drive out always, drive our fear
if you desire to rejoice.

Piango gemo sospiro

Weep, moan, and pain.
The wound is enclosed in the heart.
Alone ask for peace of the heart,
that I may kill more fierce pain.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,
To your garden so beautiful,
If my verses had wings
Like the birds!
They would fly, glittering,
To your cheerful fireside,
If my verses had wings
Like the mind!
'To you, pure and faithful
They would hasten, night and day,
if my verses had wings
Like love!

Dein blaues Auge

Your blue eyes hold so still.
I look to the ground.
You ask me what I want to see?
I see myself recover.
There burned me a glowing pair,
Still pains, the after-effect:
That of you is like lake so clear,
And like a lake so cool.

Das Madchen spricht

Swallow and tell me,
Is it your old man
With whom you built your nest,
Or have you recently first
Known him intimately

Say, what are you twittering?
What is flustering you?
The morning so intimate?
Isn't it you are probably
a new bride?

Je dis que rien ne m'epovante.

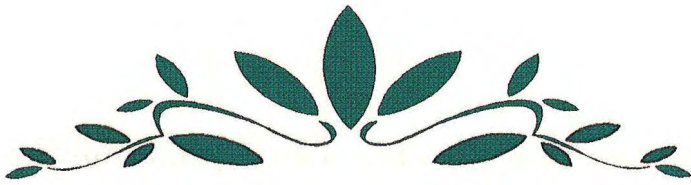
Recit.

Here is the usual place for the smugglers
to gather.
I shall see him, he will be here!
The duty laid upon my by his mother,
Shall be done, and without a fear.

Aria

I say that nothing shall deter me,
I say, alas! I am strong to play my part;
But, tho' undaunted I declare,
I feel dismay within my heart!
Alone in this dismal place,
All alone I'm afraid,
Although its wrong to fear.
You will aid me now with Your grace,
For You, O Lord are always near!

I shall see this woman
Whose wanton, treacherous art
Has achieved the shame of the man
Whom once I loved with all my heart!
She is wily and false, she's beautiful
But I will never yield to fear!
No! No! I will never yield to fear!
I'll speak in her face of my duty, Ah!
O Lord, You will be near to me,
O Lord, You will always be near. Ah!



Je dis que rien ne m'epouvante
from "Carmen"

Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Cycle of Holy Songs
Psalm 148
Psalm 150

Ned Korem

The members of the
Epsilon Delta chapter of Sigma Alpha Tota
will join Miss Allison in singing the chorale.

Psalm 148

Praise ye the Lord
Praise ye the Lord from the heavens:
 praise him in the heights.
Praise ye him all his angels:
 praise ye him, all his hosts.
Praise ye him sun and moon:
 praise ye him all ye stars of light.
Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,
 and ye waters that be above the heavens.
Let them praise the name of the Lord:
 for he commanded, and they were created.
He hath also established them forever and ever:
 he hath made a decree which shall not pass.
Praise ye the Lord from the earth,
 ye dragons and all deeps:
fire, and hail; snow and vapor;
 stormy wind fulfilling his word:
mountains and all hills;
 fruitful trees, and all cedars:
beast and all cattle;
 creeping things and lying fowl:
kings of the earth and all people;
 princes and all judges of the earth:
both young men and maidens;
 old men and children:
Let them praise the name of the Lord:
 for his name alone is excellent;
his glory is above the earth and heavens.

Psalm 150

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise God in his sanctuary:
 praise him in the firmament of his power.
Praise him for his mighty acts:
 praise him according to his excellent greatness.
Praise him with the sound of the trumpet:
 praise him with the psaltery and harp.
Praise him with the timbrel and dance:
 praise him with the stringed instruments an
organs.
Praise him upon the loud cymbals:
 praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.
Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord.

*This recital is given in partial fulfillment for the
Bachelor of Music Education degree.*

*Miss Allison is currently a student of
Mrs. Glenda Secrest*

*You are cordially invited to a reception in the gallery
immediately following the recital*