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Hannah Michelle Garner in a Senior Soprano Recital

Hannah Michelle Garner Ouachita Baptist University

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Ouachita Baptist University School of Fine Arts Division of Music Presents

Hannah Michelle Garner Soprano

and

Susan Monroe Piano

In a Senior Voice Recital

7:30 p.m.
February 28, 2013
W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall
Mabee Fine Arts Center

If music be the food of love

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Sweeter than roses

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Assisted by Crista Riggs

Manon Lescaut
In quelle trine morbide

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Oh! Quand je dors

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

Carmen Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

The harvest of sorrow

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

The nightingale and the rose

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov (1844-1908)

La pastorella delle Alpi

Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)

Ordinary Days
I'll Be Here

Adam Gwon (b. 1980)

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

When on the highest cliff I stand, gaze down into the deep valley and sing, the echo from the ravines floats upwards from the dark valley far away.

The further my voice travels, the clearer it returns to me from below.
So far from me does my love dwell that I yearn for her more ardently over there.

With deep grief I am consumed, my joy is at an end; all hope on earth has left me; I am so lonely here, I am so lonely here.

So longingly sounded the song in the wood, so longingly it sounded through the night, drawing hearts heavenwards with wondrous power.

Spring is coming,
Spring, my joy;
now I will make ready to go journeying.

In quelle trine morbide

In those soft lace curtains in the guilded alcove, there is a silence, a cold fatal silence, a chill which turns me to ice! And I, who was used to the voluptuous caress of burning lips and passionate arms, now have something quite different! Now my humble dwelling, you come back to me gay, secluded, white, as a sweet dream of peace and love!

Oh! Quand je dors

Oh while I sleep, come and stand by my bed as Laura came to Petrarch where he lay.

And let your breath hover over my head —
My pain will settle and drain away!

And on my brow in the menacing darkness where nightmares come and all too often stay pour down your gaze like a shower of starlight—My heart will waken. My dream will waken.

Then place a kiss both angelic and human on my two lips where love again may stir to flame. Yes, kiss me and turn from angel into woman—My soul will leap through from night into day!

Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante

It is the smugglers ordinary refuge. He is here, I will se him! And the task that his mother imposed Without trembling, I will accomplish it. I say that nothing can frighten me.
I say, alas, that I respond to myself;
But I play the part of the courageous one in vain.
From the bottom of my heart, I die of fear!
Alone in this savage place
All alone I am afraid,
But I am wrong to have fear.
You will give me courage;
You will protect me, Lord!

I am going to see face to face this woman,
Whose cursed guile
Has ended up to make a vile person
Of him that I once loved!She is dangerous, she is beautiful!
But I do not want to be afraid!
No, no, I do not want to be afraid!
I will speak up before her... ah!
Lord, you will protect me.
Protect me! O Lord!
Give me courage!

The Harvest of Sorrow

Oh you, my wheat field, dear wheat field. 'Tis not possible to mow you with one stroke, Not possible to tie you all in one sheaf! Oh you, my thoughts, dear thoughts 'Tis not possible to shake you off at once, With one word, not possible to express!

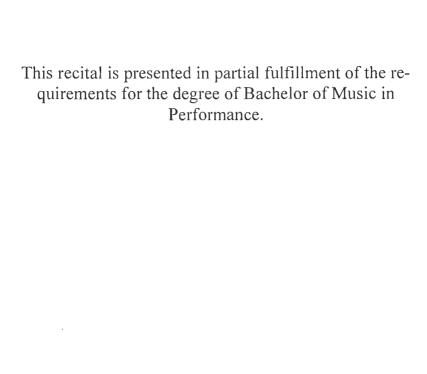
On you, wheat field, the wind was on the loose, Was bending your ears of wheat to the ground — Ripened grains all sweeping about! Wide, my thoughts, scattered Where there you dear thoughts fell down — There where the grass of cruel sadness was sprouting.

The Nightingale and the Rose

Infatuated by a rose, a nightingale
Both night and day sings over it.
But the rose silently to the song listens.
Upon a lyre so a singer certain
Sings for a maiden young
But a maiden beloved does not know
To whom sings he?
Why are his melancholy songs so his?

La pastorella delle Alpi

I'm the pretty shepherdess coming down every morning. I offer a little basket With fresh fruit and flowers. Whoever comes at dawn Will have some pretty roses And dew sprinkled apples Come all to my garden. Whoever in night's frightness Looses his way At my little hut Will find his path again. Come, o traveler The shepherdess is here But her tenderest thoughts Address to one alone!



Ms. Garner is a student of Dr. Jon Secrest.

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