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2-28-2013

### 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 gilded 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 see 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!



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

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

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