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Hailey Kay Ford in a Senior Soprano Recital

Hailey Kay Ford

Ouachita Baptist University

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*Ouachita Baptist University
Bernice Young Jones School of Fine Arts
Division of Music
Presents*

Hailey Kay Ford

Soprano

and

Phyllis Walker

Piano

In a Senior Voice Recital

*Friday, March 10, 2006 11:00 a.m.
W. Francis Macbeth Recital Hall
Mabee Fine Arts Center*

*"I will sing of the Lord's great love forever; with my mouth I will
make His faithfulness known through all generations."*

Psalm 89:1

Ah, mai non cessate

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

Luoghi sereni e cari

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Chanson d'Avril

Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Ouvre ton coeur

The Telephone

Hello! Oh, Margaret it's you

Gian Carlo Menotti
(1911)

Songs for a New World

The Flagmaker, 1775

Jason Robert Brown
(1970)

So Shall it Be

Hailey Ford
(1984)

Ah, mai non cessate
Ah, never cease

Ah, never cease your speaking,
Oh desired lips to which I madly go;
With the honey of your words
I want to make a sweet pillow
Upon which I sleep.
Oh blessed dreams
Never dreamed by anyone
Which, sleeping upon that pillow, I will have,
Sleeping and dreaming, close to your heart,
My sweet, desired dream of love.
Ah! Sleeping, dreaming – dreaming of love!

Luoghi sereni e cari
Places serene and dear

Place serene and dear, I find you again
Just as in the beautiful days of youth I left behind!
The same beloved sights
Wherever I turn my step. . .
The only thing that no longer goads me
Is the bitterness of the unhappy days
During which the torments of a sad deception
First taught me what,
In the world, is sorrow!

Far from you having fled, then,
I sought to find peace for my betrayed heart.
I even went beyond the sea, and I loved other men. . .
But nothing was able to alleviate that sorrow
Which is a living wound in every heart of a lover
Who had equal faith in love
As in praying to the Lord!

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder
Do not look at my songs!

Do not look at my songs!
My eyes I lower,
Like caught in an evil act.
I do not dare myself,
To watch their growing.
Do not look at my songs!
Your curiosity is betrayal, is betrayal!
Bees, when they build cells,
Won't permit a watcher either,
They themselves do not look on.

*When the rich honeycombs
Are brought into daylight by them,
Then be the first to take your fill,
Then be the first to take your fill,
Take your fill!*

*Chanson d'Avril
Song of April*

*Arise! Arise! Spring is born!
Over there, over the valleys, wavers a rosy web!
Everything feels a thrill in the garden, everything sings and your window
Like a cheerful glance, is filled with sunshine!
Near the lilacs in violet clusters, near the lilacs,
Flies and butterflies are buzzing at the same time,
And the wild lily of the valley, shaking its little bells,
Had awakened love slumbering in the woods!
Since April has sown its white daisies,
Discard your heavy coat and your chilly muff,
Birds are already calling you, and your sisters, the periwinkles,
Will smile at you in the grass when they see your blue eyes!
Come, let us go! In the morning the water of the spring is clearer,
Arise! Come, let us go!
Let us not wait for the day's burning heat;
I want to steep my feet in the humid dew,
And talk to you of love under the blossoming pear trees!*

*Ouvre ton coeur
Open your heart*

*The daisy closed its flower crown
Twilight closed the eyes of day,
My lovely one, will you keep your word?
Open your heart to my love.
Oh, young angel, to my ardor,
May a dream, enchant your slumber...
Open your heart,
I want to take back my soul.
Open your heart,
Oh, young angel, to my ardor,
Like a flower opens to the sun.*

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

Miss Ford is a student of Dr. Glenda Secrest.

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