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Melinda Beth Dill and Natalie Michelle Putnam in a Joint Senior Voice Recital

Melinda Beth Dill

Ouachita Baptist University

Natalie Michelle Putnam

Ouachita Baptist University

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Ouachita Baptist University

*Bernice Young Jones School of Fine Arts
Division of Music
Presents*

Melinda Beth Dill

Mezzo-soprano

and

Natalie Michelle Putnam

Soprano

Cindy Fuller

Piano and Organ

In a Senior Voice Recital

March 30, 2001

11:00 am

*W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall
Mabee Fine Arts Center*

Messiah George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd

Miss Dill & Miss Putnam

Tre Ariette Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

- I. Il fervido desiderio
- II. Dolente immagine di Fille mia
- III. Vaga luna, che inargenti

Miss Putnam

Separazione Italian Folksong arr.
Giovanni Sgambati (1841-1914)

E l'uccellino Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Elegie Jules Massenet (1842-1912)

Te souviens tu Benjamin Godard (1849-1895)

Miss Dill

En prière
Notre amour Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Wie Melodien zieht es mir Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Dein blaues Auge
Vergebliches Ständchen

Miss Putnam

Der Schmetterling Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Nachtviolen
Heidenröslein

The Bird's Song Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
Silent Noon

Miss Dill

I can't be talkin' of love John Duke (1899-1984)

Come Ready And See Me Richard Hundley (b.1931)

Miss Putnam

Requiem Andrew Lloyd Webber (b.1951)

Pie Jesu

Miss Putnam & Miss Dill

TRANSLATIONS

Translations

Bellini

Tre Ariette

"Il fervido desiderio"

When will the day come that I will once again see that which my loving heart so desires. When that day comes, I will welcome you to my breast, beautiful flame of love, and to my soul.

"Dolente immagine di Fille mia"

The painful image of my child, why are you sitting beside me so gloomily? What more do you desire? Profuse tears I have shed upon your ashes until now. Do you fear that forgetful of sacred vows that I might become inflamed by another torch? The ghost of Philidia, rest in peace; the ancient ardor is inextinguishable.

"Vaga luna, che inargenti"

The roving moon that makes silver these shores and flowers inspires the elements with the language of love. You are now the only witness of my fervent desire, and to he who enamors I tell of the throbbings and the sighs.

Tell him also that the distance cannot alleviate my pain, if I nurture a hope it is only in the future. Tell him also the day and night I count the hours of pain that I deceive myself with hope that comforts in love.

arr. Sgambati

"Separazione"

Full of sadness this parting: Ah, how hard so to leave thee! Oh, how sore is the pain, the sorrow, the sorrow it gives me!

Puccini

"E l'uccelino"

And the little bird sings on the leafy branch:
Sleep peacefully; little love;
Put down your little blond head,
Rest it upon your mamma's heart.

And the little bird sings on the leafy branch;
You will learn many pretty things,
But if you want to know how much I love you,
No one in the world will ever be able to tell you!

And the little bird sings in the clear sky:
Sleep, my treasure, here upon my breast.

Massenet

"Elegie"

O spring of days long gone by, where is thy bloom? Blossoms no longer I see! I see no blue in the sky. I hear no song. Birds do not carol to me! All that I cherished has flown, Love, since you left me to grieve alone! Spring may be fairer than e'er t'was before with you forever have fled bright happy days, blue sunny skies over head! Cold is my heart and as dark as the night! Love now is dead. All is o'er!

Godard

"Te souviens tu"

Dost thou recall thy wistful promise? Dost thou recall thy happy past?
Dost thou recall our thrilling rapture, when in my arms I held thee fast?
Oh, guard thee well thy heart's affection. In bitter want I need thy kiss!
Dost thou recall my tearful sadness, when for one day we had a part?
The thought of thy impassioned welcome alone would pacify my heart.
Oh, guard thee well thy heart's affection. In bitter want I need thy love!

Fauré
"En prière"

If the voice of a child can reach you, O my Father,
Listen to the prayer of Jesus on His knees before you.
If you have chosen me to teach your laws on the earth,
I will know how to serve you, holy King of Kings, O Light!
Place on my lips, O Lord,
The salutary truth, So that whoever doubts,
Should with humanity revere You!
Do not abandon me. Give me the gentleness so necessary
To relieve the suffering, to alleviate the pains,
The misery!
Reveal Yourself to me, Lord, in whom I have faith and hope, I
want to suffer for you and to die on the cross, at Calvary!

"Notre amour"

Our love is a light thing
Like the perfumes which the wind
Lifts from the top of the fern
To be inhaled in dreaming.
Our love is a light thing,
Our love is a thing with charm,
Like the songs of the morn,
With no expression of regret,
In which vibrates an uncertain hope...
Our love is a charming thing!
Our love is a sacred thing
Like the mysteries of a forest,
Where a strange soul is trembling,
Where stillness has a voice;
Our love is a sacred thing!
Our love is an infinite thing,
Like the paths of sunsets,
Where the sea united with the skies,
Slumbers under declining suns;

Our love is an eternal thing,
Like all things that Almighty God
Has touched with the fire of his wing,
Like all that comes for the heart;
Our love is an eternal thing!

Brahms

“Wie Melodien”

Like melody it passes
Softly through my mind,
Like the flowers of spring it blossoms,
And floats on like a fragrance;
But the word comes and seizes it,
And brings it before my eyes
Like the gray mist it pales then,
And vanishes like a breath.
And yet there's in the rhyme
A fragrance deeply hidden,
That gently from a dormant bud
Is called forth by tear-stained eyes.

“Dein blaues Auge”

Your blue eyes are still and serene,
I gaze into their depths.
You ask me what I wish to see?
I see myself well again.
I was burned by a fiery pair,
I can still feel the pain.
Your eyes are like a lake so clear,
And like a lake so cool.

“Vergebliches Ständchen”

He: Good evening, my sweetheart, Good evening my child, Love brings me to you, Oh, open the door for me, open the door for me, open the door, open the door for me!

She: My door is locked, I won't let you in. Mother gives good advice, if you should come in, t'would all be over with me, over with me, over with me, t'would all be over with me!

He: So cold is the night, so icy the wind, that my heart freezes, and my love will be extinguished; open for me my child, open for me, open for me, open for me my child!

She: If your love dies, let it perish, never mind; go home to bed, to sleep, good night, my lad, good night, good night, good night, my lad!

Schubert

"Der Schmetterling"

And why should I not dance? For me it is easy.
Gay colors of ev'ry hue flit across the meadows.
Nothing quite so lovely as my gay wings flutt'ring.
Sweet and sweeter, tiny blossoms spread their fragrance.
I pilfer the flowers no matter how you guard them.

How great is my pleasure at morning or evening
To flutter without a care o'er the dale and hillside.
When the night winds rustle, clouds are turned to crimson:
In the golden twilight all the air grows sweeter.
I pilfer the flowers no matter how you guard them.

"Nachtviolen"

Evening violets, evening violets, you enchant me with your beauty,
O the rapture, just to gaze upon your petals blue, on your petals blue.

Leaves of bright green spread their shadow to defend you, to adorn you,
But you gaze so clam and silent, through the soft, warm air of spring.

With your sad so exalted, you have won this heart of mine.
Now there glows through nights enchanting spell a magic that unites us.

"Heidenröslein"

Once a boy espied a rose, blooming in the meadow,
Young and sweet with morning dew, he drew near, the better to
view,
Gazed upon it with pleasure.
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red, rosebud in the meadow.

Said the boy, "I'll trample you, Rosebud in the meadow!"
Said the rose, "My thorns are few, but their sting you'll surely rue,
And I shall not suffer."
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red, rosebud in the meadow.

And this willful boy then tore rosebud from the meadow,
But the rosebud used her thorns, and although he groans and
mourns,
He alone must suffer.
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red, rosebud in the meadow.

Webber
"Pie Jesu"

Merciful Jesus, who takest away the sins of the world, grant them
rest.

O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, grant them
eternal rest.

"Heidenröslein"

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Miss Dill's recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music Education degree.

Miss Putnam's recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Church Music degree.

Miss Dill and Miss Putnam are students of Mrs. Cindy Fuller.

A reception honoring Miss Dill and Miss Putnam will be held in the Mabee Gallery following the recital.