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3-31-2006

### Matthew Stephen Haltom and Amber Nicole Satterwhite in Senior Voice Recitals

Matthew Stephen Haltom  
*Ouachita Baptist University*

Amber Nicole Satterwhite  
*Ouachita Baptist University*

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

*Matthew Stephen Haltom*  
*Baritone*

*Jenny Salyers*  
*Piano*

*&*

*Amber Nicole Satterwhite*  
*Soprano*

*Cindy Fuller*  
*Piano*

*In Senior Voice Recitals*

*Friday, March 31, 2006 11:00 a.m.  
W. Francis Macbeth Recital Hall  
Mabee Fine Arts Center*

*~Program~*

*Die tote Stadt* *Erich Wolfgang Korngold*  
*Mein Sehnen, Mein Wähnen* *(1897-1957)*

*Villanelle* *Hector Berlioz*  
*(1803-1869)*

*Mr. Haltom*

*Messiah* *G. F. Handel*  
*How Beautiful are the Feet of Them* *(1685-1759)*

*Quando ti rivedrò* *Stefano Donaudy*  
*(1879-1925)*

*Quand'il tuo diavol nacque*

*Mrs. Satterwhite*

*Il fervido desiderio* *Vincenzo Bellini*  
*(1801-1835)*

*Dolente immagine di Fille mia*

*Vaga luna che inargenti*

*Le Nozze di Figaro* *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart*  
*Hai già vinta la causal... Vedrò mentr'io sospiro* *(1756-1791)*

*Mr. Haltom*

*Psyché*

*Emile Paladilhe*  
(1844-1926)

*Les trois Prières*

*Frauenliebe und Leben*

*Er, der Herrlichste von allen*

*Robert Schumann*

(1810-1856)

*An meinem Herzen*

*Mrs. Satterwhite*

*An Anthem for a Doomed Youth*  
*Futility*

*Mark Lanz Weiser*  
(1968)

*At the River*

*Aaron Copland*  
(1900-1990)

*Ching-a-ring Chaw*

*Mr. Haltom*

*I Never Saw a Moor*

*Richard Pearson Thomas*  
(1957)

*Steal Away to Heaven*

*Arr. Mark Hayes*  
(1953)

*The Lord is my Shepherd*

*Henry Smart*  
(1813-1879)

*Assisted by Christopher Satterwhite*

*Mrs. Satterwhite*

~Program Translations~

*Mein Sehnen, Mein Wähnen*

My yearning, my obsession,  
They take me back in dreams.  
In the dance I once obtained it,  
Now I've lost my happiness.  
While dancing on the Rhein in the  
Moonlight,  
She confessed to me with a loving  
Look in her blue eyes,  
Confessed to me with her pleading words:  
O stay, don't go far away,  
Preserve the memory of your homeland's  
Peaceful, flourishing happiness.  
My yearning, my obsession,  
They take me back in dreams.  
The magic of things far away  
Brings a burning to my soul.  
The magic of the dance lured me,  
And I was then Pierrot.  
I followed her, my wonderful sweetheart,  
And learned from tears to kiss.  
Intoxication and misery, illusion and  
Happiness:  
Ah, this is a clown's destiny.  
My yearning, my obsession,  
They take me back in dreams.

*Villanelle*

When verdant spring again approaches,  
When winter's chills have disappeared,  
Through the woods we shall stroll, my  
Darling,  
The fair primrose to cull at will.  
The trembling bright pearls that are  
Shining,  
Each morning we shall brush aside;  
We shall go to hear the gay thrushes  
Singing.  
The flowers are abloom, my darling,  
Of happy lovers 'tis the month;  
And the bird his soft wing englossing,  
Sings his carols within his nest.  
Come with me on the mossy bank,  
Where we'll talk of nothing else but love,  
And whisper with thy voice so tender:  
Always!  
Far, far off let our footsteps wander,  
Fright'ning the hiding hare away,  
While the deer at the spring is gazing,  
Admiring his reflected horns.  
Then back home, with our hearts  
Rejoicing,  
And fondly our fingers entwined,  
Let's return, let's return bringing fresh  
Wild berries wood-grown.

*Quando ti rivedrò*

When will I see you again faithless love,

Once so dear to me?

So many tears I have wept  
Now that another comes between us,  
So that I fear that every joy has fled for  
Good and all in my life.  
And yet, the more I despair, the more  
Hope returns.  
The more I have you in my thoughts,  
The more my soul returns to loving.  
When will I see you again faithless love,  
Once so dear to me?

*Quand'il tuo diavol nacque*

When that devil of yours was born  
Mine had already been to school,  
With the result that my heart  
Never succumbed to a single treachery.  
You tantalize me. You goad me.  
You tease me for my delight.  
Do you really know what love is?  
What it is? What it is? What it is?  
It is a certain I-know-not-what, to  
Which no one commands the human  
Heart.  
If you pretend for a single instant  
To consolidate your gains,  
It was only in order to keep the heart  
Beating of an old lover.  
No one ever tires  
Of playing out the comedy.  
Do you really know what love is?  
What it is? What it is? What it is?  
It is a certain I-know-not-what, to  
Which no one commands the human  
Heart.

*Il fervido desiderio*

When will that day come when I may  
See again  
That which the loving heart so desires  
When will that day come when I  
Welcome you to my bosom,  
Beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

*Dolente imagine di Fille mia*

Sorrowful image of my Phillis,  
Why do you sit so desolate beside me?  
What more do you wish for?  
Streams of tears have I poured on your  
Ashes. Do you fear that, forgetful of  
Sacred vows, I could turn to another?  
Shade of Phillis, rest peacefully;  
The old flame [of love] cannot be  
Extinguished.

*Vaga luna, che inargenti*

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light  
On these shores and on these flowers

And breathe the language of love to the  
Elements,  
You are now the sole witness of my  
Ardent longing,  
And can recount my throbs and sighs  
To her who fills me with love.  
Tell her too that distance cannot assuage  
My grief,  
That if I cherish a hope, it is only for the  
Future.  
Tell her that, day and night, I count the  
Hours of sorrow,  
That a flattering hope comforts me in my  
Love.

*Hai già vinta la causa*

"You've already won your case?"  
What do I hear!  
What trap have I fallen into?  
Traitors! I want ...  
I'll punish you - the sentence shall be to  
My pleasure...  
But if he pays that old suitor of his?  
Pay her! How?  
And then there's Antonio, who'd refuse to  
Give his niece in marriage  
To a nameless man such as Figaro.  
Flattering the pride of this half-wit ...  
Everything accords to my plans ...  
The case is won.  
Shall I see, while I suffer, a servant of  
Mine happy!  
And the beauty which I desire in vain,  
Should he possess her?  
Shall I see the hand of love unite to a low-  
Born suitor  
She who arouses in me a tenderness which  
She doesn't feel for me?  
Ah no, I don't want to leave this  
Happiness in peace.  
You weren't born, audacious man, to be  
My torment,  
And perhaps to laugh at my unhappiness.  
Already, only the hope of my vengeance  
Consoles this spirit,  
And makes me rejoice.

*Psyché*

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature!  
The rays of the sun kiss you far too often  
Your locks too often allow the wind to  
Caress them. When the wind blows your  
Hair, I am jealous of it.  
Even the air you breathe passes over your  
Lips with too much pleasure.  
Your garment touches you too closely.  
And when you sigh, I do not know what  
Grips me with fear.  
Perhaps, that of all your sighs,

*One may escape me!*

*Les trois Prières*

Whene'er my pride of spirit yields,  
Then, like a king for mercy suing  
I humbly pray: "Thy will be done,"  
But 'tis thy will I would be doing.  
Ah, dear bluebird of my dreams,  
My guardian angel! Be't confessed,  
"Ave Maria" I may pray,  
But thou it is I'd have most blessed.  
As one may see a wilted flow'r  
In watervase its life recover,  
Into this creed I put my heart:  
That I alone am thy true lover.

*Er, der Herrlichste von Allen*

He, the most glorious of all,  
O how mild, so good!  
Lovely lips, clear eyes,  
Bright mind and steadfast courage.  
Just as yonder in the blue depths,  
Bright and glorious, that star,  
So he is in my heavens,  
Bright and glorious, lofty and distant.  
Meander, meander thy paths,  
But to observe thy gleam,  
But to observe in meekness,  
But to be blissful and sad!  
Hear not my silent prayer,  
Consecrated only to thy happiness,  
Thou may'st not know me, lowly maid,  
Lofty star of glory!  
Only the worthiest of all may make happy  
thy choice, and I will bless her, the lofty  
one, many thousand times.  
I will rejoice then and weep,  
Blissful, blissful I'll be then;  
If my heart should also break,  
Break, O heart, what of it?

*An Meinem Herzen*

At my heart, at my breast,  
Thou my rapture, my happiness!  
The joy is the love, the love is the joy,  
I have said it, and won't take it back.  
I've thought myself I've thought myself  
Rapturous,  
But now I'm happy beyond that.  
Only she that suckles, only she that  
Loves the child, to whom she gives  
Nourishment; only a mother knows alone  
What it is to love and be happy.  
Oh how I pity then the man  
Who cannot feel a mother's joy!  
Thou dear, dear angel thou,  
Thou lookst at me and smiles!

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

*Mr. Haltom is a student of Dr. Iwao Asakura.*

*Mrs. Satterwhite is a student of Mrs. Cindy Fuller.*

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