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4-7-2015

### Sarah Talley in a Senior Soprano Recital

Sarah Talley

*Ouachita Baptist University*

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Ouachita Baptist University  
School of Fine Arts  
Division of Music  
Presents

Sarah Talley  
Soprano

And

Phyllis Walker  
Piano

In a Senior Voice Recital

8:00 pm  
April 7, 2015  
W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall  
Mabee Fine Arts Center

Liederkreis, Op. 39  
Schöne Fremde  
Auf einer Burg  
Wehmut

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

Giulio Cesare  
V'adoro pupille

George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

La Wally  
Ebben? Ne andro lontana

Alfredo Catalani  
(1854-1893)

Carmen  
L'amour est un oiseau rebelle  
Pres des remparts de Seville

Georges Bizet  
(1838-1875)

Les chemins de l'amour

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

Songs of the Clown, Op. 29

Erich W. Korngold

Adieu, Good Man Devil

(1897-1957)

Hey Robin

For the Rain, It Raineth Every Day

Songs for Leontyne

Lee Hoiby

Autumn

(1926-2011)

Gypsy

Jule Styne and Stephen Sondheim

Small World

(1905-1994, b. 1930)

Company

Stephen Sondheim

The Ladies Who Lunch

(b.1930)

PLEASE SILENCE OR TURN OFF ALL CELL PHONES.

### Schöne Fremde

The tree-tops rustle and shiver,  
As if at this time now,  
By the half buried walls,  
The old gods were main the round.  
Here behind the myrtle bushes,  
In hidden dusky splendor,  
What do you say, confused as in dreams,  
To me, fantastic night?  
The stars all sparkle on me  
With a burning glance of love,  
Intoxicatedly the distance speaks,  
As if speaking of future great happiness!

### Auf einer Burg

Gone to sleep while keeping watch  
Sits up there the ancient knight;  
Over yonder rain is falling,  
And the wood rustles through the trellis.  
Inward grown his beard and hair,  
Turned to stone his breast and ruffle,  
He sits man hundred years  
Aloft in the silent cell.  
Outside it is still and peaceful,  
Everyone has moved to the valley,  
Little woodbirds lonely sing  
In the empty window arches.  
Down below a wedding party sails  
In the sunshine on the Rhine;  
The musicians play so gaily,  
And the lovely bride is weeping.

### Wehmut

Sometimes I may be singing  
As if I were full of joy,  
But secretly tears are flowing,  
And then my heart feels free.  
The nightingales will sing,  
When spring breezes play outside,  
Their melody of yearning  
Out of their prison's tomb.  
Then all the hearts are listening,  
And everyone is glad,  
But none can feel the sorrows,  
The bitter grief in the song.

### **V'adaro pupille**

I adore you, eyes,  
Darts of love;  
Your sparks  
Are welcome in my breast.

My sad heart,  
Which calls you its dearly beloved  
In every hour, longs for you  
To be compassionate.

### **Ebben? Ne andro lontana**

Well then? I will go far  
As the echo of the church bell.  
There, amid the white snow  
There, in the clouds of gold  
Where hope, hope is regret,  
Regret is pain.

Or my mother's joyous home  
Wally will go away from you  
Very far away from you  
And maybe, maybe you will not ever return  
Nor see her again  
Never again, never again.

I will go alone and far away  
As the echo of the church bell  
There, amid the white snow  
I will go, I will go alone and far away  
In the clouds of gold.

### **L'amour est un oiseau rebelle (Habanera)**

The love is a bird rebellious  
Which no one not is able to tame.  
And it is well in vain, that one him calls,  
If it him suits to refuse.  
Nothing not there makes, threat or entreaty  
The one speaks well, the other is silent.  
And it is the other, whom I prefer,  
He has not anything said  
But he me pleases.

The love, love, love

The love is a child of Bohemia  
He not has ever been acquainted with law.

Near the ramparts of Seville,  
At the house of my friend Lillas Pastia.  
We will dance the seguidilla,  
And will drink some manzanilla.  
Tra, la, la....

### Les Chemins de l'amour

The paths that lead to the sea  
have kept, of our passing-by,  
flowers with fallen petals  
and the echo, beneath their trees,  
of both our bright laughs.  
Alas! of the days of happiness,  
radiant joys now flown,  
I wander without finding their trace again  
in my heart.

Paths of my love,  
I still seek you,  
lost paths, you are no more  
and your echos are hollow.  
Paths of despair,  
paths of memory,  
paths of the first day,  
divine paths of love.

If one day I have to forget him,  
life effacing everything,  
I wish, in my heart, that one memory should remain,  
stronger than the other love.  
The memory of the path,  
where trembling and utterly bewildered  
one day, upon me, I felt  
your hands burning.

Paths of my love,  
I still seek you,  
lost paths, you are no more  
and your echos are hollow.  
Paths of despair,  
paths of memory,  
paths of the first day,  
divine paths of love.

If you not me love, I you love  
But if I love you, take care for yourself.

The bird which you thought to catch unawares  
Flapped the wing and flew away.  
The love is far away, you can it await.  
You not it await anymore, it is there  
All around you, quickly it comes back again.  
You think it to have hold of, it you shuns.  
You think it to shun, it you takes hold of.

The love, love, love

The love is a child of Bohemia  
He not has ever been acquainted with law.  
If you not me love, I you love  
But if I love you, take care for yourself.

### Près des ramparts de Séville (Seguidilla)

Near to the ramparts of Seville,  
At the house of my friend Lillas Pastia,  
I will go to dance the seguidilla  
And to drink some manzanilla.  
I will go to the house of my friend Lillas Pastia.

Yes, but all alone one is bored,  
And the real pleasures are at two [in twosome].  
So, for me to keep company,  
I will take with me my lover.

My lover...? He is of the devil!  
I him have put out the door yesterday!  
My poor heart is very consolable,  
My heart is free as the air.

I have of lovers by the dozen,  
But they not are to my taste.  
Here is the end of the week,  
Who wants me to love? I him will love.

Who wants my sould? It is to take.  
You arrive at the good moment.  
I not have hardly the time to wait,  
For with my new lover...



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

Ms. Talley is a member of Sigma Alpha Iota International  
Women's Music Fraternity.

Ms. Talley is a student of Mr. John Alec Briggs.

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