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4-27-2012

### Kelli Caldwell in a Senior Soprano Recital

Kelli Caldwell

*Ouachita Baptist University*

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Ouachita Baptist University  
School of Fine Arts  
Division of Music Presents

# Kelli Caldwell

Soprano

## John Briggs

Piano

In a Senior Voice Recital

April 27, 2012

2:00pm

W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall  
Mabee Fine Arts Center

Let Us Dance, Let Us Sing

Henry Purcell  
(1659-1695)

If Music Be the Food of Love

**Die lustige Witwe**

Lippen Schwiegen

Franz Lehár  
1870-1909)

Assisted by John Tneoh

Verborgenheit

Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

**Romances and Songs, Op. 84**

Vergebliches Ständchen

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

**Mandoline**

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

**Si mes vers avaient des ailes**

**Reynaldo Hahn  
(1875-1947)**

**Colección de tonadillas**  
**El Majo Discreto**

**Enrique Granados  
(1867-1916)**

**La Bohème**  
**Quando men vo**

**Giacomo Puccini  
(1858-1924)**

**The Last Rose of Summer**

**Richard Alfred Milliken  
(1767-1815)**

**The Enchantress**  
**Art is Call for Me**

**Victor Herbert  
(1859-1924)**

## **Lippen Schwiegen**

Though lips are sealed, violins whisper:  
Care for me!  
All our dance steps do keep asking,  
Care for me!  
Our fingers clasping feel so right to me  
clearly telling me: it's true,  
you care for me!

With ev'ry waltzing step  
Our souls do fall in step,  
Even our foolish hearts,  
They pound and sound:  
Be mine, be mine!  
And though the mouth, it still is sealed,  
And yet it couldn't be more plain:  
I care so much for you.  
I care for you!  
Our fingers clasping feel so right to me  
clearly telling me: it's true,  
you care for me!

## **Verborgtheit**

Oh, world, let me be!  
Entice me not with gifts of love.  
Let this heart in solitude have  
Your bliss, your pain!

What I mourn, I know not.

It is an unknown pain;  
Forever through tears shall I see  
The sun's love-light.

Often, I am scarcely conscious  
And the bright joys break  
Through the pain, thus pressing  
Delightfully into my breast.

Oh, world, let me be!  
Entice me not with gifts of love.  
Let this heart in solitude have  
Your bliss, your pain!

### **Vergebliches Standchen**

He:

Good evening, my darling,  
good evening, my dear!  
I'm here out of love for you,  
Ah, open the door, for me!

She:

My door is locked;  
I will not let you in.  
Mother counseled me wisely  
that if you were permitted to come in,  
it would all be over for me!

He:

So cold is the night,

that I rest in him knowing that he is loyal.

What is the secret that he kept?  
it would be indiscreet to tell.  
Not a little work would it take to know  
secrets of a man with a woman.  
He was born in Lavapies.  
Eh! Eh! He is a man, a man is he.

### **Quando men vo**

When I walk alone in the street  
people stop and stare at me  
and look for my beauty  
from my head to my feet.

And then I taste the slight yearning  
which transpires from their eyes  
and which is able to perceive manifest charms  
to most hidden beauties.  
So the scent of desire is all around me,

it makes me happy!

And you, while knowing, reminding and longing,  
you shrink from me?  
I know it very well:  
you don't want to express your anguish,  
but you feel as if you're dying!

And the mandolin chatters  
Amid the quivers of the breeze.

### **Si mes vers avaient des ailes**

My verses would fly, fragile and gentle,  
To your beautiful garden,  
If my verses had wings,  
Like a bird!

They would fly like sparks,  
To your cheery hearth,  
If my verses had wings,  
Like my spirit.

Pure and faithful, to your side  
They would hasten night and day  
If my verses had wings,  
Like love.

### **El Majo Discreto**

They say my man is ugly.  
It is possible that if he is,  
that love is desire that blinds and upsets.  
For awhile I've known a lover doesn't see.

But if my beloved is not a man  
that for his beauty stands out and amazes,  
but is discreet and keeps a secret



so icy the wind,  
that my heart is freezing;  
my love will be extinguished.  
Open for me, my dear!

She:

If your love is being extinguished,  
Just let it go out!  
If it keeps going out,  
go home to bed, to sleep!  
Good night, my lad!

### Mandoline

The men serenading  
And the lovely ladies listening  
Exchange idle chatter  
Under the singing branches.

Tircis is there and so is Aminte  
And the everpresent Clitandre,  
And there's Damis, who for many a  
Cruel maid, creates a tender verse.

Their short silk coats,  
Their long dresses with trains,  
Their elegance, their joy  
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy  
Of a pink and grey moon,

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

**Ms. Caldwell is a student of Cindy Fuller, Mandy Harper, and  
Robin Williams.**

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