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### Heather Nance in a Senior Soprano Recital

Heather Nance

*Ouachita Baptist University*

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# **Ouachita Baptist University**

Bernice Young Jones School of Fine Arts

Division of Music

Presents

**Heather Nance**

Soprano

**Erica McClellan**

Piano

in

**Senior Recital**

Friday, April 9, 1999 11:00 a. m.  
W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall  
Mabee Fine Arts Center

## Program

### **Giulio Cesare**

Piangero la sorte mia

George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

Mein schöner Stern!  
Meine Rose

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

Mandoline  
Clair de lune

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

Why do they shut me out of Heaven?  
Going to Heaven

Aaron Copland  
(1900-1990)

### **La Bohème**

Quando men vo

Giacomo Puccini  
(1858-1924)

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

**Miss Nance is a student of Dr. Edwina Thedford**

**Piangero la sorte mia**

I will bemoan my fate

Why then, in one day, am I  
 Deprived of magnificence and glory?  
 Oh, cruel fate! Caesar, my beloved idol,  
 Is probably dead,  
 Cornelia and Sesto are defenseless  
 And cannot give me assistance.  
 Oh God! Is there no hope left in my life?  
 I will bemoan my fate  
 So cruel and brutal,  
 As long as there is breath left in my body.  
 And When I am dead and  
 Become a ghost, I will haunt  
 Tyranny night and day.

**Mein Schoner Stern**

My Beautiful Star

My beautiful star! I beg of you,  
 Oh let not your joyful light  
 Be clouded by the mists in me,  
 Rather the mists in me to light,  
 My beautiful star, help clarify!  
 My beautiful star! I beg of you,  
 Do not sink down upon the earth,  
 Because you see me still below,  
 Rather to heaven lift me up,  
 My beautiful star, where you already are.

**Meine Rose**

My Rose

To the fair jewel of spring,  
 To the rose of my delight,  
 Though now bent down and paled  
 By the sun's burning ray,  
 I offer the cup of water  
 From the deep dark well.  
 You rose of my heart!  
 By sorrow's silent ray  
 You are now bent and paled;  
 Could I but at your feet  
 Like water for this flower,  
 Silently pour my soul!  
 Though I might never see you  
 Be joyously revived!

**Mandoline**

Mandolin

The givers of the serenades  
 And their lovely listeners

Exchange insipid remarks  
 Under the singing boughs.  
 There is Tircis and there is Aminta  
 And the eternal Clitander,  
 And there is Damis,  
 Who for many cruel ladies  
 Fashions many tender verses.  
 Their short silken vests  
 Their long dresses with trains  
 Their elegance, their gaiety  
 And their soft blue shadows  
 Whirl madly in the ecstasy  
 Of a moon rose and gray  
 And the mandolin chatters  
 Amid the trembling of the breeze . . .  
 La, la, la, la, la . . .

**Clair de lune**

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape  
 Where charming masqueraders and  
 dancers are promenading,  
 Playing the lute and dancing,  
 And almost sad beneath their  
 fantastic disguises,  
 While singing in the minor key  
 Of triumphant love, and the pleasant life.  
 They seem not to believe their happiness,  
 And their song blends with the moonlight,  
 The quiet moonlight, sad and lovely,  
 Which sets the birds in the trees adreaming,  
 And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,  
 The tall slim fountains among the marble statues.

**Quando men vo**

When I go out

When I go out alone in the street  
 People stop and stare . . .  
 And they all study in me my beauty from head to foot.  
 And then I savor the subtle longing  
 That comes from their eyes;  
 They know how to appreciate, beneath  
 obvious charms, all the hidden beauty.  
 Thus the flow of desire completely surrounds me;  
 It makes me happy!  
 And you who know, who remember  
 And are melting with passion—  
 You avoid me so?  
 I know well: your sufferings—  
 You don't want to tell them;  
 I know well,  
 But you feel like you're dying.