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### Kevin Brent Holt in a Senior Tenor Recital

Kevin Brent Holt

*Ouachita Baptist University*

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

presents

*Kevin Brent Holt*  
*Tenor*

*Rebecca Moore, piano*  
*Joy Baker, flute*

in

*Senior Voice Recital*

October 14, 1996

7:30 p.m.

W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall  
Mabee Fine Arts Center

## PROGRAM

### I

*Susanna*

George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

Tyrannic Love  
Ye Verdant Hills

Joy Baker, flute

La Stella

Saverio Mercadante  
(1795-1870)

### II

Le Charme

Ernest Chausson  
(1855-1899)

Sérénade Italienne

L'heure exquise

Reynaldo Hahn  
(1875-1912)

Ouvre tes yeux bleus

Jules Massenet  
(1842-1912)

### III

Die Zufriedenheit

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Abendempfindung

An Chloe

IV

*La Muette de Portici*

Daniel François Auber  
(1782-1870)

Du pauvre seul ami

V

Son. Op. 8, No. 5

Serge Rachmaninoff  
(1873-1943)

"Ne poi, krasavitsa!" Op. 4, No. 4

Ostrovok. Op. 14, No. 2

VI

Loveliest of Trees

John Duke  
(1899-1984)

Into the Night

Clara Edwards  
(1887-1974)

*Kismet*

Robert Wright (b. 1914)  
George Forrest (b. 1915)

Stranger in Paradise

## TRANSLATIONS

### La Stella (The Star)

Dark is the sky; only one star is queen of the vast hemisphere.  
Gazing upon it, I think: "It is not mine, but it shines for me."  
Ah, beautiful star which moves about illuminating the gloom of my life,  
the joy of your light is welcome.  
No, may it not be for others, but may it shine only for me!  
In your ray, may life be sweet to bear my secret sorrows  
because that ray in my heart repeats: Yes, I am yours, and I shine only  
for you.

### Le Charme (The Charm)

When I caught your smile, I felt all my being atremble,  
But what has conquered my mind I did not know at first.  
When your glance rested on me, I felt my soul melting,  
But what this emotion might be I could not explain at first.  
What conquered me forever was a much sadder charm;  
And I only realized I loved you when I saw you shed your first tear.

### Sérénade Italienne (Italian Serenade)

Let us go in a boat on the ocean to pass the night among the stars.  
See, the breeze is just blowing enough to swell the cloth of the sails.  
The old Italian fisherman and his two sons, who guide us,  
Hear but do not understand the words that we speak to each other.  
On the ocean calm and somber, see, we can exchange our souls,  
And no one will understand our voices,  
But the night, the sky and the waves.

### L'Heure exquise (The Hour of Enchantment)

The white moon shines in the woods;  
From every branch comes a voice under the greenwood tree;  
Oh beloved!  
The pond, a vast mirror, reflects the silhouette of the dark willow;  
Where the wind is weeping.  
Let us dream, it is the hour!  
A grand and tender calm seems to descend from the firmament,  
Made iridescent by the star; it is the hour of enchantment!

### Ouvre tes yeux bleus (Open Your Blue Eyes)

Open your blue eyes, my darling, the day is here.  
Already the bird is beginning a song of love.  
Dawn brightens the rose: Come with me to gather daisies.  
Awake! Awake!  
Open your blue eyes, my darling, the day is here.  
Why contemplate the earth and its beauty?  
Love is a sweeter mystery than a summer day.  
It is in me that the bird sings a victorious song,  
and the great sun which warms us is in my heart!

### Die Zufriedenheit (The Satisfaction)

Why should I ask for money and goods if I am satisfied?  
If God gives me healthy blood, I will have a happy mind  
and sing with a thankful spirit my song each morning and evening.

And for our pleasure is decorated the meadow, mountain, and forest,  
and birds sing far and near so that everything reverberates.  
The lark sings for us; the nightingale during our sweet rest.

And when the golden sun arises and golden becomes the world,  
and everything is in blossom and the field bears ears of grain,  
I then think: for my joy has God made all this glory.

Then praise I loudly and extol God and soar in high spirit  
and think: There is a loving God who means well toward mankind!  
Therefore I will always be thankful and be joyful of the goodness of  
God.

### Abendempfindung (Evening Feeling)

It is evening, the sun has disappeared and the moon radiates silver light;  
Soon will be gone life's most beautiful hours,  
they flee past as in the dance.

Soon will be gone life's colorful scenery, and the curtain will fall.

Over is our play! A friend's tear flows already over our grave.

Soon perhaps will blow to me a quiet west wind foreboding  
the end of my life's pilgrimage, and I will fly to the land of rest.

If you will then weep at my grave, mourning, at the sight of my ashes,  
then, friends, I will appear to you and have Heaven breathe upon you.

Give me also a little tear, and pluck a violet for my grave,  
and with your soulful gaze look down upon me mildly.

Dedicate a tear to me, and ah! Be not ashamed to shed one tear for me.  
O it will then be the most beautiful pearl in my crown.

### An Chloe (To Chloe)

When the love from your blue, bright, open eyes  
look with joy into my heart,

There your love beats and glows,

and I hold you and kiss your rosy, warm cheeks,

dear girl, and I embrace you trembling in my arms,

young maiden, and I press you to my bosom tightly,

When in the last moment of death, from you it releases,

the intoxicated gaze overshadows a gloomy cloud to me

and I sit then exhausted but blissful beside you.

### Du pauvre seul ami (You who comforts the lowly)

You who comforts the lowly, oh, come with thy sweet holy peace.

Oh, sleep, oh, sleep, with your spell enchant her.

Banish all sorrow from her heavy heart.

Comfort her from her tears that fall from eyes of exiled rest.

### Son. (A Dream)

And I had a native land: how beautiful it is!

There, a fir tree swayed above me . . .

But it was only a dream . . .

The family and friends were living then,

Words of love surrounded me . . .

But it was only a dream.

"Ne poi, krasavitsa!" (Never sing to me, my darling)

Never sing to me, my darling, the songs of sad Georgia:  
They remind me of another life and a far-off shore.

Ah, they remind me, your cruel melodies,  
of the steppes, of night, and in the moonlight  
the outlines of a distant, poor maiden!

Having glimpsed you, I forgot the dear, fatal apparition;  
but you sing, and before me I discern it anew.

Never sing to me, my darling, the songs of sad Georgia:  
They remind me of another life and of distant shores.

Ostrovok. (The Little Island)

A little island set in sea, to keep her maiden shores safe,  
Did plant them round with laurel tree, with roses, and the violet.  
And thus in shade of green repose, the waters lulled this quiet haven,  
The dreaming woodland trees arose like images engraven.  
Each single breath of air is mild, from sovereign rule of tempest severed.  
The island sleeps like any child, so tranquil, peace delivered.



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

Mr. Holt is a student of Dr. Jon Secrest.

*Special Thanks*  
Dr. Jon Secrest  
Rebecca Moore  
Russell Hodges  
Irene Trofimova  
Nicole Bender

You are cordially invited to attend a reception in the Gallery immediately following the program.

USHERS

Nicole Bender

Will Harris