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Anna-Kay Tasecia Morrison in a Senior Soprano Recital

Anna-Kay Tasecia Morrison
Ouachita Baptist University

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Ouachita Baptist University

Bernice Young Jones School of Fine Arts
Division of Music

presents

Anna-Kay Tascia Morrison
Soprano

&

Mary Worthen
Piano

In a Senior Voice Recital

October 28, 2002 7:30 p.m.
W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall
Mabze Fine Arts Center



Program

Saint John Passion
Ich folge dir gleich-falls

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Russell Hodges, Organ

Haï luli !

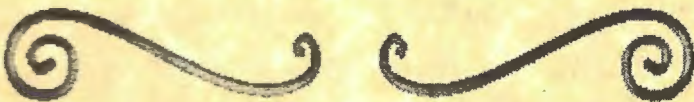
Pauline Viardot
(1821-1910)

Le Nozze Di Figaro
Dove sono i bei momenti

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Four Songs, Opus 13
Nocturne
A Nun Takes the Veil
The Secrets of the Old
Sure on this Shining Night

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)





Chansons madécasse

- I. Nahandove
- II. Mefiez-vous des blancs
- III. Il est doux de se coucher

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

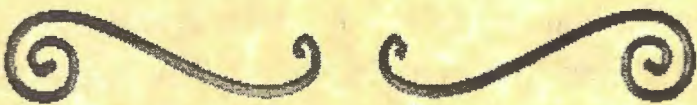
Kristin Grant, Flute
Ozan Tunca, Cello
Zach Cameron, Congo Drums

Dream Variations
Song For A Dark Girl
Day Break in Alabama

Ricky Ian Gordon
(b.1956)

Jamaican Folk Song
Evening Time

Barbara Ferland



Translations

Johann Sebastian Bach
Saint John Passion
"Ich folge dir gleich-falls"

I'll follow thee likewise with gladdening paces, and
thee not forsake, my life and my light.

Now forward my course, and do thou not cease,
thyself me to draw and to press and to summon.

Pauline Viardot
"Hai luli"

I am sad and worried. I do not know what will
happen. My good friend should come, and I am
waiting all alone. Alas, where can my friend be?

I sit down to spin some wool; the thread breaks in
my hand. Oh well, I will spin tomorrow. Today I
am in too much pain. Alas, how sad it is without
my friend!

If he ever changed his mind, if he ever abandoned
me, the whole village could burn down and me with
it! Alas, what good is it to live without my friend?

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Le Nozze Di Figaro
"Dove sono i bei momenti"
from Act III

*An elaborate plot has been laid by the Countess, with aid of
Susanna and Figaro, to expose her husband's infidelity. In
recitativo accompagnato, Countess Almaviva muses on the
fact that she has even had to enlist the aid of her chamber
maid in an attempt to stop the Count's flirtation. In the aria
which follows she ponders her future, and yearns for the
return of her husband's affection.*

And Susanna doesn't arrive!
I am anxious to know how the Count reacted to the
proposal. The plan seems to me rather bold,

especially with a husband so high-strung and
jealous!

But what harm is there in changing my clothes with
those of Susanna, and hers with mine, under the
cover of night?

Oh heaven! To what an unfortunate state of
humility I have been reduced by a cruel husband.
Who, with an incredible mixture of infidelity,
jealousy, and disdain; after having first loved me,
having then offended me, and having finally
betrayed me, causes me now to seek help from one
of my servants!

Where are the beautiful moments of sweetness and
of pleasure? Where did the promises of those lying
lips go? Why ever, if in tears and in suffering
everything has changed for me, has the memory of
the dear one not left my breast?

Ah, if only my constancy while languishing, always
loving, may bring me a hope of changing his
ungrateful heart.

Maurice Ravel
Chansons madécasses
"Nahandove"

Nahandove, o fair Nahandove! The night bird has
begun its cries, the full moon illumines my head,
and the early dew moistens my hair. This is the
hour; who can keep you away, Nahandove, of fair
Nahandove!

The bed of leaves is ready; I have strewn it with
flowers and with aromatic herbs; it is worthy of
your charms, Nahandove, o fair Nahandove!

She comes. I recognized the rapid breathing of
hurried walking; I hear the rustling of the cloth that
covers her; it is she, it is Nahandove, the fair
Nahandove.

O take breath, my young love, rest on my lap. How
enchanting is your glance! How lively and delicious
is the movement of your breast under the hand that
pressed it! You smile, Nahandove, fair Nahandove!

Your kisses penetrate to the soul; your caresses set
all my senses on fire! Stop or I shall die. Can one

die of voluptuous pleasure, Nahandove, o fair
Nahandove?

The pleasure passes in an instant. Your sweet
panting grows gentler, your moist eyes close again,
your head droops wearily, and your rapture yields
to languor; never were you so beautiful, Nahandove,
o fair Nahandove!

...You leave me, and I shall languish amid regrets
and desires. I shall languish until evening. You'll
come back this evening, Nahandove, o fair
Nahandove!

“Mefiez-vous des blancs”

Aoua! Aoua!

Beware of the white men, dwellers on the shore. In
our fathers' time white men descended upon this
island. One of them said: Here is land, let your
wives cultivate it; be just, be good, and become our
brothers.

The white men promised, and meanwhile they were
building entrenchments. A menacing fort arose;
thunder was enclosed in bronze mouths. Their
priest wanted to give us a god we do not know;
finally they spoke of obedience and slavery. Rather
death!

The carnage was long and terrible, yet for all the
lightning bolts they spat forth, which destroyed
entire armies, they were utterly exterminated.

Aoua! Aoua!

Beware of the white men!

We have seen new tyrants, stronger, and more
numerous, plant their banners on the shore.
Heaven fought for us. It dropped rains upon them,
and tempests and poisonous winds. They are no
more, and we live on, and we live free.

Aoua! Aoua!

Beware of the white men, dwellers on the shore.

“Il est doux de se coucher”

It is good to lie down in the heat of the day, under a
leafy tree, and to wait until the evening wind brings
freshness.

Women, approach. While I rest here under a leafy
tree, delight my ear with your soothing voices.
Repeat the song of the young girl while she braids
her hair or, while sitting by the rice patch, chases
the greedy birds away.

The singing is pleasing to my spirit. Dancing for me
is almost as sweet as a kiss. Step slowly; imitate the
poses of pleasure and the surrender to voluptuous
bliss.

The evening wind awakes; the moon begins to shine
through the trees on the mountain. Go, and
prepare the meal.

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

Ms. Morrison is a student of Mrs. Mary Worthen and a former student of Dr. Charles Turley.

A reception honoring Ms. Morrison will be held in the Hammons Art Gallery following the recital.