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Shannon Hunt and Kinsey Ann Carpenter in a Joint Voice Recital

Shannon Hunt

Ouachita Baptist University

Kinsey Ann Carpenter

Ouachita Baptist University

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Ouachita Baptist University
School of Fine Arts
Division of Music
Presents

Shannon Hunt

Mezzo-Soprano

Susan Monroe

Piano

and

Kinsey Ann Carpenter

Soprano

John Briggs

Piano

In a Senior Voice Recital

11:00 a.m.

October 28, 2011

W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall
Mabee Fine Arts Center

Laudamus te

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Ms. Hunt and Ms. Carpenter

St. John Passion

Ich folge dir gleichfalls

J.S. Bach
(1685-1750)

Ms. Carpenter
Assisted by Aubrey Elliot, flute

Motet: Exsultate, jubilate
Alleluja

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Ms. Hunt
Assisted by Chris Sumner, trumpet

Deux Romances

1. Romance
2. Les Cloches

Claude Debussy
(1862- 1918)

Ms. Carpenter

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Ms. Hunt

Un Moto di Gioja
Le Nozze di Figaro

Deh vieni, non tardar

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Ms. Carpenter

Le Nozze di Figaro W.A. Mozart
Non so più cosa son (1756-1791)

Mandoline Gabriel Faure
(1845-1924)

Jeune fillette Nicolas Dalayrac
(1735-1809)

Ms. Hunt

The Secret Garden Lucy Simon
How Could I Ever Know? (b. 1943)

The False Prophet John Prindle Scott
(1877-1932)

Ms. Carpenter

Carneña H. Lane Wilson
(1871-1915)

The Tender Land Aaron Copland
Laurie's Song (1900-1990)

Ms. Hunt

Merrily We Roll Along Stephen Sondheim
Our Time (b. 1930)

Ms. Hunt and Ms. Carpenter

Laudamus te
We praise thee.
We bless thee.
We worship thee.
We glorify thee.

Ich folge dir gleighfalls
I follow you also
with joyful steps.
And leave you not,
my life, my light.

Promote the course
and do not stop
Yourself to pull me,
to push me,
and to beg me to follow.

Romance
The fading and suffering soul,
the gentle soul, the fragrant
soul of lilies divine
that I have gathered in the
garden of your thoughts,
whither then the winds have
them driven,
that adorable soul of the lilies?

Is there no longer a perfume
that remains
of the heavenly sweetness
of the days when you
enveloped me in a supernatural
haze,
made of hope, of faithful love,
of bliss and of peace?

Les Cloches
The leaves opened on the edge
of the branches
delicately.
The bells tolled, light and free,
in the clear sky.

Rhythmically and fervently,
like an antiphon,
this far-away call
reminded me of the Christian
whiteness
of altar flowers.

These bells spoke of happy
years,
and in the large forest
they seemed to revive the
withered leaves
of days gone by.

Gretchen am Spinnrade

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

Where I do not have him,
That is the grave,
The whole world
Is bitter to me.

My poor head
Is crazy to me,
My poor mind
Is torn apart.
My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

For him only, I look
Out the window
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.

His tall walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth's smile,
His eyes' power,

And his mouth's
Magic flow,
His handclasp,
and ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

My bosom urges itself
toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!

And kiss him,
As I would wish,
At his kisses
I should die!

Un moto di gioja

An emotion of joy
I feel in my heart
that says happiness is coming
in spite of my fears.

Let us hope that the worry
will end in contentment.
Fate and love are
not always tyrants.

Deh vieni, non tardar

The moment finally arrives
When I'll enjoy [experience
joy] without haste
In the arms of my beloved...
Fearful anxieties get out of my
heart!

Do not come to disturb my
delight.

Oh, how it seems that to
amorous fires

The comfort of the place,
Earth and heaven respond,
As the night responds to my
ruses.

Oh come, don't be late, my
beautiful joy

Come where love calls you to
enjoyment

Until night's torches no longer
shine in the sky

As long as the air is still dark
And the world quiet.

Here the river murmurs and the
light plays

That restores the heart with
sweet ripples

Here, little flowers laugh and
the grass is fresh

Here, everything entices one to
love's pleasures

Come, my dear, among these
hidden plants.

Come, come!

I want to crown you with roses.

Non so più cosa son

I no longer know what I am,
what I do;

Now I'm all fire, now all ice;
every woman changes my

temperature,

every woman makes my heart
beat faster.

The very mention of love, of
delight,

Disturbs me, changes my heart,
and

Speaking of love, forces on me
a

Desire I cannot restrain!

I no longer know what I am, etc.

I speak of love while I'm
awake,

I speak of love while I'm
sleeping,

to rivers, to the shadows, to
mountains,

to flowers, to the grass, to
fountains,
to echoes, to the air, to winds,
until they carry away
the sound of my useless words.

I speak of love when I'm
awake, etc.

And if no one is near to hear
me
I speak of love to myself.

Mandoline

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who
listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal
Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for
many a
Heartless woman, wrote many
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,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the
breeze.

Jeune fillette

Maidens remember, time is on
the wing!
Violets may be plucked but in
the spring.
La la la rirette, la ri lon la la

Violets blossom, soon they
fade and die,
Loves of the moment pass as
swiftly by.

When you are young, give
lovers leave to woo,
Are they inconstant, be
inconstant, too!

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

Ms. Hunt is a student of Mrs. Robin Williams.

Ms. Carpenter is a student of Mrs. Robin Williams, Mrs. Amanda Harper, and Mrs. Cindy Fuller.

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