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Holly Anne Tidball in a Senior Voice Recital

Holly Anne Tidball

Ouachita Baptist University

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

Holly Anne Tidball

**in a
Senior Voice Recital**

**Diana Ellis
piano**

**Russell Hodges
harpsichord**

**Friday, November 19, 1999
11:00 a.m.
W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall**

Program

Bella bocca

Bernardo Pasquini
(1637-1710)

Lovely mouth, you send arrows with the vermilion of your laughing lips, and the fateful bonds of the delicate amber of gleaming curls bind me.

Se nel ben

Alessandro Stradella
(ca. 1645-1681)

When in good fortune ever-changing fate is untrustworthy, then it will also be inconstant in misfortune.

Se l'aura spira

Girolamo Frescobaldi
(1583-1643)

When the lovely breezes blow, the fresh rose stands smiling. The hedge, a shady emerald, fears not the summer's heat. Come, dance, come, merrily, you dear nymphs, blossoms of beauty!

Now, when the lovely spring flows clearly from mountain to sea, the bird sings its sweet notes and the bushes are full of blossoms.

Only one face near the shadow can boast of showing compassion.

Come, sing, laughing nymphs, disperse the winds of cruelty!

Dido and Aeneas

When I am laid in earth

Henry Purcell
(c. 1659-1695)

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht

Death is the cool night,
Life is the sultry day.
It now grows dark, I am sleepy,
The day has tired me.
Above my bed rises a tree,
The young nightingale sings therein;
It sings of naught but love,
I hear it, I hear it even in my dream.

Samson et Dalila

Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix

Camille Saint-Saëns

(1835-1921)

My heart opens up at your voice as the flowers open up at the kisses of dawn! But, oh my beloved, so as better to dry my tears, may your voice speak again! Tell me that you return to Dalila forever; repeat to my tender love the promises of former times - those promises that I loved! Ah respond to my tenderness! Fill me with ecstasy! Just as one sees the stalks of wheat undulate beneath the gentle breeze, so my heart quivers, ready to be consoled at your voice that is dear to me! The arrow is less quick to bring death than your lover is to fly into your arms! Samson, I love you!

Climbin' up the Mountain

Deep River

Ride On, King Jesus!

Arr. Patsy Ford Simms

Arr. H. T. Burleigh

Arr. Hall Johnson

Sapphische Ode

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Roses from the dark hedge I plucked at night;
They breathed sweeter fragrance than ever in the day,
But the moving branches abundantly shed
The dew that showered me.
Thus your kisses' fragrance enticed me as never before,
As the night I plucked the flower of your lips:
But you too, moved in spirit as they were,
Shed a dew of tears.

O liebliche Wangen

Oh lovely cheeks, you awake my desire,
To gaze with fervour at this rose and this white,
And this is not all to what I aspire;
To gaze, to greet, to touch, to kiss!
Oh lovely cheeks, you awake my desire!
Oh sun of delight! Oh delight of the sun!
Oh eyes that absorb the light of my eyes!
Oh angelic mind! Oh heavenly bearing!
Oh heaven on earth, will you not be mine?
Oh delight of the sun, oh sun of delight!
Oh fairest of the fair! Appease this longing!
Come, hurry, come, come, you sweet, you pure one!
Oh sister, I die, I die, I perish,
Come, come, come, hurry! Appease this longing!

**This recital is given by Miss Tidball
in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Bachelor of Music Education.**

**Miss Tidball is a student of
Mrs. Diana Ellis.**