

Ouachita Baptist University

## Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita

---

Concert Performances, Programs, and Posters

Division of Music

---

11-14-1995

### David E. Whittington in a Senior Voice Recital

David E. Whittington

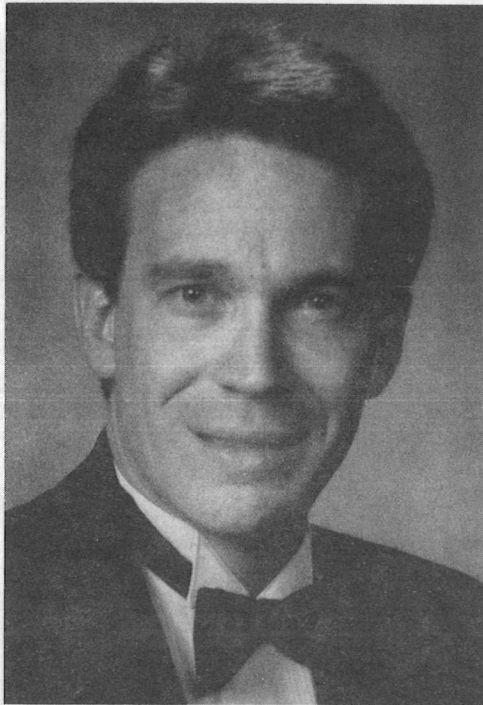
Rebecca Moore

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/music>



Part of the [Music Education Commons](#), and the [Music Performance Commons](#)

---



This recital is being given in memory of  
Dr. David DeArmond

*Mr. Whittington is presenting this recital  
in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music Degree.*

\* *There will be a reception in the gallery immediately following the recital.*

# Ouachita Baptist University

DIVISION OF MUSIC

Bernice Young Jones  
School of Fine Arts

presents

*David E. Whittington*

Baritone

and

*Rebecca Moore*

Pianist

SENIOR RECITAL

Mabee Fine Arts Center  
Recital Hall

Tuesday, 14 November 1995  
Seven-thirty o'clock PM

PROGRAM

COSÌ FAN TUTTE

W.A Mozart (1756-1791)

Donna mie, la fate a tanti

*My ladies, you dupe so many men that - if I must tell you the truth - if your lovers complain, I begin to sympathize with them. I am very fond of your sex - you know it; everyone knows it. Every day I prove it to you; I give you signs of friendship. But that duping of so many, many men disheartens me, in truth. A thousand time I've drawn my sword to save your honor; a thousand times I've defended you with my lips, and more with my heart. But that duping of so many, many men is an annoying little vice. You are lovely; you are loveable. Many gifts heaven bestowed on you, and graces surround you from head to foot. But, you dupe so many, many men that it is incredible. I am very fond of your sex; I prove it to you. A thousand times I've drawn my sword; I've defended you. Great gifts heaven bestowed on you, right down to your feet. But, you dupe so many, many men that, if your lovers protest, they certainly have a very good reason.*

DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

2. Wohin?

*I heard a brooklet gushing from a spring among the rocks, gushing down into the valley, so fresh and wonderfully clear. I don't know how it happened, or who gave me the idea, but I couldn't resist following it right down with my walking stick Down, always farther, and always along the bank, and always brisker and clearer the brook gushed. Is this the way I am to go, Tell me, brooklet, whither? You have, with your gushing, enchanted my very soul. What am I saying about gushing? Gushing it cannot be! The nixies are singing and dancing down there. Sing on, comrade, gush on, and go your happy way! There are mill-wheels turning in every clear stream.*

3. Halt!

*I see a mill through the alders; through the gushing and singing of the water breaks the noise of the wheel. Welcome, welcome, sweet song of the mill! And the house, how comfortable it looks! And the windows, how they glitter! And the sun, how brightly it shines from heaven! O brooklet, dear brooklet, was this what was intended?*

Sylvie

*Do you wish to know, my sweet, whither flies straight like an arrow the bird that sang in the young elm?  
I shall tell you, my sweet, it flies to the one who calls it,  
To the one, to the one who will love it! Do you wish to know, my fair one, why on earth and on the sea, by night all things enliven and pair?  
I shall tell you, my fair one! There is an hour in the universe where, far away from daylight, love is waking! Do you wish to know, Sylvie why I love to distraction your eyes, sparkling and languid?  
I shall tell you, Sylvie, - Because without you in my life Everything to my heart is but sorrow!*

FAUST

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

Avant de quitter ces lieux

*Oh sacred medallion, which comes from my sister-on the day of the battle, in order to avert death, remain there upon my heart!  
Before leaving this place, native soil of my ancestors, to you, Lord and King of the heavens, I entrust my sister. Deign, from all danger, to protect her always - this sister so dear.  
Deign to protect her from all danger.  
Freed from a sad thought, I shall go to seek glory in the midst of the enemies. The breast, the bravest in the heart of combat, I shall fight for my country. And if God summons me to him, I shall watch over you faithfully, oh Marguerite!  
Oh King of the heavens, cast forth your eyes-protect Marguerite, King of the heavens!*

Wither Must I Wander

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

The Lincolnshire Poacher

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

At the River

Aaron Copland (1900-1992)

I bought me a cat

CAMELOT

Frederick Loewe (b. 1904)

If Ever I Would Leave You



#### 4. Danksagung an den bach

*Was this what was intended, my gushing friend,  
your singing and your sounding, was this what was intended?  
To the maid of the mill! So the meaning resounds. Isn't that it?  
Have I understood it? To the maid of the mill!  
Did she send you, or have you beguiled me?  
That I want to know - Did she send you?  
Now whatever happens, I'm yielding; what I am seeking is found,  
whatever may happen. I applied for work; now I have enough  
for my hands and for my heart, enough and to spare!*

#### Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen      Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

*And would you see your lover perish?  
Then do not wear your hair in curls, my dear.  
Let it float freely down around your shoulders-  
like threads of pure gold it seems.  
Like the golden threads caressed by the wind-  
beautiful hair, beautiful she who wears it!  
Golden threads, silken threads-numberless-  
beautiful hair, beautiful she who combs it!*

#### Auf dem grünen Balcon

*From her leafy balcony my sweetheart looks at me through the lattice;  
her eyes twinkle amiably; with her finger she says: No!  
Fortune, which never without swerving  
follows young love here below, has given me one happiness,  
and yet even there I must hesitate. I hear flattery or quarreling  
whenever I come to her window. It is always the way with girls  
to mix a little pain with happiness. Her eyes twinkle amiably;  
with her finger she says: No!  
How can she reconcile within herself her coldness with my passion?  
Since in her lies my heaven, I see darkness stalking light; my complaints  
go to the winds, that never yet has the little sweetheart  
entwined her arms with mine; yet she keeps met at a distance so shy-  
her eyes twinkle amiably; with her finger she says: No!*

#### Nimmersate Liebe

*Such is the love, such is the love, not to be quieted by kisses:  
who is such a fool as to fill a sieve with water? And were you to work  
a thousand years, always, always kissing, you could never satisfy her.  
Love, love has every hour some wonderful new desire; we bit our lips sore  
today when we were kissing. The girl takes it calmly like a lamb under the knife;  
her eyes have led him on: so go ahead, the more it hurts the better!  
Such is the love, and was indeed so as long as love has existed,  
and Lord Solomon himself, the sage, did not love any other way.*

ST. PAUL

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

*Recitative* O wherefore do ye these thing?

*Aria* For know ye not

Chanson d'Amour

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

*I love your eyes, I love your face,  
O my rebellious, o my fierce one,  
I love your eyes, I love your lips  
Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.  
I love your voice, I love the strange gracefulness  
of everything that you say,  
O my rebellious one, o my dear angel,  
My inferno and my paradise!  
I love your eyes, I love your face,  
I love everything that makes you beautiful,  
from your feet to your hair,  
O you, to whom ascend all my desires!*

Prison

*The sky above the roof is so blue, so calm...  
A tree above the roof rocks its crown...  
The bell, in the sky that one sees, softly rings,  
A bird, on the tree that one sees, plaintively sings...  
My Lord, my Lord! Life over there is simple and quiet!  
This peaceful clamor comes from the town...  
What have you done, oh you, who now weeps endlessly,  
Say! What have you done, you, with your youth?*

En Sourdine

*Serene in the twilight created by high branches,  
let our love be imbued with this profound silence.  
Let us blend our souls, our hearts,  
and our enraptured senses  
amidst the faint languor of the pines and arbutus.  
Half-close your eyes, cross your arms on your breast,  
and from your weary heart drive away forever all plans.  
Let us surrender to the soft and rocking breath  
which comes to your feet and ripples the waves of the russet lawn.  
And when, solemnly, the night shall descend from  
the black oaks, the voice of our despair,  
the nightingale, shall sing.*