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Alexis Michelle Nichols in a Senior Soprano Recital

Alexis Michelle Nichols
Ouachita Baptist University

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Ouachita Baptist University
School of Fine Arts
Division of Music
Presents

Alexis Michelle Nichols
Soprano

and

Louis Menendez
Piano

In a Senior Voice Recital

7:30 p.m.
March 11, 2013
W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall
Mabee Fine Arts Center

A des oiseaux	Georges Hüe (1858-1948)
Faust Faites-lui mes aveux	Charles Gounod (1818-1893)
Ständchen	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
The Merry Widow The Vilja Lied	Franz Lehár (1870-1948)
Caro mio ben	Tommaso Giordani (1730-1806)
L'elisir d'amore Prendi per me sei libero	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)
Take a Chance Should I Be Sweet	Vincent Youmans (1898-1946)

Grey Gardens Peas in a Pod	Scott Frankel (b. 1963)
Assisted by Heather White	
Love Life Mr. Right	Kurt Weill (1900-1950)
Goodbye Charles “I Ate the Divorce Papers”	Gabriel Davis (b. 1979)
Camelot Before I Gaze At You Again	Frederick Loewe (1901-1988)
The Last Night of Ballyhoo Act I, Scene 5	Alfred Uhry (b. 1936)
Assisted by Bethany Swiontek	
Bonnie and Clyde Dyin’ Ain’t So Bad	Frank Wildhorn (b. 1958)
A Tale of Two Cities Out of Sight, Out of Mind	Jill Santoriello (b. 1965)

A des oiseaux

Good morning, good morning, warblers,
Good morning, jolly finches,
Wake up the daisies
And the flowers among the green bushes.
Your soul is always festive,
Gay birds one loves to see;
For the lover and the poet
You sing morning and night.
But on the plain, methinks,
They have been rigging up nets;
Keep fluttering always together!
Take heed, little birds!
Descend without touching ground...
Do you see at the edge of the forest,
lying in wait for you, secretly,
Those children with cunning eyes?
Oh, quickly, with one beat of your wings,
Come with the swallow
Following in its flight.
You need have no fear in my garden:
You can, with your nimble beaks,
Pillage, pillage without restraint
All the ripe fruits of the orchard,
Good night, good night, warblers,
Good night, jolly finches,
Send to sleep the daisies
And the flowers among the green bushes.

Faites-lui mes aveux

Give her my confession;
Carry my wishes!
Blooming flowers near her,
Tell her that she is beautiful,
That my heart,
Night and day,
Languishes with love!
Give her my confession;
Carry my wishes!
Reveal to her soul
The secret of my flame,
So it exhales with you
Perfumes more sweet!

Wilted! Alas!

The sorcerer whom God damns
Has brought me bad luck!
I can't, without it's withering

Touch a flower.
If I dip my fingers
Into holy water!
It's there that each evening
Marguerite comes to pray!
Let's see now!
Let's see quickly!
Do they wilt? No!
Satan, I laugh at you!

It is in you that I have faith,
Speak for me!
May she know
The emotion which she has caused to be born,
And of which my troubled heart
Has scarcely spoken!
It is in you that I have faith,
Speak for me!
If love alarms her
May the flower on her mouth
Try at least to deposit
A sweet kiss!
A kiss, a sweet kiss!

Ständchen

Open up, open up, but softly, my child,
So that no one is woken from slumber.
The stream scarcely ripples, in the wind scarcely
A leaf quivers in the bushes and hedges.
So softly, my girl, that nothing stirs,
Just put your hand softly to the latch.

With steps as light as steps of elves
As they skip over the flowers,
Fly lightly out into the moonlit night.
And slip towards me in the garden.
Around us the blossom slumbers
by the purling stream,
Giving fragrance in its sleep,
only love is awake.

Sit down, there is a mysterious twilight here
beneath the lime trees,
the nightingale overhead shall
dream of our kisses
and the rose, when it wakes in the morning,
shall color deeply at the ecstasies of the night.

The Vilja Lied

There lived a Vilja, a wood-maiden,
A hunter spied her in a rocky cliff!
The fellow, became so strangely affected,
He looked and looked at the little wood-maiden.
And a never known shudder seized the young
hunter,
Longingly he began quietly to sigh!

Vilja, O Vilja, you little woods-maiden,
Take me and let me be your dearest true love!
Vilja, O Vilja, what are you doing to me?
Fearfully begs a lovesick man!

The woods-maiden stretched
Out her hand to him
And pulled him into her cliff-dwelling.
The lad almost lost his senses, (for)
Thus loved and kissed no earthly child.
As soon as she was sated with kissing
She disappeared at that moment!
Just once did the poor lad wave to her:

Vilja, O Vilja, you little woods-maiden,
Take me and let me be your dearest true love!
Vilja, O Vilja, what are you doing to me?
Fearfully begs a lovesick man!

Caro mio ben

Ah, dearest love, if you should leave,
Heaven above knows how I'd grieve.
Ah, dearest love, Heaven above knows how I'd
grieve

Your faithful friend sighs without end,
This cruel torment, cease now, I pray!
Cease now, I pray!
This cruel torment, cease now, I pray!

Ah, dearest love, if you should leave,
Heaven above knows how I'd grieve.
Ah, dearest love, if you should leave,
Heaven above knows how I'd grieve.

Prendi per me sei libero

Take it, because of me you are free
Stay on your native soil
There is not destiny for you so bitter
That will not change one day. Stay!
Here where everyone loves you
Wise, loving, honest
Always unhappy and miserable
No, you will not always be that way.

You must forgive me and forget:
I give you my love forever.
Now I shall make you happy,
I give you my faithful love.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Musical Theatre

Mrs. Nichols is a member of Theta Alpha Phi

Mrs. Nichols is a student of Ms. Suzetta Glenn
And Dr. Scott Holsclaw

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