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Jennifer Ann Carney in a Senior Mezzo-Soprano Recital

Jennifer Ann Carney Ouachita Baptist University

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Ouachita Baptist University School of Fine Arts Division of Music Presents

Jennifer Ann Carney

Mezzo-Soprano

and

Susan Monroe

In a Senior Voice Recital

11:00 a.m. November 18, 2011 W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall Mabee Fine Arts Center O Mistress Mine

Amy Marcy Beach (1867 - 1944)

Orfeo

Christoph Willibald von Glück

Che faró senza Euridice

(1714 - 1787)

Frauenliebe und Leben

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Robert Schumann

(1810 - 1856)

A Charm of Lullabies

The Nurse's Song

Benjamin Britten (1913 - 1976)

A Charm

Il Neige

Hermann Bemberg

(1861 - 1931)

Les Misérables

J'avais rêvé

Claude - Michel Schönberg

(b. 1944)

My Lord, What a Mornin'

African - American Spiritual Arr. Harry T. Burleigh (1866 - 1949)

My Fair Lady Just You Wait Frederick Lowe (1901 - 1988)

Che faró senza Euridice

Alas, why hast thou left me?

Left me to suffer in a madness of

love?

Euridice

She lives no longer, I call her in vain

Oh, what misery to lose her forever!

O judgement, O sad death, cruel

recollection!

I have no helper, nothing gives me

consolation,

nothing can I imagine,

O fearful vision!

Nothing but the dark, gloomy

aspect,

The horrors of my being!

Now fate may wreak her

vengeance, I am despairing!

What will I do without Euridice

Where will I go without my

wonderful one

Euridice, oh God, answer

I am entirely your loyal one.

Euridice! Ah, it doesn't give me

any help, any hope

neither this world.

nor in heaven.

Du Ring an meinem

Finger

Thou ring on my finger,

my little golden ring,

I press thee piously

upon my lips

piously upon my heart.

I had dreamt it,

the tranquil,

lovely dream of childhood,

I found myself alone and lost

in barren, infinite space.

Thou ring on my finger,

thou hast taught me
for the first time,
hast opened my gaze unto
the endless, deep value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him, belong to him entire, Give myself and find myself transfigured in his radiance

Il Neige

It snows
large flakes, like cotton
falling on the roofs, all white
and the little frightened birds
are huddled together
twittering their chilly songs,
and closing their eyes
It snows
everything is covered with a
white mantle of snow!

It snows

how cold it is.

from the hard frost,

freezing our souls with fear!

And, feeling very unhappy,

the young loving hearts

are warming each other two by two

It snows

Everything fades,

everything vanishes under the

snow

l'avais rêvé

I dreamed a dream in time gone by, When hope was high and life, worth living.

I dreamed that love would never die,

I dreamed that God would be forgiving.

Then I was young and unafraid, And dreams were made and used and wasted. There was no ransom to be paid,

No song unsung, no wine, untasted.

I had a dream my life would be So different from this hell I'm living,

But the tigers come at night,
With their voices soft as thunder,
As they tear your hope apart,
And they turn your dream to

So different now from what it seemed...

Now life has killed the dream I dreamed...

He slept a summer by my side,
He filled my days with endless
wonder...

He took my childhood in his stride, But he was gone when autumn came!

And still I dream he'll come to me,
That we will live the years together,
But there are dreams that cannot
be,

And there are storms we cannot weather!

