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### Diana Ellis and Cindy Fuller in a Faculty Recital

Diana Ellis

*Ouachita Baptist University*

Cindy Fuller

*Ouachita Baptist University*

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Ellis, Diana and Fuller, Cindy, "Diana Ellis and Cindy Fuller in a Faculty Recital" (1998). *Faculty Performances*. 49.

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Ouachita Baptist University  
Bernice Young Jones School of Fine Arts

Division of Music

presents

*Diana Ellis*

Soprano

*Erica McClellan*

Piano

and

*Cindy Fuller*

Soprano

*Rebecca Moore*

Piano

in a

Faculty Recital

*Thursday, September 3, 1998*

*7:30 p. m.*

*W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall  
Mabee Fine Arts Center*

## Program

Fiancailles pour rire

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

- I. La dame d' André
- II. Dans l'herbe
- III. Il vole
- IV. Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
- VI. Fleurs

Chanson triste

Henri Duparc  
(1848-1933)

Extase

L'Invitation au Voyage

**Tosca**

Giacomo Puccini  
(1858-1924)

Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore

**Turandot**

Tu che di gel sei cinta

Siete canciones populares españolas

Manuel de Falla  
(1876-1946)

1. El Paño Moruno
2. Sequidilla Murcia
3. Asturiana
4. Jota
5. Nana
6. Cancion
7. Polo

Allerseelen Ständchen Zueignung	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Three Songs, Op. 45 1. Now Have I Fed and Eaten up the Rose 2. A Green Lowland of Pianos 3. O Boundless, Boundless Evening	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen Deep River	arr. H. T. Burleigh (1866-1949)
Three Poems of James Agee How Many Little Children Sleep A Lullaby Sonnet	Thomas Pasatieri ( b. 1945)
<b>Lakmé</b> Viens, Mallika Sous le dôme épais	Leo Delibes (1836-1891)

*You are cordially invited to a reception in the Gallery immediately following the recital.*

Fiancailles pour rire (Whimsical betrothal)

I. "La Dame d' André" (André's Woman Friend)

André does not know the woman  
whom he took by the hand today.  
Has she a heart for the tomorrows,  
and for the evening has she a soul?

On returning from a country ball  
did she go in her flowing dress  
to seek in the hay stacks the ring  
for the random betrothal?

II. "Dans l'herbe" (In the Grass)

I can say nothing more  
nor do anything for him.  
He died for this beautiful one  
he died a beautiful death  
outside  
under the tree of the Law  
in deep silence  
in open countryside  
in the grass.

III. "Il vole" (He flies)

As the sun is setting  
it is reflected in the polished surface  
of my table  
it is the round cheese of the fable  
in the break of my silver scissors.

But where is the crow? It flies.

I should like to sew but a magnet  
attracts all my needles.  
On the square the skittle players  
pass the time with game after game.

But where is my lover? He flies.

I have a thief for a lover,  
the crow flies and my lover steals,

Was she afraid, when night fell  
haunted by the ghosts of the past,  
in her garden, when winter  
entered by the wide avenue?

He loved her for her color,  
for her Sunday good humor.  
Will she fade on the white leaves  
of his album of better days?

He died unnoticed  
crying out in his passing  
calling  
calling me.  
But as soon as I was far from him  
and because his voice no longer carried  
he died along in the woods  
beneath the tree of his childhood.  
And I can say nothing more  
nor do anything for him.

the thief of my heart breaks his word  
and the thief of the cheese is not here.

But where is happiness? It flies.

I weep under the weeping willow  
I mingle my tears with its leaves  
I weep because I want to be desired  
and I am not pleasing to my thief.  
But where then is love? It flies.

Find the thyme for my lack of reason  
and by the roads of the countryside  
bring me back my flighty lover  
who takes hearts and drives me mad.

I wish that my thief would steal me.

IV. "Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant" (My Corpse is as Limp as a Glove)

My corpse is as limp as a glove  
limp as a glove of glacé kid  
And my two hidden pupils  
make two white pebbles of my eyes.

Two white pebbles in my face  
two mutes in the silence  
Still shadowed by a secret  
and heavy with the burden of things seen.

My fingers so often straying  
Are joined in a saintly pose

V. "Violon" (Violin)

Enamored couple with the misprized accents  
the violin and its player please me.  
Ah! I love these wailings long drawn out  
on the cord of uneasiness.

VI. "Fleurs" (Flowers)

Promise flowers, flowers held in your arms  
flowers sprung from the parenthesis of a  
step  
who brought you these flowers in winter  
powdered with the sand of the seas?

resting on the hollow of my groans  
at the center of my arrested heart.

And my two feet are the mountains  
the last two hills I saw  
at the moment when I lost  
the race that the years win.

I still resemble myself  
children bear away the memory quickly,  
go, go, my life is done.  
My corpse is as limp as a glove.

In chords on the cords of the hanged  
at the hour when the Laws are silent  
the heart, formed like a strawberry,  
Offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves  
the beautiful eyes are ashes and in the fireplace  
a heart be-ribboned with sighs  
burns with its treasured pictures.

Chanson triste

(Sad Song)

In your heart there sleeps a moonlight,  
A soft moonlight of summer.  
And to escape this troublesome life  
I shall drown myself in your light.  
I shall forget the past sorrows, my love,  
When you will cradle my sad heart and my thoughts  
In the loving stillness of your arms!  
You will let my wounded head,  
Oh! sometimes rest on your knees,  
And you will recite a ballad  
That will seem to speak of us,  
And in your eyes filled with sadness,  
In your eyes then I shall drink  
So many kisses and tender caresses  
That perhaps I shall recover.

---

Extase

(Ecstasy)

On a pale lily my heart is asleep  
In a slumber sweet like death...  
Exquisite death, death perfumed  
By the breath of my beloved...  
On your pale bosom my heart is asleep  
In a slumber sweet like death...

---

L'Invitation au Voyage

(The Invitation to a Voyage)

My child, by sister,  
Think how sweet it would be  
To go down there, to live together,  
To love free from care,  
To love and to die  
In the land that resembles you!  
The moist suns  
Of these misty skies,  
To my mind, have the charm,  
So mysterious,  
Of you treacherous eyes,  
Sparkling through their tears.  
There, everything is order and beauty,  
Luxury, calm and pleasure!  
See on these canals  
The sleeping boats  
That capriciously like to roam;  
'Tis to satisfy  
Your slightest wish  
They have come from the ends of the world.  
The setting suns  
Again clothe the fields,  
The canals, the whole town,  
With hyacinth and gold;  
The world falls asleep  
In a warm light!  
There everything is order and beauty,  
Luxury, calm and pleasure!

Tosca

(Vissi d'arte)

"In the scenes preceding this famous aria Floria Tosca, faithful lover of the painter Mario and a celebrated opera singer, has seen her life undergo extreme changes in an incredibly short time. One hour ago she was singing a cantata at the queen's court. Since then, she has seen Mario in chains, tortured, and led off to the gallows; she has barely been able to repress the physical assault of the odious police chief Scarpia; and now she faces the prospect of having to yield to him in order to save Mario's life. Violent scenes and violent emotions have buffeted the stage and the actors unceasingly for a long while. Now there is a sudden silence, for even the relentless Scarpia has to pause, and Tosca, prostrate and bewildered, tries to find her bearings in this new, confused world. Where did she go wrong? Is all this sudden misery the result of some guilt of hers? Why does the Lord punish her in such a horrible way? Those questions are the burden of the aria."

I lived of art,  
I lived of love,  
I never harmed  
a living soul.  
With a furtive hand,  
In any misery I knew of,  
I gave help. .  
Always, with sincere faith,  
my prayer rose  
to the holy tabernacles,  
Always with sincere faith  
did I put flowers at the altars. . .  
in the hour of sorrow,  
why, why, Lord,  
why do you reward me thus?  
I gave jewels  
for the Madonna's mantle,  
and gave my song  
to the stars, to the sky,  
which then smiled more beautifully. . .  
in the hour of sorrow,  
why, why, Lord  
why do you reward me thus?

Turandot

(Tu che di gel sei cinta)

Calaf has answered Princess Turandot's riddles and has won the right to marry her which infuriates and terrifies her. In concession, he has told her that if she can learn his name before dawn he will still forfeit his life. Timur and Liù are tortured, but neither reveals the name. In defiance, Liù tells the Princess that she loves Calaf and her silence will be the final gift of that love. At the end of the aria, she seizes the dagger of a soldier and stabs herself.

You, who with ice are girded,  
conquered by so much burning passion,  
you will love him-you too!  
Before this dawn  
I, weary, will close my eyes  
so that he may be victorious again...  
he may be victorious again...  
so as never to see him again!



## Siete canciones populares españolas (Seven Spanish Popular Songs)

1. “El Paño Moruno” (The Moorish Cloth) is based on a celebrated ancient folk song of Murcia. An exotic Moorish rhythm is found in the accompaniment.

On the thin Moorish cloth in the store.  
On the thin Moorish cloth in the store.  
A stain was found,  
A stain was found;

For less price it is sold,  
For less price it is sold,  
Because it lost its value,  
Because it lost its value.

2. “Sequidilla Murcia” (Sequidilla from Murcia). The sequidilla is a popular dance form in quick triple time from the south of Spain, as well as an ancient Castilian dance and folk poem. Murcia is a maritime province in southeast Spain

Anyone who has the roof of glass  
Has of glass anyone the roof  
Has of glass, ought not to throw  
Rocks at the neighbor.

Because of your great inconsistency  
I compare you, I compare you  
Because of your great inconstancy  
I compare you  
To a peseta that passes from hand to hand.  
Which finally is smeared  
And believing it counterfeit  
And believing it counterfeit  
Nobody takes it!  
Nobody takes it!

Muleteers we are;  
It may be that in the road,  
It may be that in the road,  
We may meet one another.

3. “Asturiana” (Asturian Song) is a plaintive melody from Asturias in northern Spain, a province of the highlands. The bagpipe is an indigenous instrument to the area.

In order to see if it might console me,  
I approached a green pine  
In order to see if it might console me,

Seeing me cry, it cried.  
And, since it was green,  
Seeing me cry, it cried.

4. “Jota” (Jota). A “jota” is one of the most widely known Spanish dance-song forms and is especially popular in Aragon and Navarre, where it is a part of cultural rituals. It is usually accompanied by guitar, castanets, or other instruments which are cleverly suggested in the piano accompaniment.

They say that we don't love each other.  
They say that we don't love each other  
Because they don't see us speak.  
To your heart and to mine  
They are able to ask it.  
They say that we don't love each other  
Because they don't see us speak.  
Now I say farewell to you.

Now I say farewell to you.  
To your home, your window  
And although I may not love your mother,  
farewell,  
Little girl, until tomorrow.  
Farewell, little girl, until tomorrow  
Now I say farewell you  
Although I may not love your mother.

5. “Nana” (Lullaby) is an Andalusian cradle song that Falla heard as a child.

Sleep, little boy, sleep,  
sleep, my soul,  
Sleep, little morning star.

Lullaby, lullaby,  
Lullaby, lullaby,  
Sleep, little morning star.

6. "Cancion" (Song) is a charming love.

What traitors, your eyes!  
I am going to inter/survive them.  
You don't know what it costs, "Of the air"  
Little girl, looking at. "Mother, at the border"  
Little girl, looking at. "Mother."  
They say that you don't love me,  
And that you have loved me.

They say that you don't love me,  
And that you have loved me.  
Go away my gain "Of the air,"  
For the madly in love,  
"Mother, at the border"  
For the madly in love. "Mother."

7. "Polo" (Polo) is a gypsy-like "cante jondo," an Andalusian flamenco song - a highly emotional, tragic song originated by prisoners and considered the most primitive source of Spanish music, which was adopted by the gypsies of the 19<sup>th</sup> century.

I keep a . . .  
Ay!  
I keep a  
Ay!  
I keep a pain in my chest  
I keep a pain in my chest  
Ay!

Which to no one will I tell.  
Ill-starred now the love,  
Ill-starred now the love,  
Ill-starred now the love,  
Ay!  
And who make me to understand it!  
Ay!

Allerseelen

(All Soul's Day)

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,  
Bring here the last of red asters,  
And let us speak again of love,  
As long ago in May.  
Give me the hand that I may secretly clasp it,  
And if it is observed by others, I will not mind;  
Give me one of your sweet glances,  
As long ago in May,  
Today each grave is flowering and fragrant,  
Once a year is All soul's Day, -  
Come to my heart that I again may have you,  
As long ago in May.

---

Ständchen

(Serenade)

Open very quietly, my child,  
Awake no one from his slumber,  
The brook hardly murmurs; there scarcely flutters in the wind  
A leaf, in the bushes or hedges,  
Quietly, therefore, my sweet, so that nothing is stirred,  
Quietly, lay your hand on the door knob.  
With steps as gentle as those of elves  
About to hop o'er the flowers,  
Slip out quietly into the moonlit night,  
And fly to me in the garden.  
The flowers slumber about the rippling brook  
And exhale fragrances in their sleep; only love is awake.  
Sit down, here the shadows grow mysteriously dark  
Under the linden trees;  
The nightingale above our heads  
Shall dream of our kisses,  
And the rose, upon awakening in the morning,  
Shall glow with the rapture of the night.

Zueignung

(Devotion)

Ah, you know it, dear soul,  
That, far from you, I languish,  
Love causes hearts to ache, -  
To you my thanks!  
Once, drinking to freedom,  
I raised the amethyst cup,  
And you blessed the drink, -  
To you my thanks!  
You exorcised the evil spirits in it,  
So that I, as never before,  
Cleansed and freed, sank upon your breast,  
To you my thanks!

## Lakmé

Lakmé:

Come Mallika! See the creepers in flower already  
cast a shadow upon the sacred stream that makes a  
gentle music, now attuned to the song of  
awakening birds!

Mallika:

Dear mistress! This hour when I behold you  
smiling is one of gladness, for I can read the  
secrets locked within the heart of Lakmé!

Duet:

Here is harmony, loveliness, all our senses  
enthraling. And the rivulet, gently murmuring,  
all contentment recalling; sweet and low hear it,  
ah, hear it call to us;  
come then and fall before enchantment, lulled into  
surrender, while overhead birds are on the wings,  
birds make melody, singing gaily.  
Here is harmony, here is loveliness, all our senses  
enthraling!

Lakmé:

Yet in my heart a new fear has arisen, I  
know not why; if my father has gone where the  
faithless may seize him, I tremble, alas, for his  
life.

Mallika:

Kindly Ganessa will surely protect him. Come to  
the stream where the swans are at play, and preen  
their snowy white wings, there will we gather  
lotus blooms.

Lakmé:

Yes, near the swans with snowy white wings we'll  
gather lotus blooms in flower.

Duet:

Here is harmony, loveliness, all our senses  
enthraling, and the rivulet, gently murmuring, all  
contentment recalling! Sweet and low hear it, ah,  
hear it call to us; come then and fall before  
enchantment, lulled into surrender, while  
overhead birds are on the wing, birds make  
melody, singing gaily.  
Here is harmony, here is loveliness, all our  
senses enthraling! Ah!

Allerseelen

(All Soul's Day)

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,  
Bring here the last of red asters,  
And let us speak again of love,  
As long ago in May.  
Give me the hand that I may secretly clasp it,  
And if it is observed by others, I will not mind;  
Give me one of your sweet glances,  
As long ago in May,  
Today each grave is flowering and fragrant,  
Once a year is All soul's Day, -  
Come to my heart that I again may have you,  
As long ago in May.

---

Ständchen

(Serenade)

Open very quietly, my child,  
Awake no one from his slumber,  
The brook hardly murmurs; there scarcely flutters in the wind  
A leaf, in the bushes or hedges,  
Quietly, therefore, my sweet, so that nothing is stirred,  
Quietly, lay your hand on the door knob.  
With steps as gentle as those of elves  
About to hop o'er the flowers,  
Slip out quietly into the moonlit night,  
And fly to me in the garden.  
The flowers slumber about the rippling brook  
And exhale fragrances in their sleep; only love is awake.  
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Shall dream of our kisses,  
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That, far from you, I languish,  
Love causes hearts to ache, -  
To you my thanks!  
Once, drinking to freedom,  
I raised the amethyst cup,  
And you blessed the drink, -  
To you my thanks!  
You exorcised the evil spirits in it,  
So that I, as never before,  
Cleansed and freed, sank upon your breast,  
To you my thanks!

## The Artists

Diana Ellis has as served Instructor of Voice on the faculty of the Bernice Young Jones School of Fine Arts, Division of Music, at Ouachita Baptist University since 1990. In addition to studio vocal instruction, she teaches Foreign Language Diction for Singers and directs the Praise Singers. She holds the Bachelor of Music Education Degree from Louisiana College, the Master of Music Degree from Mississippi College, and is currently pursuing the Doctor of Musical Arts in Vocal Performance at the University of North Texas. Mrs. Ellis's recital performances include programs presented at Louisiana College, East Texas Baptist University, The University of Arkansas at Little Rock, and numerous faculty concerts at OBU. Her operatic performances include leading roles in productions of *La Traviata*, *La Bohème*, and *Trial By Jury*. She was most recently featured as soprano soloist in the Southwest Arkansas Arts Council presentation of *Messiah*. Mrs. Ellis is the 1997 recipient of the Arkansas Federation Music Club Marie Smallwood Thomas Award. She is a native of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, and resides in Arkadelphia, Arkansas, with her husband, Bill, and their two children, Emily and Brett.

Cindy Fuller is Instructor of Voice and Music Education at Ouachita. She is in frequent demand as a clinician for both elementary school and church music conferences and workshops. This past spring she served as guest clinician for the All-City Elementary School Honors Chorus in Texarkana, Arkansas. For the past five summers she has served on the faculty of Arkansas Baptist State Convention music camps. She was recently featured as a soloist in the Southwest Arkansas Arts Council's presentation of *Messiah*. Mrs. Fuller enjoys accompanying for vocal ensembles, guest artists and faculty recitals at Ouachita. She also serves as church organist and children's choir director at First Baptist Church in Arkadelphia. She is a native of Grand Prairie, Texas and resides in Arkadelphia, Arkansas with her husband, Charlie, and their three daughters, Becky, Rachel and Sarah.