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### William Riley in a Guest Artist Recital

William Riley

Rebecca Moore

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# Arkansas Chapter National Association of Teachers of Singing

presents

William Riley, baritone  
Rebecca Moore, pianist

Friday, February 24, 1995  
7:30 p.m.

Ouachita Baptist University  
Arkadelphia, Arkansas

## Songs of Passion and Compassion

In questa tomba oscura (Gius. Carpani)  
Già il sole dal Gange  
Il mio bel foco

Ludwig van Beethoven  
Alessandro Scarlatti  
Benedetto Marcello

Stille amare (*Tolomeo*)  
Ch'io mai vi possa (*Siroe*)

Georg Friderick Handel  
Handel

Die Forelle, Opus 32 (Schubart)  
Adelaide, Opus 46 (Matthisson)

Franz Schubert  
Beethoven

Allerseelen, Opus 10, No.8 (Hermann von Gilm)  
Heimliche Aufforderung, Opus 27, No 3 (John Henry Mackay)  
Zueignung, Opus 10, No.1 (Hermann von Gilm)

Richard Strauss  
Strauss  
Strauss

-Intermission-

Tambourin  
Les berceaux, Opus 23, No.1 (Sully Prudhomme)  
Mandoline, Opus 58, No 1 (Paul Verlaine)  
Chanson triste (Jean Lahor)

arr. Julien Tiersot  
Gabriel Fauré  
Fauré  
Henri Duparc

The Armor of God (L'Homme armée) (Ephesians 6:11-13 & Psalm 110:1) Scott McClain

Miniver Cheevy (E.A. Robinson) John Duke  
Loveliest of Trees (A.E. Housman) Duke  
None but the Lonely Heart, Opus 6, No.6 (J.W. Goethe) Piotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky  
Sure on this Shining Night, Opus 13, No.3 (James Agee) Samuel Barber  
A Green Lowland of Pianos, Opus 45, No.2 (Czeslaw Milosz, Harasymowicz) Barber

This recital is supported in part by a grant from the Discretionary Fund of the  
National Association of Teachers of Singing, Incorporated.

In questa tomba oscura (Gius. Carpani)

- Beethoven

In this dark tomb let me repose, Let these shadows always guard my peace, And not disturb my ashes with useless venom. Ungrateful, false heart....

Già il sole dal Gange - Scarlatti

Already the sun sparkles more clearly from above the Ganges And dries every drop bedewed by the dawn. With golden ray it bejewels every blade And the stars of the heavens painted in the meadow.

Il mio bel foco - Marcello

Recitative:

My beautiful fire, it matters not whether it is possible for us to be distant or close together; that fire is never to change: For you, dear eyes, it will burn eternally!

Aria:

This burning flame completely pleases me in my soul; it never shall extinguish itself. And if Fate should return me to you your lovely rays will be so like the sun no other light shall be able to shine.

Stille amare (*Tolomeo*) - Handel

Recitative:

Inhuman brother, cruel mother, Unjust Araspe, pitiless Elisa, Gods and furies of heaven, Inimical heaven, inexorable fate, Cruel destiny, all, all of you I invite To enjoy the spectacle of my death. But you, beloved spouse, do not weep, no, While I softly breathe; It will suffice if upon seeing my soul When it leaves my breast, You will emit a sigh.

Aria:

Bitter tears, I feel you already Within my breast, portending death, I feel you already soothing my suffering, Returning to solace me.

Ch'io mai vi possa (*Siroe*)- Handel

That I could ever Cease to love you! Do not believe. O dearest eyes, Not even in jest Will I deceive you. You were and are My love's flame And you will be, Dearest eyes, My true love So long as I live.

Die Forelle, Opus 32 (Schubart) -

Schubert

In a limpid brooklet, Merrily speeding, A playful trout Shot past like an arrow. I stood on the bank, Watching with happy ease The lively little fish Swimming in the clear brook.

A fisherman with his rod Was standing there on the bank, Cold-bloodedly watching The fish dart to and fro... "So long as the water remains clear",

I thought, "He will not Catch that trout With his rod".

But at last the thief Could wait no more. With guile he made the water muddy, And, ere I could guess it, His rod jerked, The fish was floundering on it, And my blood boiled As I saw the betrayed one.

Adelaide, Opus 46 (Matthisson) -

Beethoven

Lonely your friend wanders in the garden of spring blossoms, surrounded by the magical soft light that trembles through the moving blooming branches, Adelaide!

In the shimmering waves, in the snow of the Alps, in the golden clouds of sinking day, in the field of stars shines your image, Adelaide!

The evening breezes whisper through the soft leaves, silver May bells murmur it in the grass, waves roar it, and nightingales warble it:

Adelaide!

Some day, o miracle, upon my grave shall spring a flower from the ashes of my heart; clearly it shall shine on every purple leaf: Adelaide!

Allerseelen, Opus 10, No.8 (Hermann von Gilm) - Strauss

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 Souls' Day, Come to my heart that I again may have you, as long ago in May.

Heimliche Aufforderung, Opus 27, No 3 (John Henry Mackay) - Strauss

Come, lift the sparkling cup to your lips, and drink at the joyous feast to your heart's content. And, as you lift it, throw me a secret glance; Then will I smile and then drink as quietly as you ... And quietly, as I do, examine the crowd about us of intoxicated drinkers, do not look down upon them, no, lift the sparkling cup filled with wine, and let them enjoy their noisy feast. But after you've gaily dined and quenched your thirst, then leave the festive scene of riotous merrymakers, and stroll into the garden towards the rosebushes; There I will await you after the old custom, and will recline against your breast 'ere you know it, and drink your kisses, as in days of yore, and entwine in your hair the splendor of a rose; Oh, come, you wondrous, Longed-for night!

Zueignung, Opus 10, No.1 (Hermann von Gilm) - Strauss

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!

Tambourin - arr. Tiersot

Come into this grove beautiful Amintas without restraint, Come! It is for pleasure and for play. The murmuring of the water, the warbling of the birds, every calls us together. To choose this beautiful evening, to offer to Love a tender homage. Come into this grove beautiful Amintas without restraint, Come!

Les berceaux, Opus 23, No.1 (Sully Prudhomme) - Fauré

Amid the quays, the large ships, Rocked silently by the surge Do not heed the cradles Which the hands of the women rock, But the day of farewells will come, For the women are bound to weep, And the inquisitive men Must dare the horizons that lure them! And on that day the large ships, Fleeing from the vanishing port, Feel their bulk held back By the sound of the far away cradles.

Mandoline, Opus 58, No 1 (Paul Verlaine) - Fauré

The serenading swains And their lovely listeners Exchange insipid remarks Under the singing boughs. There is Tircis and there is Amintas, And the eternal Clitander, And there is Damis, who for many cruel ladies Fashions, many tender verses. Their short silken vests, Their long dresses with trains, Their elegance, their gaiety And their soft blue shadows Whirl madly in the ecstasy Of a moon rose and gray, And the mandolin chatters Amid the trembling of the breeze.

Chanson triste (Jean Lahor) - Duparc

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.

The Armor of God (L'Homme armée) (Ephesians 6:11-13 & Psalm 110:1) - McClain

Put on the full armor of God so that you can take your stand against the devil's schemes. For we wrestle not 'gainst flesh and blood, but the rulers, the authorities, the pow'rs of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heav'nly realms; 'gainst them we take our stand! Therefore put on the whole armor of God, so that when the day of evil comes, you may be able to stand. The Lord said unto my Lord; "Sit at My right hand, until I make your enemies a footstool for your feet." Put on the full armor of God...

Miniver Cheevy (E.A. Robinson) - Duke  
Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn, Grew lean while he assailed the seasons; He wept that he was ever born, And he had reasons. Miniver loved the days of old When swords were bright and steeds were prancing; The vision of a warrior bold – Would set him dancing. Miniver sighed for what was not, And dreamed, and rested from his labors; He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot, And Priam's neighbors. Miniver mourned the ripe renown that made so many a name so fragrant; He mourned Romance, now on the town, And Art, a vagrant. Miniver loved the Medici, Albeit he had never seen one; He would have sinned incessantly could he have been one. Miniver cursed the commonplace, And eyed a khaki suit with loathing; He missed the medieval grace of iron clothing. Miniver scorned the gold he sought, but sore annoyed was he without it; Miniver thought, and thought, and thought, and thought about it. Miniver Cheevy, born too late, scratched his head and kept on thinking; Miniver coughed, and called it fate, and kept on drinking. Ah—

Loveliest of Trees (A.E. Housman) -Duke

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now is hung with bloom along the bough, and stands about the woodland ride wearing white for Eastertide. Now, of my threescore years and ten, Twenty will not come again, And take from seventy springs a score, It only leaves me fifty more. And since to look at things in bloom Fifty springs are little room, about the woodlands I will go to see the cherry hung with snow.

None but the Lonely Heart, Opus 6,  
No.6 (J.W. Goethe) - Tchaikovsky  
None but the lonely heart can know my sadness;  
Alone, and parted far from joy and gladness.  
Heav'n's boundless arch I see spread out above  
me. Ah! what a distance dread to one who loves  
me! My senses fail, a burning fire devours me.  
None but the lonely heart can know my sadness.  
(translation: Arthur Westbrook)

Sure on this shining night, Opus 13, No.  
3 (James Agee) - Barber  
Sure on this shining night of starmade shadows  
round, Kindness must watch for me This side the  
ground. The late year lies down the north. All is  
healed, all is health. High summer holds the  
earth. Hearts all whole. Sure on this shining  
night I weep for wonder wand'ring far alone of  
shadows on the stars.

A Green Lowland of Pianos, Opus 45,  
No.2 (Jerzy Harasymowicz) - Barber  
In the evening as far as the eye can see herds of  
black pianos up to their knees in the mire they  
listen to the frogs They gurgle in water with  
chords of rapture they are entranced by froggish,  
moonish spontaneity after the vacation they cause  
scandals in a concert hall during the artistic  
milking suddenly they lie down like cows looking  
with indifference at the white flowers of the  
audience at the gesticulating of the ushers black  
pianos, black pianos.  
(Translation by Czeslaw Milosz)