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Harold Jones and Russell Hodges in a Faculty Recital

Harold Jones

Ouachita Baptist University

Russell Hodges

Ouachita Baptist University

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OUACHITA BAPTIST UNIVERSITY
School of Music

FACULTY RECITAL

Harold Jones, Baritone
Russell Hodges, Pianist

HALLELUYA	Yehudi Wyner (b. 1929)
QUIA FECIT MIHI MAGNA (Magnificat)	J. S. Bach (1685-1750)
NUN DU WIRST MEIN GEWISSEN STILLEN (Jesu, der du meine Seele)	J. S. Bach
SEE THE RAGING FLAMES ARISE (Joshua)	G. F. Handel (1685-1759)
SOUPIR	Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
CHANSON TRISTE	Henri Duparc
DORMIRO SOL NEL MANTO MIO REGAL (Don Carlo)	Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
AUF DEM WASSER ZU SINGEN	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
AUFENTHALT	Franz Schubert
VISION FUGITIVE (Herodiade)	Jules Massenet (1842-1912)

Intermission

SEVEN SONGS (The Pilgrim's Progress)	Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
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Watchful's Song
The Song of the Pilgrims
The Pilgrim's Song
The Song of the Leaves of Life and the Water of Life
The Song of Vanity Fair
The Woodcutter's Song
The Bird's Song

TRANSLATIONS

QUIA FECIT MIHI MAGNA

For he that is mighty hath magnified me.
Holy is His name.

NUN DU WIRST MEIN GEWISSEN STILLTEN

Now to my heart sweet peace is given, all fear and doubt I cast aside.
Thy faithfulness will be my surety, thy word will be my hope and guide.
If in the Lord thou trustest, no enemy can evermore out of His hands remove thee.

SOUPIR

Never to see nor to hear her,
Never to call out her name,
But, faithfully, always to wait for her,
Always to love her!
To open one's arms out, and tired of waiting,
To close them on the void!
But yet, always to hold them out to her,
Always to love her.
Ah! nothing left but to hold them out to her
And to exhaust oneself in tears,
Always to shed these tears,
Always to love her . . .
Never to see nor to hear her,
Never to call out her name
But with love, always more tender
Always to love her. Always!

CHANSON TRISTE

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.

ELLA GIAMMAI M'AMO

She never me-loved! No, that heart closed is to me;
love for me not she-has. I her see-again yet
(she has no love for me. I can still see her)
Contemplating, sad (in) (of) fact, (the) my hair white
the day that here from France she-came.
No, love for me not she-has.
Where am-I? Those candlesticks are-near to going-out!
The-dawn whitens (the) my balcony! Already breaks the day!
Pass I-see (the) my days slow(ly)!
(My days pass slowly!)

(The) sleep, O God, vanished from-(the) my eyes languid!

I-will-sleep only in-(the) mantle my royal
when (the) my day (is) (has) arrived (to) (at) evening,
I-will-sleep under the vault black, there,
in-the-tomb of-the-Escorial.

If (only) the crown royal to me gave the power
to read in-(the) hearts what God can only see!

If sleeps the prince, is-awake the traitor;
the crown loses the king, the consort the-honor!
(the king loses his crown, the husband his honor!)

AUF DEM WASSER ZU SINGEN

Amid the shimmer of the mirroring waves,
glides, like swans, the rocking boat;
ah, on the soft shimmering waves of joy
the soul glides away like the boat;
for down from the heavens upon the waves
the evening light dances around the boat.

Over the treetops of the grove to the west
the rosy gleam beckons us on;
under the branches of the grove to the east
the iris rustles in the rosy light.
Happiness of the heavens and quiet of the groves
the soul breathes in the blushing light.

Ah, time passes with dewy wings
for me on the rocking waves.
So tomorrow may time fade with its shimmering wings
again, as yesterday and today,
until, I ascending on higher shining wings,
myself shall yield to the changing time.

AUFENTHALT

Roaring torrent, blustering forest, towering rock, this is my home.
As wave follows wave, my tears flow ever renewed.
As high in their crests surging they swell, so ceaselessly my heart beats.
And like the rock's ageless ore, ever the same remains my grief.
Roaring torrent, blustering forest, towering rock, this is my home.

VISION FUGITIVE

This beverage could to me give such a dream!
I could her see again . . . Contemplate her beauty!
Divine delight to my glances promised!
(Divine delight promised to my gaze)
Hope too brief that comes to rock my heart
(Hope too brief that attempts to comfort my heart)
and trouble my senses. . .
Ah! don't fly away, sweet illusion!
Vision fugitive and always pursued,
(Ever pursued and fleeting vision)
Angel mysterious who takes all my life. . .
Ah! it is you whom I want to see,
Oh my love! oh my hope!
You to press in my arms!
(To hold you in my arms)
To feel beating your heart
(And feel your heart beat)
With a loving ardor!
Then, to die entwined
in the same intoxication,

For these passions, for this flame.
Ah! without remorse and without
complaint I would give my soul for you,
my love! my hope!