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Leslie Guinn in a Guest Artist Recital

Leslie Guinn

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Ouachita Baptist University

School of Music

Guest Artist

LESLIE GUINN

Baritone

William Trantham

Piano

October 2, 1980 7:00 P.M.

Mabee Fine Arts Center Recital Hall

Program

I. Henry Purcell (c. 1658-1695)

I'll Sail Upon The Dog Star

There's Not a Swain

Turn Then Thine Eyes

II. Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Du bist wie eine Blume (You Are Like a Flower)

You are like a flower, so sweet and fair and pure;
I gaze at you, and melancholy steals into my heart.
I feel as if I ought to lay my hands upon your head,
praying that God preserve you, so pure and fair and sweet. Heine

Talismane (Talisman)

God's is the east, God's the west; lands to north and south are all at rest in the peace of his hands. He, sole source of all justice, shows the right path to all men; of his hundred names let this name be praised with great praise. Amen; Error may lead me astray, yet thou canst show me my path plain; in all my deeds and words guide thou me aright. Goethe

Die Lotosblume (The Lotus-flower)

The lotus-flower fears the splendour of the sun,
and with bowed head, dreaming, awaits the night.
The moon is her lover, and wakes her with his light,
and to him she gladly unveils her innocent flower-like face.
She blooms and glows and gleams, gazing dumbly toward the sky;
she is fragrant, and weeps, and trembles with love and the pain of love. Heine

Widmung (Dedication)

You my soul, you my heart, you my bliss, you my pain;
you my world in which I live, my heaven you, to which I float,
O you my grave, into which my grief forever I've consigned.
You are repose, you are peace, you are bestowed on me from Heaven.
Your love for me gives me my worth, your eyes transfigure me in mine, lovingly you raise me above
myself, my good spirit, my better self! Rückert

III. Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Zigeunerlieder, Op. 103 (Gipsy Songs)

1. He, Zigeuner

Hey, strike up, gipsy!
Play the song of the faithless maid!
Make the string cry, complain--sad, fearful,
till a hot tear wets this cheek!

2. Hochgeturmt Rimaflut

Mountainous Rima waters, how you are muddy!
On the bank I stand, cry loud for you, my love!
Waves flee, waves pour, roar at me on the shore,
let me forever on Rima's bank weep for her!

3. Wisst ihr

Do you know when my love is loveliest?
When her sweet lips jest, laugh and kiss.
Mine you are, maiden, tenderly I kiss you,
for me alone sweet heaven made you!

Do you know when I like my lover best?
When he holds me with his arms about me.
Mine you are, my love, tenderly I kiss you,
for me alone sweet heaven made you!

4. Lieber Gott

Dear God, you know how often I have rued
that once I gave my love a tiny kiss.
My heart decreed that I must kiss him.
All my life I'll think of that first kiss.

Dear God, you know how often on still nights
I've thought in joy and pain of my beloved.
Love is sweet, though regret is bitter,
to him my poor heart remains ever true.

5. Brauner Bursche

A bronzed lad leads to dance his fair, blue-eyed lass, boldly clashes his spurs, the csardas begins;
he kisses and caresses his sweet dove, whirls her, guides her, shouts for joy, leaps; throws three
shining silver florins on the cymbalom, making it resound.

6. Röslein dreie

Three little roses in the row bloom so red,
no law against boy going to girl!
If, dear God, there were,
the fair wide world were long since done for.
Staying single would be a sin!

The fairest lowland town is Kecskeket,
where many maids are neat and nice!
Find yourselves a bride there, friends,
woo her, set up your home,
drain cups of joy.

7. Kommt dir manchmal

Do you sometimes recall, my sweet, what once you vowed to me with sacred oath?
Do not deceive me, do not forsake me, you do not know how much I love you; love me as I love you.
Then down on you God's grace will pour!

8. Rote Abendwolken

Red clouds of evening sail the sky longingly to you; my love, my heart burns, heaven shines in glowing
splendour, and day and night I dream of none but my sweet love.

Intermission

IV. Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Les Berceaux

Along 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 soul of the far away cradles.

Mandoline

The serenading swains
And their lovely listeners
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing boughs.
There is Tircis and there is Aminta,
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.

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

La-bas, vers l'église (Yonder, at the Church)

Yonder, at the church
At the church of Ayio Sidero,
The church, oh Blessed Virgin,
The church of Ayio Costandino,
Have come together,
Have assembled in great numbers
People, oh Blessed Virgin,
All of the bravest people!

Quel galant (What dandy can compare with me)

What dandy can compare with me,
Of all those passing by?
Won't you tell me, Vassiliki?
Look at pistols and a sharp saber
Hanging on my belt ...
And 'tis you I love!

Tout gai! (Very merrily!)

Very merrily,
Ah, very merrily,
Beautiful legs, tireli, dancing,
Beautiful legs, even the dishes dancing,
Tra la-la-la-la.

V. Charles Ives (1874-1954)

In the Alley

Memories: A. Very Pleasant
B. Rather Sad

Two Little Flowers

Charlie Rutlage

VI. Aaron Copland (b. 1900)

At the River

The Dodger

Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

Gentle Annie

There Are Plenty of Fish

I'm Nothing but a Plain Old Soldier