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### Jay Wilkey in a Guest Artist Recital

Jay Wilkey

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# **Quachita Baptist University**

**School of Music**

**Guest Artist Recital**

**Jay Wilkey, Baritone**

**Rebecca Jane Jones, Pianist**

**October 23, 1980**

**7:00 p.m.**

**Mabee Fine Arts Center Recital Hall**

PROGRAM

"Verdi prati" (ALCINA, 1735) . . . George Frederick Handel  
(1685 - 1759)

EARTH AND AIR AND RAIN (1936). . . . . Gerald Finzi  
(1901 - 56)

*Summer Schemes*  
*When I set out for Lyonesse*  
*Waiting Both*  
*The Phantom*  
*So I have fared*  
*Rollicum - Rorum*  
*To Lizbie Browne*  
*The Clock of the Years*  
*In a Churchyard*  
*Proud Songsters*

INTERVAL

FIVE SONGS . . . . . Henri Duparc  
(1843 - 1933)

*L'Invitation au Voyage* (1870)  
*Phidylé* (1882)  
*Soupir* (1868)  
*La Vague et la Cloche* (1871)  
*La Vie Anterieure* (1884)

## "Verdi Prati"

Alcina was composed during the fateful first season (1734-35) of the Covent Garden Opera Company. In this opera, based on a fairy tale by Ariosto, the hapless Ruggiero is entranced by the beautiful sorceress, Alcina. In this aria he bids farewell to the enchanted garden, which will lose its beauty, but to which all will return.

Verdi prati, selve amene,  
Perderete la beltà.  
Vaghi fior, correnti rivi,  
La vaghezza, la bellezza  
Presto in voi si cangerà.  
E cangiato il vago oggetto  
All'orror del primo aspetto  
Tutto in voi ritornerà.

*Green meadows, lovely woods,  
You will lose your beauty,  
Pretty flowers, rapid brooks,  
Your charm and beauty  
Will soon change.  
The beautiful object has changed,  
To the dismay of the first glance,  
Then everything will return in you.*

## Earth and Air and Rain

Gerald Finzi has been called the "musical poet par excellence" and compared to Dowland and Britten for his skill in setting the English language. Known primarily for his some 75 songs, Finzi, like Richard Strauss, represents a twentieth-century extension of Romanticism. Again like Strauss, his fastidious craftsmanship, enlivened by honestly shared feelings, save his composition from academicism or sentimentality. By far, his favorite poet was Thomas Hardy.

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928) was a poet, who turned to the novel (1873) in order to gain fame and fortune and then (1898) returned to poetry for the remainder of his life. Culturally Hardy was influenced by the prevalent materialistic and deterministic theories of Darwin's century, which saw man as subject to forces he could neither understand nor control. Though raised in a Christian environment, he became a naturalist and wrote forceful studies of life in which his characters are continually defeated in their struggle against their physical and social environment, against their own impulses, and against the malevolent caprices of chance.

One of the most interesting and (I think) insightful approaches to the study of Hardy's work is to view it in the light of his two "loves." First, there was his youthful, passionate love for Tryphena Sparks, which resulted in two tragedies: the suicide of Horace Moule, Hardy's friend and mentor, who also loved Tryphena, and the resultant separation of Thomas and Tryphena (who would have been the innocent victims of incest, as she was apparently the illegitimate daughter of Hardy's sister). They both very quickly entered into passionless, but convenient marriages and never saw each other again. Yet Hardy continued to send her "coded messages" in his novels and poetry all his life; the evidence is overwhelming that she read his works avidly and understood them well!

Secondly, there was his love (agape, but no eros) for Emma Gifford, who after her death in 1912 inspired him to write many remorseful poems. These two themes -- an unconsummated, but ever present love, and the remorseful memory of a loved one not fully appreciated in life -- permeate his poetry.

Finzi selected the ten poems from Collected Poems (1931) and arranged them in the particular order. The title comes from the final line of the last song, projecting a theme of hopefulness in the face of human helplessness.

\* \* \* \* \*

The first four songs express four kinds of hope: the hope of regenerating nature, the hope of travel and new experiences, the hope of space and eternity, and the hope of a persistent, happy memory.

## SUMMER SCHEMES.

When friendly summer calls again,  
 Calls again  
 Her little fifers to these hills,  
 We'll go—we two—to that arched fane  
 Of leafage where they prime their bills  
 Before they start to flood the plain  
 With quavers, minims, shakes, and trills.  
 "—We'll go," I sing; but who shall say  
 What may not chance before that day!

And we shall see the waters spring,  
 Waters spring  
 From chinks the scrubby copses crown;  
 And we shall trace their oncreeping  
 To where the cascade tumbles down  
 And sends the bobbing growths aswing,  
 And ferns not quite but almost drown.  
 "—We shall," I say; but who may sing  
 Of what another moon will bring!

*Thomas Hardy.*

## "WHEN I SET OUT FOR LYONNESSE."

When I set out for Lyonesse,  
 A hundred miles away,  
 The rime was on the spray,  
 And starlight lit my lonesomeness  
 When I set out for Lyonesse  
 A hundred miles away.

What would bechance at Lyonesse  
 While I should sojourn there  
 No prophet durst declare,  
 Nor did the wisest wizard guess  
 What would bechance at Lyonesse  
 While I should sojourn there.

When I came back from Lyonesse  
 With magic in my eyes,  
 All marked with mute surmise  
 My radiance rare and fathomless,  
 When I came back from Lyonesse  
 With magic in my eyes!

*Thomas Hardy.*

## WAITING BOTH.

A star looks down at me,  
 And says: "Here I and you  
 Stand, each in our degree:  
 What do you mean to do,—  
 Mean to do?"

I say: "For all I know,  
 Wait, and let Time go by,  
 Till my change come."—"Just so,"  
 The star says: "So mean I:—  
 So mean I."

*Thomas Hardy.*

## THE PHANTOM.

Queer are the ways of a man I know:  
 He comes and stands  
 In a careworn craze,  
 And looks at the sands  
 And the seaward haze  
 With moveless hands  
 And face and gaze,  
 Then turns to go . . .  
 And what does he see when he gazes so?

They say he sees as an instant thing  
 More clear than to-day,  
 A sweet soft scene  
 That once was in play  
 By that briny green;  
 Yes, notes alway  
 Warm, real, and keen,  
 What his back years bring—  
 A phantom of his own figuring.

Of this vision of his they might say more:  
 Not only there  
 Does he see this sight,  
 But everywhere  
 In his brain—day, night,  
 As if on the air  
 It were drawn rose bright—  
 Yea, far from that shore  
 Does he carry this vision of heretofore:

A ghost-girl-rider. And though, toil-tried,  
 He withers daily,  
 Time touches her not,  
 But she still rides gaily  
 In his rapt thought  
 On that shagged and shaly  
 Atlantic spot,  
 And as when first eyed  
 Draws rein and sings to the swing of the tide.

The next three songs express three ironies of life: the self-doubt of the apparently successful artist, the observation that very few fulfill their promise, and the pleasure/pain of unrequited love. (Concerning the latter, the modern American will readily recognize the "classic case" of Charlie Brown and the little red-haired girl. "Lizbie Browne" is undoubtedly a disguised message to Tryphena Sparks Gale.)

5.

### SO I HAVE FARED.

(After reading Psalms XXXIX, XL, etc.)

Simple was I and was young ;  
Kept no gallant tryst, I ;  
Even from good words held my tongue,  
*Quoniam Tu fecisti !* (For Thou hast made me !)

Through my youth I stirred me not,  
High adventure missed I,  
Left the shining shrines unsought ;  
Yet—*me deduxisti !* (Thou hast led me !)

At my start by Helicon  
Love-lore little wist I,  
Worldly less ; but footed on ;  
Why ? *Me suscepisti !* (Thou hast accepted  
me !)

When I failed at fervid rhymes,  
" Shall," I said, " persist I ? "  
" *Dies* " (I would add at times) (Days . . .  
" *Meos posuisti !* " mine Thou hast  
arranged !)

So I have fared through many suns ;  
Sadly little grist I  
Bring my mill, or any one's,  
*Domine, Tu scisti !* (Lord, Thou hast known  
me !)

And at dead of night I call :  
" Though to prophets list I,  
Which hath understood at all ?  
Yea : *Quem elegisti ?* " (Whom hast Thou  
chosen ?)

Thomas Hardy.

## ROLLICUM-RORUM.

When Lawyers strive to heal a breach,  
 And Parsons practise what they preach ;  
 Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,  
 And march his men on London town !  
     Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,  
     Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay !

When Justices hold equal scales,  
 And Rogues are only found in jails ;  
 Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,  
 And march his men on London town !  
     Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,  
     Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay !

When Rich Men find their wealth a curse,  
 And fill therewith the Poor Man's purse ;  
 Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,  
 And march his men on London town !  
     Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,  
     Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay !

When Husbands with their Wives agree,  
 And Maids won't wed from modesty ,  
 Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,  
 And march his men on London town !  
     Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,  
     Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay !

*Thomas Hardy.*

## TO LIZBIE BROWNE

Dear Lizbie Browne,  
 Where are you now ?  
 In sun, in rain ?—  
 Or is your brow  
 Past joy, past pain,  
 Dear Lizbie Browne ?

Sweet Lizbie Browne,  
 How you could smile,  
 How you could sing !—  
 How archly wile  
 In glance-giving,  
 Sweet Lizbie Browne !

And, Lizbie Browne,  
 Who else had hair  
 Bay-red as yours,  
 Or flesh so fair  
 Bred out of doors,  
 Sweet Lizbie Browne ?

When, Lizbie Browne,  
 You had just begun  
 To be endeared  
 By stealth to one,  
 You disappeared  
 My Lizbie Browne !

Ay, Lizbie Browne,  
 So swift your life,  
 And mine so slow,  
 You were a wife  
 Ere I could show  
 Love, Lizbie Browne.

Still, Lizbie Browne,  
 You won, they said,  
 The best of men  
 When you were wed  
 Where went you then,  
 O Lizbie Browne ?

Dear Lizbie Browne,  
 I should have thought,  
 " Girls ripen fast,"  
 And coaxed and caught  
 You ere you passed,  
 Dear Lizbie Browne !

But, Lizbie Browne,  
 I let you slip ;  
 Shaped not a sign ;  
 Touched never your lip  
 With lip of mine,  
 Lost Lizbie Browne !

So, Lizbie Browne,  
 When on a day  
 Men speak of me  
 As not, you'll say,  
 " And who was he ?"—  
 Yes, Lizbie Browne !

*Thomas Hardy.*

The final three songs deal with death and regeneration. The first is a science fiction fantasy which demonstrates that death is better than its opposite. The second praises the peace of death, and the final returns to the hope of "Summer Schemes," the rebirth of life in nature.

8.

THE CLOCK OF THE YEARS.

" A spirit passed before my face ; the hair of my flesh stood up."

And the Spirit said,  
" I can make the clock of the years go backward,  
But am loth to stop it where you will."

And I cried, " Agreed  
To that. Proceed :  
It's better than dead ! "

He answered, " Peace ; "  
And called her up—as last before me ;  
Then younger, younger she grew, to the year  
I first had known  
Her woman-grown,  
And I cried, " Cease !—

" Thus far is good—  
It is enough—let her stay thus always ! "  
But alas for me—He shook his head :  
No stop was there ;  
And she waned child-fair,  
And to babyhood.

Still less in mien  
To my great sorrow became she slowly,  
And smalled till she was nought at all  
In his checkless griff ;  
And it was as if  
She had never been.

" Better," I plained,  
" She were dead as before ! The memory of her  
Had lived in me ; but it cannot now ! "  
And coldly his voice :  
" It was your choice  
To mar the ordained "

*Thomas Hardy.*



9.

IN A CHURCHYARD.  
(Song of the Yew Tree)

" It is sad that so many of worth,  
Still in the flesh," soughed the yew,  
" Misjudge their lot whom kindly earth  
Secudes from view.

" They ride their diurnal round  
Each day-span's sum of hours  
In peerless ease, without jolt or bound  
Or ache like ours.

" If the living could but hear  
What is heard by my roots as they creep  
Round the restful flock, and the things said there,  
No one would weep."

" ' Now set among the wise,'  
They say : ' Enlarged in scope,  
That no God trumpet us to rise  
We truly hope.' "

I listened to his strange tale  
In the mood that stillness brings,  
And I grew to accept as the day wore pale  
That view of things.

*Thomas Hardy.*

10.

PROUD SONGSTERS.

The thrushes sing as the sun is going,  
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,  
And as it gets dark loud nightingales  
In bushes  
Pipe, as they can when April wears,  
As if all Time were theirs.

These are brand-new birds of twelve-months' growing,  
Which a year ago, or less than twain,  
No finches were, nor nightingales,  
Nor thrushes,  
But only particles of grain,  
And earth, and air, and rain.

*Thomas Hardy.*

Henri Duparc

Duparc surely holds the record of earning the most reputation out of the least published works. (His most serious rival would perhaps be Anton von Webern -- in terms of minutes of music.) Duparc's reputation really rests on 14 songs, though he also published one piano and two orchestral suites.

Duparc's songs tend to be conceived on a broad scale and to be orchestral in scope. In size and intent they anticipate the grand songs of Gustav Mahler. The heartfelt emotions, projected with skilled craftsmanship (Franck proclaimed Duparc his best student), motivated by hope in spite of a recognized grim reality, also anticipate the message of Mahler -- both composers being significantly stimulated by Wagner in their youth.

The five songs on tonight's recital have been chosen and arranged to follow the life cycle of an imaginary hero. In the first song our hero invites his beloved to go with him to a land of order, beauty, luxuriousness, calm, and voluptuousness. Note the tenderness of their relationship; he addresses her as "my child, my sister."

L'INVITATION AU VOYAGE (1870) - Charles Baudelaire

Mon enfant, ma sœur,  
Songe à la douceur  
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!  
Aimer à loisir,  
Aimer et mourir  
Au pays qui te ressemble!  
Les soleils mouillés  
De ces ciels brouillés  
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes  
Si mystérieux  
De tes traites yeux.  
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.  
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté.  
Vois sur ces canaux  
Dormir ces vaisseaux  
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;  
C'est pour assouvir  
Ton moindre désir  
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.  
Les soleils couchants  
Revêtent les champs,  
Les canaux, la ville entière,  
D'hyacinthe et d'or;  
Le monde s'endort  
Dans une chaude lumière.  
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté.

INVITATION TO A JOURNEY

My child, my sister,  
dream of the sweetness  
of going yonder to live together!  
To love at leisure,  
to love and to die  
in a country that resembles you!  
The humid suns  
of these hazy skies  
have for my spirit the charm  
so mysterious  
of your betraying eyes  
shining through their tears.

There, all is order and beauty,  
luxuriousness, calm and sensuous  
delight.

See on these canals  
these sleeping ships  
whose nature is to roam;  
it is to fulfil  
your least desire  
that they come from the ends of the  
earth.

The setting suns  
invest the fields,  
the canals, the whole town,  
with hyacinth and gold;  
the world falls asleep  
in a warm light!

There, all is order and beauty,  
luxuriousness, calm and sensuous  
delight.

The lovers are resting on the mossy bank. He could kiss her in her sleep, but he does not. He prefers to wait for her wakeful, ardent kiss.

PHIDYLÉ (1882) · Charles Leconte de Lisle  
L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais peupliers,  
Aux pentes des sources moussues  
Qui dans les prés en fleurs germant par mille issues,  
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.  
Repose, ô Phidylé, midi sur les feuillages  
Rayonne et t'invite au sommeil.  
Par le trèfle et le thym seules, en plein soleil,  
Changent les abeilles volages:  
Un chaud parfum circule au détour des sentiers,  
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,  
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,  
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.  
Mais quand l'Astre incliné sur sa courbe éclatante,  
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,  
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur baiser  
Me récompensent de l'attente!

#### PHIDYLÉ

The grass is soft for sleeping under  
the fresh poplars,  
on the slopes by the mossy springs,  
which in the flowery meadows arise  
in a thousand rills,  
to be lost under dark thickets.

Rest, O Phidylé! the midday sun on  
the leaves  
is shining and invites you to sleep!  
In the clover and the thyme, alone,  
in full sunlight  
the hovering bees are humming;

a warm fragrance haunts the winding  
paths,  
the red poppy of the cornfield droops,  
and the birds, skimming the hill on  
the wing,  
seek the shade of the sweet briar.

But when the sun, sinking lower on  
its resplendent orbit,  
finds its fire abated,  
let your loveliest smile and your most  
ardent kiss  
reward me for my waiting!

The lovers are separated, apparently not by death as he is not allowed to say her name; yet he faithfully waits for her.

SOUPIR (1869) · Sully Prudhomme

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre  
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,  
Mais fidèle, toujours l'attendre,  
Toujours l'aimer.

Ouvrir les bras et las d'attendre.  
Sur le néant les refermer,  
Mais encore, toujours les lui tendre  
Toujours l'aimer . . .

Ah! ne pouvoir que les lui tendre,  
Et dans les pleurs se consumer.  
Mais ces pleurs toujours les répandre,  
Toujours l'aimer . . .

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre.  
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,  
Mais d'un amour toujours plus tendre  
Toujours l'aimer.

SIGH

Never to see or hear her,  
never to speak her name aloud,  
but, faithful, ever to wait for her,  
ever to love her.

To open my arms, and weary of  
waiting,  
to close them on a void!  
Yet still, always to stretch them  
towards her,  
ever to love her.

Ah! to be able only to stretch them  
towards her  
and to be consumed in tears,  
yet ever to shed these tears,  
ever to love her.

Never to see or hear her,  
never to speak her name aloud,  
but with a love always more tender,  
ever to love her.

Carrying on without his beloved, our hero has two dreams: one of rowing in the sea, but never reaching the shore; the other, swinging unceasingly on the pendulum of a mighty bell. Both dreams point toward the apparent meaninglessness of life.

LA VAGUE ET LA CLOCHE (1871) · François Coppée

Une fois, terrassé par un puissant breuvage,  
J'ai rêvé que parmi les vagues et le bruit  
De la mer je voguais sans fanal dans la nuit,  
Morne rameur, n'ayant plus l'espoir du rivage . . .  
L'Océan me crachait ses baves sur le front,  
Et le vent me glaçait d'horreur jusqu'aux entrailles,  
Les vagues s'écroulaient ainsi que des murailles  
Avec ce rythme lent qu'un silence interrompt . . .  
Puis, tout changea . . . la mer et sa noire mêlée  
Sombrèrent . . . sous mes pieds s'effondra le plancher  
De la barque . . . Et j'étais seul dans un vieux clocher,  
Chevauchant avec rage une cloche ébranlée.  
J'étreignais la criarde opiniâtement,  
Convulsif et fermant dans l'effort mes paupières,  
Le grondement faisait trembler les vieilles pierres,  
Tant j'activais sans fin le lourd balancement.  
Pourquoi n'as-tu pas dit, o rêve, où Dieu nous mène? . . .  
Pourquoi n'as-tu pas dit s'ils ne finiraient pas  
L'inutile travail et l'éternel fracas  
Dont est faite la vie, hélas, la vie humaine!

THE WAVE AND THE BELL

Once, laid low by a potent drink

I dreamed that amid the waves and  
the roar

of the sea, I rowed without a ship's  
lantern in the night,  
mournful oarsman, with no more  
hope of reaching the shore.

The ocean spat its foam on my brow,

and the wind froze me to the entrails  
with horror.

The waves crashed down like walls

with that slow rhythm punctuated  
with silence.

Then all changed. The sea and its  
dark conflict  
sank down. Under my feet the  
bottom

of the boat gave way.

And I was alone in an old belfry,  
riding furiously on a ringing bell.

I stubbornly gripped the clangorous  
thing,  
violently and closing my eyes with  
the effort,  
the booming made the old stones  
tremble,  
so unceasingly did I activate the heavy  
swinging.

Why did you not say, O dream,  
where God is leading us?  
Why did you not say if there is to be  
no end  
to the useless toil and the eternal  
strife  
of which, alas, human life is made!

Finally, our hero finds some degree of comfort in reliving his earlier life (or his dream of voluptuous calmness), which has become even sweeter in his memory. Nevertheless, his true comfort comes in contemplating his sorrowful secret -- the separation from his child, his sister, his Phidyle?

LA VIE ANTÉRIEURE (1884) · Charles Baudelaire

J'ai longtemps habité sous de vastes portiques  
Que les soleils marins teignaient de mille feux,  
Et que leurs grands piliers, droits et majestueux,  
Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux grottes basaltiques.

Les houles, en roulant les images des cieux,  
Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et mystique  
Les tout-puissants accords de leur riche musique  
Aux couleurs du couchant reflété par mes yeux.  
C'est là que j'ai vécu dans les voluptés calmes,  
Au milieu de l'azur, des vagues, des splendeurs  
Et des esclaves nus, tout imprégnés d'odeurs,  
Qui me rafraichissaient le front avec des palmes,  
Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir  
Le secret douloureux qui me faisait languir.

THE FORMER LIFE

For a long time I dwelt beneath vast  
porticoes  
coloured by the marine suns with a  
thousand fires,  
whose great columns, straight and  
majestic,  
resembled, at evening, basaltic  
grottoes.

The surging waves, rolling the  
mirrored skies,  
mingled in a solemn and mystical  
way  
the mighty harmonies of their  
sonorous music  
with the colours of the sunset  
reflected in my eyes.

It is there that I lived in the calm  
delight of the senses,  
surrounded by the azure skies, the  
waves, the splendours,  
and the naked slaves, imbued with  
fragrant essences,

who cooled my brow with waving  
palms,  
and whose sole care was to deepen

the sorrowful secret that made me  
languish.