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11-28-1988

### Rod Mays in a Senior Recital

Rod Mays

*Ouachita Baptist University*

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*Ouachita Baptist University*

**SCHOOL OF MUSIC**

presents

**ROD MAYS**

IN

**Senior Recital**

Susan Crosby, Piano  
Russell Hodges, Organ  
Tony Hutchins, Trombone  
Rob Potts, Trombone  
Cheryl Smith, Trombone  
Candace Meredith, Trombone

November 28, 1988

Mabee Fine Arts Recital Hall

7:00 P.M.

## I

Rise, Mighty Monarch

John Blow  
(1649-1708)

**Symphoniae Sacrae**

Heinrich Schütz  
(1585-1672)

Attendite popule meus

## II

Der Wanderer

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

**Die Entführung aus dem Serail**

W. A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Solche hergelauf'ne Laffen

L'Heure exquise

Poldowski  
(1880-1932)

## III

Two songs on texts of E. A. Robinson

Richard Cory

John Duke  
(1899-1984)

Miniver Cheevy

(A satire in the form of variations)

## Attendite, popule meus

O my people, here my teaching;  
listen to the words of my mouth.  
I will open my mouth in parables,  
I will utter hidden things, things from of old--  
what we have heard and known,  
what our fathers have told us.

Psalm 78:13 (NIV)

## Der Wanderer

I come from the mountains;  
the valley steams, the sea roars.  
I wander in silence, with little joy,  
and my sighs constantly ask: "Where?"

The sun seems so cold here,  
the flowers seem faded, life old,  
what people say, nothing but empty sound.  
Everywhere I am a stranger.

Where are you, land that I love?  
Land sought, land dreamed of, but never found?  
Land so green with hope,  
Land where my roses bloom?

Land where my friends roam,  
where my dead come to life,  
where my language is spoken--  
where are you?

I wander in silence, with little joy,  
and my sighs constantly ask: "Where?"  
A ghostly whisper returns the answer:  
"Where you are not -- there is happiness."

## **Solche hergelauf'ne Laffen**

Such coxcombs who come running here,  
Just to gape at the women,  
By the devil, I like them not,  
For all that they do is with one object:  
To make use of us.  
But no such person deceives me.  
Your cunning, your tricks,  
Your ruses, your pranks,  
Are well-known to me.  
To get the better of me,  
You will have to rise betimes,  
I am no fool.  
Therefore, by the beard of the prophet!  
I shall cogitate, day and night,  
Never resting, until I see you killed,  
No matter how you guard yourself.

## **L'Heure exquise**

The white moon shines in the forest,  
From every branch comes forth a voice,  
Under the foliage,  
Oh beloved!  
The pond reflects, a deep mirror,  
The silhouette of the dark willow,  
Where the wind is weeping.  
Let us dream, this is the hour!  
A vast and tender calm  
Seems to descend from the firmament,  
Which the orb clads in rainbow colors;  
This is the exquisite hour.

## Ushers

Paul Reed

Kelley Shanks

Mr. Mays is the student of Dr. Thomas W. Bolton, and his recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Bachelor of Music Education in Choral Music.

You are cordially invited to a reception in the Gallery following the performance.