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### Roger Margason in a Senior Voice Recital

Roger Margason

*Ouachita Baptist University*

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**OUACHITA BAPTIST  
UNIVERSITY  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC**

**PRESENTS**

**ROGER MARGASON, baritone**

assisted by

**KAREN SHANK, piano**

in a

**SENIOR RECITAL**

**8:00 P.M.**

**MITCHELL AUDITORIUM**

**NOVEMBER 9, 1971**

## PROGRAM

### I

Hark, How All Things in  
One Sound Rejoice

Henry Purcell

### II

Recitative: I rage, I melt, I burn  
Aria: O ruddier than the cherry  
From "Acis and Galatea" (1720)

G. F. Handel

### III

Avant de quitter ces lieux

Charles Gounod

### Even Bravest Heart May Swell

Even bravest heart may swell  
In the moment of farewell,  
Loving smile of sister kind,  
Quiet home I leave behind,  
Oft shall I think of you,  
Whene'er I pace ny nightly round,  
While alone my watch I keep,  
And my comrades lie asleep  
Among their arms upon the tented battle ground.  
But when danger to glory shall call me,  
I still will be first, will be first in the fray,  
As blithe as a knight in his bridal array,  
As a knight in his bridal array,  
Careless what fate may befall me,  
Careless what fate may befall me,  
When Glory shall call me.  
Yet the bravest heart may swell  
In the moment of farewell,  
Loving smile of sister kind,  
Quiet home I leave behind,  
Oft shall I sadly think of you when far away, far away.

### IV

Verborgtheit

Hugo Wolf

### Secrecy

Peace, O World, O grant me peace!  
Lure me not with love's sweet bounties.  
Lef my heart, untrammeled, cherish all its rapture, all its pain!  
Ah, I know not why I grieve,  
'Tis an unknown, poignant sadness.  
Ev'ry dawn, through tears that blind me, I behold the light of day.  
Oft I feel my senses wane, then a ray of hope enthalls me,  
Through the darkness, closely holds me.  
Joy divine then fills my breast.  
Peace, O World, O grant me peace!  
Lure me not with love's sweet bounties.  
Lef my heart, untrammeled, cherish all its rapture, all its pain!

## Auf dem grünen Balcon

### From her Balcony Green

From her balcony green my maiden peeps at me who waits below.  
With her eyes she coyly beckons, but her finger always says: "No!"  
Luck so seldom aids young lovers when they seek a new adventure.  
I myself, I dared to venture, but here also doubts assail me.  
First, she flatters, then she quarrels, when I pass beneath her window.  
Always, as one knows with maidens, they must mix their joy with woe.  
With her eyes she coyly beckons, but her finger always says: "No!"  
How, alas, can I endure it, all her coldness, all my fire, and her love my one  
desire!

But, I fear, we'll ne'er be mated. As a lover, I seem fated,  
For this cold and charming beauty, she has never once embraced me.  
She's bewitched me, this I know.  
With her eyes, she coyly beckons, but her finger always says: "No!"

## V

### Hermit Songs

Samuel Barber

#### At Saint Patrick's Purgatory

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!  
O King of the churches and the bells-bewailing your sores-and your wounds,-But  
not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!  
Not moisten an eye-after so much sin! Pity me, O King!  
What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?  
O only begotten Son by whom all men were made who shunned not the death by  
three wounds,  
Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg-and I with a heart not softer than a stone!

#### Church Bell at Night

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,  
I would liefer keep tryst with thee, than be with a light and foolish woman.

#### The Crucifixion

At the cry of the first bird they began to crucify Thee, O Swan!  
Never shall lament cease because of that.  
It was like the parting of day from night.  
Ah, sore was the suff'ring borne by the body of Mary's Son,  
But sorer still to Him was the grief which for His sake came upon His Mother.

#### The Monk and His Cat

Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are-alone together, Scholar and cat.  
Each has his own work to do daily;  
For you it is hunting, for me study.  
Your shining eye watches the wall; my feeble eye is fixed on a book.  
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse; I rejoice when my mind fathoms a  
problem.  
Pleased with his own art, neither hinders the other;  
Thus we live ever-without tedium and envy.  
Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are alone together, Scholar and cat.  
Pangur, white Pangur, How happy we are.

#### The Desire for Hermitage

Ah! to be all alone in a little cell with nobody near me;  
Beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to Death.  
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;  
Feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.  
That will be an end to evil when I am alone in a lovely little corner-among tombs,  
far from the houses of the great.  
Ah! to be all alone in a little cell, to be alone, all alone,  
Alone I came into the world, alone I shall go from it.

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a bachelor of music education degree.

Mr. Margason was a student of Mr. David Scott and has studied with Mr. Jimmy Tompkins the past three years.

## USHERS

Randy Woodfield

Phil Hardin