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Norman Coad in a Senior Voice Recital

Norman Coad

Ouachita Baptist University

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Ouachita Baptist College
Division of Fine Arts

presents

Norman Coad

Baritone

PUPIL OF DAVID SCOTT

in

Senior Recital

Rosemary Langley at the Piano



MITCHELL HALL AUDITORIUM

Thursday, May 2, 1963

at 8 P. M.

I

Recit: Behold, I Tell You A Mystery

Air: The Trumpet Shall Sound Handel
(The Messiah)

Air: Has a Father with his Children Bach
(The Coffee Cantata)

II

Der Kuss (The Kiss) Beethoven

One day with Chloe left alone, to kiss her I must try,
she vow'd that she aloud would cry. My pains I'd
fruitless own, quite fruitless own. I kiss'd her
though, when still I tried, in spite of all gainsay.
And scream'd she not? O yes, she cried, she cried;
but after long delay!

Meine Liebe ist Grun (My Love is Young) Brahms

My love is young, like the lilac bush, and my love is
beautiful, like the sun. She shines on the lilac bush
and fills it with fragrance and with bliss.
My soul soars like a nightingale and nests in the
blooming lilac, and exults and sings—intoxicated by
fragrance—love-filled songs, many love-filled songs.

Botschaft (Message) Brahms

Blow wind, gentle and lovely around the cheeks of
the beloved play delicately in her locks, hasten not to
flee away. Does she then perhaps wonder about me
a poor creature? Speak, speak, "Endless was his
grief, his condition most serious. But now he can
hope, to recover gloriously." For you, dear one,
think on him.

Allerseelen (All Souls Day) Strauss

Sweet mignonnette with leaflets interlacing, the last
red asters bring to me today, and let my thots, Love's
olden way retracing, bring dreams of May. Once
more thy hand in mine, with passion thrilling, to all
the world our secret doth betray, again thy sweet
glance all my soul is filling, with dreams of May.
There blooms today on ev'ry grave a flower, spirits
beloved from bondage flee away, so, to my heart, I
clasp thee for an hour with dreams of May.

III

Romance

Debussy

Soul of lightest breath; softly sailing, soul so gentle, perfume exhaling of lily fair, the precious dower of thy dear thought, a garden gay, ah, whither is it borne away, this soul so divine of a flower? Is it the perfume that remaineth, that heav'nly sweetness yet retaineth of days when thou my heart didst hold, as in celestial influence lying, of rosy hope, of love undying, of supreme delight, peace untold?

Te Souviens-Tu? (Remembrance)

Godard

Dost thou recall thy wistful promise, dost thou recall the happy past? Dost thou recall our thrilling rapture, when in my arms I held thee fast? Oh, guard me well thy heart's affection; in bitter want I need thy love!

La Cloche (The Bell)

Saint-Saens

Lone in thy darkling tower with summit crenelate, whence thy deep voice descends O'er the roofs which vibrate, Oh! bell hung far above, a soul is near to thee, who doth often itself give a sad solemn cry, and doth mourn in its love as thou dost in the sky!

Vision Fugitive

Massenet

(Herodiade)

'Tis a draught which perchance such a dream, might give to me! I could see her again, feast my eyes at such sight, divinely glad delight, long promised to my glances! Vision fair, fleeting art thou while I follow ever, angel who dost my life from all earthly bonds sever, ah! 'tis thou whom I'd fain see my love, my faith goes out to thee.

IV

The Unforeseen

Cyril Scott

I Hear an Army

Samuel Barber

A Piper

Michael Head

God's World

Jacques Wolfe

Ushers:

JERRY THOMPSON

HERSHEL SOUTH