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2-11-2000

# Jeremy R. Bishop in a Senior Baritone Recital

Jeremy R. Bishop Ouachita Baptist University

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# Ouachita Baptist University The Bernice Young Jones School of Fine Arts Division of Music

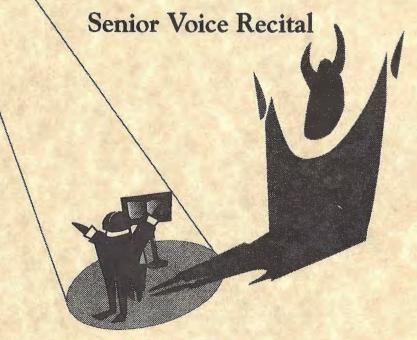
presents

• Jeremy R. Bishop • baritone

and

Lowella Cherry piano

in a



Friday, February 11, 2000 11:00 AM W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall

## Program

## Messa di Requiem Confutatis

Guiseppe Verda (1813-1901)

Repressed, confused, judged to pass through flames, Call me with the blessed. Humbly pleading on my knees, My heart's contrition, like ashes, bears the anxiety of my end.

## Les Nuits d'été

Villanelle

Hector Berlin (1803-1869)

When the new season comes, when the cold has vanished. we shall go together, my fair one, to gather the lilies of the valley in the woods. Our feet scattering the pearls of dew that are seen trembling at morn, we shall go to hear the blackbirds warbling. The spring has come, my fair one, it is the month blessed by lovers; and the bird preening its wing sings a refrain on the edge of the nest. Oh! Come then to this mossy bank to talk of the delights of our love, and say to me in your sweet voice, forever! Far, very far, straying from our paths, let us put to flight the hidden rabbit, and the deer, in the mirror of the springs, admiring its great bending antlers; then towards home, quite happy, quite contented, with interlaced fingers for baskets, let us return bringing the strawberries from the woods.

## Die Nacht

Richard Strass (1864-19-3

Out of the forest comes the night,
Quietly she moves in from behind the trees;
She oversees all around her, ----Beware now!
All the lights of the world, All the flowers, all the colors, she extinguished. She steals the sheaves from the fields;
She takes everything that is lovely, Steals the silver from the streams,
From the copper dome of the cathedral She takes away its gold.
The spray of flowers stand plundered, Draw closer, soul to soul;
Oh, I am afraid the night will steal You, too, from me.

# Das Erlkönig

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Who rides so late through night and wind? It is a father with his child; He has the boy there in his arms, He clasps him safely, and holds him warm. My son, why do you hide your face so fearfully?

Father do you not see the Erl-King? The Erl-King with his crown and train? My son, it is a streak of mist.

"Sweet child, come away with me! Such lovely games I will play with you; There are many pretty flowers on the river bank:

My mother has many a golden robe..."
My father, my father, do you not hear

What the Erl-King is softly promising me?

Be calm, stay calm, my child; It is the wind rustling in the dry leaves.

"My handsome boy, will you come with me? My daughters will take good care of you,

My daughters, they lead the nightly dance

And will rock and dance and sing you to sleep."

My father, my father, do you not see the Erl-King's daughter in yonder dark? My son, my son, I see it plainly. It is the old grey willow gleaming.

"I love you, your beauteous form attracts me; And if you are unwilling, I will use force."

My father, my father, now he takes hold of me, The Erl-King has hurt me! The father shudders, he rides apace holding the moaning child in his arms; He reaches the homestead with desperate effort;

In his arms the child was dead.

## Don Giovanni

Ho capito, Signor, si

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Oh yes, I understand, sir! I bow my head and go. Since you will it so, I'll hold my tongue. You're a gentleman, of that I'm in no doubt, indeed! That's clear from the gracious favour you bestow on me.

Wanton hussy! You've always been my downfall! Yes, I'm coming!

Stay then! There's a fine thing! Let my Lord make a lady of you!

# Prayers From The Ark

12. The Prayer of the Giraffe

Theron Kirk (1919-1999)

My Shepherd Will Supply My Need American Folk Hymn

arr. Jeremy R. Bishop

Mr. Bishop is a student of Mrs. Glenda Secrest.

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music Education degree.