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Jeremy Bishop in a Senior Baritone Recital

Jeremy Bishop

Ouachita Baptist University

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

Jeremy Bishop
Baritone

and

Rebecca Moore
Piano

in a

Senior Voice Recital

W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall

Thursday, March 1, 2001
7:30 PM

Program

I

Weihnachts-Oratorium Grosser Herr und starker König

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Great Lord and mighty king, beloved Savior
o how little do you regard earthly splendor!
He who preserves the entire world,
its splendor and decoration created,
must in a rough manger sleep.

The Weihnachts-Oratorium (Christmas Oratorio) is actually a collection of six individual cantatas, designed to be performed at each of the six church events between Christmas and Epiphany. This aria is from the first cantata, *Jauchzet, frohlocket, auf, preiset die Tage* (Triumph, rejoicing, rise, praise these days), written to be performed on Christmas Day.

Die Zauberflöte O Isis und Osiris

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Oh Isis and Osiris, bestow the spirit of wisdom upon the new couple!
You who guide the steps of the travelers, strengthen them with patience in peril.
Let them see the fruits of the probation; yet, must they go to the grave,
then reward the brave course of virtue: receive them in your dwelling place.

Sarastro, the high priest of the Temple of Isis, invokes the blessings of the gods on Tamino and Pamina, who are to begin trials of initiation into the order.

Le nozze de Figaro Non più andrai

You won't be flitting around anymore like a big amorous butterfly
night and day disturbing the repose of beautiful women,
little Narcissus, little Adonis of love.
You'll no longer have these pretty feathers,
that light and gallant hat, that head of hair,
that sparkling hair, that bright red womanish color!
You'll no longer have those feathers, that hat,
that head of hair, that sparkling air!
Among soldiers, by Jove!
Big mustache, tight tunic, gun on your shoulder,
sabre at your side, neck straight, face forward,
a big helmet or a big turban,
much honor, little cash.
And instead of the fandango, a march through the mud...
over mountains, through glens, in the snows and the hot suns,
to the accompaniment of trombones, of bombards,
of cannons that make the cannonballs,
amidst all the thunder, whistle in your ears.
Cherubino, to victory— to military glory!

Count Almaviva, annoyed by the antics of the court page Cherubino, has consigned the boy to military duty. Here, Figaro describes for him the joys and sorrows of a soldier's life.

IV

Three Songs of the War
In Flanders Fields
He is there!

Charles Ives
(1874-1954)

At the River

"Some have written a book for money; I have not. Some for the fame; I have not. Some for love; I have not. Some for kindlings; I have not. I have not written a book for any of these reasons or for all of them together. In fact, gentle borrower, I have not written a book at all— I have merely cleaned house. All that is left is out on the clothes line— but it's good for a man's vanity to have the neighbors see him— on the clothes line."

— Charles Ives, from the Postface to *114 Songs*

V

Of the Father's Love Begotten

arr. Jeremy R. Bishop
(b. 1978)

Take My Life

Craig Courtney
(b. 1954)

Mr. Bishop and Whitney Elliot, clarinet

VI

Susannah

I'm fixin' to tell y' 'bout a feller I knowed

Carlisle Floyd
(b. 1926)

VII

Jekyll and Hyde
Confrontation

Frank Wildhorn

"In each of us there are two natures. If this primitive duality of man— good and evil— can be housed in separate identities, life will be relieved of all that is unbearable. It is the curse of mankind...that these polar twins should be constantly struggling..."

— Robert Louis Stevenson

Le Travail du Peintre

Francis Poulenc

I. Pablo Picasso

Surround this lemon with formless white of egg
 Coat this egg white with a malleable delicate blue
 Although the straight black line surely comes from you
 The dawn lies behind your picture

And innumerable walls crumble
 Behind your picture and you your eyes fixed
 Like a blind man like a madman
 You put a tall sword in the empty space

A hand why not a second hand
 And why not a denuded mouth like a quill
 Why not a smile and why not tears
 On the very edge of the canvas where little nails are fixed.

This is the day of others leave their food fortune to the shadows
 And with a single movement of the eyelids renounce.

II. Marc Chagall

Ass or cow cock or horse
 Even the skin of a violin
 A singing man a single bird
 Agile dancer with his wife

Couple steeped in their springtime

The gold of the grass the lead of the sky
 Divided by the blue flames
 Of health and of dew
 The blood grows iridescent the heart rings
 A couple the first reflection

And in an underground cavern of snow
 The opulent vine delineates
 A face with moon-like lips
 Which has never slept at night.

V. Paul Klee

On the fatal slope the traveler benefits
 From the favour of the day, glazed with frost and without pebbles,
 And his eyes blue with love, discovers his season
 Which bears on every finger great stars as rings.

On the shore the sea has left its ears
 And the hollowed sand site of a noble crime.
 The agony is worse for the executioners than for the victims
 Knives are omens and bullets are tears.

VII. Jacques Villon

Irremediable life
 Life ever to be cherished

Despite scourges
And base morals
Despite false stars
And encroaching ashes

Despite grinding fevers
Crimes belly-high
Dried up breasts foolish faces
Despite the mortal suns

Despite the dead gods
Despite the lies
Dawn horizon water
Bird man love

Man light-hearted and good
Smoothing the earth
Clearing the woods
Illuminating the stone

And the nocturnal rose
And the blood of the crowd.

III

La Bohème

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

In un coupé ?

O, Mimi tu piu non torni

Mr. Bishop and Bryan Bailey, tenor

Marcello: In a coupe?

Marcello: (The liar, he's being consumed by love.)

Rodolfo: With a team and livery. She hailed me,
smiling.

Rodolfo: Let's work.

Hi, Musetta! I said to her: and your heart?
"It's not beating, or I don't feel it, thanks to the velvet
that covers it."

Marcello: Let's work.

Rodolfo: What an infamous pen!

Marcello: I'm really pleased about it, I'm really pleased
about it!

Marcello: What an infamous paintbrush!

Rodolfo: (That's rubbish. You're fretting, and you
smile.)

Rodolfo: O Mimi, you won't come back any more. O
beautiful days, little hands, fragrant hair, snow white
neck! Ah, Mimi, my brief youth!

Marcello: Not beating? Good!
I also saw—

Marcello: I don't know how it is that my paintbrush
works and spreads colors against my wish. Whether I
want to paint either skies or lands, either winters or
springtides, it sketches two black eyes and a pert mouth,
and out comes the face of Musetta again. And out comes
the face of Musetta, all charms, all deception.
Meanwhile, Musetta make merry, and my base heart
calls her, calls her, and my base heart waits.

Rodolfo: — Musetta?

Marcello: Mimi.

Rodolfo: You've seen her? Oh, really!

Marcello: She was in a carriage, dressed like a queen.

Rodolfo: And you, light bonnet, that she parting, hid
under the pillow, you know all our happiness, come upon
my heart, upon my heart, upon my dead heart, ah, come,
ah, come upon my heart; since love is dead.

Rodolfo: Well, grand. I'm glad of it.

**This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the Bachelor of Music degree in Vocal Performance.**

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

**You are cordially invited to attend a reception in the
gallery immediately following the performance.**