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Joshua Payne in a Senior Baritone Recital

Joshua Payne

Ouachita Baptist University

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

presents

Joshua Payne
Baritone

Erica McClellan, piano

Assisted by

Ashley Mitchell, soprano

Jon Secrest, tenor

Mark Simmons, tenor

In

Senior Voice Recital

April 27, 1999

8:00 p.m.

**W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall
Mabee Fine Arts Center**

Program

I

La bohème

In un coupé?

Mr. Payne and Mr. Simmons

Giacomo Puccini

(1858-1924)

La Traviata

Ah! dite alla giovine

Ms. Mitchell and Mr. Payne

Giuseppi Verdi

(1813-1901)

II

Ständchen

An die Musik

Erkönig

Franz Schubert

(1797-1828)

III

Clair de lune

Joseph Szuk

(1874-1935)

Les Pêcheurs de Perles

Au fond du temple saint

Mr. Payne and Mr. Secrest

Georges Bizet

(1838-1875)

IV

Songs of Travel

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

The Vagabond
Let Beauty Awake
Roadside Fire
Whither Must I Wander

V

Bredon Hill and other songs

George Butterworth
(1885-1916)

Bredon Hill
When the lad for longing sighs
With rue my heart is laden

Six Songs from a Shropshire Lad

George Butterworth

When I was one-and-twenty
Is my team ploughing?

"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 beautiful 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 away,
Holding the weeping child in his arms;
He reaches the forest with desperate effort;
In his arms the child was dead.

Claire de Lune (MOONLIGHT)

Your soul is a rare landscape
with charming meadows and meadows
playing the lute and dancing, almost
sad beneath their fantastic disguises.

While singing in minor mode
of victorious love and life in its season,
they do not seem to believe in their happiness,
and their song mingles with the moonlight.

With the calm moonlight, sad and lovely,
that sets the birds in the trees to dreaming,
and the fountains to sobbing in ecstasy,
the great fountains, svelte among the marbles.

Les Pêcheurs de Perles (the Pearl Fishers)

Nadir
From the depths of the holy temple decked
with gold and flowers
A woman appears!-I can still see her!

Zurga
A woman appears!-I can still see her!

Nadir
The kneeling crowd
looks at her, astonished,
and softly murmurs:
behold, it is the goddess
who rises out of the darkness
and stretches her arms toward us!

Zurga
Her veil is raised!...
O vision! O dream!
The crowd is on its knees!

Zurga and Nadir

Yes, it is she! It is the goddess
most lovely and most beautiful!
Yes, it is she! It is the goddess
who steps down among us!
Her veil is raised
and the crowd is on its knees!

Nadir
Through the crowd she opens a pathway!

Zurga
Her long veil already hides her face from us!

Nadir
My eyes, alas, follow her in vain!

Zurga
She is gone!

Nadir
She is gone!
but, suddenly, in my soul
what a strange ardor burns!

Zurga
What is this new fire that consumes me!

Nadir
Your hand spurns mine!

Zurga
Your hand spurns mine!

Nadir
Love masters our hearts
and changes us into enemies!

Zurga
No, nothing now must part us!

Nadir
No, nothing!

Zurga
Let nothing separate us!

Nadir
Nothing!

Zurga and Nadir
Let us swear to remain friends!
yes, it is she!...It is the goddess
who has just brought us together again!
and ever mindful of my vow
like a brother I will cherish you!
it is she!...It is the goddess
who today reunites us!
Yes, let us share the same fate!
Let us be friends to the death!

TRANSLATIONS

La bohème –In un coupè?

Rodolfo

O Mimi, you'll never return.
O lovely days,
your tiny hands, fragrant tresses...

Marcello

I can't understand how
my brush works
and mixes colors against my will.

Rodolfo

...snow-white neck! Ah, Mimi,
my brief youth!

Marcello

If I want to paint
sky or land,
winter or spring,
It paints two dark eyes
and a pert mouth.
And there is Musetta's face again...

Rodolfo

And you, soft little bonnet,
that she hid under the pillow
as she left, you know
all our happiness,
come to my heart,
to my dead heart,
for our love is dead!

Marcello

...there's Musetta's face,
all charm and deceit.
Meanwhile Musetta has a good time
and my cowardly heart
calls her and waits for her,
my cowardly heart!

La Traviata

Violetta

Say to your daughter, pure as she is and fair,
That there's a victim of misfortune
Whose one ray of happiness
Before she dies
Is a sacrifice made for her.

Germont

Weep, unhappy girl, weep!
I see the sacrifice I ask is the greatest one of all,
In my own heart I feel your sorrow;
Have courage, and your generous
Heart will conquer!

Violetta

Say to your daughter, etc.

Germont

I see the sacrifice, I ask, etc .
Weep, unhappy girl, weep.

STÄNDCHEN (SERENADE)

Softly through the night my songs implore you,
Come down into the still grove with me, beloved;

Slender treetops rustle and whisper in the moonlight,

Fear not, sweet one, the betrayer's malicious
eavesdropping,

Do you hear the nightingales calling? Ah! they are
imploing you,
With the sweet music of their notes they implore you
for me.

They understand the bosom's yearning, they know they
pangs of love,

They can touch every tender heart with their silvery
tones.

Let them move your heart also; beloved, hear me!

Trembling, I wait for you; come, give me bliss!

AN DIE MUSIK (TO MUSIC)

O gracious Art, in how many grey hours
When life's fierce orbit encompassed me,
Hast thou kindled my heart's warm love,
Hast charmed me into a better world!

Oft has a sigh, issuing from thy harp,
A sweet, blest chord of thine,
Thrown open the heaven of better times;
O gracious Art, for that I thank thee!

ERLKÖNIG (ERL-KING)

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.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Bachelor of Music in Performance.

Mr. Payne is a student of Dr. Jon Secrest.