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Tony Lynn Jones in a Senior Baritone Recital

Tony Lynn Jones

Ouachita Baptist University

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

Tony Lynn Jones

Baritone

&

Susan Atkinson

Piano

In a Senior Voice Recital

April 29, 2002

11:00 am

W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall
Mabee Fine Arts Center

The Passion

My Father Look upon My Anguish
(1685-1759)

George Frederic **Handel**



Selve voi che le speranze

Salvator Rosa (1615-1673)

Tanto Sopirero

Pietro Paolo Bencini (1700-1755)

Don Giovanni

Ho capito, signor si

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)



Sonntag

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Dichterliebe

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Myrthen

Der Nussbaum



Les Chansons de Miarka

La Pluie

Alexandre Georges (1850-1938)

Les nuits d'été

Villanelle

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)



Biblical Songs

I will Sing New Songs of Gladness

Antonin Dvorák (1841-1904)

God Is My Shepherd

Be Thou My Vision

arr. Matthew Lewis (1979-)



Ho capito, signor sì
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

I understand, Sir, yes,
I will hang my head and be off
Since this is your pleasure
I have no choice.
To be sure you are a nobleman
No doubt of that at all;
It is for you to condescend
To give me orders.
Wretch, hussy,
You will be the death of me,
Coming, coming! Stay then, stay!
A most honourable situation,
Let our nobleman
Make a lady of you!

Selve, voi che le speranze
Salvator Rosa

Forest, they green arbors shaded
To repose and joy invite me;
Never is thy calm invaded,
There true pleasure and peace smiling delight me.

Tanto sospirero
Pietro Paolo Bencini

E'er will I sigh in woe,
E'er bitter tears shall flow,
Till she at last shall know of love I perish.
E'en then my soul shall vow,
"Dear one, I love thee so!"

Sonntag
Johannes Brahms

And here's a week I haven't seen her
The little maid I'm looking for!
'Twas a Sunday that I spied her
Just by the church door.
My sweet and twenty ladybird,
My shy and plenty rosybud
Come the day when I may see her dear face once
more
And so 'tis now a week o' work days
I bin laughing and fain,
Since I seen her through the churchyard
Going by me quite plain.

Die Rose, die Lillie, die Taube, die Sonne
Robert Schumann

The rose and the lily, the dove, sun agleaming,
I once loved them dearly in raptured dreaming;
I love them no more;
Alone do I love her, the fair one, the rare one, O
naught is above her!
The fountain, she of all love dreaming;
The rose and the lily, the dove, sun agleaming
I love her, the fair one, the rare one.
O naught is above her, I love her!

Der Nussbaum
Robert Schumann

There stands a green nut tree near 'yon door,
Rarely, Airily spreading its leafy array before,
With sweetest of blooms on every bough:
Swaying, sighing, O'er it the tender breezes blow.
The blossoms whisp'ring two by two;
Wending, bending, tenderly kissing, their heads
they bow.
They whisper about a maiden
Still dreaming and scheming by day and night:
Hardly she knew her own will.
They're whisp'ring, they're whisp'ring:
How many a mortal ear tell their spell?
Whisp'ring, "A bridegroom will come next year!"
The maiden harkens;
They murmur low;
Wond'ring, Pond'ring, Dreamful smiling she slum-
bers now.

La Pluie

Alexandre Georges

The rain, the rain with green fingers
Plays on the skin of the dead leaves
Its joyful tune of the tambourine.
The rain, the rain with blue feet
Dances its whirling dance,
Making circles in the dust.
The rain, the rain with its fresh lips
Kisses the earth upon its parched lips.
Causing the stays of the grain to crack.

Villanelle

Hector Berlioz

When the new season will come,
When the frost will have vanished,
We two shall go, my lovely one,
To gather lilies-of-the-valley in the woods.
Under our feet, picking the pearls
Which one sees trembling in the morn;
We shall go to hear the blackbirds,
We shall go to hear the blackbirds whistling;
Spring has come, my lovely one;
This is the blessed month for lovers;
And the bird smoothing its wings,
Says a poem on the rim of its nest.
Oh, come then to this mossy bank
To talk of our glorious love,
And tell me with you voice so sweet,
Forever!
Far, far away, straying from our path
Let us put to flight the hidden rabbit
And the buck, in the mirror of the springs
Admiring its bent antlers;
Then homeward, so happy, so at ease,
Entwining our fingers to make a basket,
Let us return, carrying wild strawberries.

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

Mr. Jones is a student of Dr. Steve Garner.