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John Tneoh in a Senior Baritone Recital

John Tneoh

Ouachita Baptist University

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Ouachita Baptist University
School of Fine Arts
Division of Music
Presents

John Tneoh

Baritone

and

Phyllis Walker

Piano

In a Senior Voice Recital

8:00pm

May 1st, 2013

W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall

Mabee Fine Arts Center

Berenice
Sì, tra i ceppi

George Frideric Händel
(1685-1759)

Tre Ariette

- I. Il fervido desiderio
- II. Dolente immagine di fille mia
- III. Vaga luna, che inargenti

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

An die ferne Geliebte op.98

- I. Ziemlich langsam und mit Ausdruck
- II. Ein wenig geschwinder
- III. Allegro assai
- IV. Nach zu geschwinder, angenehm und mit viel Empfindung
- V. Vivace
- VI. Andate con moto, cantabile

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Zueignung

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Allerseelen

La Bonne Chanson

- I. Une Sainte en son auréole
- II. Puisque l'aube grandit
- III. La lune blanche luit dans le bois
- IV. J'allais par de chemins perfides
- V. J'ai presque peur en vérité

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Sleep

Ivor Gurney
(1890-1937)

The Circus Band

Charles Ives
(1874-1954)

Les Misérables

Empty Chairs At Empty Tables

Claude-Michel Schönberg
(1944)

BERENICE – George Frideric Händel

Si, tra i ceppi

Yes, even in chains and bonds
My faith will be resplendent.
No, not even Death itself
will put out my fire.

TRE ARIETTE – Vincenzo Bellini

Il fervido desiderio

When will that day come
when I may see again
that which the loving heart so desires?
When will that day come
when I welcome you to my bosom,
beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Sorrowful image of my Phillis,
why do you sit so desolate beside me?
What more do you wish for? Streams of tears
have I poured on your ashes.
Do you fear that, forgetful of sacred vows,
I could turn to another
Shade of Phillis, rest peacefully;
the old flame cannot be extinguished.

Vaga luna che inargenti

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
On these shores and on these flowers
And breathe the language
Of love to the elements,
You are now the sole witness
Of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and sighs
To her who fills me with love.
Tell her too that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love.

AN DIE FERNE GELIEBTE OP. 98 – Beethoven

I. Ziemlich langsam und mit Ausdruck

On the hill sit I, peering
Into the blue, hazy land,
Toward the far away pastures
Where I you, beloved, found.
Far am I, from you, parted,
Separating us are hill and valley
Between us and our peace,
Our happiness and our sorrow.
Ah! The look can you not see,
That to you so ardently rushes,
And the sighs, they blow away
In the space that separates us.
Will then nothing more be able to reach you,
Nothing be messenger of love?
I will sing, sing songs,
That to you speak of my pain!
For before the sound of love escapes
every space and every time,
And a loving heart reaches,
What a loving heart has consecrated!

II. Ein wenig geschwinder

Where the mountains so blue
Out of the foggy gray
Look down,
Where the sun dies,
Where the cloud encircles,
I wish I were there!
There is the restful valley
Stilled are suffering and sorrow
Where in the rock
Quietly the primrose meditates,
Blows so lightly the wind,
I wish I were there!
There to the thoughtful wood
The power of love pushes me,
Inward sorrow,
Ah! This moves me not from here,
Could I, dear, by you
Eternally be!

III. Allegro assai

Light veils in the heights,
And you, little brook, small and narrow,
Should my love spot you,
Greet her, from me, many thousand times.
See you, clouds, her go then,
Meditating in the quiet valley,
Let my image stand before her
In the airy heavenly hall.
If she near the bushes stands,
Now that autumn is faded and leafless,
Lament to her, what has happened to me,
Lament to her, little birds, my suffering!
Quiet west, bring in the wind
To my heart's chosen one
My sighs, that pass
As the last ray of the sun.
Whisper to her of my love's imploring,
Let her, little brook, small and narrow,
Truly, in your waves see
My tears without number!

IV. Nach zu geschwinder, angenehm und mit viel Empfindung

These clouds in the heights,
These birds gaily passing,
Will see you, my beloved.
Take me with you on your light flight!
These west winds will play
Joking with you about your cheek and breast,
In the silky curls will dig.
I share with you this pleasure!
There to you from this hill
Busily, the little brook hurries.
If your image is reflected in it,
Flow back without delay!
May returns, the meadow blooms,
The breezes they blow so softly, so mildly,
Chattering, the brooks now run.
The swallow, that returns to her hospitable roof,
She builds, so busily, her bridal chamber,
Love must dwell there.
She brings, so busily, from all directions,
Many soft pieces for the bridal bed,
Many warm pieces for the little ones.
Now live the couple together so faithfully,
What winter has separated is united by May,
What loves, that he knows how to unite.

V. Vivace

May returns, the meadow blooms,
The breezes they blow so softly, so mildly,
Only I cannot go away from here.
When all that loves, the spring unites,
Only to our love no spring appears,
And tears are our only consolation.

VI. Andante con moto, cantabile

Take, then, these songs,
That I to you, beloved, sang,
Sing them again in the evenings
To the sweet sounds of the lute!
When the red twilight then moves
toward the calm, blue lake,
And the last ray dies
behind that hilltop;
And you sing, what I have sung,
What I, from my full heart,
Artlessly have sounded,
Only aware of its longings.
For before these songs yields,
What separates us so far,
And a loving heart reaches
For what a loving heart has consecrated.

Zueignung – Richard Strauss

Yes, you know it, dearest soul,
How I suffer far from you,
Love makes the heart sick,
Have thanks.
Once I, drinker of freedom,
Held high the amethyst beaker,
And you blessed the drink,
Have thanks.
And you exorcised the evils in it,
Until I, as I had never been before,
Blessed, blessed sank upon your heart,
Have thanks.

Allerseelen – Richard Strauss

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring inside the last red asters,
And let us speak again of love,
As once we did in may.
Give me your hand, so that i can press it secretly;
And if someone sees us, it's all the same to me.
Just give me your sweet gaze,
As once you did in may.
Flowers adorn today each grave,
Sending off their fragrances;
One day in the year are the dead free.
Come close to my heart,
So that i can have you again,
As once i did in may

LA BONNE CHANSON – Gabriel Fauré

I. Une Sainte en son aureole

A Saint in her halo,
A Mistress of a chateau in her tower,
Everything that human speech contains
Of grace and love;
The golden note sounded by
A horn far off in the woods,
United with the tender pride
Of noble Ladies of yesteryear!
Together with the remarkable charm
Of a fresh triumphant smile
That has opened within the whiteness of a swan
And the blushing of a child bride;
Pearly hues, white and pink,
A gentle patrician harmony:
I see, I hear all these things
In her Carolingian name.

II. Puisque l'aube grandit

Since dawn is growing,
since here is the break of day,
Since, after long fleeing from me, hope agrees
To fly back toward me who call and implore it,
Since all this happiness agrees to be mine,
I want, guided by you,
lovely eyes with gentle flame,
Led by you, o hand in which my hand will tremble,
To walk straight,
whether it be through paths of moss
Or whether rocks and pebbles encumber the way;
And as, to beguile the slowness of the journey,
I shall sing simple tunes, I tell myself
That she will probably listen to me without
annoyance;
And truly I wish for no other Paradise.

III. La lune blanche

The white moon
Shines in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Under the foliage...
O beloved.
The pool reflects, Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the dark willow
Where the wind weeps...
Let us dream, it is the hour.
A vast and tender
Soothing Seems to descend
From the firmament That the star makes
iridescent...
It is the exquisite hour.

IV. J'allais par des chemins perfides

I was going along treacherous roads,
Painfully uncertain.
Your dear hands were my guides.
So pale in the distant horizon
A feeble hope of dawn was shining;
Your glance was the morning.
No sound, other than her loud footstep,
Was encouraging the traveler.
Your voice said to me, "Keep walking!"
My fearful heart, my gloomy heart
Was weeping, alone, on the sad path;
Love, that delightful conqueror,
Has reunited us in joy.

V. J'ai presque en peur vérité

In truth I am almost afraid,
So much do I feel my life intertwined
With the radiant thought
That captured my soul last summer,
So much does your image, forever dear,
Live in this heart that totally belongs to you,
This heart anxious solely
To love you and to please you;
And I tremble, forgive me
For telling you so frankly,
When I think that one word, one smile
From you is henceforth my law,
And that all it would take from you
Would be a gesture, a word or a wink,
To put my whole being into mourning
For the loss of its celestial illusion.
But rather I do not want to see you,
Even if the future were to be gloomy for me
And fertile in countless woes,
Except through an immense hope,
Plunged into this supreme happiness
Of telling myself still and always,
In spite of bleak reversals,
That I love you, I love you, dear!

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

Mr. Tneoh is a member of Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia National Music Fraternity.

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

You are cordially invited to a reception in the Hammons Gallery immediately following the performance.