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Jamie L. Bryant in a Senior Trumpet Recital

Jamie L. Bryant Ouachita Baptist University

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

presents

Jamie L. Bryant Trumpet

Russell Hodges
Organ and Piano

in

Senior Recital

October 25, 1996

11:00 a.m.

W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall Mabee Fine Arts Center

The Hollow Men

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We are the hollow men We are the stuffed men

Leaning together

Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!

Our dried voices, when We whisper together

Are quiet and meaningless

As wind in dry grass

Or rats' feet over broken glass

In our dry cellar

Shape without form, shade without colour, Paralysed force, gesture without motion;

Those who have crossed

With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom

Remember us-if at all-not as lost

Violent souls, but only As the hollow men The stuffed men.

Eves I dare not meet in dreams In death's dream kingdom These do not appear: There, the eyes are Sunlight on a broken column There, is a tree swinging And voices are

In the wind's singing

More distant and more solemn

Than a fading star.

Let me be no nearer In death's dream kingdom

Let me also wear Such deliberate disguises

Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves

In a field

Behaving as the wind behaves

No nearer-

Not that final meeting In the twilight kingdom

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This is the dead land This is the cactus land Here the stone images Are raised, here they receive The supplication of a dead man's hand Under the twinkle of a fading star.

Is it like this In death's other kingdom

Waking alone

At the hour when we are

Trembling with tenderness Lips that would kiss

Form prayers to broken stone.

IV.

The eyes are not here There are no eyes here In this valley of dying stars In this hollow valley

This broken jaw of our lost kingdoms

In this last of meeting places

We grope together And avoid speech

Gathered on this beach of the turnid river

Sightless, unless The eyes reappear As the perpetual star Multifoliate rose Of death's twilight kingdom

The hope only Of empty men.

Here we go round the prickly pear Prickly pear prickly pear Here we go round the prickly pear At five o'clock in the morning.

Between the idea And the reality Between the motion and the act Falls the Shadow

For Thine is the Kingdom

Between the conception And the creation Between the emotion And the response Falls the shadow

Life is very long

Between the desire And the spasm Between the potency And the existence Between the essence And the descent Falls the Shadow

For Thine is the Kingdom

For Thine is Life is For Thine is the

This is the way the world ends This is the way the world ends This is the way the world ends Not with a bang but a whimper.

T. S. Eliot (1925)

PROGRAM

Sonata prima per Trombetta sola Giovanni Bonaventura Viviani

(1632-1698?)

Allegro Andante Presto

The Hollow Men

Vincent Persichetti (1915-1987)

Trumpet Concerto in E-flat

Allegro con spirito Andante Rondo

Johann Nepomuk Hummel (1778-1837)

The members of Sigma Alpha Iota will sing the chorale following the rectial.

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

Mrs. Bryant is a student of Mr. Doug Lockard and a former student of Dr. Craig Hamilton.