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### Joshua Aaron Shaw in a Senior Tenor Recital

Joshua Aaron Shaw

*Ouachita Baptist University*

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

*Joshua Aaron Shaw*

*Tenor*



*Glenda Aldridge*

*Piano*

*In a Senior Voice Recital*

*November 5, 2004*

*7:30 pm*

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

*Don Quichotte à Dulcinée*

**Maurice Ravel**  
(1875-1937)

- I. Chanson romanesque
  - II. Chanson épique
  - III. Chanson à boire
- 

*Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*

**Gustav Mahler**  
(1860-1911)

- I. Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht
  - II. Ging heut Morgen über's Feld
  - III. Ich hab' ein glühend Messer
- 

**Heavenly Grass**

**Paul Bowles**  
(1910-1999)

**Che fiero costume**

**Giovanni Legrenzi**  
(1626-1690)

*Das Land des Lachelns*

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz

**Franz Lehár**  
(1870-1948)

*Die Fledermaus*  
The Clock Duet

Johann Strauss  
(1825-1899)

Jenna Williams, soprano

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*Eugene Onegin*  
Kuda, Kuda vy udalilis

Pytor Il'yich Tchaikovsky  
(1840-1893)

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*Carmina Burana*

Carl Orff  
(1895-1982)

Omnia sol temperat  
Estuans interius  
Ego sum abbas

---

*Carmen*  
La fleur que tu m'avais jetée

Georges Bizet  
(1838-1875)

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*I Pagliacci*  
Recitar! .... Vesti la giubba

Ruggero Leoncavallo  
(1857-1919)

## Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

Maurice Ravel

### I. Chanson romanesque

Were you to tell me that the earth  
offended you so much with turning,  
speedily I would dispatch Panza.  
You should see it motionless and silent.

Were you to tell me that you are weary  
of the sky too much adorned with stars,  
destroying the divine order,  
with one blow I would sweep them  
from the night.

Were you to tell me that space  
thus made empty does not please you,  
god-like knight, lance in hand,  
I would stud the passing wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood  
belongs more to myself than you, my lady,  
I would pale beneath the reproach  
and would die, blessing you. Oh Dulcinée.

### II. Chanson épique

Good St. Michael who gives me liberty  
to see my lady and to hear her.  
Good St. Michael who deigns to elect me  
to please her and defend her.  
Good St. Michael, I pray you descend  
with St. George upon the altar  
of the Madonna of the Blue Mantle.

With a beam from heaven bless my sword  
so that it is equal in purity  
and so that it is equal in piety  
as is my lady in modesty and chastity.

Oh great St. George and St. Michael,  
the angel who watches over my vigil,  
my gentle lady so much resembling you,  
Madonna of the Blue Mantle. Amen.

### III. Chanson à boire

A fig for the bastard, illustrious lady  
who to shame me in your sweet eyes,  
says that love and old wine  
will bring misery to my heart, my soul!

I drink to joy! Joy is the one aim  
to which I go straight when I am drunk!

A fig for the jealous fool, dark-haired mistress  
who whines, who weeps and vows  
ever to this pallid lover  
who waters the wine of his intoxication!

I drink to joy! Joy is the one aim  
to which I go straight when I am drunk!

## Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen

(Songs of a Wayfarer)

Gustav Mahler

### Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht

My sweetheart's wedding day,  
her gay wedding day,  
is a sad day for me!  
I go into my dark little chamber,  
my little dark chamber,  
I weep, weep for my sweetheart,  
for my dear sweetheart!  
Little blue flower! Little blue flower!  
Do not fade! Do not fade!  
Little sweet bird! Little sweet bird!  
You sing on the green heath,  
"Oh! How beautiful is the world!  
Zikee! Zikee! Zikee!"  
Do not sing! Do not bloom!  
Spring, you know, has gone!  
All the singing is now over!  
In the evening when I go to sleep,  
I think of my sorrow!  
Of my sorrow!

### Ging heut Morgen über's Feld

This morning I went through the fields.  
Dew still hung on the grasses.  
There said to me the gay finch,  
"Oh, you there! How is it?  
Will it not be a beautiful world?  
A beautiful world? Zink! Zink!  
Beautiful and brisk!  
How I do like the world!"  
Also the bluebell by the field  
has gaily, sprightly,  
with its little bells,  
kling, kling, kling, kling,  
rung out its morning greeting,  
"Will it not be a beautiful world?  
A beautiful world? Kling! Kling!  
Kling! Kling! A beautiful thing!  
How I do like the world!" High-ho!

And there began in the sunshine,  
right away the world to sparkle;  
everything, everything gained sound  
and color! In the sunshine!  
Flower and bird, large and small!  
“Good day! Good day!  
Is it not a beautiful world? Oh, you!  
Isn't it? Isn't it! A beautiful world!”  
Now won't my happiness begin too?  
Now won't my happiness begin too?  
No! No! That which I seek,  
can never, nevermore blossom for me!

### **Ich hab' ein glühend Messer**

I have a burning knife,  
a knife in my breast, Oh woe!  
It cuts so deep!  
It cuts so painfully and deep!  
Oh, what an evil guest is this!  
Oh, what an evil guest!  
It never gives you peace!  
It never gives you rest!  
Not by day, not even night, when I slept!  
Oh woe! Oh woe!  
When I look up into the sky,  
all I see is two blues eyes!  
When I go through the yellow field,  
I see from afar her blonde hair  
fluttering in the wind!  
Oh woe! Oh woe!  
When I start up from my dream  
and hear her silver laughter ringing,  
Oh woe! Oh woe!  
I wish that I lay on the black bier,  
and could never, nevermore open my eyes!

### **Che fiero costume**

**Giovanni Legrenzi**

What a fierce custom of the winged god,  
who by force of punishments  
should make himself adored!  
And nevertheless in my ardor  
the traitorous god made me  
to worship a lovely face.

What cruel fate, that a blind child  
with a mouth of milk,  
should esteem himself!  
But this tyrant with barbarous deception  
entered through my eyes and made me sigh.

### **Das Land des Lachelns**

**(The Land of Smiles)**

*Dein ist mein ganzes Herz*

**Music by Franz Lehár**

**Book & Lyrics by Herzer & Löhner**

**Act II Scene III**

*The newly appointed Prime Minister of China, Sou-Chong, has fallen in love with Lisa, whom he met in Vienna. He has brought her back to China with the intent of marriage. He is reminded by his uncle that, according to Chinese custom, he must take four wives. In this aria Sou-Chong declares his love for Lisa alone.*

My whole heart is yours!  
Without you I cannot exist,  
I would be like the flower that fades  
without the kiss of sunlight!  
My sweetest song is yours,  
for it springs from love alone.  
Tell me once more, my one and only love,  
tell me once more: I love you!

Wherever I go I feel you near me.  
I should like to drink your breath  
and sink imploringly at your feet,  
at your, yours alone! How wonderful  
is your glistening hair!  
Your lovely, radiant gaze  
is full of dreams and anxious longing.  
When I hear your voice it is like music.

My whole heart is....etc

### **Die Fledermaus (The Bat)**

*The Clock Duet*

**Music by Johann Strauss**

**Libretto by Hoffman & Genee**

**Act II Scene III**

*Rosalinda and her husband, Gabriel von Eisenstein, both arrive at Prince Orlofsky's party under assumed names, the lady concealing her identity behind a mask. Eisenstein is enchanted by her beauty. Cunningly, to pay him back for his philandering, Rosalinda attempts to take his watch to use as evidence.*

## Eugene Onegin

*Kuda, Kuda vy udalilis*

Music by Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky

Libretto by Shilovsky (poem by Pushkin)

Act II Scene II

*At a formal dance in the country, Onegin amuses himself by paying particular attention to Olga, the fiancée of his friend Lenski. Lenski becomes more and more annoyed, eventually challenging Onegin to a duel. Neither of the friends really wants to duel, but both consider themselves too deeply committed to back out with honor. The meeting is set for early the next morning near a river, and it is Lenski, the poet, who arrives first. While he waits, he sings of the lost days of his youth and of his beloved Olga.*

Where, where, oh where have you fled,  
my springtime's golden days?  
What will the coming day hold for me?  
In vain my gaze attempts to grasp it;  
in deep darkness it hides itself!  
No matter-- fate's law is just!  
Whether I fall, pierced by the arrow,  
or whether it flies by,  
all's well: of waking and of sleep  
comes the appointed hour!  
Blessed is the day of cares,  
blessed is the fall of darkness!  
A ray of dawn will shine tomorrow  
and the brilliant day will sparkle,  
but I, perhaps... I will descend  
into the tomb's mysterious protection!  
And the young poet's memory  
will engulf the slow Lethe,  
the world will forget me, but you, you, Olga!  
Tell me, will you come, maid of beauty,  
to shed a tear over my early urn,  
and think: "He loved me!  
To me alone he consecrated the mournful  
daybreak of a stormy life!"  
Olga, I loved you, to you alone I consecrated  
the mournful daybreak of a stormy life,  
ah, Olga, I loved you!  
Beloved friend, desired friend, come, come!  
Desired friend, come, I am your spouse!  
I wait for you, desired friend. Come, I am your  
spouse! Where, oh where have you fled my  
golden days, my springtime's golden days?

## Carmina Burana

Carl Orff

*In 1803 a scroll of medieval poems was discovered in the German province of Bavaria among the debris of the secularized monastery of Benedikt-Beuren ("BURANA"). These lyrics, written primarily in Latin, were determined to be the work of renegade monks and wandering poets of the 13th Century. Their words captured a lost world of rebels and dropouts of the medieval clergy: hard lovers, drinkers, on the move, celebrating existence rather than living the meditative, celibate, cloistered life of the monastery.*

### Omnia sol temperat

The sun warms everything, pure and gentle,  
once again it reveals to the world April's face,  
the soul of man is urged towards love  
and joys are governed by the boy-god.

All this rebirth in spring's festivity  
and spring's power bids us to rejoice;  
it shows us paths we know, and in springtime  
it is true and right to keep what is yours.

Love me faithfully! See how I am faithful:  
with all my heart and with all my soul,  
I am with you, even when I am far away.  
Whoever loves this much turns on the wheel.

### Estuans interius

Burning inside with violent anger  
bitterly I speak to my heart created from matter,  
of ashes of the elements, I am like a leaf  
played with by the winds. If it is the way of the  
wise man to build foundations on stone,  
then I am a fool, like a flowing stream,  
which in its course never changes.

I am carried along like a ship without a steersman  
and in the paths of the air a light, hovering bird;  
chains cannot hold me, keys cannot imprison me  
I look for people like me and join the wretches.

The heaviness of my heart seems a burden to me  
it is pleasant to joke and sweeter than honey,  
whatever Venus commands is a sweet duty,  
she never dwells in a lazy heart.

I travel the broad path as is the way of youth,  
I give myself to vice, unmindful of virtue,  
I want the pleasures of the flesh  
more than salvation my soul is dead,  
so I shall look after the flesh.

### **Ego sum abbas**

I am the abbot of Cockaigne  
and my assembly is one of drinkers,  
and I wish to be in the order of Decius.  
And whoever searches me out at the tavern  
in the morning, after Vespers he will leave  
naked, and thus stripped of his clothes he  
will call out:

Woe! Woe! What have you done, vilest Fate?  
The joys of my life you have taken all away!  
Haha!

### **Carmen**

*La fleur que tu m'avais jetée*

**Music by Georges Bizet**

**Libretto by Meilhac and Halevy**

**Act II Scene X**

*For permitting Carmen to escape while he was escorting her to prison, Don José has spent a month in prison. He has just been released and has met Carmen at a tavern. She dances and sings for him, and he completely succumbs to her enchantment—when a bugle call summons him to duty. As he starts to leave, Carmen flies into a rage and tells him that this is no way to love. Deeply hurt, Don José draws out the withered flower she had flung to him in the first act, and sings his passionate aria.*

The flower that you threw to me  
stayed with me in prison.  
Withered and dry, that flower  
always kept its sweet fragrance,  
and during hours at a time  
upon my eyes, closing my eyelids,  
I was intoxicated by that fragrance,  
and in the darkness I saw you!  
I started to curse you,  
to detest you, to say to myself:  
“Why did fate have to  
put her there in my path?”

Then I accused myself of blasphemy,  
and I felt within myself only...  
I felt only one desire...  
only one desire, only one hope:  
to see you again, oh Carmen  
Yes, to see you again!  
For you had only to appear,  
had only to throw a glance at me,  
in order to take hold of my whole being,  
oh my Carmen!  
And I was a possession of yours!

Carmen, I love you!

### **I Pagliacci**

*Vesti la giubba*

**Music by R. Leoncavallo**

**Libretto by R. Leoncavallo**

**Act I, Scene IV**

*Canio (Pagliaccio) has discovered that his wife Nedda, is having a love affair with a villager and has heard her promise to meet him that night. He has been unable to find out who her lover is and he is almost insane with jealousy. It is time to begin the performance of their little play and he must dress and put on his makeup despite his grief.*

To go on stage! While I am near to delirium,  
I do not know what I say, nor what I do.  
However, it is necessary to force myself.  
What? Are you perhaps a man?  
You are Pagliaccio!

Put on your smock and whiten the face.  
The crowd pays and they wish to laugh.  
And if Harlequin abducts Columbina--  
laugh, Pagliaccio, and everyone applauds!

Change to jokes your torment and weeping;  
to a funny face your sobs and the grief,  
Ah! Laugh, Clown!--over your shattered love.  
Laugh for the grief that poisons your heart.



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

*Mr. Shaw is a student of Charles Turley.*

*A reception honoring Mr. Shaw will be held in the Hammons Gallery  
following the performance.*