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Robert Lee Ramsey, Jr. in a Senior Tenor Recital

Robert Lee Ramsey Jr Ouachita Baptist University

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

presents

Robert Lee Ramsey, Jr.

Tenor

Mary Worthen

Piano

in a

Senior Voice Recital

November 14, 2003 11:00 am W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall Mabee Fine Arts Center

Program

Messiah

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Comfort ye, my people

Ev'ry valley shall be exalted

Biblical Songs

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Clouds and Darkness I will sing new songs

Ständchen

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Le Roi D'ys

Edouard Lalo (1823-1892)

Vainement, ma bien-aimée

Nella fantasia

Ennio Morricone (b. 1928)

assisted by Samuel Lange, violin

Jekyll and Hyde
This is the Moment

Frank Wildhorn (b. 1959)

Ständchen (Serenade)

My songs beckon softly through the night to you; below in the quiet grove, come to me, beloved!

The rustle of slender leaf tips whispers in the moonlight;

Do not fear the evil spying of the betrayer, my dear.

Do you hear the nightingales call? Ah, they beckon to you,

With the sweet sound of their singing they beckon to you for me.

They understand the heart's longing, know the pain of love,

They calm each tender heart with their silver tones.

Let them also stir within your breast, beloved, hear me!

Trembling I wait for you, come, please me!

Vainement, ma bien-aimée (In vain, my beloved)

Since one can not sway those jealous protectresses,
Ah, let me tell my sorrows and my feeling!
In vain, my beloved, they think they're making me desperate;
Near your closed door I still wish to dwell!
The suns will die out, the nights replace the days,
Before I reproach you and before I complain. There I will remain, forever!
I know your soul is sweet, and the hour will soon come
When the hand that spurns me will reach out toward mine!
Do not be too late in letting your heart soften!
If Rozenn doesn't come soon, alas, I'm going to die!

Nella fantasia (I my fantasy)

In my fantasy I see a fair world, where everyone lives in peace and honesty. I dream of a place to live that is always free, like a cloud that floats, full of humanity in the depths of the soul.

In my fantasy I see a bright world where each night there is less darkness. I dream of spirits that are always free, like the cloud that floats.

In my fantasy exists a warm wind, that breathes into the city, like a friend. I dream of souls that are always free, like the cloud that floats.

