

Fall 11-14-2014

Marshall University Music Department Presents a Junior Recital, Jacob Smith, baritone

Jacob Smith

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SCHOOL of MUSIC and
THEATRE

presents

Junior Recital
Jacob Smith, baritone

In collaboration with

Randall Davis, piano
Casey Fitzwater, guitar

Friday, November 14, 2014
Jomie Jazz Forum
7:30 pm

This program is presented by the College of Arts & Media through the School of Music and Theatre with the support of student activity funds. For more information about this or other music events, please call (304) 696-3117, or view our website at www.marshall.edu/cam/music.

Program

Come Again, Sweet Love	John Dowland (1563-1626)
Il mio bel foco	Francesco Conti (1681-1732)
Ständchen Nacht und Träume	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
“Deh Vieni alla Finestra” from <i>Don Giovanni</i>	W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
“Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen” from <i>Die Zauberflöte</i>	

Intermission

O del mio amato ben Spirate, pur spirate	Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)
Ici-bas Les berceaux	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Silent Noon <i>Five Mystical Songs</i> 4. The Call 5. Antiphon	Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
“I’ve Heard It All Before” from <i>Shenandoah</i>	Gary Geld (b. 1935)

Il mio bel foco, O lontano o vicino Ch'esser poss'io,
Senza cangiar mai temper Per voi, care pupille, Arderà
sempre. Quella fiamma che m'accende Piace tanto
all'alma mia, Che giammai s'estinguerà. E se il fato a voi
mi rende, Vaghi rai del mio bel sole, Altra luce ella non
vuole Nè voler giammai potrà.

Leise flehen meine Lieder Durch die Nacht zu dir; In den
stillen Hain hernieder, Liebchen, komm zu mir!
Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen In des Mondes
Licht; Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen Fürchte, Holde,
nicht. Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen? Ach! sie flehen
dich, Mit der Töne süßen Klagen Flehen sie für mich. Sie
verstehn des Busens Sehnen, Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen Jedes weiche Herz. Laß
auch dir die Brust bewegen, Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich dir entgegen! Komm, beglücke mich!

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder; Nieder wallen auch die
Träume Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume, durch
der Menschen stille Brust. Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht: Kehret wieder, heil'ge
Nacht! Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Deh, vieni alla finestra, o mio tesoro, deh, vieni a
consolar il pianto mio. Se neghi a me di dar qualche
ristoro, davanti agli occhi tuoi morir vogl'io. Tu ch'hai la
bocca dolce più che il miele, tu che il zucchero porti in
mezzo al core, non esser, gioia mia, con me crudele,
lasciati almen veder, mio bell'amore!

Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen Wünscht Papageno sich! O
so ein sanftes Täubchen Wär' Seligkeit für mich! Dann
schmeckte mir Trinken und Essen; Dann könnt' ich mit
Fürsten mich messen, Des Lebens als Weiser mich
freu'n, Und wie im Elysium sein. Ach kann ich denn
keiner von allen Den reizenden Mädchen gefallen?
Helf' eine mir nur aus der Noth, Sonst gräm' ich mich
wahrlich zu Tod'. Wird keine mir Liebe gewähren, So
muß mich die Flamme verzehren! Doch küßt mich ein
weiblicher Mund, So bin ich schon wieder gesund.

My fire of love, however far or near I might be, never
changing, will always be burning for you, dear eyes.
That flame which kindled me is so pleased with my soul
that it never dies. And if fate entrusts me to you, lovely
rays of my beloved sun, my soul will never be able
to long for any other light.

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.

Holy night, you sink down; Dreams, too, drift down Like
your moonlight through space, Through the quiet hearts
of men; They listen with delight Calling out when day
awakens: Return, holy night! Fair dreams, return!

Come to the window, my treasure, Come to console my
lament. If you deny me some relief, I want to die before
your eyes! You whose mouth is sweeter than honey,
You whose heart cradles sweet desires! Do not, my
beloved, be cruel to me! At least let me see you, my
loved one!

Well, Papageno wishes a girl or woman, yes! A morsel
so delicious would be my happiness! – Then food and
drink would give me pleasure, I'd be like prince in his
leisure, Enjoy life as if I were wise, and be as in Paradise.
So why, of all men who are active, do not pretty girls
find me attractive? I hope one will give me relief, for
otherwise I die of grief. If not one will grant my desire,
then I'll be consumed by the fire! But if a girl kisses me,
then I will be all better again.

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto! Lungi è dagli
occhi miei chi m'era gloria e vanto! Or per le mute
stanze sempre lo cerco e chiamo con pieno il cor di
speranze? Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan! E il pianger
m'è sì caro, che di pianto sol nutro il cor. Mi sembra,
senza lui2, triste ogni loco. Notte mi sembra il giorno;
mi sembra gelo il foco. Se pur talvolta spero di darmi ad
altra cura, sol mi tormenta un pensiero: Ma, senza lui,
che farò? Mi par così la vita vana cosa senza il mio ben.

Spirate pur, spirate attorno a lo mio bene, aurette, e
v'accertate s'ella nel cor mi tiene. Spirate, spirate pur,
aurette! Se nel suo cor mi tiene, v'accertate, aure beate,
aure lievi e beate!

Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent, Tous les chants des
oiseaux sont courts, Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent
Toujours...Ici-bas les lèvres effleurent Sans rien laisser
de leur velours, Je rêve aux baisers qui demeurent
Toujours...Ici-bas, tous les hommes pleurent Leurs
amitiés ou leurs amours; Je rêve aux couples qui
demeurent Toujours...

Le long du Quai, les grands vaisseaux, Que la houle
incline en silence, Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux,
Que la main des femmes balance. Mais viendra le jour
des adieux, Car il faut que les femmes pleurent, Et que
les hommes curieux Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!
Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux, Fuyant le port qui
diminue, Sentent leur masse retenue Par l'âme des
lointains berceaux.

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass. The finger points look through like rosy blooms. Your eyes smile peace! The pasture gleams and glooms 'neath billowing skies that scatter and amass. All round our nest far as the eye can pass are golden kingcup fields with silver edge, and the cow parsley skirts the Hawthorne hedge. 'Tis visible silence still as the hourglass...Deep in the sun-searched growths, the dragonfly hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky. So this winged hour is dropped to us from above. O clasp we to our hearts for deathless dower. This close, companioned inarticulate hour when two-fold silence was the song, the song of love!

Come my way, my truth, my life. Such a way as gives us breath, such a truth as ends all strife, such a life as killeth death. Come my light, my feast, my strength. Such a light as shows a feast, such a feast that mends in length, such a strength that makes his guest. Come my joy, my love, my heart. Such a joy as none can move, such a love as none can part, such a heart as joys in love.

Let all the world in every corner sing, My God and King! The heavens are not too high, his praise may thither fly. The earth is not too low, his praises there may grow. The church with psalms must shout, no door can keep them out. But above all the heart must bear, the longest part. Let all the world in every corner sing, My God and King!

Oh lost enchantment of my dearly beloved! Far from my
eyes is who was to me glory and pride! Now through
silent rooms I always seek and call him with a heart full
of hopes. But I seek in vain, I call in vain! And weeping is
so dear to me, that with weeping only I nourish my
heart. Every place seems sad to me without him. Day
seems like night to me; Fire seems cold to me. But if I
sometimes hope to give myself another cure, just one
thought torments me: But what shall I do without him?
Life seems such a pointless thing to me without my
beloved.

Breathe, still breathe around my beloved, little breezes,
and find out. If she holds me in her heart, if she holds
me in her heart. Find out, blessed breezes, Breezes light
and blessed.

In this world all the flowers wither, The sweet songs of
the birds are brief; I dream of summers that will last
Always! In this world the lips touch but lightly, And no
taste of sweetness remains; I dream of a kiss that will
last Always. In this world every man is mourning his lost
friendship or his lost love; I dream of fond lovers abiding
Always!

Along the quay, the great ships, that ride the swell in
silence, take no notice of the cradles that the hands of
the women rock. But the day of farewells will come,
when the women must weep, and curious men are
tempted towards the horizons that lure them! And that
day the great ships, sailing away from the diminishing
port, feel their bulk held back by the spirits of the
distant cradles.

Mr. Smith is a student in the vocal studio of
Dr. Larry Stickler.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in Music
set by the
Marshall University School of Music and Theatre.



The Marshall University School of Music and Theatre is grateful for the support of many families and individuals who help make our department strong and vibrant. If you would like to support the Department of Music through a donation and assist with student scholarships, academic travel for students and ensembles, or general support of the department please contact:

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