

Spring 3-5-1970

Marshall University Music Department Presents a Faculty Recital, Paul Balshaw, Baritone

Paul A. Balshaw Dr.

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MARSHALL UNIVERSITY

Presents

Faculty Recital

PAUL BALSHAW

Baritone

JANE SHEPHERD

At the Piano

MARCH 5, 1970

8:15 P.M.

SMITH MUSIC HALL

PROGRAM

Cantata No. 203 AMore Traditore

J. S. Bach
(1685-1750)

Aria

Treacherous cupid, you have not deceived me. No, you have not tricked me. I don't want the chains of love. I don't want the grief and pain, the bonds or the slavery of your darts.

Recitative

I would like to try, if possible, to heal the fatal wounds in my soul, and to live without your arrows. But away with such hopeful thoughts! They only excite the pain from the shafts already in my heart. I must bear your decisions with constancy.

Aria

He who is cheated in love is a fool if he still listens to passion. For it is a cruel fate to have no reception for your affections.

Assisted by Bradford DeVos, Bassoon

Romanzen aus Tieck's "Magelone"

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Keinen Hat Es Noch Gereut

This is the tale of one who, in the prime of youth bestrides his horse and gallops through the world. Like many another, he never regretted it. Mountains, meadows and forests, maids and noble ladies resplendent in golden, handsome attire -- The whole universe smiles at the traveller. Dreamlike figures glide by, and in fantasy ardent desires glow with the fever of youth. Fame and fortune crowd in his path, fair maidens favors, laurels and honors lead him to triumph. Surrounded with joys, our hero conquers his envious enemies: then he humbly chooses the maid who pleases him most. Then, over mountains, fields and woods he flies back home where Father and Mother eagerly, tearfully greet him: all are united again in love and happy bliss. Years go by, and our hero lives to tell the tale to his son, proudly showing his wounds, the marks of his valour. Thus age remains eternally young, a ray of light amid the gathering dusk.

Traun! Bogen Und Pfeil

Bow and Arrow will deal with the foe. Bewailing one's fate is only fruitless: the bold one succeeds, wherever he goes; if the dangers are great, luck is the friend at his side.

Sind Es Schmerzen, Sind Es Freuden

Is it pain or joy that now fills my heart? All the old desires vanish, countless new ones bloom within me. Through the misty tears I see a warm sun in the distance. Oh, what yearning, Oh, what longing! Shall I dare it and go on? If I find relief in tears, still I feel empty and numb; no new hopes well up within me, the future is dismal and dark. Oh striving heart beat and pound, and you tears, flow in streams: ah, passion is but keener pain and life is a gloomy tomb. Must I suffer without guilt? In my dreams, all my thoughts whirl as in a daze. No longer do I know myself. Hear me, blessed stars, hear me blossoming in spring, and you, love, hear this holy oath: "If I must live without her, then I gladly die!". Oh, only in the radiance of her being can I live and hope and love.

Liebe Kam Aus Fernen Lande

Love came from a far land, she came quite alone: the goddess called to me and enveloped me in her sweet bonds. Then I felt a sudden pain, tears dimmed my eyes. Oh, what is love's bliss, I cried, why this ordeal? Since I found none far and wide, said the goddess lovingly, you must now feel the power that I wield over men's hearts.

All my desires vanished into heaven's blue vault. Fame merely seemed a dream, a sound from the oceans waves. Oh who can loosen my chains. My hands are bound, my mind trapped by grief. And will no one save me? Can I not look into the mirror that hope holds up to me? Oh, how false this world is! No, I can never believe her. Yea, and still do not despair of the strength the love lends you. If once afflicted you must die, unless she loves you.

So Willst Du Den Armen

You will have mercy on the tormented one? It is no dream? The waters have a new sound, the waves sing a tune, the trees rustle with life! I languished, in deepest misery imprisoned. Now the light shines upon me. The rays are dancing, they are blinding and coloring my timid countenance. Can I believe it? No one can rob me of this delicious madness? Yet dreams vanish, and to live is to love. Oh, welcome life! Oh, joyous freedom! The quest is over, let go the pilgrim's staff. You have conquered, you have found the blissful land.

Wie Soll ich Die Freude

How can I live with my joy, my happiness? The soul would fly out from the pounding heart! When hours of love have passed, sadness and dreary longing set in: why lead a joyless, loveless life when all flowers have withered and died? Time goes slowly, pace by pace, with a leaden tread; but when death comes, how light and fast will be time's head! So beat then, my loyal longing heart within my breast. Like the lute's tone, life's happiest moments sound and die. And soon I am no longer conscious of my bliss. Roar on, deep river of time, soon you will change this day into tomorrow, then flow on unrelentingly. You have borne me thus far, through happy days and still ones; I will venture with you wherever you may carry me. Surely I need not despair: the loved one calls me, and love will not desert me until life's end. The river broadens, the skies are radiant and blue, happily I row downstream, to bring love and life nearer the grave.

Intermission

Scene and Aria "Morir.....Urna Fatale"

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

From *La Forza Del Destino*

(In the corridor outside the room of Don Alvaro, Don Carlo is speaking). To Die, a tremendous misfortune! He was fearless and so proud, yet he had to die; hmmm a very unusual fellow. He trembled at my name, "Calatrave", perhaps he had been told of its disgrace. Heavens! I have it! Is it possible that he was the villain, right here alive in my hands. But if I am mistaken? Ah, this key will tell me. (Carlo takes the key, unlocks the room enters and crosses to the table) Here are the papers! But, what am I doing? And, what about the promise I made to him, and what about my life which I owe to his great courage? And yet I once also saved him. Can it be possible that he is the accursed traitor who stained my family's honor. The seal is broken, no one can see me. No! I at least can see myself. (Carlo replaces the papers, his mind in great turmoil over his actions).

Aria: Oh fatal secret of my heritage, go far away from me your hold on me is now in vain. Honor comes here to wipe away the insanity of a new disgrace which shall not further mark me. An oath is sacred to a man of honor! These papers shall keep their secret intact. Away all evil thoughts which have urged me to do such an unworthy deed! However, suppose it were possible to prove the treachery in another way, Let's see. There is a picture in an unsealed envelope. Nothing was said about it, and I made no promises. I'll open it then. Oh God! Its Leonora! So, Don Alvaro is dead. Now let him live, in order that my hand may slay him. (Don Alvaro's voice is heard off stage). He's saved, He Lives, O Joy! Ah, He is saved! I feel such an immense joy flooding through my soul. Finally I will be able to vindicate this infamous treason. And you, Leonora! Where are you hiding? Tell me, were you also with the murderers who bloodied your reputation by shedding your father's own blood? Ah, what total happiness will be possible when my sword, its fatal blow consecrated by God Himself, removes the terrible stain on my honor.

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

Chanson Romanesque

Maurice Ravel

(1875-1937)

If the turning of the world offends you, then immediately I shall stop it. If the stormy night bewilders you, I shall tear it far away from you. If empty space frightens you, then like a sacred knight with spear in hand, I shall place stars in the air around you. But if you tell me that my soul is more yours than mine, fair lady, I shall wither and die, always blessing you.

Chanson Épique

Good Saint Michael, who gives me grace to see and hear my lady; Good Saint Michael, who deigns to let me please her and defend her; Good Saint Michael descend with Saint George to the shrine of the Holy Madonna. May a light from heaven bless my soul, giving it purity, piety, modesty and chastity. O great Saint George and Saint Michael, the angels who share my vigil, my beloved is so much like the Holy Madonna! Amen.

Chanson à Boire

Come illustrious lady, you who devours me with your eyes. Speak of love and old wine, my heart and soul mourns. I drink to joy. Joy is the only ambition, therefore, I drink. Away you jealous ones. You dusky mistresses who whine and cry and make sermons about eternal devotion, and who pour cold water on one's passions. I drink to joy. Joy is the only true ambition, therefore I drink.

Gitanjali (song offerings)

When I Bring To You Colored Toys

On The Day When Death Will Knock At The Door

I Am A Remnant Of A Cloud Of Autumn

On The Seashore of Endless Worlds

John Alden Carpenter

(1876-1951)