

Fall 11-29-2009

Marshall University Music Department Presents a
Senior Recital, Matt Sparks, baritone, accompanied
by, Pam Johnson, piano

Mark Sparks
Marshall University

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DEPARTMENT of MUSIC

presents a

Senior Recital

Matt Sparks, baritone

accompanied by

Pam Johnson, piano

Sunday, November 29, 2009

Smith Recital Hall

3:00 p.m.

This program is presented by the College of Fine Arts through the Department of Music, 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/cofa/music.

Program

Arm, Arm Ye Brave
from Judas Maccabaeus G. F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Die Schöne Müllerin Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

3. Halt!
4. Danksagung an den Bach
5. Am Feierabend
6. Der Neugierige

Non più andrai W. A. Mozart
from Le Nozze di Figaro (1756-1791)

Intermission

Lord, God of Abraham Felix Mendelssohn
from Elijah (1809-1847)

Lydia Gabriel Fauré
Chanson d'amour (1845-1924)

Songs of Travel Ralph Vaughan Williams
The Vagabond (1872-1958)
The Roadside Fire
Whither Must I Wander?

You... You Leslie Bricusse
from Scrooge (b. 1931)

If I Were a Rich Man Jerry Bock
from Fiddler on the Roof (b. 1928)

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This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor of Arts degree in Music Education. Mr. Sparks is a student in the voice studio of Mrs. Branita Holbrook-Bratka and had previously studied with Dr. David Castleberry and Dr. Larry Stickler.

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Translations

Halt!

I see a mill gleaming
Out from the alders;
Through the roaring and singing
Bursts the clatter of wheels.

Hey, welcome, welcome!
Sweet mill-song!
And the house, so comfortable!
And the windows, how clean!

And the sun, how brightly
It shines from Heaven!
Hey, brooklet, dear brook,
Was this, then, what you meant?

Dantsagung an den Bach

Was this, then, what you meant,
My rushing friend?
Your singing and your ringing?
Was this what you meant?

"To the Millermaid!"
It seems to say...
Right? Have I understood?
"To the Millermaid!"

Has she sent you?
Or am I deluding myself?

I would like to know,
Whether she has sent you.

Now, however it may be,
I commit myself!
What I sought, I have found.
However it may be.

After work I ask,
Now have I enough
For my hands and my heart?
Completely enough!

Am Feierabend

If only I had a thousand
Arms to move!
If I could loudly
Drive the wheels!
If I could blow
Through all the groves!
If I could turn
All the stones!
So that the beautiful Millermaid
Would notice my faithful thoughts!

Ah, why is my arm so weak?
What I lift, what I carry,
What I cut, what I beat,
Every lad does it just as well as I do.
And there I sit in the great gathering,
In the quiet, cool hour of rest,
And the master speaks to us all:
"Your work has pleased me,"
And the lovely maiden says
"Good night to everyone."

Der Neugierige

I ask no flower,
I ask no star;
None of them can tell me,
What I so eagerly want to know.

I am surely not a gardener,
The stars stand too high;
My brooklet will I ask,
Whether my heart has lied to me.

O brooklet of my love,
Why are you so quiet today?

I want to know just one thing –
One little word again and again.

The one little word is "Yes";
The other is "No",
Both these little words
Make up the entire world to me.

O brooklet of my love,
Why are you so strange?
I'll surely not repeat it;
Tell me, a brooklet, does she love me?

Non piu andrai

You won't go any more, amorous butterfly,
Fluttering around inside night and day
Disturbing the sleep of beauties,
A little Narcissus and Adonis of love.
You won't have those fine feathers any more,
That light and jaunty hat,
That hair, that shining aspect,
That womanish red color [in your face]!
Among soldiers, by Bacchus!
A huge moustache, a little knapsack,
Gun on your back, sword at your side,
Your neck straight, your nose exposed,

A big helmet, or a big turban,
A lot of honour, very little pay.
And in place of the dance
A march through the mud.
Over mountains, through valleys,
With snow, and heat-stroke,
To the music of trumpets,
Of bombards, and of cannons,
Which, at every boom,
Will make bullets whistle past your ear.
Cherubino, go to victory!
To military glory!

Lydia

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
And on your neck, so fresh and white,
Flow sparklingly
The fluid golden tresses which you loosen.
This shining day is the best of all;
Let us forget the eternal grave,
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,
Sing on your blossoming lips.
A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine fragrance in your breast;
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess,
I love you and die, oh my love;
Kisses have carried away my soul!
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
That I may die, forever die!

Chanson d'Amour

I love your eyes, I love your face,
O my rebellious, o my fierce one,
I love your eyes, I love your lips
Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.
I love your voice, I love the strange
Gracefulness of everything that you say,
O my rebellious one, o my dear angel,
My inferno and my paradise!
I love your eyes, I love your face,
I love everything that makes you beautiful,
From your feet to your hair,
O you, to whom ascend all my desires!