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11-21-2015

## Robert Rhodes, Baritone, Senior Voice Recital

Robert B. Rhodes Jr.

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL  
OF  
ROBERT RHODES  
BARITONE

CHRISTA JOHNSON  
PIANO

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 2015  
3 P.M.

RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

## PROGRAM

### I

Selections from MESSIAH ..... George F. Handel  
*Thus Saith the Lord* (1685–1759)  
*But Who May Abide the Day of His Coming*

### II

*Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen,*  
from THE MAGIC FLUTE ..... Wolfgang A. Mozart  
(1756–1791)

Assisted by String Quintet  
Bethany Thompson, violin 1;  
Joshua Taylor, violin 2; Brianna Patricca, viola;  
Joshua Dissmore, cello; and Hanna Bahorik, cello

*Ach, wir armen Leute,*  
from HANSEL UND GRETEL ..... Engelbert Humperdinck  
(1854–1921)

Assisted by String Quintet

*Di Provenza il mar,* from LA TRAVIATA ..... Giuseppe Verdi  
(1813–1901)

### III

*Beau soir* ..... Claude Debussy  
*Fleur des blés* (1862–1918)

Assisted by Anna Raquet, harp

*Ich grolle nicht* ..... Robert Schumann  
(1810–1856)

*Erlkönig* ..... Franz Schubert  
(1797–1828)

### IV

*Long Ago in Alcala* ..... André Messager  
(1853–1929)

*If I Can't Love Her,* from BEAUTY AND THE BEAST ..... Alan Menken  
(b. 1949)

*Moving Too Fast,* from THE LAST FIVE YEARS ..... Jason Robert Brown  
(b. 1970)

*Operator* ..... Wynona Carr  
(1924–1976)  
arr. Robert Rhodes  
(b. 1993)

Assisted by Alisha Symington, soprano; Danielle Hutchison, alto;  
Caleb Peterson, tenor; and Josiah Keith, bass

Robert is a student of Mark Spencer.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment  
of the Bachelor of Arts in music degree

*No flash photography, please.  
Please turn off all cell phones.*

#### TRANSLATIONS

*Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen*

A girl or a little wife wishes Papageno  
o, such a soft little dove would be bliss for  
me.

Then drink and food would taste good to  
me; then I could measure myself with  
princes, enjoy life as a wiseman,  
and feel like I'm in Elysium.

Ah, can I not please any of all those  
charming girls? If only someone would help  
me out in this need, otherwise I will worry  
myself to death.

If no one will grant me love, then the flame  
must consume me; still, if a womanly  
mouth kisses me, then I will be  
immediately healthy again.

*Ach, wir armen Leute*

Oh, we poor people, each day the same as  
the next, in our pockets, a hole  
and in our bellies, an even bigger one  
Rallalala. Hunger is our best chef! Yeah, you  
elites can feast! Yet we, who have no food,

we gnaw, oh, the whole week, seven days, on  
a single bone!

Oh, we are easily pleased, for luck is  
different for everyone, but it's still true:  
poverty is a heavy yoke! Yes, yes, hunger  
does cook well, as long as he commands.  
Alone what use is the commander, if there is  
nothing in the pot? Caraway is my being's  
liqueur!

*Di Provenza il mar*

The sea and soil of Provence —who has  
erased them from your heart? From your  
native, fulsome sun —what destiny stole you  
away? Oh, remember in your sorrow that joy  
glowed on you, and that only there peace can  
yet shine upon you. God has guided me! Ah,  
your old father —you don't know how much  
he has suffered! With you far away, with  
misery has his house become full. But if in  
the end I find you again, if hope did not fail  
within me, if the voice of honor didn't  
become silenced in you, God has heard me!

*Beau soir*

When streams turn pink in the setting sun,  
And a slight shudder rushes through the  
wheat fields, a plea for happiness seems to  
rise out of all things and it climbs up  
towards the troubled heart. A plea to relish  
the charm of life while there is youth and  
the evening is fair, for we pass away, as the  
wave passes: the wave to the sea, we to the  
grave.

*Fleur des blés*

Along the wheatfield that the breeze waves  
and then uncurls in stylish disarray I  
thought it right to gather a bouquet for you

Fasten it quickly to your bodice. It was  
made in your likeness as it was made for  
you...a little bird, I wager, has already  
whispered to you why:

These golden ears are the waves of your  
blonde hair all gold and sunlit;  
This rebellious poppy is your blood-red  
mouth.

And these cornflowers, lovely mystery!  
Azure specks that nothing can change,  
these flowers are your eyes, so blue that  
they seem to be, on earth, two fallen  
fragments from heaven.

*Ich grolle nicht*

I bear no grudge, even as my heart is  
breaking, eternally lost love! I bear no  
grudge. Even though you shine in diamond  
splendor, there falls no light into your  
heart's night, that I've known for a long  
time.

I bear no grudge, even as my heart is  
breaking. I saw you, truly, in my dreams,  
and saw the night in your heart's cavity,

and saw the serpent that feeds on your  
heart, I saw, my love, how very miserable  
you are. I bear no grudge.

*Erlkönig*

Who rides, so late, through night and wind?  
It is the father with his child. He has the boy  
well in his arm he holds him safely, he  
keeps him warm.

My son, why do you hide your face in fear?  
Father, do you not see the Elfking? The  
Elfking with crown and cape? My son, it's a  
streak of fog.

You dear child, come, go with me! (Very)  
beautiful games I play with you; many a  
colorful flower is on the beach, my mother  
has many a golden robe.

My father, my father, and hearest you not,  
what the Elfking quietly promises me? Be  
calm, stay calm, my child; through scrawny  
leaves the wind is sighing.

Do you, fine boy, want to go with me? My  
daughters shall wait on you finely; my  
daughters lead the nightly dance, and rock  
and dance and sing to bring you in.

My father, my father, and don't you see  
there the Elfking's daughters in the gloomy  
place? My son, my son, I see it clearly: there  
shimmer the old willows so grey.

I love you, your beautiful form entices me;  
and if you're not willing, then I will use  
force. My father, my father, he's touching  
me now! The Elfking has done me harm!

It horrifies the father; he swiftly rides on, he  
holds the moaning child in his arms,  
reaches the farm with great difficulty; in his  
arms, the child was dead.