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11-9-2019

Joseph Marshall, Baritone, Senior Voice Recital

Joseph Marshall

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
JOSEPH MARSHALL
BARITONE

TYLER DELLAPERUTE
PIANO

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 2019
3 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

Selections from MESSIAH George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)
For Behold, Darkness Shall Cover the Earth
The People That Walked in Darkness

II

Avant de quitter ces lieux from FAUST Charles Gounod (1818–1893)
O du, mein holder Abendstern from TANNHÄUSER . . . Richard Wagner (1813–1883)

III

Selections from LIEDERKREIS, Op. 24 Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
2. *Es treibt mich hin*
8. *Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen*
9. *Mit Myrten und Rosen*

IV

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n from KINDERTOTENLIEDER
. Gustav Mahler (1860–1911)
Assisted by Wright Harvey, oboe

V

Selections from CINQ MÉLODIES “DE VENISE,” Op. 58 . . Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
1. *Mandoline*
5. *C'est l'extase*
2. *En sourdine*

VI

Selections from SONGS OF TRAVEL Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)
1. *The Vagabond*
2. *Let Beauty Awake*
3. *The Roadside Fire*
7. *Whither Must I Wander*
9. *I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope*

VII

Since by Man Came Death from MESSIAH George Frideric Handel
Assisted by Wright Harvey, oboe; Lydia Sarver and Caroline Beckman, violins;
Ian Steptoe, viola; Austin Doub, cello; Tyler Dellaperute, harpsichord;
Elizabeth McAlester and Megan Stuart, sopranos;
Kaitlin Kohler and Lauren Fox, altos; Antonio Muñoz and Andrew Standley, tenors;
Abraham Portman and Joshua Gore, bass; Joseph Marshall, conductor

Joseph is a student of Mark Spencer.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment
of the Bachelor of Music Education degree.

No flash photography, please.

Please turn off all cell phones.

Translations

Avant de quitter ces lieux

Before I leave this town,
My forefathers' native place,
To you, Lord and King of Heaven,
Do I entrust my sister.
I beg you to defend her
From every peril,
My beloved sister.
Freed from this harrowing thought,
I shall seek glory in the enemy's ranks,
The first, the bravest, in the thick of the fray,
I shall go and fight for my country.
And if God should call me to his side,
I shall faithfully watch over you,
O Marguerite.
Before I leave this town,
My forefathers' native place,
To you, Lord and King of Heaven,
Do I entrust my sister.
O King of Heaven, hear my prayer
And defend Marguerite,
O King of Heaven.

O du, mein holder Abendstern

Oh thou, my gracious evening star, how
gladly have I always greeted thee; from a
heart that she never betrayed
salute her as she passes by thee,
as she soars from this earthly vale,
to become a blessed angel yonder.

Es treibt mich hin

I'm driven here, I'm driven there!
In only a few more hours I will see her,
she herself, the fairest of fair young women;
you true heart, how heavily you pound!
But the hours are lazy people!
They drag themselves comfortably and
sluggishly,
creeping with yawns along their paths; -
rouse yourself, you lazy fool!
A charging hurry seizes and drives me!
But the Hours have never been in love;
sworn secretly to cruel conspiracy,
they mock treacherously the lover's haste.

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen

At first I almost despaired,
and I thought I would never be able to bear it;
yet even so, I have borne it
but do not ask me how.

Mit Myrten und Rosen

With myrtle and roses, lovely and pretty,
with fragrant cypresses and gold tinsel,
I would decorate this book like a coffin
and bury my songs inside it.
O if only I could bury my love there as well!
On the grave of Love
grows the blossom of peace;
it blooms and then is plucked,
yet it will bloom for me only when
I am myself in the grave.
Here now are the songs which, once so wild,
like a stream of lava that flowed from Etna,
burst from the depths of my heart,
and spray glittering sparks everywhere!
Now they lie mute and death-like,
now they stare coldly, pale as mist,
but the old glow will revive them afresh,
when the spirit of love
someday floats above them.
And in my heart the thought grows loud:
the spirit of love will someday thaw them
someday this book will arrive in your hands,
you, my sweet love in a distant land.
Then shall the songs' magic spell be broken,
and the white letters shall gaze at you;
they'll gaze beseechingly into your lovely eyes,
and whisper with sadness and a breath of love.

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n

Now would the sun so brightly shine
As if misfortune had not occurred.
That mishap has struck just me alone
But sunlight still shines upon us all.
Do not let the night be locked within you
It must be sunk in light eternal;
The lamplight has gone from my domain;
Praised be the bright and joyful world.

Continued on the back

Mandoline

The gallant serenaders
And their fair listeners
Exchange sweet nothings
Beneath singing boughs.
Tirsis is there, Aminte is there,
And tedious Clitandre too,
And Damis who for many a cruel maid
Writes many a tender song.
Their short silken doublets,
Their long trailing gowns,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the rapture
Of a grey and roseate moon,
And the mandolin jangles on
In the shivering breeze.

C'est l'extase

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.
O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out ...
You might take it for the muffled sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.
This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?

En sourdine

Calm in the twilight
Cast by loft boughs,
Let us steep our love
In this deep quiet.
Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses
With the hazy languor
Of arbutus and pine.
Half-close your eyes,
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your heart now lulled to rest
Banish forever all intent.
Let us both succumb
To the gentle and lulling breeze
That comes to ruffle at your feet
The waves of russet grass.
And when, solemnly, evening
Falls from the black oaks,
That voice of our despair,
The nightingale shall sing.

All translations from The LiederNet Archive
<https://www.lieder.net/lieder/>