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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 Alcalá* 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.