

presents

Marcos Antunez, Baritone
In a Junior Recital

assisted by:
Linda Wiles, piano

In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the Bachelor of Music degree in Vocal Performance
From the Studio of Dr. Suzanne Hendrix-Case

La Mer est plus belle
Nuit d'étoiles

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Deh, vieni alla finestra
from *Don Giovanni*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Dichterliebe

V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
VII. Ich grolle nicht
VIII. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

A Cottager to her Infant
Deep River
Ride on, King Jesus!

Robert Owens (1925-2017)
Henry Thacker Burleigh (1866-1949)

La Mer est plus belle que les cathédrales

La mer est plus belle
Que les cathédrales,
Nourrice fidèle,
Berceuse de râles,
La mer sur qui prie
La Vierge Marie!

Elle a tous les dons
Terribles et doux.
J'entends ses pardons
Gronder ses courroux.
Cette immensité
N'a rien d'entêté.

Oh! si patiente,
Même quand méchante!
Un souffle ami hante
La vague, et nous chante:
'Vous, sans espérance,
Mourez sans souffrance!'

Et puis, sous les cieux
Qui s'y rient plus clairs,
Elle a des airs bleus,
Roses, gris et verts ...
Plus belle que tous,
Meilleure que nous!

Nuit d'Etoiles

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

La seriene Mélancolie
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressallir dans le bois rêveur.

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

The sea is lovelier than the cathedrals

The sea is lovelier
Than the cathedrals;
A faithful wet-nurse
Lulling those in the grip of death,
The sea over which
The Virgin Mary prays!

It has all the qualities,
Awesome and sweet.
I hear its forgiveness
Scolding its wrath ...
This immensity
Is without wilfulness.

Oh, so forbearing,
Even when wicked!
A friendly breath haunts
The wave, and sings to us:
'You without hope,
May you die without pain!'

And then beneath the skies,
Reflected there more brightly,
It seems blue,
Pink, grey, and green ...
Lovelier than all,
Better than we

Night of stars

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and your perfumes,
sad lyre
which is sighing,
I dream of bygone loves.

Serene Melancholy
comes to bloom in the depths of my heart,
and I hear the soul of my beloved
quiver in the dreaming wood.

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and your perfumes,
sad lyre
which is sighing,
I dream of bygone loves.

Je revois à notre fontaine
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

Deh, vieni alla finestra

Deh, vieni alla finestra, o mio tesoro!
Deh, vieni a consolar il pianto mio:
se neghi a me di dar qualche ristoro,
davanti agli occhi tuoi morir vogl'io!

Tu ch'hai la bocca dolce più che il miele,
tu che il zucchero porti in mezzo al core!
non esser, gioia mia, con me crudele!
làsciati almen veder, mio bell'amore!

Ich will meine Seele Tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süsser Stund'.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem grossen Dome,
Das grosse, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf gold'nem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein

At our fountain I see again
your gazes, blue as the heavens;
this rose is your breath,
and these stars are your eyes.

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and your perfumes,
sad lyre
which is sighing,
I dream of bygone loves.

Oh, Come to the Window

Oh, come to the window, o my treasure!
Oh, come to console my tears.
If you refuse me some relief,
Before your eyes I will die!

You with a mouth sweeter than honey,
You, that keeps sugar inside your heart!
Don't be cruel to me, my joy!
Show yourself at least, my beautiful love!

Let me bathe my soul

Let me bathe my soul
In the lily's chalice;
The lily shall resound
With a song of my beloved.

The songs shall tremble and quiver
Like the kiss that her lips
Once gave me
In a wondrously sweet hour.

In the Rhine, in the holy river

In the Rhine, in the holy river,
Mirrored in its waves,
With its great cathedral,
Stands great and holy Cologne.

In the cathedral hangs a picture,
Painted on gilded leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has cast its friendly rays.

Flowers and cherubs hover

Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wäng'lein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht.
Ewig verlор'nes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.
Das weiss ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht.
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie liessen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüssten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldenen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz:
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

Around Our beloved Lady;
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
Are the image of my love's.

I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge, though my heart is breaking.
O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.
However you gleam in diamond splendour,
No ray falls in the night of your heart.
I've known that long.

I bear no grudge, though my heart is breaking.
For I saw you in my dreams,
And saw the night within your heart,
And saw the serpent gnawing at your heart;
I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.
I bear no grudge.

If the little flowers knew

If the little flowers knew
How deeply my heart is hurt,
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.

If the nightingales knew
How sad I am and sick,
They would joyfully make the air
Ring with refreshing song.

And if they knew of my grief,
Those little golden stars,
They would come down from the sky
And console me with their words.

But none of them can know;
My pain is known to one alone;
For she it was who broke,
Broke my heart in two.

Deep River

Deep river, my home is over Jordan.
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into camp ground.
Oh, don't you want to go to that gospel feast?
That promised land, where all is peace?

A Cottager to Her Infant

The days are cold, the nights are long,
The North wind sings a doleful song;
Then hush again upon my breast;
All merry things are now at rest,
Save thee, my pretty love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;
There's nothing stirring in the house
Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse,
Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at the sparkling light;
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright
On the window-pane bedropped with rain:
Then, little darling! sleep again,
And wake when it is day.

Ride On King Jesus!

Ride on, King Jesus!
No man can a-hinder me.

I was young when I begun,
No man can a-hinder me.
But now my race is almos' done,
No man can a-hinder me.

Ride on, King Jesus!
No man can a-hinder me.

King Jesus rides a milk white horse,
No man can a-hinder me.
De ribber of Jordan he did cross,
No man can a-hinder me.

Ride on, King Jesus!
No man can a-hinder me.
