

THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI
COLLEGE OF ARTS AND LETTERS
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
P R E S E N T S

Senior Recital

Justin E. Bell, Tenor
With Edison Brown, Baritone
Dongwook Cheon, piano

Friday, April 22, 2022
Marsh Auditorium at 4:00 pm

PROGRAM

Giá il sole dal Gange	Alessandro Scarlatti (1659-1725)
Vaga luna, che inargenti	Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
Vittoria, mio core	Giacomo Carissimi (1605-1674)
Per la gloria d'adorarvi	Giovanni Bononcini (1670-1747) Arr. by Michael Ching (1958)
Del piu sublime soglio From <i>La clemenza di Tito</i>	W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)
<i>Deux Romances</i> 1. Romance 2. Les Cloches	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Les berceaux	Gabriel Faure (1845-1924)
Sonntag	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Liebst du um Schönheit	Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)
From <i>Nightsongs</i> 1. Sence you went away 2. Prayer	H. Leslie Adams (1932)
Frank's aria (Is Belief a Gift?) From <i>Elmer Gantry</i>	Robert Aldridge (1954)
Lily's Eyes From <i>The Secret Garden</i> (Musical)	Lucy Simon (1943)

This performance presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements of the Bachelor of Music (Voice Performance) and Bachelor of Music Education degrees.

Justin E. Bell is a student of Dr. Jonathan Yarrington.

EOE/F/M/VETS/DISABILITY

Già il sole dal Gange

Già il sole dal Gange
Più chiaro sfavilla,
E terge ogni stilla
Dell'alba che piange.

Col raggio dorato
Ingemma ogni stelo,
E gli astri del cielo
Dipinge nel prato.

Vaga luna, che inargenti

Vaga luna, che inargenti
queste rive e questi fiori
ed ispiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell'amor;
testimonio or sei tu sola
del mio fervido desir,
ed a lei che m'innamora
conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir,
che se nutro una speranza,
ella è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor,
che una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell'amor.

Vittoria, mio core!

Vittoria, mio core!
Non lagrimar più,
È sciolta d'Amore
La vil servitù.

Già l'empia a' tuoi danni
Fra stuolo di sguardi,
Con vezzi bugiardi
Dispose gl'inganni;

Already, from over the Ganges, the sun

Already, from over the Ganges, the sun
Sparkles more brightly
And dries every drop
of the dawn, which weeps.

With the gilded ray
It adorns each blade of grass;
And the stars of the sky
It paints in the field.

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
On these shores and on these flowers
And breathe the language
Of love to the elements,
You are now the sole witness
Of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and sighs
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love

Victory, my heart!

Victory, my heart!
Weep no more.
Low servitude to love
is over.

The ungodly woman
deceived you
with glances and glances
and untrue caress;

Le frode, gli affanni
Non hanno più loco,
Del crudo suo foco,
È spento l'ardore!

Da luci ridenti
Non esce più strale,
Che piaga mortale
Nel petto m'avventi:

Nel duol, ne' tormenti
Io più non mi sfaccio
È rotto ogni laccio,
Sparito il timore!

Per la gloria d'adorarvi

Per la gloria d'adorarvi
voglio amarvi,
o luci care.
Amando penerò,
ma sempre v'amerò,
sì, sì, nel mio penare,
penerò,
v'amerò,
luci care.

Senza speme di diletto
vano affetto
è sospirare,
ma i vostri dolci rai
chi vagheggiar può mai
e non, e non v'amare?
penerò,
v'amerò,
luci care!

Del piu sublime soglio

Del piu sublime soglio
L'unico frutto e questo;
Tutto e tormento il resto,
E tutto e servitu.
Che avrei, se ancor perdessi
Le sole ore felici,

Deceit and sorrow
have no more place,
The embers of her cruel fire
have gone out!

Her laughing eyes don't shoot
arrows any longer,
which struck a mortal wound
in my breast:

Neither grief nor torment
worry me any longer;
every snare is broken,
and fear has disappeared.

For the glory of adoring you

For the glory of adoring you
I want to love you,
oh dear eyes.
In love I will suffer,
yet always I will love you,
Yes, in my suffering:
I will suffer,
I will love you,
dear, dear eyes.

Without a hope of pleasure
It is vain affection
to sigh,
Yet your sweet glances:
Who can ever admire them,
No, and not love you?
I will suffer,
I will love you,
dear, dear eyes.

Of the most sublime throne

This is the sole fruit
of the most splendid of thrones:
all the rest is torment,
all else is servitude.
What should I have, were I also
to lose the only happy hours I have

Ch'ho nel giovar gli oppressi,
Nel sollevare gli amici;
Nel dispensar tesori
Al merto, e alla vertu?

Romance: 'L'âme évaporée'

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante
Des lis divins que j'ai cueillis
Dans le jardin de ta pensée,
Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée,
Cette âme adorable des lis?
N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste
De la suavité céleste
Des jours où tu m'enveloppais
D'une vapeur surnaturelle,
Faites d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,
De béatitude et de paix?

Les cloches

Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord des
branches,
Délicatement.
Les cloches tintaient, légères et franches,
Dans le ciel clément.
Rythmique et fervent comme une antienne,

Ce lointain appel
Me remémorait la blancheur chrétienne
Des fleurs de l'autel.
Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses années,
Et, dans le grand bois,
Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées
Des jours d'autrefois.

Les berceaux

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,

in helping those in distress,
in raising up my friends,
in awarding riches
To merit and to valour?

The spent and suffering soul

The spent and suffering soul,
The sweet soul, the soul steeped
In the divine lilies I gathered
In the garden of your thoughts,
Where have the winds dispersed it,
This adorable lilies' soul?
Does not a single scent remain
Of the heavenly softness
Of the days when you enclosed me
In a supernatural mist,
Made of hope, of faithful love,
Of bliss and of peace?

The Bells

The leaves opened upon the edge of the
branches,
Delicately.
The bells rang, light and free,
In the clear sky.

Rhythmically and fervently, like an
antiphon,
This distant call
Reminded me of the Christian whiteness
Of altar flowers.
These bells told of happy years,
And, in the great forest,
Seemed to revive the withered leaves
Of days gone by.

The cradles

Along the quay the great ships,
Listing silently with the surge,
Pay no heed to the cradles
Rocked by women's hands.

But the day of parting will come,

Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

Sonntag

So hab' ich doch die ganze Woche
Mein feines Liebchen nicht geseh'n,
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl vor der Türe steh'n:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei
ihr!

So will mir doch die ganze Woche
Das Lachen nicht vergeh'n,
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl in die Kirche geh'n:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei
ihr!

Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.
Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr.
Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.
Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

For it is decreed that women shall weep,
And that men with questing spirits
Shall seek enticing horizons.

And on that day the great ships,
Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,
Shall feel their hulls held back
By the soul of the distant cradles.

Sunday

For a whole week now
I haven't seen my love;
I saw her on a Sunday,
standing at her door:
my loveliest girl,
my loveliest sweet,
would to God I were with her today!

Yet I'll still be able
to laugh all week;
I saw her on a Sunday,
as she went to church:
my loveliest girl,
my loveliest sweet,
would to God I were with her today!

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty,.
O love not me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair.
If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
Which is young each year.
If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
Who has many shining pearls.
If you love for love,
Ah yes, love me!
Love me always,
I shall love you ever more.

Sence You Went Away

Seems lak to me de stars don't shine so
bright,
Seems lak to me de sun done loss his light,
Seems lak to me der's nothin' goin' right,
Sence you went away.
Seems lak to me de sky ain't half so blue,
Seems lak to me dat ev'rything wants you,

Seems lak to me I don't know what to do,
Sence you went away.
Oh ev'rything is wrong,
De day's jes twice as long,
De bird's forgot his song
Sence you went away.
Seems lak to me I jes can't he'p but sigh,
Seems lak to me ma th'roat keeps gittin dry,
Seems lak to me a tear stays in my eye
Sence you went away.

Prayer

I ask you this:
Which way to go?
I ask you this:
Which sin to bear?
Which crown to put
Upon my hair?
I do not know
Lord God
I do not know

Frank's Aria (Is Belief a Gift?)

What a friend we have in Jesus, all our sins
and griefs to bear.
What a privilege to carry everything to God
in prayer.

Is belief a gift? How is conviction earned?
Fresh, boundless, and unwavering faith,
Can that be learned?

I have craved belief.
Lasting conviction I have sought.
Yet doubts have flooded my heart,
Casting conviction out.
Days, I put to useful purpose,
Nights are hard to bear.
For then, their singing comes to haunt me,
Mocking me in all I do.
An old song about their old friend Jesus,
Laughable yet true!

Can we find a friend so faithful?
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness, Ta...

But what if you can't pray?