



NORTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY

School of Music

College of Visual and Performing Arts



Season Presented By

SHAW MEDIA  
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Student Recital Series  
**BOONE ELLEDGE**

Baritone – Junior Recital

Wednesday, April 24, 2024

8:30 pm

Boutell Memorial Concert Hall

Accompanied by Shuai Zhang, piano

**PROGRAM**

<b>Großer Herr und Starker König</b> from <i>Weihnachtsoratorium</i>	<b>J. S. Bach</b> (1685-1750)
<b>Puissant maître des flots, favorable Neptune</b> from <i>Hippolyte et Aricie</i>	<b>Jean-Philippe Rameau</b> (1683-1764)
<b>Come Paride vezzoso</b> from <i>L'elisir d'amore</i>	<b>Gaetano Donizetti</b> (1797-1848)
<b>It is Enough</b> from <i>Elijah</i>	<b>Felix Mendelssohn</b> (1809-1847)
<b>В молчаньи ночи тайной (In the silence of the secret night)</b> from Op. 4, Six Romances	<b>Sergei Rachmaninoff</b> (1873-1943)
<b>Dank</b> from Op. 1, 2 <i>Gesänge</i>	<b>Arnold Schönberg</b> (1874-1951)
<b>Erwartung</b> from Op. 2, 4 <i>Lieder</i>	<b>Arnold Schönberg</b> (1874-1951)
<b>Encore Songs</b> I. Tobacco II. A Flea and a Fly in a Flue III. "Come, come," said Tom's Father IV. Song of the Open Road	<b>Florence Price</b> (1887-1953)
<b>Lily's Eyes</b> from <i>The Secret Garden</i>	<b>Marsha Norman and Lucy Simon</b> (b. 1947, 1940-2022)

**Sam Lynas, tenor**

This performance is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree.

**Großer Herr und starker König**  
(Dichter unbekannt)

Großer Herr, o starker König,  
Liebster Heiland, o wie wenig  
Achtest du der Erden Pracht!

Der die ganze Welt erhält,  
Ihre Pracht und Zier erschaffen,  
Muß in harten Krippen schlafen.

**Puissant maître des flots, favorable Neptune**  
(Simon-Joseph Pellegrin)

THÉSÉE

Qu'ai-je appris? Tous mes sens en sont glacés d'horreur.  
Vengeons-nous; quel projet! Je frémis quand j'y pense.  
Qu'il en va coûter à mon coeur!

À punir un ingrat, d'ou vient que je balance?  
Quoi! ce sang, qu'il trahit, me parle en sa faveur!

Non, non, dans un fils si coupable  
Je ne vois qu'un monstre effroyable:  
Qu'il ne trouve en moi qu'un vengeur.

Puissant maître des flots, favorable Neptune  
Entends ma gémissante voix;  
Permits que ton fils t'importune  
Pour la dernière fois.

Hippolyte m'a fait le plus sanglant outrage;  
Remplis le serment qui t'engage;  
Prévien par son trépas un désespoir affreux;  
Ah! si tu refusais de venger mon injure,  
Je serais parricide, et tu serais parjure,  
Nous serions coupables tous deux.

**Come Paride vezzoso**  
(Felice Romani)

BELCORE

Come Paride vezzoso  
Porse il pomo alla più bella,  
mia diletta villanella,  
io ti porgo questi fior.  
Ma di lui più glorioso,  
più di lui felice io sono,  
poiché in premio del mio dono  
ne riporto il tuo bel cor.

Veggio chiaro in quel visino  
ch'io fo breccia nel tuo petto.  
Non è cosa sorprendente;  
son galante, e son sargente;  
Non v'ha bella che resista alla vista d'un cimiero;  
cede a Marte dio guerriero, fin la madre dell'amor.

**Great Lord, O Powerful King**  
(Poet unknown)

Great Lord, o powerful King,  
dearest Savior, o how little  
you care about the glories of the Earth!

He who sustains the entire world,  
who created its magnificence and beauty,  
must sleep in a harsh manger.

**Mighty Master of Waves, Benevolent Neptune**  
(Simon-Joseph Pellegrin)

THESEUS

What is this I learn? Horror numbs all my senses. Let there  
be revenge. What an idea! I tremble just to think of it.  
This is a painful step for my heart to take!

But to punish a thankless man: why do I waver?  
Why! This blood, which he has betrayed, speaks in his  
favor!

No, no, in such a guilty son  
I see only a horrifying monster:  
May he find in me nothing but an avenger.

Mighty master of the waves, benevolent Neptune,  
Hear my plaintive voice:  
Suffer your son to trouble you  
For the very last time.

Hippolytus has offended me in the bloodiest way:  
Fulfill the oath to which you were sworn.  
Forestall, by his death, a most horrible despair.  
Ah! Should you refuse to avenge my affront  
I would be a parricide, and you a traitor:  
We should both be criminals together.

**As charming Paris**  
(Felice Romani)

BELCORE

As charming Paris  
Gave the apple to the most beautiful,  
my darling rustic girl,  
I give you this flower.  
But more glorious than he,  
I am happier than he,  
Because as reward for my gift  
I carry off your lovely heart.

I see clearly in that little face  
that I've reduced you to smithereens.  
It's not anything surprising,  
I am gallant, and I'm a sergeant;  
there is no beauty who can resist a military crest;  
to Mars, the god of war, even the mother of love yielded.

**В молчаньи ночи тайной**  
(Афанасий Афанасьевич Фет)

О, долго буду я, в молчаньи ночи тайной,  
Коварный лепет твой, улыбку, взор случайный,  
Перстам послушную волос густую прядь  
Из мыслей изгонять и снова призывать;

Шептать и поправлять былые выраженья  
Речей моих с тобой, исполненных смущенья,  
И в опьянении, наперекор уму,  
Заветным именем будить ночную тьму.

**Dank**  
(Karl von Levetzow)

Großes hast du mir gegeben in jenen Hochstunden,  
Die für uns bestehen im Zeitlosen.  
Großes hast du mir gegeben: ich danke dir!

Schönheit schenkten wir uns im stets Wachsenden,  
Was ich mir vorbehielt im Raumlosen.  
Schönheit schenkten wir uns: ich danke dir!

Ungewollt schufst du mir noch das Gewaltigste,  
Schufst mir das Niegeahnte: den schönen Schmerz!  
Tief in die Seele bohrtest du mir  
Ein finsternes Schwertweh.  
Dumpf nächtig trennend  
Und dennoch hell winterlich leuchtend.

Schön! dreifach schön! denn von dir kam es ja!  
Ungewollt schufst du mir noch das Gewaltigste,  
Schufst mir das Niegeahnte: ich danke dir!

**Erwartung**  
(Richard Dehmel)

Aus dem meergrünen Teiche, neben der roten Villa  
unter der toten Eiche scheint der Mond.  
Wo ihr dunkles Abbild, durch das Wasser greift,  
steht ein Mann und streift einen Ring von seiner Hand.

Drei Opale blinken; durch die bleichen Steine  
Schwimmen rot und grüne Funken und versinken.  
Und er küßt sie, und seine Augen leuchten  
wie der meergrüne Grund: ein Fenster tut sich auf.

Aus der roten Villa, neben der toten Eiche,  
winkt ihm eine bleiche Frauenhand.

**In the silence of the secret night**  
(Afanasiy Fet)

Oh, long I will in the silence of the secret night,  
Your guileful words, your smile, your chance gaze,  
The heavy plait of your hair, obedient to fingers  
Drive away from my thoughts and summon again;

To whisper and to correct past expressions  
Of the words full of shyness that I said to you,  
And in intoxication, contrary to reason,  
With the cherished name to wake the nocturnal darkness.

**Thanks**  
(Karl von Levetzow)

You have given me greatness in those lofty hours  
That exist for us in timelessness.  
You have given me greatness: I thank you!

We gave each other ever-growing beauty  
Which I reserved for myself in the infinity of space.  
We gave each other beauty: I thank you!

Unintentionally you created for me the most mighty,  
Created for me the unexpected: the beautiful pain!  
Deep in the Soul you plunged in me  
A dark sword.  
Dividing us in gloomy night,  
Yet shining with wintry brightness.

Beautiful! Triply beautiful! For it came from you!  
Unintentionally you created for me the most mighty,  
Created for me the unexpected: I thank you!

**Expectation**  
(Richard Dehmel)

From the sea-green pond, near the red villa  
Beneath the dead oak, the moon is shining.  
Where her dark image gleams through the water,  
A man stands, and draws a ring from his hand.

Three opals glimmer; among the pale stones  
Float red and green sparks and sink.  
And he kisses her, and his eyes gleam  
Like the sea-green depths: a window opens.

From the red villa, near the dead oak,  
A woman's pale hand waves to him.