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5/3/68

THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

of

BOISE COLLEGE

presents

GARY BRATT, baritone

in his
Senior Recital

Mrs. C. Griffith Bratt, accompanist

Music Auditorium

Friday, May 3, 1968

8:15 P.M.

PROGRAM

Part I

Three songs by John Dowland 1562

Can She Excuse My Wrongs. . .

In Darkness Let Me Dwell

Come Away, Come Sweet Love

II

Cantata #56. J.S. Bach

No. I Aria--I Will My Cross-Staff Carry

No. II Arioso--My Journey Through the World

No. III Aria--Joyful Now Am I

No. IV Recitativo--Full Ready and Prepared I Stand

No. V Chorale--Come, O Death and End My Voyage

Violins: Leah Telford Cello: Sally Runner

Leona Underkofler

Viola: Herbert Runner Oboe: Russell Mamerow

Chorus: The Minnesingers

III

Achloris. Reynaldo Hahn

Harmonized one the Ground Bass of Bach's

"Air for G String"

Le Bestiaire Poulenc

1. Le Dromadaire

2. La Chevre du Tibet

3. La Sauterelle

4. La Carpe

5. L'Ecrivisse

6. Le Dauphin

IV

The Sally Gardens B. Britten

The Ash Grove B. Britten

The Boatman's Dance A. Copeland

V

The Toreador's Aria (Carmen). Bizet

PROGRAM NOTES

CANTATA 56

The libretto of this solo cantata (composed in 1731) was composed probably by Bach himself, or by his pupil, NEUMEISTER, and contains the essence of Bach's religious belief by "depicting the transition from the resigned expectation of death to the jubilant longing for it."

ACHLORIS

If you love me, chloris, and I believe you do, all the kings in the world haven't happiness equal to mine.

LE BESTIARE

1. With his four dromedaries, Don Pedro wanders the world. If I had dromedaries, that's what I'd like to do.

2. Don't prize your fleece, goat, nor the fleece of gold, captured by Jason.
Far dearer to me is the locks of my own true love.

3. Merry grasshopper, food of Holy Saint John. Like thee, I wish my verses had a charm of their own.

4. Carp, what long life is yours! Did Death pass you by? Oh Carp with melancholy eye!

5. Uncertain of life's joys, like the crabs on the seashore, you and I walk backwards too.

6. Dolphins, as you play in the sea, Heed you not how false it be? Even so, in hours of gladness, I forget like and it's sadness.