



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Owen Harvey, Baritone
Elijah Ong, Piano

April 11, 2026

5:30 PM

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

“The Lord is a Man of War” From *Israel in Egypt*

G. F. Handel
(1685-1759)

David McDaniel, Bass

Tre Ariette

- I. Il fervido desiderio
- II. Dolente immagine di Fille mia
- III. Vaga luna, che inargenti

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Chansons Gaillardes

- I. La Maîtresse volage
- II. Chanson à boire
- III. Madrigal
- IV. Invocation aux Parques
- V. Couplets bachiques
- VI. L’Offrande
- VII. Sérénade
- VIII. La Belle Jeunesse

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Intermission

“Papagena! Papagena! Weibchen! Täubchen!” from *Die Zauberflöte*

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Nursery Rhymes

- I. Jack Sprat
- II. Elsie Marley
- III. Little Jack Horner
- IV. There Was an Old Woman
- V. Goosey, Goosey, Gander
- VI. Johnny Shall Have a New Bonnet
- VII. Little Tom Tucker
- VIII. Lullaby

Mark Buller
(b. 1986)

- IX. Cross Patch
- X. Bonny Lass, Pretty Lass
- XI. Polly Put The Kettle On

“I’d Rather Be Sailing” from *A New Brain*

William Finn
(1952-2025)

“I’ll Be There” from *The Pirate Queen*

Claude-Michel Schönberg
(b. 1944)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a BM in Voice Performance.

Mr. Harvey is a student of Dr. James D. Rodriguez.

The use of recording equipment or flash photography is prohibited.

Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers and phones.

George Friderich Handel

George Friderich Handel was a prolific composer and keyboard player from the Baroque era, known for his contributions to opera seria and oratorio. Born in Halle, Germany he showed musical promise at a young age and composed his first opera *Almira* (1705) at the age of 19. Handel had several high-level patrons in his career, writing and premiering 35 different operas in London. He is also credited with inventing English oratorio, making live performance more accessible to the public. Some of his more known works include *Judas Maccabeus* (1746), his most well-known work *The Messiah* (1742), and *Israel in Egypt* (1739). The text used in “The Lord is a Man of War” is from the book of Exodus and celebrates God’s destruction of the Pharaohs army in the Red Sea.

The Lord is a Man of War

The Lord is a Man of War
Lord is his name
Pharaohs chariots, and his hosts
Hath he cast into the sea
His chosen captains also are drowned
Also are drowned in the Red Sea

Vincenzo Bellini

Vincenzo Bellini, a native of Catania, Italy was born into a family of musicians. After showing musical promise in his youth, he was sent to study at the Naples Conservatory primarily to study composition. He composed his first opera *Adelson e Salvini* (1825) while still a student. After leaving the conservatory he had a short but prolific operatic composition career composing works such as *Il Pirata* (1827), and *Norma* (1831) for Teatro alla Scala in Milan. Bellini was known for his contribution to the bel canto era, focusing on legato phrasing, vocal agility, and text painting. *Tre Ariette* was published three years after Bellini died in 1838 as a collection of three songs with text by anonymous poets and is a personal favorite set of mine.

Il Fervido Desiderio

Quando verrà quel dì
che riveder potrò
quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?

When will that day come
when I may see again
that which the loving heart so desires?

Quando verrà quel dì
che in sen t'accoglierò,
bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?

When will that day come
when I welcome you to my bosom,
beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

Dolente Immagine di Fille mia

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,
perché sì squallida mi siedi accanto?
Che più desideri? Dirotto pianto
io sul tuo cenere versai finor.

Sorrowful image of my Phillis,
why do you sit so desolate beside me?
What more do you wish for? Streams of tears
have I poured on your ashes.

Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri
io possa accendermi ad altra face?
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace;
è inestinguibile l'antico ardor.

Do you fear that, forgetful of sacred vows,
That I might burn by another flame
Shade of Phillis, rest peacefully;
the old flame cannot be extinguished.

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.

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.

Translations by Camille Bugge

Francis Poulenc

Francis Poulenc was a prominent French composer and pianist, known for his wit, and playful style. He was a part of a group of five French composers known as the “Les Six” (The Six) who were known for straying away from Wagnerian style, and other overly emotional dramatic music. Their music blurred the line between “serious” and “popular” forms of music, often taking influence from everyday life, folk traditions, and even elements of jazz. *Chansons Gaillardes* (1925-26) is a group of eight songs by anonymous poets for baritone and piano that characterizes satirical, and sometimes racy forms of love. It heavily features themes of drinking, sexual innuendos, and “joie de vivre”.

Ma Maîtresse est Volage

Ma maîtresse est volage,
Mon rival est heureux;
S'il a son pucelage,
C'est qu'elle en avait deux.
Et vogue la galère,
Tant qu'elle pourra voguer.

The Unfaithful Mistress

My mistress is unfaithful,
My rival is happy:
If he took her virginity,
It's because she had two.
So sails the ship
As long as it can sail.

Translation by Simon Chalifoux

Chanson à boire

Les rois d'Egypte et de Syrie,
Voulaient qu'on embaumât leurs corps,
Pour durer plus longtemps morts.
Quelle folie!

Buvons donc selon notre envie,
Il faut boire et reboire encore.
Buvons donc toute notre vie,
Embaumons-nous avant la mort.

Embaumons-nous;
Que ce baume est doux.

Madrigal

Vous êtes belle come un ange,
Douce comme un petit mouton;
Il n'est point de coeur, Jeanneton,
Qui sous votre loi ne se range.
Mais une fille sans têtens
Est une perdrix sans orange.

Invocation aux Parques

Je jure, tant que je vivrai,
De vous aimer, Sylvie.
Parques, qui dans vos mains tenez
Le fil de notre vie,
Allongez, tant que vous pourrez,
Le mien, je vous en prie.

Drinking Song

The kings of Egypt and Syria
Wanted their bodes to be embalmed
So as to last, longer, dead.
What folly!

Let us drink then according to our desire,
We should drink and drink again.
Let us drink then all our life,
Let us embalm ourselves before death.

Let us embalm ourselves,
For the balm is sweet!

Translation by Derek Welton

You are as beautiful as an angel,
Sweet as a little lamb;
There is no man, Jeanette,
Who doesn't follow your rule.
But a girl without breasts
Is a partridge without orange.

Invocation of the fates

I swear, as long as I live,
To love you, O Sylvie;
Fates, who in your hands holds
The thread of our Life,
Elongate mine, as long as you can,
I beg you.

Couplets bachiques

Je suis tant que dure le jour
Et grave et badin tour à tour.
Quand je vois un flacon sans vin,
Je suis grave, je suis grave,
Est-il tout plein, je suis badin.

Je suis tant que dure le jour
Et grave et badin tour à tour.

Quand ma femme me tient au lit,
Je suis sage, je suis sage,
Quand ma femme me tient au lit,
Je suis sage toute la nuit.

Si catin au lit me tient
Alors je suis badin
Ah! belle hôtesse, versez-moi du vin
Je suis badin, badin, badin.

L'offrande

Au dieu d'Amour une pucelle
Offrit un jour une chandelle,
Pour en obtenir un amant.
Le dieu sourit de sa demande
Et lui dit: Belle en attendant
Servez-vous toujours de l'offrande.

Sérénade

Avec une si belle main,
Que servent tant de charmes,
Que vous tenez du dieu malin,
Bien manier les armes.
Et quand cet Enfant est chagrin
Bien essuyer ses larmes.

Throughout the day, I am
Serious and playful.
When I see an empty bottle
I am serious, O I am serious;
Is it full, I am playful.

Throughout the day,
Serious and playful.

When my wife takes me to bed,
I behave, I behave,
When my wife takes me to bed,
I behave all night long.

If a prostitute comes into my bed,
Then I am playful.
Ah! Beautiful hostess, pour me some wine,
I am playful, playful, playful.

The offering

To the god of Love, a virgin
One day offered a candle
Hoping to obtain a lover.
The god heard the request,
And replied, "Beauty, while waiting,
Make good use of this offering."

Serenade

With a hand so beautiful,
That offers so many charms,
That you received from the malicious god,
You must handle a weapon well.
And when that child is sad
Wipe all of its tears.

La belle jeunesse

Il faut s'aimer toujours
Et ne s'épouser guère.
Il faut faire l'amour
Sans curé ni notaire.

Cessez, messieurs, d'être épouseurs,
Ne visez qu'aux tirelires,
Ne visez qu'aux tourelours,
Cessez, messieurs, d'être épouseurs,
Ne visez qu'aux cœurs
Cessez, messieurs, d'être épouseurs,
Holà messieurs, ne visez plus qu'aux cœurs.

Pourquoi se marier,
Quand la femme des autres
Ne se font pas prier
Pour devenir les nôtres.
Quand leurs ardeurs,
Quand leurs faveurs,
Cherchent nos tirelires,
Cherchent nos tourelours,
Cherchent nos cœurs.

The beautiful young woman

You should love always
and seldom marry.
You should make love
without priest or notary.

Cease, good Sirs, to be marrying men,
only aim at the tirelires,
only aim at the tourelours,
cease, good Sirs, to be marrying men,
only aim at the hearts.
Cease, good Sirs, to be marrying men,
enough, good Sirs, only aim at the hearts.

Why marry,
when the wives of others
need no persuasion
to become ours.
When their ardours,
when their favours,
seek our tirelires,
seek our tourelours,
seek our hearts.

Translations by Simon Chalifoux

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart is the most well-known classical composer of all time. By age 9, he composed symphonies, and by age 12 he wrote his first operas. He was employed by the Archbishop of Salzburg from 1772-1781, before moving to Vienna to become a freelance musician. Despite his short life span, he was very prolific composer, writing over 20 operas during his lifespan. Some of his more famous works include *Le nozze di figaro* (1786), *Don Giovanni* (1787), and *Die Zauberflöte* (1791). In Papageno's suicide aria, the character Papageno attempts to hang himself after he cannot find his love Papagena and sees death as the only option.

Papagena! Papagena! Weibchen! Täubchen!

Papagena! Papagena! Papagena!
Weibchen! Täubchen! meine Schöne!
Vergebens! Ach! sie ist verloren!
ich bin zum Unglück schon geboren!
Ich plauderte, und das war schlecht,
und drum geschieht es mir schon recht!
Seit ich gekostet diesen Wein
seit ich das schöne Weibchen sah,
so brennt's im Herzenskammerlein,
so zwicket's hier, so zwicket's da!
Papagena! Herzensweibchen!
Papagena liebes Täubchen!
'S ist umsonst, es ist vergebens,
müde bin ich meines Lebens!

Sterben macht der Lieb' ein End,
wenn's im Herzen noch so brennt.

Diesen Baum da will ich zieren,
mir an ihm den Hals zuschnüren,
weil das Leben mir mißfällt,
gute Nacht, du falsche Welt!
Weil du böse an mir handelst,
mir kein schönes Kind zubandelst,
so ist's aus, so sterbe ich.
Schöne Mädchen, denkt an mich!
Will sich eine um mich Armen,
eh' ich hänge, noch erbarmen
wohl, so laß ich's diesmal sein!
Rufet nur, Ja oder Nein!
Keine hört mich! alles stille!
Also ist es euer Wille!
Papageno frisch hinauf,
ende deinen Lebenslauf.
Nun! ich warte noch! es sei
bis man zählet: eins, zwei, drei!

eins! zwei! drei!
Nun wohl! es bleibt dabei!
Weil mich nichts zurücke hält,
gute Nacht, du falsche Welt!

Text by Emmanuel Schikaneder

Papagena, Papagena! Little woman, little dove!

Papagena, Papagena, Papagena!
Little woman, little dove, my sweet!
In vain! Alas, I have lost her!
I was born to be wretched.
I chattered, and that was bad,
And so it serves me right.
Ever since I tasted that wine ...
Ever since I saw that lovely woman,
My little heart has been on fire,
Aching here and aching there.
Papagena, love of my life!
Papagena, my sweet little dove!
It's all in vain, to no avail!
I am tired of living!

Death will put an end to love,
Though my heart still burns with longing

I shall now adorn this tree,
By hanging from it by my neck,
Because I dislike life so much,
Good night, treacherous world.
Since you have treated me so badly,
Since you grant me no sweetheart –
All is finished, I shall die.
Beautiful girls, think of me.
If but one girl will pity poor me
Before I string myself up –
I'll refrain from killing myself!
Just cry out: yes or no! –
No one hears me, not a sound!
Is that your will, then?
Quick, Papageno, string yourself up!
Put an end to this life of yours.
I'll wait a little longer, just to see,
Until I've counted one, two, three.

One! Two! Three!
All right, then, let it be,
Since there's nothing to hold me back!
Good night, treacherous world.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Mark Buller

Mark Buller has composed for a wide array of performing groups. Some include Houston Grand Opera, Conspirare, Houston Chamber Choir, and the Atlanta Symphony orchestra, and has had several pieces premiered by those high-level ensembles. Buller earned his DMA in composition from The University of Houston, studying under Marcus Maroney, and Rob Smith. He currently teaches at Houston City College. The song cycle *Nursery Rhymes* is a collection of 11 different nursery rhymes taken from the 1881 collection *Mother Goose* by Kate Greenaway. These songs explore various themes such as greed, crabbiness, and even eating healthy. This cycle was originally written for my voice professor Dr. James D. Rodriguez, and I feel honored to bring it back tonight.

Jack Sprat

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so, between the two of them,
They wiped the platter clean

Elsie Marley

Elsie Marley has grown so fine
She won't get up to serve the swine;
But lies in bed 'till eight or nine
And surely she does take her time

Little Jack Horner

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner eating a Christmas pie
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plumb
And said "Oh what a good boy am I"

There Was an Old Woman

There was an old woman
Lived under a hill
And if she's not gone
She lives there still

Goosey, Goosey, Gander

Goosey Goosey Gander
Goosey Goosey Gander
Where shall I wander?
Upstairs, downstairs
And in my lady's chamber
There, there!
I met an old man
Who would not say his prayers
Take him by the left leg
Throw him down the stairs!

Johnny Shall Have a New Bonnet

Johnny shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair

Little Tom Tucker

Little Tom Tucker
Little Tom Tucker
He sang for his supper
What did he sing for
Why, white bread and butter
How can I cut it
Without a knife?
How can I marry
Without a wife?

Lullaby

Rock-a-bye baby, thy cradle is green
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king

Cross Patch

Cross Patch, lift the latch, sit by the fire and spin
Take a cup and drink it up, then call your neighbors in
Cross Patch, lift the latch, sit by the fire and spin

Bonny Lass, Pretty Lass

Bonny lass, pretty lass,
Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shall not wash dishes,
Nor yet serve the swine;
Thou shalt sit on a cushion,
And sew a fine seam;
And thou shalt eat strawberries
Sugar and cream

Polly Put the Kettle On

Polly put the kettle on
Polly put the kettle on
We'll all have tea
Sukey take it off again
Sukey take it off again
They're all gone away

William Finn

William Finn was an American composer and lyricist, especially known for his contributions to musical theater. He wrote the music for a personal favorite show of mine, the Tony award-winning *Falsettos* (1992) and *The 25th Annual Putnam County Spelling Bee* (2005). “I’d Rather Be Sailing” comes from another one of his shows, *A New Brain* (1998) and follows the character Roger who fantasizes about sailing to escape the stress of his partner Gordon’s life-threatening brain illness.

I’d Rather Be Sailing

I'd rather be sailing, yes, I would
On an open sea
I'd stand at the railing if I could
Feeling wild and free

The sun is on my neck, the wind is in my face
The water's incredibly blue
And I'd rather be sailing
Yes, I'd wanna go sail
And then come home to you

Sex is good but I'd rather be sailing
Food is nice but I'd rather be sailing
People are swell but I'd rather be sailing
Over the horizon

And I'd rather be sailing, yes, I would
On an open sea
I'd stand there inhaling if I could
Feeling wild and free

The sun is on my neck, the wind is in my face
The sea is incredibly blue
And I'd rather be sailing
Yes, I'd wanna go sail
And then come home to you

I'd rather be sailing
Yes, I'd wanna go sail
And then come home to you

Text by William Finn and James Lapine

Claude-Michel Schönberg

Claude-Michel Schönberg began his career as a record producer and singer, playing the role of King Louis XVI in the rock opera *La Révolution Française* (1973) in which he wrote most of the music as well. His best known compositions are in collaboration with lyricist Alan Boublil, those being *Les Misérables* (1980) and *Miss Saigon* (premiered 1989). “I’ll Be There” is from his 2007 show *The Pirate Queen* and is from the point of view of the character Tiernan, who continues to profess his love to Grace even after losing her to an arranged marriage.

I'll Be There

What do I say?
What do I do?
How will I ever hope to fare?
How can I stay
So close to you
Knowing now that your place is
In another's embraces,
In another man's care?

I should be gone
Far from this hell
Till not a trace of you survives
Yet I'll stay on
For I know well
Though you've left me behind you
One day troubles will find you
And when that day arrives

I'll be there
For to me there's no sorrow
Worse to bear
Than a life lived apart.
I'll be there
Come the mists on the morrow
I'll be there
By your side
And deep within your heart

Now she's his wife
nobody knows
How much of her she'll have to hide.
But whatever life
He may propose
Will be merely pretending
To the dream never-ending
We alone hold inside.

I'll be there
Though I know that it's madness,
Heart laid bare,
Stripped of pride, yet still proud.
I'll be there
In the depths of my sadness
I'll be there
Ever steeled
Unyielding and unbowed.

Go and marry a man you don't love
If that pleases you.

Throw away, for a cause,
All the joys we have known
I thought love's more than faith,
More than clan, more than anything
Let his kiss keep you warm
I'll be fine on my own

Is it me I'm deceiving?
Mad or not, I'll stay true.
I'll be there.
I'll be there heaven speed me,
By your side as you need me,
I'll be there for you.

Text by Alain Boublil, John Dempsey, and Richard Maltby Jr.

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