

Pittsburg State University

Pittsburg, Kansas

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Junior Recital

ROBERT SMITH, Lyric Baritone

Assisted by

David Lowe, Pianist

Tuesday, November 15, 1977

McCray Auditorium

8:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

I

Caldara ----- Sebben, crudele
(1670-1736)
Scarlatti ----- Se Florinda è fedele
(1669-1725) ----- Già il sole dal Gange

II

R. Schumann ----- Fünf Lieder aus Myrthen Lieder, Op. 25
(1810-1856)
Widmung
Der Nussbaum
Die Lotosblume
Aus den hebraischen Gesängen
Du bist wie eine Blume

III

Paladilhe ----- Psyché
(1844-1926)
Hahn ----- Offrande
(1875-1947)
Satie ----- Tendrement
(1866-1925)

IV

Paul Bowles ----- The Blue Mountain Ballads
(1910-)
Heavenly Grass
Lonesome Man
Cabin
Sugar in the Cane

PROGRAM NOTES

Robert Smith

I

Sebben, crudele (Tho' not deserving)

Tho' not deserving Thy cruel scorn,
Ever unswerving, Thee only I love.
When to thee kneeling
All I have borne,
Thy pride unfeeling, I then shall move.

Se Florinda e fedele (Should Florinda be faithful)

Should Florinda be faithful
Surely I'll fall in love;
I shall fall in love,
I'll surely fall in love.
How artful e'er she draw the bow,
Well-versed in archers' tricks,
My heart I can defend,
From any luring smiles.
Sighing, weeping,
And imploring my breast can never move.
But if she should be faithful,
surely I'll fall in love.

Gia il Sole dal Gange (Over Ganges now launches)

Over Ganges now launches
The sun-god with his splendor.
With warm and tender touch,
Morning's tear-drops he stops.
His golden beaming rays
Dethrone nightly shadows,
While adorning the meadows
With brightly gleaming stars.

Widmung (Dedication) ----- F. Rückert

You my soul, you my heart, you my joy,
 oh you my sorrow, you my world, in which
 I live, my heaven you, into which I fly,
 oh you my grave, wherein deep down
 forever I have laid my sorrow!
 You are the rest, you are the peace,
 you are destined to me from heaven.
 That you love me makes me deem myself worth,
 your gaze has transfigured me to myself,
 you lift me lovingly above myself,
 my good spirit, my better self!
 You my soul, you my heart, you my joy,
 oh you my sorrow, you my world, in which
 I live, my heaven you, into which I fly,
 my good spirit, my better self!

Der Nussbaum (The Nut-tree) ----- J. Moser

A nut-tree grows before the house,
 fragrant, airily it spreads its leafy branches wide.
 Many lovely blossoms shine thereon;
 Light winds come to embrace heartily.
 They whisper always paired in twos,
 Bending, bowing gracefully for a kiss
 Their frail little heads.
 They whisper of a maiden
 who thought all night and day long,
 But alas! did not know of what,
 They whisper, they whisper,
 Who can understand such a soft melody?
 Whisper of the bridegroom and of next year.
 The maiden listens, a breeze stirs the tree;
 Yearning, hoping she sinks
 Smiling into sleep and dream.

Die Lotosblume (The Lotus flower) ----- H. Heine

The lotus flower is afraid
 of the splendor of the sun,
 And with her head bent low
 Dreaming she waits for the night.
 The moon, he is her lover,
 He wakes her with his light,
 And to him she unveils gracefully
 Her innocent flower face.
 She glows and blooms and shines,
 And gazes mutely aloft;
 In fragrance she weeps and trembles
 for love and love's woe.

Aus den hebrätschen Gesängen (from the Hebrew Melodies) ----- G. Byron

My soul is dark - Oh! quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
If in this heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again;
If in these eyes there lurk a fear,
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain:

But bit the strain be wild and deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst;
For it hath been by sorrow nurst,
And ached in sleepless silence long;
And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,
And break at once - or yield to song.

Du bist wie eine Blume (You are like a flower) ----- H. Heine

You are like a flower
So lovely and fair and pure,
I look at you, and sadness
Steals down into my heart.
I feel as if my hands
I should lay upon your head,
Praying that God may keep you
So pure and lovely and fair.

III

Psyche (Psyche) ----- P. Corneille

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature
The rays of the sun kiss you too often,
Your hair permits too much the wind's caresses;
When they are fondled by it, I resent it!
Even the air that you breathe
With too much pleasure passes over your lips.
Your gown touches you too closely.
And, whenever you sigh
I do not know what makes me so terribly afraid,
Among your sighs, those hidden sighs!

Offrande (Offering) ----- P. Verlaine

Here are fruit, flowers, leaves and branches,
And then, here is my heart, beating only for you.
Do not tear it to pieces with your two white hands,
And may to your lovely eyes the humble present be sweet.
I am arriving, still covered with dew,
Which the morning wind on my forehead freezes.
Permit that my fatigue, reposing at your feet,
May dream of the dear moments that will refresh it.
On your young breast let me cradle my head,
Still filled with music from your last kisses;
Let it be quiet after the good storm,
And let me sleep a little, while you are resting.

Tendrement (Tenderly) ----- V. Hyspa

Of a love, tender and pure
So that you remember,
Here is my heart, my trembling heart,
my poor childish heart.
And here is, the pale flower
That you make open,
My soul that was murdered for you,
My soul is the chapel
Where night and day, before your immortal grace
Pray on gentle knee, my faithful love.
Out of the darkness and mysterious love song
Comes one gentle prayer,
Pagen so lightly,
Charming is your name.

The roses are opened to the
Garden of my heart,
There roses of love are my roses
That your adorable lips blossom on.
With your hands so cruel, and
Thought I am jealous,
Pick the most lovely you can,
The garden is yours.

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