

KANSAS STATE COLLEGE OF PITTSBURG
PITTSBURG, KANSAS

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents

HUBERT BIRD, Tenor

in

SENIOR RECITAL

assisted by

MRS. CECILIA LEVERICH, *Pianist*

and

MR. GARY SMITH, *Organist*

McCRAY AUDITORIUM

SUNDAY, MAY 13, 1962

3:00 P.M.

PROGRAM:

I

Heinrich Schutz.....Drei kleine geistliche Konzerte
(1585-1672)

I. Vom Namen Jesu

Oh Jesus, sweetest name, name so great and wonderful, name so strong, what may one sing more delightful, what also hear more refreshing, what sing more dear, than Jesus, God's dear Son. I will always carry Your name in my world, sweetest Jesus.

II. Was hast du verwirket

What have You forfeited, sweetest Child, Jesus Christ, that You so condemn Yourself? What is Your guilt, what is the cause of Your death? Oh, I am the cause and torment of Your suffering. I am the opening of the wounds, the anguish of Your torment.

III. O du allerbarmherzigster Jesu

Oh all-merciful and gentlest Jesus, gracious Forgiver, I think of Your name. Rescue me from perishing. Oh Jesus, have pity. So long yet is the time of pity. Show graciousness to me when I call upon Your lovely name: Jesus.

II

Wolfgang A. Mozart.....Aria: "In quegli anni in cui val poco"
(1756-1791) (From *Le Nozze di Figaro*)

The scene is the garden behind the castle of Count Almaviva. The Count is in love with Figaro's sweetheart, Susanna, who in turn has agreed to meet him in the garden. Figaro, before leaving the scene, asks his two friends, Don Basilio and Dr. Bartolo, to "hide in the bushes and see what happens." When he is gone, Bartolo asks Basilio why Figaro is "acting like a madman." Basilio tells the doctor of the situation, and adds, "Why should he (Figaro) be exempted from what so many have suffered? In this life, dearest doctor, one must be realistic." The aria then follows, with Basilio relating an earlier experience when he was given a donkey's hide as a gift from Father Time. The hide protected him from storms and ferocious animals. The aria ends with the words, "Take this advice, my friend, and learn this lesson: malice and calumny, injustice, dishonor, will never penetrate a donkey's hide!"

III

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

I. Die Mainacht

When the silver moon shines through the leaves and throws her slumbering light over the reeds, and the nightingale warbles, I wander sadly from bush to bush. Where on earth is the smiling vision which beams as the dawning through my soul? And there trembles a single tear, hotter, yet hotter, upon my cheek.

II. Meine Lieder

When my heart begins to ring, pale, unforgettable joys hover over me. In the shadows of the cypress my songs ring darkly.

III. An die Nachtigall

Cry not so loud, o nightingale, your flaming love songs! You sound to me with your sweet voice, awaking love, Then sleep flits away from these chambers. I stare with death-pale, tear-filled eyes toward heaven. Fly away, nightingale, to the green, dark forest, where in the nest your mate awaits your kisses.

IV. Verrath

I stood at night, waiting under a green tree. The moon shone brightly, the wind blew gently, and the swift stream was flowing. The tree stood by my sweetheart's house. I heard the door grating. My love let out a man, and said, "I'll await you tomorrow." You, sir, wear a sword and mantle so fine—I'll bless your love-making! And when the morning came, what was found in the hedges? A dead man lay in the flowers, to a false maiden's sorrow!

INTERMISSION

IV

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

I. Nuit d'Etoiles

Night of stars, beneath your veils,
Amid your breezes and your scents,
While a sad lyre is sighing,
I dream of my late loves.

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II. Beau Soir

When, in the setting sun, the streams are rosy,
And when a warm breeze floats over the fields of grain,
A counsel to be happy seems to emanate from all things
And rise toward the troubled heart.
An advice to enjoy the pleasure of being alive,
While one is young and the evening is beautiful,
For we shall go as this wave goes,—
It, to the sea; we, to the grave.

III. Mandoline

The serenading swains
And their lovely listeners
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing boughs.
Their elegance, their gaiety
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the ecstasy
Of a moon rose and gray,
And the mandolin chatters
Amid the trembling of the breeze . . .
La, la, la, la, la . . .

IV. Fleur des Bles

Beside the grainfields, which the breeze
Ripples, and then uncurls
In coquettish disorder,
I found a good opportunity
To gather a bouquet for you.
Fasten it quickly to your bodice;
It is fashioned in your likeness,
As it is made for you . . .

V. La Belle au Bois dormant

Sleep in the wood, sleep on, O Beauty,
Behind your curtains of lace.
But he has taken the ruby ring,
The knight who, by twilight,
Has hair as bright as sunshine
'Neath a helmet the color of the moon.
Sleep no longer, O Sleeping Beauty,
The ring is no longer on your finger.

V

Samuel Barber
(1910-)

- I. Sure on this shining night
- II. Monks and Raisins
- III. Bessie Bobtail
- IV. I hear an army

This recital partially fulfills performance requirements of the senior year of the Bachelor of Music and Bachelor of Music Education degree programs for Mr. Bird.