

KANSAS STATE COLLEGE OF PITTSBURG

Pittsburg, Kansas

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

SENIOR RECITAL

CHRISTINA ROBERTSON, Mezzo-Soprano

Florine Best, Accompanist

Tuesday, January 14, 1964

McCray Auditorium

2:30 p. m.

PROGRAM

I

Franz Die blauen Frühlingsaugen  
(1815-1892) Mein Schatz ist auf der Wanderschaft  
Mutter, o sing' mich zur Ruh!  
Waldfahrt

Elizabethan Lutenist Songs edited by Edmund Fellowes:  
John Dowland Come again, sweet love doth now invite  
Thomas Ford Fair, sweet, cruel  
Thomas Campian When to her lute Corinna sings  
Phillip Rosseter If she forsake me

This recital partially fulfills performance requirements  
for the senior year of the Bachelor of Music Education degree program for Miss Robertson.

Die blauen Frühlingsaugen

The bright blue eyes of Springtime among the grass appear  
Sweet violets, I'll pick them and make me a nosegay here.

I ponder as I pluck them, and every wish and doubt  
That sighs within my bosom, the nightingale sings out.

Yes, all my thoughts he's singing, and sings in such a flood,  
That now my last sweet secret is known to all the wood.

Mein Schatz ist auf der Wanderschaft

My sweetheart now so long away doth wander  
How he can bear it, everyday I ponder;  
For my lone heart it were a boon  
If he would end his wand'ring soon:  
For then my woes were mended and ended!

All day my mother o'er and o'er will chide me,  
I work so ill, she can no more abide me,  
Yet oh! I'd gladly do my best.  
If once my heart might be at rest,  
Were I not pining only so lonely.

You say, indeed, "I'll choose for thee another."  
But that can never, never be, dear Mother;  
His footsteps homeward he will wend  
And will betimes his wand'rings end:  
Then all my woes are mended and ended!

Mutter, o sing' mich zur Ruh!

Mother! oh sing me to sent!  
As in my bright days departed,  
Sing to thy child, the sick-hearted,  
Songs for a spirit oppress'd!

Lay this tired head on thy breast!  
Flow'rs from the night dew are closing,  
Pilgrims and mourners reposing:  
Mother! oh sing me to rest!

Take back thy bird to its nest!  
Weary is young life when blighted.  
Heavy this love unrequited;  
Mother! oh sing me to rest!

Waldfahrt

The woods are fair, and fresh, and green,  
There waving fair branches and flow'rs are seen.  
Through the drooping boughs, to my heart's delight,  
Smile Heav'n's blue sky and the sunshine bright,  
In woodlands cool and shady.

The woodlands fair are the realms of love,  
There warble the birds on the boughs above;  
There flow'rs are rock'd on the whispering air;  
And I rock and kiss thee, my darling, there,  
In woodland cool and shady.

Red shines through the branches the evening glow,  
And night steals onward, so calm, so slow.  
Gaily for home we then depart,  
Joy of the woodlands within each heart,  
Of woodlands cool and shady.