

KANSAS STATE COLLEGE OF PITTSBURG  
PITTSBURG, KANSAS  
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

# *Graduate Recital*

SANDRA DENE ELLIS, *Lyric Soprano*  
MAX PLUMMER, *Piano*

## *Songs of Samuel Barber*

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1964  
MCCRAY AUDITORIUM  
8:15 P.M.

### PROGRAM

#### I

##### OPUS 2

The daisies (James Stephens)  
With rue my heart is laden (A. E. Housman)  
Bessie Bobtail (James Stephens)

##### OPUS 10

Rain has fallen (James Joyce)  
Sleep now (James Joyce)  
I hear an army (James Joyce)

#### II

##### OPUS 27

Melodies passageres (Rainer Maria Rilke)  
1. Puisque tout passe  
2. Un cygne  
3. Tombeau dans un parc  
4. Le clocher chante  
5. Depart

#### III

##### OPUS 13

Nocturne (Frederic Prokosch)  
A nun takes the veil (Gerard Manley Hopkins)  
The secrets of the old (W. B. Yeats)  
Sure on this shining night (James Agee)

##### OPUS 18

The queen's face on the summery coin (Robert Horan)  
Monks and raisins (Jose Garcia Villa)

#### IV

##### OPUS 29

##### Hermit Songs

(Poems translated from anonymous Irish texts  
of the eighth to thirteenth centuries.)

1. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory
2. Church bell at night
3. St. Ita's vision
4. The heavenly banquet
5. The crucifixion
6. Sea-snatch
7. Promiscuity
8. The monk and his cat
9. The praises of God
10. The desire for hermitage

*This recital fulfills thesis requirements for the Master  
of Science Degree program for Miss Ellis.*

The Daisies (James Stephens)

In the scented bud of the morning O,  
 When the windy grass went rippling far!  
 I saw my dear one walking slow  
 In the field where the daisies are.

We did not laugh, and we did not speak,  
 As we wandered happily, to and fro,  
 I kissed my dear on either cheek,  
 In the bud of the morning O!

A lark sang up, from the breezy land;  
 A lark sang down, from a cloud afar;  
 As she and I went hand in hand,  
 In the field where the daisies are.

With rue my heart is laden (A. E. Housman)

With rue my heart is laden  
 For golden friends I had,  
 For many a rose-lipt maiden  
 And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping  
 The lightfoot boys are laid;  
 The rose-lipt girls are sleeping  
 In fields where roses fade.

Bessie Bobtail (James Stephens)

As down the road she wambled slow,  
 She had not got a place to go;  
 She had not got a place to fall  
 And rest herself-no place at all!  
 She stumped along, and wagged her pate;  
 And said a thing was desperate.

Her face was screwed and wrinkled  
 tight, just like a nut-and, left and  
 right, On either side, she wagged  
 her head and said a thing; and  
 what she said was desperate as  
 any word that ever yet a person heard.

I walked behind her for a while,  
 And watched the people nudge and smile:  
 And ever, as she went, she said,  
 As left and right she swung her head,  
 ---O God He knows: And, God He knows!  
 And, surely God Almighty knows!

Rain has fallen (James Joyce)

Rain has fallen all the day.  
 O come among the laden trees:  
 The leaves lie thick upon the  
 way of memories.

Staying a little by the way  
 Of memories shall we depart.  
 Come, my beloved, where I may  
 Speak to your heart.

Sleep now (James Joyce)

Sleep now, O sleep now  
 O you unquiet heart!  
 A voice crying "Sleep now"  
 Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter  
 Is heard at the door.  
 O sleep, for the winter  
 Is crying "Sleep no more."



My kiss will give peace now  
And quiet to your heart-  
Sleep on in peace now  
O you unquiet heart!

I hear an army (James Joyce)

I hear an army charging upon the land,  
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their knees:  
Arrogant, in black armor, behind them stand,  
Disdaining the reins, with fluttering whips, the charioteers.

They cry unto the night their battle-name:  
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.  
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,  
Clanging, clanging upon my heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long, green hair:  
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.  
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?  
My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?

II

Op. 27

Mélodies passageres (Rainer Maria Rilke)  
(Passing Melodies)

1. Puisque tout passe (Since all things pass)

Since all things pass, let's make a passing melody; the one to quench our thirst will be the one to win us.	What leaves us, let us sing with love and art; and swifter let us be than the swift departure.
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2. Un Cygne (A Swan)

A swan moves over the water surrounded by itself, like a painting that glides; thus, at times, a being one loves is a whole moving space.	And draws near, doubled, like the moving swan, on our troubled soul.... which to that being adds the trembling image of happiness and doubt.
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3. Tombeau dans un parc (Grave in a park)

At the end of the avenue, sleep, tender child, beneath the stone; around your interval we'll sing the song of summer.	If a white dove flies overhead, I will lay upon your grave only its shadow that falls.
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4. Le clocher chante (The bell tower sings)

Better warmed than a secular tower, to ripen my carillon am I. May it be sweet, may it be good for the girls of Valais.	Every Sunday, tone by tone, I throw them out my manna; may it be good, my carillon, for the girls of Valais.
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May it be sweet, may it be good;  
into their beers on Saturday nights,  
drop by drop, falls my carillon  
for the boys of the girls of Valais.

5. Départ (Departure)

My sweet, I must go away.  
Would you like to see  
the place on the map?  
It's a black point.  
In me, it will be  
if the thing succeeds,  
a rose-red point  
in a green land.

III

Op. 13

Nocturne (Frederic Prokosch)

Close my darling both your eyes,  
Let your arms lie still at last.  
Calm the lake of falsehood lies-  
And the wind of lust has passed.

Even the human pyramids  
Blaze with such a longing now:  
Close, my love, your trembling  
lids, let the midnight heal your brow.

Waves across these hopeless sands  
Fill my heart-and end my day.  
Underneath your moving hands  
All my aching flows away.

Northward flames Orion's horn,  
Westward the Egyptian light.  
None to watch us, none to warn  
But the blind eternal night.

A nun takes the veil (Gerard Manley Hopkins)

I have desired to go  
Where springs not fail,  
To fields where flies no  
sharp and sided hail,  
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be  
Where no storms come,  
Where the green swell  
is in the haven dumb  
And out of the swing of the sea.

The secrets of the old (W. B. Yeats)

I have old women's secrets now  
That had those of the young;  
Madge tells me what I dared not think  
When my blood was strong,  
And what had drowned a lover once  
Sounds like an old song.

Though Margery is stricken dumb  
If thrown in Madge's way,  
We three make up a solitude;  
For none alive today  
Can know the stories that we know  
Or say the things we say:

How such a man pleased women most  
Of all that are gone,  
How such a pair loved many years  
And such a pair but one,  
Stories of the bed of straw  
Or the bed of down.



Sure on this shining night (James Agee)

Sure on this shining night	The late year lies down the north.
Of star-made shadows round,	All is healed, all is health.
Kindness must watch for me	High summer holds the earth.
This side the ground.	Hearts are whole.

Sure on this shining night  
I weep for wonder  
Wand'ring far alone  
Of shadows on the stars.

Op. 18

The queen's face on the summery coin (Robert Horan)

The queen's face on the summery coin was never golder nor more regal than his body's bright and bursting bugle where once it walked between the stripes of rain.	The birds swing in their appled cages and the solid sun will walk through straw houses where honey rage churning the light to chalk.
The wind shines on the woody grove. We live in a copper clock where, on the hour, a polished bell divides the stem and flower and drains the ghost-built body of its love.	Like the deaf listening for a silence that follows no sound, or the sick swung in the balance between wound and wound.

There is too much eye to see  
all but the nearest disorder.  
In the sable shadow of this harbor  
he lies him down among the singing bees.

Monks and raisins (José García Villa)

I have observed pink monks eating blue raisins. And I have observed blue monks eating pink raisins. Studiously have I observed.	Now, this is the way a pink monk eats a blue raisin: Pink is he and it is blue and the pink Swallows the blue. I swear this is true.
And the way a blue monk eats a pink raisin is this: Blue is he and it is pink and the blue Swallows the pink. And this also is truth.	Indeed I have observed and myself have part- taken of blue and pink raisins. But my joy was different: My joy was to see the blue and the pink counterpointing.

Op. 29

Hermit Songs

1. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg! O King of the churches and the bells- bemoaning your sores and your wounds, but not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!	Not moisten an eye after so much sin! Pity me, O King! What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?
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O only begotten Son by whom all men were made,  
who shunned not the death by three wounds,  
pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg  
and I with a heart not softer than a stone!

2. The church bell at night

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night;  
I would liefer keep tryst with thee  
Than be with a light and foolish woman.

### 3. St. Ita's vision

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,  
"Unless He gives me His Son from heaven  
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him."  
So that Christ came down to her  
In the form of a Baby - and then she said:

Infant Jesus, at my breast,  
By my heart every night,  
You I nurse are not a churl but were begot  
On Mary the Jewess by Heaven's light.

"Infant Jesus, at my breast,  
Nothing in this world is true  
Save, O tiny nursling, You.

Infant Jesus, at my breast,  
What King is there but You who could  
Give everlasting Good?  
Wherefor I give my food.

Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!  
There is none that has such right  
To your song as Heaven's King  
Who every night  
Is infant Jesus at my breast.

### 4. The heavenly banquet

I would like to have the men of Heaven  
in my own house;  
With vats of good cheer  
laid out for them.

I would like them to be cheerful  
in their drinking.  
I would like to have Jesus sitting here  
among them.

I would like to have the three Marys,  
their fame is so great.  
I would like people  
from every corner of Heaven.

I would like a great lake of beer  
for the King of Kings.  
I would like to be watching Heaven's family  
drinking it through all eternity.

### 5. The Crucifixion

At the cry of the first bird  
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!  
Never shall lament cease because of that.  
It was like the parting of day from night.

Ah, sore was the suffering borne  
By the body of Mary's Son,  
But sorer still to Him was the grief  
Which for His sake  
Came upon his Mother.

### 6. Sea-snatch

It has broken us,  
It has crushed us,  
It has drowned us  
O King of the star-bright Kingdom of Heaven;

The wind has consumed us,  
swallowed us,  
as timber is devoured by crimson fire from Heaven.



7. Promiscuity

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,  
But I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

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8. The monk and his cat  
Pangur, white Pangur,  
Now happy we are.  
Alone together,  
Scholar and cat.

Each has his own work to do daily;  
For you it is hunting,  
For me study.

Your shining eye watches the wall;  
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.  
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;  
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.

Pleased with his own art,  
Neither hinders the other;  
Thus we live ever  
Without tedium and envy

9. The praises of God

How foolish the man who does not raise  
His voice and praise with joyful words,  
As he alone can, Heaven's high King.

To Whom the light birds with no soul but air  
All day, everywhere, laudation sing.

10. The desire for hermitage

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell  
With nobody near me;  
beloved that pilgrimage  
before the last pilgrimage to death.

Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;  
Feeding upon dry bread  
And water from the cold spring.

That will be an end to evil  
when I am alone  
in a lovely little corner among tombs  
far from the houses of the great.

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell,  
to be alone, all alone,  
alone I came into the world-  
alone I shall go from it.