

PITTSBURG STATE UNIVERSITY

presents

Jo Anne Young, Lyric Soprano

assisted by

Beth Turley, Flute

Bruce Taylor, Piano

Sunday, November 1, 1981

3:00 p.m.

McCray Recital Hall

I

"Ich folge dir gleichfalls" (Johannes Passion) J.S. Bach
I follow Thee also with joyous footsteps. I'll never stray from thy sight, my Life and my Light. Oh, speed Thou my way and never cease to lead me, to call me to Thee.

II

An die Musik (To Music) F. Schubert
Thou noble art, in the grey hours of life, Thou hast lightened my heart with love and carried me to a better world. Often the sigh of a sacred chord from thy harp has lifted my heart. Thou noble art, I give thee thanks.

Lachen und Weinen (To laugh and to cry) F. Schubert
To laugh and to cry at all hours is based upon several reasons in matters of love. In the morning I laugh because I am happy, but why I cry in the evening I do not know myself. I have to ask my heart.

Frühlingsglaube (Faith in Spring) F. Schubert
Mild spring breezes blow again, carrying fresh fragrance with them. Troubled heart, be hopeful; everything will change. With every passing day, the world turns more beautiful. The valleys are full of flowers. Troubled heart, forget thy grief! Everything will change.

Seligkeit (Bliss) F. Schubert
Joys without number are to be found in Heaven. Everyone is happy; harps and psaltery ring out. Everyone dances and sings. Oh, I'd like to be there and be forever happy. But if Laura will smile at me, give me one glance, I'll stay forever here.

III

La Promessa (from "Serae Musicali") G. Rossini
Do not believe that I could ever stop loving you or ever deceive you. You alone are my beloved.

La Pastorella della Alpi (from "Serate Musicali") G. Rossini

I am a pretty shepherdess who comes down every morning and offers a basket of fresh fruits and flowers. Whoever comes at dawn will have pretty roses and red apples.

L'Orgia (from "Serate Musicali") G. Rossini

Let's love and celebrate love, wine and song! Life is pleasant between Bacchus and Cupid! Ah! If I've love in my heart and wine in my head, what joy, what fun! What a pleasant glow! Ah! Loving, playing, drinking wine, I escape care and pain. Let's sing!

IV

Hermit Songs S. Barber

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

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| I. At St. Patrick's Purgatory | VI. Sea Snatch |
| II. Church Bell at Night | VII. Promiscuity |
| III. St. Ita's Vision | VIII. The Monk and His Cat |
| IV. The Heavenly Banquet | IX. The Praises of God |
| V. The Crucifixion | X. The Desire for Hermitage |

At St. Patrick's Purgatory

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg! O King of the churches and the bells bewailing 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? 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!

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.

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, nothing in this world is true save, O tiny nursling, You. 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, what King is there but You who could give everlasting good? Wherefore 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."

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 to have the three Marys, their fame is so great. I would like people from every corner of Heaven. I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking. I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them. 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.

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.

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.

Promiscuity

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

The Monk and His Cat

Pangur, white Pangur, how 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.

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.

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. Alone I came into the world, alone I shall go from it.