

Kansas State College of Pittsburg

Pittsburg, Kansas

Department of Music

Student Recital

DAVID LOWE, Tenor

Assisted By

David Gaston, Pianist

Tuesday, July 20, 1976

McCray Auditorium

8:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

I

Gluck ----- O del mio dolce ardor
(1714-1787)
Caldara ----- Sebben crudele
(1670-1736)
Scarlatti ----- Toglietemi la vita ancor
(1660-1725)

II

Schubert ----- An die Musik
(1797-1828) Ihr Bild
Brahms ----- Sonntag
(1833-1897) O liebliche Wangen

III

Ravel ----- Don Quichotte
(1875-1937)
1. Chanson Romanesque
2. Chanson Epique
3. Chanson a Boire

IV

Barber ----- Secrets of the old
(1910-) The queen's face on the summery coin
Sure on this shining night

PROGRAM NOTES

David Lowe

O del mio dolce ardor (PARIDE ED ELENA) -----Gluck

Oh, thou whom my soul doth cherish with fond devotion, my heart beats wildly because once again I am near thee. Where ever I roamed, your image did greet me fondly, and love filled me with hope, never ceasing to tell me that I would meet thee again. Now, oh delight! At last I am once more with thee...seeking thee, calling, sighing: Love, oh hear me!

Sebben, crudele ----- Caldara

Though not deserving thy cruel scorn, ever unswerving thee only will I love!
Thee only will I serve!

Toglietemi la vita ancor ----- Scarlatti

Take also my life, cruel heavens, if you wish to deprive me of my love! Deny me the light of day, ruthless spheres, if you are set on tormenting me! Take also my life!

II

An die Musik ----- Schubert

My beloved music, how often have you been my comfort and solace!

Ihr Bild ----- Schubert

I stood in dark dreams and stared at her likeness,
And my beloved's face awoke to secret life.

Upon her lips played a wonderful smile
And, as if from tears of melancholy, her two eyes glistened.

My tears too poured down from my cheeks;
And, ah, I cannot believe that I have lost you!

Sonntag ----- Brahms

All week long I haven't seen my beloved one,
I saw her just Sunday standing by the door,
The most beautiful maiden, the most beautiful girl,
If...God would allow it, she could stay by me forever!

If she were by my side, my joy would find no end.
I saw her, my dearest one, going into church on Sunday.
The most beautiful maiden, the most beautiful girl,
If...God would allow it, she could stay by me forever!

O liebliche Wangen ----- Brahms

Oh, lovely cheeks, you awake my desire,
To gaze with fervour at this rose and the white,
And this is not all to what I aspire;
To gaze, to greet, to touch, to kiss!
Oh, lovely cheeks, you awake my desire!

Oh, sun of delight, oh, delight of the sun!
Oh, eyes that absorb the light of my eyes!
Oh, angelic mind! Oh, heavenly bearing!
Oh, heaven on earth, will you not be mine?
Oh, delight of the sun, oh, sun of delight!

Oh, fairest of the fair! Appease this longing,
Come, hurry, come, come, you sweet, you pure one!
Oh, beloved, I die, I die, I perish!
Come, come, come, hurry! Appease this longing!
Oh, fairest of the fair!

III

Don Quichotte a Dulcinee ----- Ravel

Chanson Romanesque

If you were to tell me that the earth, in turning so much, offended you,
I would send Panca. You would see it motionless and silent.

If you were to tell me that boredom comes to you from a too starry sky,
Tearing up the divine plans, I would cut down the night at one blow.

If you were to tell me that space thus emptied does not please you at all
Cavalier-God, lance in hand, I would strew with stars the passing wind.

But, if you told me that my blood is more mine than yours, my Lady,
I would turn pale under the blame and I would die, blessing you.

O Dulcinee!

Chanson Epique

Good Saint Michael, who grants me leave to see my Lady and to hear her,
Good Saint Michael, who designs to choose me to please and to defend her,
Good Saint Michael, please do descend with Saint George upon the altar
of the Madonna with the blue mantle.

With a ray from heaven bless my sword
And its equal in purity
And its equal in purity
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady,

(Oh, great Saint George and great Saint Michael)

The angel who watches over my vigil.
My gentle Lady so like
Unto You, Madonna with the blue mantle!
Amen.

Chanson a boire

The pox take the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who to disgrace me in your gentle eyes
Says that love and old wine
Bereave my heart and soul
AH!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the sole target
At which I aim...when I've...when I've drunk!

A pox on that jealous man, o dark mistriess,
Who whines, who weeps and who swears
That he is always that pale lover
Who dilutes his drunkenness
AH!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the sole target
At which I aim...when I've...when I've drunk!

IV

The Secrets of the Old (Yeats) ----- Barber

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 Marg'ry 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.

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

The queen's face on the summery coin was never goldier 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 apply cages
And the solid sun will walk through straw houses where honey rages,
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 flow'r.
And drains the ghost-built body of its love.
Like the deaf, list'ning for a silence that follows no sound,
Or the stick, 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.

Sure on this shining night (Agee) ----- Barber

Sure on this shining night of star-made shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me this side the ground.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder wand'ring far alone
Of shadows on the stars.