KANSAS STATE COLLEGE OF PITTSBURG
PITTSBURG, KANSAS

Presents

ROLF SANDER, Tenor

in

FACULTY RECITAL

ASSISTED BY MARTHA PATE, Pianist

SONGS BY HUGO WOLF AND RICHARD STRAUSS

MONDAY, APRIL 17, 1961

McCRAY HALL

8:15 P.M.
PROGRAM

I

HUGO WOLF

Der Genesene an die Hoffnung (The convalescent’s ode to hope)

Death wrestled for me that morning, but I cast all care from me;
Sweet Hope, at thy breast I nestled, till the fight at last was won,
I brought an offering to all gods, from a distance thou couldst see
me preparing the sacrifice and forgetting none but thee.
Oh forgive, thou well-beloved! Lift the cloud that veils thy grace;
let me gaze with eye transfigured on the beauty of thy face.
Only once, oh Hope, I pray thee, like a child that knows no harm,
free from pain and sorrow let me rest in thine arm!

Ein Stundlein wohl vor Tag (Before the break of day)

While yet asleep I lay before the break of day,
Outside my window, on the tree a swallow sang, scarce heard of
me, before the break of day.
“Listen to what I say: Thy lover, well away, is false: While this I
sing, she lies, and in her arms another prize, before the break of
day.”
O woe! sing not nor say that message; hist, I pray.
Fly, fly, and quit the tree, be gone! Love and troth, as a dream,
were wan before the break of day.

In der Fruhe (In the early morning)

No sleep has cooled my fevered brow,
I can already see the light and day is dawning yonder.
I toss about uneasily and doubts torment and torture me and cause
my mind to wander.
Fear not, fret no more my soul and cease to sorrow!
Hearken! Morning bells are ringing,
Peace and gladness bringing.

Gebet (Prayer)

Lord, send what thou deem’st best, joy or grieving. I wait thy will,
believing that both Thy love attest.
Not without measure give sadness or pleasure!
For midway rather pure moderation lies.

Zum neuen Jahr (New Year’s song)

As angels descending, their way earthward wending on feet fair
and rosy, thus dawned the morning.
Shout, all ye lowly, a welcome so holy!
All our work may be in His name almighty,
Who causeth the sun to shine in the heavens.
Oh, Father, advise us! lead us and guide us!
Lord, beginning and end, all things are thine.
IV

RICHARD STRAUSS

Breit' über mein Haupt (Droop over my head)

Droop over my head thy raven hair, bend to me thy face, the light
of thy soul through those eyes so rare, shall softly enter mine.
I do not care though heaven's sunlight fade nor silver stars shine
at night. I ask but thy raven locks, thy glorious eyes' soft light.

Ich trage meine Minne (To none I will my love)

To none I will my love ever discover, I will hide it fondly in my
heart.
Yes, that I have found thee, my heart's delight, thou art my thought
in daytime, thou art my dream at night. And if the sky is clouded,
jet-black the night, bright as the sun my love shall shed golden
light.
The world of sin and woe must hide its face from thine, thou art as
pure as snow.

Ich liebe Dich (I love but thee)

Four prancing white steeds to our carriage; we live in a castle,
know nought to discourage; where sunray or breezes may linger
or stray, whatever the eye seizes all owns to our sway.
Though homeless and friendless, an exile thou roam, I'd share thy
misfortunes, my heart were thy home!
Though footsore and fainting, ever onward we roam, banished and
forsaken, a crumbling hut our home.
Thy corse be laid in marble, death's hand still near, I'd lie down
beside thee and die on the bier.
Shouldst die as a beggar, thy grave on the heath, my sword thro'
my heart, I'd follow thee in death!

Cecilie (Cecily)

If you but knew it, what 'tis to dream of burning kisses, of wander-
ing and resting with the beloved one; gazing fondly, caressing
and chatting, if you but knew it, your heart would assent.
If you but knew it, the anguish of waking through nights long and
lonely, rocked by the storm, when none is near to soothe and
comfort the strife-weary soul, if you but knew it, you would
come to me.
If you but knew it, what living is, in the creative breath of God,
to hover, upborne, to regions of light, if you but knew it, you
would dwell with me!
Hugo Wolf

Der Tambour (The drummer)

If my mother were a sorceress, she would have to go with me to
France and everywhere and cook for me right royal fare. At
midnight, when the camp is asleep and only sentries are awake,
when all are snoring, horses and men, I would sit before my
drum.
The drum would be a large bowl of warm sauerkraut, the drum-
sticks knife and fork, my sword a long sausage, my shako a
bumber which I would fill with Burgundy.
I would not need a candle bright, the moon would shine with
tender light; although she would shine in French, it would make
me think of you, my love: oh, oh! There is no fun for me any-
more! If only my mother were a sorceress!

Auf einer Wanderung (On my wanderings)

As I enter a little town, the setting sun casts a rosy glow. The
winds bring dulcet strains from a window half concealed by
flowers, as if bells of pure gold were ringing, and a sweet voice
doeth seem like song of nightingales, all the blossoms thrilling, air
with rapture filling, the roses gleaming with blushes of deeper
red.
Listening enchanted, I lingered long.
I do not know how I wandered from the town.
Oh world, you are so bright tonight!
The sky is burning with purple fire,
The town doth lie in golden haze; the brook doth rush, the mill-
wheels are turning, my head is swimming joy untold!
O muse, thou dost enfold my heart in loving ecstasy.

Fussreise (Wandering)

As I saunter early over hill and valley
With my newly-cut walking stick; then, as birds sing in their
arbor or as grapes of golden color feel wondrous rapture in the
morning-sun: so my soul doth waken, with feverish longing
shaken, hearth strains of paradise, in the springtime, in the au-
tumn.
So thou art not quite so bad, oh soul called sinful, as the stern
teachers say; still dost love and still dost sing and thy voice
doeth ring with praise for thy dear Creator and thy Keeper, as
when the great world was first created.
If only He would grant that my whole life be, full of effort gently
timing, such a morning's journey.

Nimmersatte Liebe (Insatiable love)

Such is love! Kisses cannot content it:
What fool would ever attempt to fill a sieve with water?
Thou might try it a thousand years and might kiss forever, still
thou could'st not content it.
Oh love, each hour is filled with new and wondrous yearning; our
lips were sore, burning with kisses. The maiden held still like a
lamb that feels the blade descending, she drank in kisses with
the thrill of pain and rapture.
Such is love and such was love as long as there is love, and even
Solomon the sage did not make love otherwise.
Der Gartner (The Gardener)

A princess comes riding upon her white steed, down a green way, as fair as the May. The sand I strewed is aglow like gold in the sunshine where those stately hoofs go. A rose-colored hood, dancing up, dancing down, toss me one plume for mine own. And if thou wouldst one blossom from me, take thousands, take all of them, they bloom but for thee.

INTERMISSION

III

RICHARD STRAUSS

Zueignung (Devotion)

Thou know'st all mine anguish, in thine absence, how I languish. Love brings sorrow to the heart! Thanks sweet heart! Once, when merry songs were ringing, I to liberty was drinking, thou a blessing didst impart. Thanks sweet heart! Thou didst lay those wanton spirits; comfort, peace my soul inherits, joy and bliss shall thy love impart. Thanks, sweet heart!

Morgen (To-morrow)

Tomorrow's sun will rise in glory beaming, and in the pathway that my foot shall wander, we'll meet, forget the earth, and lost in dreaming, let heaven unite a love, that earth shall not sunder any more . . . and towards that shore, its billows softly flowing, our hands entwined, our footsteps wending, gazing in each other's eyes, mute with tears of joy and never ending bliss.

Die Nacht (Night)

From the forest-trees the night comes forth, with noiseless treading, darkness spreading all around her. Watch her flight! Night bids day to darkness yield, bids each flower be closed, nor leaves its color bright and steals the sheaves from the field. Night steals all that we behold, steals the sliver of the streams, steals the gold of the dome that gleams. Now stand barren bush and tree. To my heart, oh let me press thee! Lest the night's dark hand should wrest thee from me.

Heimliche Aufforderung (The lover's pledge)

Lift the sparkling goldcup to the lip and drink! and leave no drop in the goblet filled to the brink. And as thou dost pledge me, let thine eyes rest on me, then I will respond to thy smile, gazing all silent on thee. Then let thy eyes wander around over the drinkers—oh, do not despise them, no! lift up the sparkling goblet, filled with wine, let them rejoice and be happy this festive day. But, when thou hast drink and eaten, stay no longer: turn thine eyes from the drinkers and hasten away! And wending thy steps to the garden where the roses blush, come to the sheltering abour! I shall meet thee there and soft on thy bosom resting, let me adore thy beauty, drink thy kisses, as often before. I shall twine the roses around thy forehead, oh come, thou wondrous, thou longed for night!