



Kansas State College of Pittsburg Presents

Gerald Landon, Tenor, and  
Emalou Landon, Pianist, in  
**RECITAL**

1963?  
Tues.  
April 2, 1963



## An event of the 6th FINE ARTS FESTIVAL

KANSAS STATE COLLEGE OF PITTSBURG *presents*

GERALD LONDON, *Tenor*, and

EMALOU LONDON, *Pianist*, in recital

McCray Auditorium, April 2, at 8:15 p.m.

### I

JOHN DOWLAND

Come again, sweet love doth now invite.  
Sleep, wayward thoughts.  
Sorrow, stay.  
Say, Love, if ever thou didst find.

### II

HUGO WOLF

DIE SPROEDE

On a spring morning a young shepherdess went singing through the fields: fa la la. Thyrsis offered her three lambs for a kiss, but she went on singing. Another offered her ribbons and a third his heart, but they too were answered by: fa la la.

ELUMENGRUSS

May this garland I have gathered bring you a thousandfold greeting. I have stooped down, surely a thousand times, and pressed it to my heart many hundred thousand times.

GLEICH UND GLEICH

A flower had bloomed early; up came a bee and sipped daintily. The two must surely have been made for one another.

ANAKREONS GRAB

Here roses bloom and the cricket sings for joy. Whose grave is this which is so lovingly endowed with life by the gods? It is Anakreon's resting place. He delighted in spring, summer and fall, and now he is sheltered from the winter.

FRUEHLING UEBERS JAHR

The garden is blooming with all the new life of spring. Yet no flower in all the garden is as radiant as my darling. Even the lilies and roses that summer brings would vie with her in vain.

### III

HENRI DUPARC

PHIDYLE

The grass is soft by the mossy springs which sprout in the flowering meadows and lose themselves among the dark thickets. Rest, oh Phidyle. The red poppy droops and the birds seek the shade of the wild rosebushes. But when the sun descends into the west, let your tenderest kiss reward me for waiting.

EXTASE

On a pale lily my heart sleeps in a slumber sweet as death, death perfumed by the breath of my beloved. On your pale bosom my heart sleeps in a slumber sweet as death.

CHANSON TRISTE

In your heart there sleeps a soft moonlight of summer and to escape this unhappy life I shall drown myself in your light. When you cradle my sad heart in the loving stillness of your arms, I shall forget the past sorrows. I shall drink so many tender caresses in your eyes that perhaps I shall recover.



LE MANOIR DE ROSEMONDE

Love, like a dog, has bitten me. If you follow my blood, you can easily find my path through lost trails. You will see that I traveled alone and wounded over this sorrowful world and thus wrought my own death, without discovering the blue manor of Rosamund.

IV

FERNANDO OBRADORS

AL AMOR

Give me countless kisses, eleven hundred of them and then many thousand more. So that no one may know, let's forget the count and start all over again.

CORAZON, PORQUE PASAIS?

Oh heart, why do you lie awake during nights made for love when your mistress rests in the arms of another?

CON AMORES, LA MI MADRE

With love I fell asleep, oh mother of mine. Thus asleep I dreamed that love consoled me.

DEL CABELLO MAS SUTIL

I shall make a chain of your soft, braided hair to draw you to my side. My darling, I would like to be a jug so that I might kiss your lips when you take a drink.

CHIQUITITA LA NOVIA

A tiny bride, a tiny bedroom; that's why I want a tiny bed and a mosquito net.

V

SAMUEL BARBER

HERMIT SONGS, OP. 29

"The *Hermit Songs* . . . are setting of anonymous Irish texts of the eighth to thirteenth centuries written by monks and scholars, often on the margins of manuscripts they were copying or illuminating . . . They are small poems, thoughts and observations, some very short, and speak in straightforward, drool, and often surprisingly modern terms of the simple life these men led, close to nature, to animals and to God . . ."1

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

<sup>1</sup>Samuel Barber, *Collected Songs*, (New York: G. Schirmer, Inc., 1955), p.74.

Mr. Landon, a 1956 alumnus of this institution, was a finalist in the National Metropolitan Opera Auditions of 1961.



